Calif.
Sec.
S
Y.

0 2007 0510315 4
California State Library

Accession No. 15664

Call No. gC 335.05 W5
3 & 4
1915-17

May, 1915

Ten Cents

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

The Western Comrade

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Editorial — Fiction — Poetry: By Dr. Wm. J. Robinson, Eugene V. Debs, Carl Sandburg, G. E. Moray, and Others

ELKSKIN BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

IDEAL FOOTWEAR

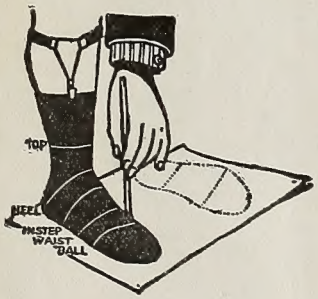
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 10-inch boots	5.00
Ladies' 14-inch boots	5.50
Men's Elk shoes	4.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	3.50
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5 to 8	1.75
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.25
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	2.50

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.



Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company

922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

WS 3-4 1915
1915-17

CONTENTS

Editorial Comment. By Frank E. Wolfe.....Page 5

By-Product of the Fight. By Morgan Smith.....Page 9

Business—Legal Stealing. By William Thurston Brown .....Page 10

War and the Red Cross. By James P. Warbasse..Page 11

Must We Carry a Bundle of Hay?.....Page 13

The People Are Soft. By Eugene V. Debs.....Page 14

Sound Advice for Seekers of Success. By G. E. Moray .....Page 14

Colony Celebrates Anniversary.....Page 15

Scenes at Llano del Rio Colony's Annual Celebration .....Page 16

Fellowship in Work. By Harvey Armstrong.....Page 19

Prevention of Conception. By William J. Robinson, M. D.....Page 20

Socialism Is Coming.....Page 21

The Soldier Who Wouldn't. By A. Neil Lyons.....Page 22

Woman (Poem). By Odell T. Fellows.....Page 23

Murmurings in a Field Hospital (Poem). By Carl Sandburg .....Page 24

To Our St. Anthony (Poem). By Chas. W. Wood..Page 24

Slams at Shams.....Page 25

The Temple of Gold. By Rabindranath Tagore....Page 26

One Year's Achievement.....Page 28

CARTOONS

His Protecting Saint.....Page 4

Made in America.....Page 7

Modern Science and Prehistoric Savagery.....Page 9

How Long? .....Page 12

The Sultan "Over the Water".....Page 22

HIS PROTECTING SAINT

Wilhelm: "Are you, too, coming to congratulate me?"

Death: "I do not come to congratulate you, but to prostrate myself before you and take your orders."

—Sucesos, Valparaiso, Chile

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. III | LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY, 1915 | NUMBER 1

Llano del Rio Colonists Chopping Firewood by Use of a Gasoline Engine

EDITORIAL COMMENT

By Frank E. Wolfe

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has denounced the peace movement of the American women, headed by Jane Addams, as "silly and base." He declared that the sympathizers with the movement are in many, if not all, instances, "physical cowards" and declares they advocate peace "without regard to righteousness." In a letter written to a woman who had appealed to him this amazing sentence appears: "Above all it is base and evil to clamor for peace in the abstract, when silence is kept about concrete and hideous wrongs done to humanity at this very moment."

Does Roosevelt refer to the hideous wrongs done to the millions of disemployed and hungry workers in America? Does he refer to our daily war? Is it the daily hell of the capitalist system he has in mind? Has he a thought for the wrongs done to the victims of Rockefeller in the Colorado massacres? Not at all! That is why it is amazing. He is concerned about the outrages in Belgium—and so are we. But we see other outrages and other wrongs. Let us quote the Colonel again:

"There is nothing easier, there is nothing on the whole less worth while entering into, than vague and hysterical demands for right in the abstract, coupled with the unworthy and timid refusal even to allude to frightful wrongs that are at the very moment committed in the concrete."

In this we most heartily concur. It reminds us that while he was Governor of New York, Roosevelt went about preaching abstract righteousness, while the contractors who were building the Croton aqueduct were committing "frightful wrongs" against their employes, refusing to comply with the State

Labor laws. When the conditions became unbearable the men were forced to strike. Governor Roosevelt paused in his preaching about abstract righteousness long enough to send the militia out to shoot down a dozen or more of the workers.

❖ ❖ ❖

AS for "physical courage," it sounds well from a man who publicly boasted of shooting a fleeing and unarmed man in the back; one whose great achievements have been typified by shooting a mother monkey in the jungle.

Physical courage! Let's see about that. Is there no courage shown by these women—by all women who are the mothers of the race? Let Mrs. Henry Villard, who tries to overlook the boaster's "bad manners," while pointing them out, have a chance at him:

"Colonel Roosevelt's denunciation of the Woman's Peace party comes with a bad grace from one who is the possessor of the Noble Prize. We all know that it is true that militarism—not peace—is now the aim of his ambition—a sorry one, indeed, in view of the present world-agony which stirs the souls of all those who love their fellow beings.

"Mr. Roosevelt exalts physical bravery—such as the killing of enemies because of a difference of opinion—above the moral courage that scorns the use of means so base for any purpose whatever.

"Has the world sunk so low that we can not hope to substitute for the 'doing of evil that good may come' and 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' the touching doctrine that we must love our enemies and do good to those who persecute us?

"The heroic effort now being made by the women of all countries to come together at The Hague, in order to express their horror of the brutality of war, is worthy of all praise. Women are far greater sufferers from war than men, and today they are voicing protest against it, a protest that will be heard."

Mrs. Amos Pinchot, who is chairman of the New York branch of the Woman's Peace party, puts the finishing touch to the rebuke when she says:

"That war is the natural inevitable result of certain understandable factors, and that these factors can be influenced by the spread of healthy, constructive, humane ideas, and especially by the realization of a spirit of world-citizenship in politics and in commercial relations, seems not to have occurred to Colonel Roosevelt. In other words, war having up till now devastated humanity and shattered civilization, let us make no effort to understand its causes with the object of future prevention; let us simply get ready to fight, and let the women stand out of our way, because they can only bear children and not arms, and when they organize to protest against war they come under the head of 'physical cowards,' who 'fear death or pain or discomfort beyond anything else.'

"It is exactly here that women find their strongest warrant for protest. No woman who has borne children can be called a physical coward, fearing death and pain beyond anything else. No, it is not for ourselves that we fear, but for the children of the whole world, for the future of the race. We of the Woman's Peace party are trying to help open the first tiny wedge in the thick walls of prejudice and precedent, to let humanity come into its promised land of good faith and international brotherhood.

"If we human beings once see that war is the consequence of false ideas instead of being a fatality like an earthquake, we shall set to work to root it out, like tuberculosis and other diseases, all of them consequences of human ignorance, misunderstanding and passion.

"If this is futile, then all constructive efforts for the betterment of human living are also 'futile, silly and base.'"

❖ ❖ ❖

HUNDREDS of unburied bodies of victims of the dread typhus fever lie in deserted houses in Servian cities. One town has had over 2000 deaths. In Valjevo, where Austrian soldiers held the town for a time, the people returned to their homes to find them infected. Substantially the entire community is involved in the disease and the fatality is very high. Everywhere the grave diggers are exhausted in efforts to keep up with the ghastly

winrows thrown by the grim reaper. The armies spread the disease into the remotest districts. Noncombatants, women and children are the most susceptible and they succumb by the thousands. This news comes after weeks of suppression by the censors. Now a corps of American physicians are going to Europe to use Dr. Plotz' new anti-typhus serum in the district ravaged by the disease. With the new serum they hope to destroy the dread bacillus typhi-exanthematici.

Plotz's achievement is accepted by all the eminent bacteriologists of the country. He is an American born and educated. Under the old system the historian would have given Von Hindenburg two pages and Plotz not a line. The new system will immortalize the Plotzes and ignore or excoriate the murderers.

❖ ❖ ❖

SPEAKING of concrete wrongs, what of the 20,000 unmarried women of England who will within the next few months become mothers of nameless babes? In Germany, France, Russia and other countries a like condition doubtless exists. According to cable dispatches, women and girls follow the soldiers on the march and are wrought up to a high pitch of emotionalism by the war.

Army doctors and clergymen who are studying the situation closely, declare that vast numbers of girls are under the influence of a species of hysteria. They express the opinion that the women are attracted by the physical perfection and the trappings of the soldiers.

War's aftermath will be most pleasant, but we should give thought to abstract (or is it concrete) righteousness and bow to God's will in these matters.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE prosperity squawk in the daily newspapers takes on a semblance of truth when it comes down to facts about the opening of ammunition factories in America. Full crews are operating in all the institutions where man-killing implements are manufactured. Gambling in food stuffs goes merrily forward in New York and Chicago. In Europe the fields between the trenches, the earth and the timbers have been taking on a peculiar yellowish hue, due to the chemical effects of the shells charged with smokeless powder, the product of the American Powder Trust. There are thousands of these American-made shells being hurled across the

MADE IN AMERICA

"The devil! You Americans are surely sentimentalists."

Inscription on shell reads, "Brave Germans, we pray for you! Jonathan's Gun Works, America."

Lustige Blaetter

space between the belligerent forces every hour. "The Americans make good shells. Our losses from them have been very heavy," said a German officer to an American correspondent, as he scraped the yellow coating off a timber of a bombproof retreat. This was a delicate compliment and we should be duly appreciative. We should also be glad prosperity has returned.

❖ ❖ ❖

MACHINERY of the F-4, United States navy submarine, that so successfully sank that it never came to the surface, is said to be in excellent condition. That may be, but the fifteen men of the crew who perished miserably by slow asphyxiation or drowning are not in good condition to be of further service—as sailors. A letter from Lieutenant Ede, who was in command of the submarine, showed that it was known that the craft was leaky and unsafe. He is said to have declared his belief that he and his crew would meet their death if the craft was ordered to sea. These men were killed owing to

somebody's negligence. But let us not grow insistent. Punishment of a murderer will not help the case. A better way has already been provided. A nation-wide memorial service, flowers, a hymn, a prayer and brief speeches by "our best citizens," "Solemn thought and devotional exercise." Five minutes to be devoted to solemn thought! Great! We're for that! If we could get the workers of the world to devote five minutes to **thought** there would be no more F-4's or any other mankillers launched.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHAT are you reading? Are you wasting valuable hours submerged in daily newspapers poring over the diurnal pabulum of scandals, "prosperity" news and the European war? Don't! If there is one subject above all others the Socialists of America should be studying it is the Mexican situation. The confusion that exists in the minds of the people of America arises out of the fact that the American press has for years, either stupidly or viciously, misrepresented the situation in Mexico. To get a correct foundation for understanding you should read "The Mexican People—Their Struggle for Freedom," by L. G. De Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon. Then you should read every word written by John Kenneth Turner in his series of powerful articles now running in the Appeal to Reason.

Read Lincoln Steffens' story in the May number of the Metropolitan Magazine. No living writer can convey to you in a few words what Steffens can of the real motives that underlie the action of the revolutionary Mexicans. Let us quote Carranza as reported by Steffens: "What you don't understand, I think, is that this is an economic, not a political revolution. You (Americans) keep asking us to establish peace first, then set up constitutional government, and then enact our reforms. * * * We established a good, strong government with a great constitution; a constitution much more advanced than yours. But you foreigners—all of you, and our upper-class Mexicans—the enemies of the Mexican people and of liberty and justice everywhere—they corrupted our government. They took it away from the Mexican people and made it theirs.

"We have had our political reforms: our law and order and we have prosperity—for the few. These are not the Mexican ideas * * * the Mexican aspiration, conscious and unconscious, is for a prosperous people: not a prosperous class, but a prosperous and happy life for all. OUR PEOPLE WANT THE LAND, the people, the peons, too: and they want leisure and a life of pleasure: not only a few, but all. And we can have that. Our country is very rich and very beautiful. But we know that we cannot get those things by mere political reform or by setting up a representative congress. That's one big point where I differed with Villa. He wanted government first. But I said: 'No, the buzzards that are sitting around watching and waiting in New York and El Paso, in London and Paris and Madrid and Havana: they are the modern doves of peace; they will come with loans and—' he flashed, 'with bribes and they will get our government!'

"We will fight on and on for all that we want; all. It is a people that is fighting. And we are all becoming poor, all; all together. There are fewer and fewer that can afford to make loans and offer bribes. * * * All the while, we on our side are legislating. My cabinet are commissioners; they join with others, experts and radicals, and very deliberately, very freely, they are drawing up laws, which I am uttering as decrees. By the time the revolution is over, those laws will be laws of the land, customs of the country, a real constitution."

❖ ❖ ❖

IT now appears the thieves who looted the Rock Island Railway only got away with about a third of a billion dollars. The lawyers for the manipulators (capitalist emphemism) carefully explained to the guileless investigators that there had been "merely a mistake of judgment." A strange feature developed in that the mistakes in judgment had only made other persons poorer. The prison doors yawn for the hungry lad that steals a banana. But then he should learn to manipulate and do it on a large scale. Steal a banana ship line and you are safe—but don't dally with a fraction of fruit.

By-Product of the Fight

By MORGAN SMITH

WHEN Calm Reason, the cop, finally has the combatants by the collars and they are shame-facedly trying to explain why they did it and what they have gained by it, the real, magnificent issue is going to reveal itself quite unexpectedly, the real issue is, and then the combatants are going to point to it with the great self-righteousness, and the cop will let them go with the stern injunction that they never do it again until they get all ready and feel just like it.

Way back in the Great Ice age this cop had these same little things to deal with and the unexpected justification is nothing new to him. Homo Priscus was troublesome in the very same way on the very same grounds. Homo Priscus had some sharp pieces of flint and he used to cling to the flanks of the wild horses and stab them with the flint until they dropped. Sometimes he would kill a dozen horses in a day and when he lay down at night Calm Reason would grab him.

"Well, now that it's all over, how many of 'em did you eat!" the cop would inquire.

Then Homo Priscus would hang his head, until the Great Issue popped out of the night.

"There you are!" Homo Priscus would always say, sticking out his chest, just as the powers are going to do. And the cop would have to slink away with the warning that Homo Priscus never do it again until he should be all ready and felt just like it.

Brains! That's the cause. Evolution! That's the issue.

There were very few men in the age of the Great Ice and those that there were lived a roving, nomad's life. They fought with each other quite informally over flint pits and casual damsels. And the winner took the disputed thing and the loser went away or stayed there, as the case might be. And all the animals and birds looked on and remarked that it was only a couple of men fighting.

Then the men began hunting in packs and there were more fights. By that time they were using spears. When a fine young doe would cross their path the whole band of them would fire away. When the quarry fell each man claimed his spear had done the work and most always there was a fight to settle that. Archaeological discoveries reveal that Homo Priscus adopted the novel scheme of putting a sign on his spear that would settle this question. The man whose spear had struck the mortal blow no longer had the fight twice or trice before he could eat. It was the first mutual benefit society and it was the first Rules of Order.

The mutual benefit society worked wonders. Homo Priscus found that by co-operation he could dispute almost anything with the other animals and bring home the bacon that he couldn't bring home if he were working independently. He found that the mutual benefit society enabled him to stay in the same cave and still eat. It was no longer necessary to roam. By co-operation he could get the game even when the game was wary. So he colonized and co-operated successfully to keep the wolves away from his stored meat. When Homo Priscus settled down conditions became more favorable to multiplication.

MODERN SCIENCE AND PREHISTORIC SAVAGERY

The Professor: "Together, my dear Herr Caveman, we should be irresistible."

"Why, bless my soul and honor, I'm multiplying," said Homo Priscus. And for years after that, if any-

body inquired why he settled down and fought the wolves in place of traveling and eluding them he would assume a great deal of self-righteousness and say he did it so he could multiply and compete with the other animals in numbers.

As Homo Priscus or Homo Primigenius multiplied there arose more and more impediment to the colonized existence, but he said that he could eat roots and fruits if the other animals could, so he acquired a taste for them rather than become a nomad again. He also concluded a truce with the wolves and the horses. They formed a triple alliance of strength, ferocity and brains.

From that time on the animals watched man increase until he surpassed them all in numbers. They watched him acquire feet, wheels, and wings. They saw him destroy a forest by a magic spark from his flint. Soon after the Triple Alliance was formed the idea of "Fight for Fight's Sake" first came into vogue. Man had a fairly easy thing of it and all the faculties of his brain were not employed. So he went in for sports, and the first sport was War. One colony would swoop over the hill or stream that divided it from the next colony and they would have one glorious time. When the game of War got to big league size several tribes would combine against other tribes, particularly if they had lived apart long enough to acquire racial characteristics.

One time one of the delerious victors grabbed a princess of the other side, in his excitement, and carried her back home. After that they would say, "Let's go over and get another princess or king or something," and the first thing they knew they got to thinking that the whole delightful thing was over the possession of the other man's princess or the reprisal following the capture of your princess. They would take away treasures and destroy crops. It is no new accomplishment to contrive a moral as the cause of a war. They used, way back in those times, to explain that the Gauls were retaining their art treasures contrary to justice and right. So they would go over into Gaul and take the treasures away.

When they would come back with the spoils Calm Reason would grab them. Then they would point with great self-righteousness to the fact that they had learned some great things about art and civilization from the conquered people which nothing but war could have brought to them. So the cop would have to slink away.

And thus it went with brains, war, and evolution. Man was born brainy; the war he achieved; and he had evolution thrust upon him. In the fight he developed a finer brain and this expended itself in the development of the fight, just as it should do. Having come, willing or unwilling, to supremacy among the animals by means of his brain, man had, in the course of it, developed an uncanny thing that would not rest. Having developed at the behoof of supremacy the brain automatically worked in that direction.

When this war for supremacy is over and the cop, Calm Reason, has his defi, the kings and emperors will have something they did not aim at. They will have a beautifully organized government control. They will have demonstrated that the thing can be done. And, having evolved this 42-centimeter engine of supremacy, it will be pointed, after the war, in a direction that its new owners dictate. It will be pointed at the thick walls of caste, tradition, and punctilio that have fortified dynasties and oligarchies since the time that Nero burned Rome for fun.

And when Society is supreme it will look around with amazement at the things it never aimed at. A good many people who fought in order that they might own land may discover that the idea of owning land has gone completely out of style. Some who fought that they might rear their children the way they wanted, may discover that they no longer have a word as to the way their children are reared. When Society's restless, struggling brain has rendered it supreme over arbitrary control, it will busy itself in the fight against everything that preys upon its well-being and it will discover that some of its bosomest acquaintances are its enemies.

And Calm Reason, the cop, will ever be waiting at the end of the fight to nab somebody, but he will not nab. The unexpected justification will always be just behind him. Long live The Fight!

Business—Legal Stealing

By WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

THE light that is now rising above the horizon is revealing the fact that what we have been accustomed to call business is only stealing made legal—that commerce is only piracy made respectable by law, that respectability is for the most part a thin veneer made necessary to maintain the immoral distinctions of class, that religion is very largely hypocrisy and statesmanship the art of proving the virtue and value of a vicious system.

There comes the same divine summons to freedom and fraternity now as of old. No diviner or authoritative voice spoke in Palastine ages ago than speaks today in the hopes and faiths and longings of the common people.

War and the Red Cross

By JAMES P. WARBASSE

THE forces which promote war often are found running parallel with the humane impulses which would relieve suffering.

The soldier has for his functions to destroy life, to maim or otherwise physically incapacitate those of his fellow-beings who are called the "enemy," and to destroy property which might be of help to his opponents, and to appropriate from all sources whatever may be of aid in these operations. To such ends are enlisted all that science, art and skill can produce.

Modern war continues until one side or the other has lost so many lives, has so many human beings incapacitated, and so much property destroyed that the remaining people are no longer willing to venture the hazard of being called upon for further sacrifice of themselves. The remnant of the nation then stops the war: it ceases to fight, and the war ends.

Certain external agencies keep war going and postpone the armistice which would bring peace. One of these factors is the profit which the noncombatant nations can make out of the bleeding people. Another factor is found in the Red Cross and the noncombatant activities allied with it. Though the first of these is purely economic, the Red Cross is no less its accomplice in keeping warfare alive.

Thus we witness the spectacle of the United States, with sanctimonious hypocrisy, praying for the end of the war as a sort of Sunday performance, and during the week days lending its good offices to big business to send over to the soldiers grains, meats and other food-stuffs, guns, powder, shot and shell, to keep the slaughter going—all in the interest of profits. We lay upon our souls the unction of neutrality by supplying munitions of war to either side.

Then comes the Red Cross and its allied neutrals, with sweet-voiced nurses and bandages and sheets and pillow-cases and goodies and soft beds, with the assumption that it is mitigating the horrors of war. However much it is mitigating the discomforts of individual warriors, one thing is certain: it is prolonging war; and war is nothing but horrors. Sentimentalism, combined with a confused ethical sense which calls for impartiality, results in a neutrality which promotes war.

The fact can be grasped by a simple mind that, if it helps one side in warfare, it damages the other side. We need yet to push our mathematics one step farther and demonstrate that if we help both sides, we damage both sides.

The commercial and sentimental neutrals if they were really interested in mitigating the horrors of war, would employ their energies to end the war. To end war is the best way to mitigate war. The last thing that one who really loves his fellow men, and who truly revolts at war, would think of would be to go into battle with a double-edged sword and fight against both sides. This is what our neutrals are doing; and when we look upon the cost of one day of it we may calculate what will be the cost of the next day—the cost to both sides, for both are daily losing; and in the end both are destined to be losers by the aggregate of their days of warfare.

Were the neutrals desirous of mitigating the horrors of war, instead of maintaining merely a commercial and sentimental interest in it, they would be acting more reasonably to throw all of their help upon one side and end it. War continues so long as the damages are fairly balanced. It ends when the balance is lost and an unbalance of damages takes its place.

The soldier is a person who goes forth to kill his fellow man. The hope that he may kill but not be killed sends him on his errand. He is not only a cold-blooded murderer; he also is a gambler. He hopes to do his unholy business, come off with his life, and be ever after proclaimed a "hero." Society with its nationalism, patriotism, race hatreds, militarism, perverted histories which glorify war, and the international quest for commercial profits, creates the soldier —the dupe of war. If he **knew** that he were to fare as badly as he **hopes** his "enemy" will, he would not go. The nearer to one hundred per cent the mortality of warfare approaches, the less will be the enthusiasm for its "glories." If the mortality could be brought up to one hundred per cent the problem would be solved, and war would cease. Do the activities of the Red Cross make for the abolition of war or for its perpetuation?

If the man of fighting age refused to go to war, or if he was proclaimed the hero who had moral heroism enough to stay at home and do his work and refuse to participate in the miserable business, then the problem would be solved. Does the Red Cross, which rushes to the front to keep alive this "sport of kings," make for war or peace?

We may contemplate with amazement surgeons and nurses attempting to save lives, and at the same time

working in co-operation with murderous men, equipped with the newest appliances of science, bent upon destroying lives—all zealously striving together.

Perhaps society will some day look back with wonder upon the anachronism of surgical skill, with its infinite possibilities for human service, occupied day and night in restoring to efficiency the butchers of men, that they may be returned to their cruel pursuit.

HOW LONG?

Lucifer: "It seems to me, Eternal Father, this war should be settled before long. There have been so many trespassers against the Fifth Commandment ('Thou shalt not kill') that I am running short of fuel."

Sucesos, Valparaiso, Chile

Let the participating Red Cross doctors not beguile us with the claim that they are noncombatants, and inspired only by love of humanity. We shall not be deceived. They are a part of the program of war. When it is over, we shall find them parading among its "heroes" and accepting the recognition which is accorded to those who went forth to kill.

Were the impelling motive behind the sentimental neutrals one of love for humanity and a burning zeal to sacrifice themselves for mankind, there are ample fields yet unoccupied in the struggle for life in every land. In our own country the preventable deaths in the economic warfare for livelihood and for profits are quite as appalling to the discerning eye as those of the European charnel. Here are the unaided hurt crying for help—hurt by machines and dust and poisons and rotten railroad ties and insufficient food and crowded slums—hurt because somebody is making money by withholding rightful human protection from them and robbing others of the wealth that they create.

These suffering and dying millions go down to their graves without the stain of their fellows' blood upon their hands. They are soldiers in the world's warfare against the forces of nature, enlisted to make the world more pleasant and life more livable. They stand for life, and not for death. They need all the surgeons, nurses, Red Cross stockings, and shirts that are now consumed by the blood-thirsty men who go forth to slay the husbands of innocent wives and the sons of guiltless mothers and the fathers of weeping babes.

The answer to this social riddle is here: War is a ruling-class game. It is the affair of kings, ministers, imperialists, and the capitalistic seekers for markets and economic aggrandizement. The Red Cross executive, doctor, and nurse prefer the approval and applause of this so-called "upper class." To give themselves to the cause of the lowly and of the exploited poor with the abandon with which they can give themselves to the cause of war would mean also to court the disapproval of those who have the wealth and "honors" to bestow. The money-giving public prefers to support the warfare which appeals most strongly to its dramatic sense. The exploited poor, on the other hand, in the industrial struggle have nothing to offer but a doubtful gratitude.

Let us not be deceived. There is no neutrality in war. All parties to it are warriors—the Red Cross surgeon, the nurse, the sewing woman, and the priest.

War is the consummate social crime. It is something more than hell; it is the crucible in which a social system is tested and found dross.

A MOTION picture drama that was produced in Los Angeles several months ago is still enjoying an unprecedented popularity despite the fact that any thinking person could not but regret that the producer had shown such poor taste in the selection of his subject. The play is falsely called "The Birth of a Nation." It is based on Thomas Dixon's unspeakable book called "The Clansman." All the way through the picture story it is an unfair and outrageous attempt to bolster up a dying race prejudice. That the public should enthusiastically patronize this plea for hatred and contempt of the negro race forms a sad commentary upon the education, or lack thereof, of the rising generation.—G. E. B.

Must We Carry a Bundle of Hay?

The Western Comrade reprints this remarkable editorial from the Milwaukee Leader in the hope that the readers of this magazine may give it serious thought—thought that may some day ripen into action. California Socialists particularly should give themselves over to a few minutes introspection. We are proceeding with state and national constitutions which, from the face of election returns a vast percentage of the party membership do not believe in or approve. In view of this fact should we not make a start here and now to readjust our organic law to fit the needs and desires of the membership and of those who believe in the principles of Socialism, but who decline to be bound and restricted by our dogmatic and narrowed rules and laws?—[Editors.]

JUVENAL, the famous Roman writer, tells us that the Hebrews of his day would not intermarry with other people. They did not eat with others, and when traveling they even carried a bundle of hay with them to sleep on. Why? For fear that they might be polluted and lose the true faith of Judaism. Juvenal intimates that the Jews were very much despised and hated by other folks on that account.

We know of similar customs of other Asiatic sects, particularly in India.

Every sect, holding to a certain dogma, whether religious or political, is of necessity exclusive. A dogma is largely a matter of faith, not of fact. Orthodoxy can not afford to let its faith come into contact with the faith of other people, lest it may become weakened or lose entirely.

This holds good for orthodoxy within the Socialist Party.

We have in our national constitution the following provision:

> Article X, Section 3. The platform of the Socialist Party shall be the supreme declaration of the party, and all state and municipal platforms shall conform thereto. No state or local organization shall under any circumstances fuse, combine or compromise with any other political party or organization, or refrain from making nominations, in order to favor the candidate of such other organizations, nor shall any candidate of the Socialist Party accept any nomination or indorsement from any other party or political organization.
>
> No member of the Socialist party shall, under any circumstances, vote in primary or regular elections for any candidate other than Socialists nominated, indorsed or recommended as candidates by the Socialist Party. To do otherwise will constitute party treason, and result in expulsion from the party.

We believe this orthodox provision is untenable. It is stupid because it helps the enemy, undemocratic because it disfranchises our members, and unsocialistic because it is anti-social in spirit and practice.

The American Socialist Party is the only Socialist organization in the world that today holds this position. We have inherited it from the old Socialist Labor Party.

And the experience of the various reform parties in America—the Greenbackers and the People's Party—which were fused and swallowed up by the Democrats—has a tendency to make such a provision popular with former Populists, especially out West.

Greenbackism and Populism had no economic basis to stand on, however, and would soon have gone out of existence anyway. A party which believed that a government can create values by printing money could not live long. And a party with the cardinal principle of unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, so that farmers could get a depreciated silver dollar for a bushel of wheat, would naturally cease to exist as soon as a bushel of wheat would bring more than a dollar in gold.

But there is absolutely no excuse for a movement which is based upon modern machine production and the concentration of wealth, and is, therefore, in accord with the trend of economic evolution, to cling to any sectarian tactics. We need not be afraid that anybody will "steal our principles."

We always must stay loyally with our organization and vote for all candidates when we have a ticket. We remain a part of this commonwealth, however, even after our candidates have been beaten at the primary.

No class-conscious Socialist will ever advocate "fusion" with any capitalist party. That is impossible. But why should Socialists be disfranchised, whenever it is impossible for them to have their own ticket?

Our worst enemies profess to admire this "splendid isolation." They do so because by our silly tactics we paralyze our political action and voluntarily withdraw in their favor.

There certainly is a great difference among non-Socialists. There are those who are fair to the working class and friendly to our aims, though they do not belong to our party.

There are those who are willing to go with us a great part of the way—the part still far before us—even though they are not willing to go the entire length of our "final aim."

Now why in the name of common sense would we be forbidden to vote—after our own candidate has been eliminated at the primary—for those who are friendly to us?

Why should we be forbidden to accept their endorsement before the primary?

Or must every Socialist carry a bundle of hay to sleep on, lest he be contaminated and lose the true faith?

The People Are Soft

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THE times are always more or less "hard" for the great majority of the people. There are alternating periods of hard times and times still harder, but there is never prosperity for all the people.

There is absolutely no excuse for hard times in the United States. We are at the very center of fabulous and inexhaustible riches, enough for all and a hundred times more, and in the very midst of these we are unable to feed and clothe and shelter ourselves, and we present a spectacle tragic enough to make stone images shed tears.

At this very time, A. D. 1915, the times are harder than they have ever been in all the 139 years of our national existence.

The National Congress, supposed to represent the people and provide measures for our security, comfort and happiness, adjourned in the very midst of the most paralyzing panic in the history of the country. When this Congress adjourned, one-fifth of all the productive workers of the nation were without employment, millions of them and their dependent ones actually suffering, but the political state of capitalism, decadent, obsolete and worse than useless, could do absolutely nothing for them. All it could do was to vote hundreds of millions for pork barrel enterprises and spend the rest of the time filibustering and in other political palavering which had no more relation to the actual industrial conditions of the country and the economic necessities of the masses than the croaking of frogs has to the failure of the potato crop.

The fact is that capitalism has collapsed and that the political state of capitalism is paralyzed except in the function of creating bogus issues over which to humbug the people and keep them divided and fighting sham battles while they are being bled by the vampires that have seized upon the nation's industries and control the government with no other object in view than to perpetuate their own plutocratic piracy and keep the people in poverty and subjection.

The times are hard only because the people are soft.

Socialism makes it clear as the noon-day sun why the times are hard whether the Republican or Democratic party is in power, and whether Roosevelt, Taft or Wilson occupies the executive seat at Washington.

Socialism proposes that the industries of the nation shall be taken over by the nation and operated by the nation for the benefit of the whole people, and when this revolutionary change has come to pass the people will never again know the blight and curse of hard times.

Sound Advice For Seekers of Success

By G. E. MORAY

SIT STILL!

No matter who tells you to "keep moving." (This does not include the cop!)

Everything comes to him who sits still and waits.

Did you ever see a rich man who made a practice of going up and down the street, looking for profitable opportunities and chances to invest money?

On the contrary, he gets an office, and sits down, like a spider inside its web, to wait for some genius, or inventor, or man with ideas, to come along and seek an interview.

He sits still while the man with ideas gets down on his knees and wails and laments, and entreats the patient rich man to take nine-tenths of all the profits, and provide the funds—the good, glad golden funds—with which to develop the great idea and place it upon the market.

Or our investor, while sitting still, loans his money to active men, who have plenty of ambition, energy and gumption, but who have been unable to accumulate money, and are willing to pay the sit-still, spiderlike individual a large part of the proceeds of their toil and effort just for the privilege of having possession of a portion of his money for a limited time.

In this way fortunes are made for the man who sits still; while the poor man of activity hustles like the Devil.

If you have money to use, and want to make more, everybody, and everybody's brother will come your way and tell you nice stories of dollar-ous opportunities.

You can reject all that are too visionary, too progressive, or too intelligent, and choose those that are modeled after the old schemes Noah used to explain to the monkeys when he made his famous shipbuilding experiment.

Then bank your money securely; or keep it in your pocketbook; keep your pocketbook in your pocket; keep your hand upon your pocket, and

SIT STILL!

Scene at Jackson's Lake Basin Where Llano del Rio Colonists Have Built a Conservation Dam

Colony Celebrates Anniversary

INTERNATIONAL May day will always have a double significance for the residents at the Llano del Rio community. It will be observed in the future much the same as it was on May 1, 1915—as the anniversary of the founding of the co-operative colony and as the World's labor day.

The celebration for 1915 proved a great success and aroused enthusiasm in the colonists and visitors. Probably no community in America ever flew more crimson banners. In fact the only restriction as a colonist expressed it was the lack of more textile fabrics of a crimson hue.

The day's sports consisted of a series of races, basketball games and a baseball game between the single men and the married men's teams. The former won 5 to 7 and the young women took full credit on the ground that their rooting and singing inspired the boys to mighty deeds.

The grand masquerade ball proved the high tide event in social life at the colony. The largest crowd that had ever assembled at the club house enjoyed several hours of the frolic. There were over fifty couples in mask and their costumes were better and more varied than on former occasions. Prizes were awarde for best costumes and best sustained characters of th evening.

Frank Farmer as Charlie Chaplin proved a sourc of delight to the children and continuous amusemen to all. Miss Aileen Ware gave an exhibition of fanc toe dancing and followed it with folk dances that ca tivated the hearts of all present. The child proved most charming and graceful performer and her daint but strong portrayal of parts in difficult dances wi long be a source of inspiration to the other childre of the colony.

The other diversion in the evening's program dances was a song, "It's a Short, Short Way to Llano, by Dan Rooke, rendered by the Llano quartette, an a violin solo by Frank H. Ware.

Motion pictures were made under the direction Frank E. Wolfe, with Chief Engineer Earle E. Glas as amateur operator of the motion picture camer The pictures proved a success and will soon be put o the screen so that Socialists in other parts of the worl can see their comrades at the Llano community i action.

The flag raising ceremonies were under the dire tion of W. A. Engle, who made the speech of the da

Llano Women's Study Club. These Colonists Are Taking an Active Part in the Educational Department of the Community

Tractor and the Scarl
Day Pe

Photographs b
Photog

Scenes at Llano del Rio Colony

Earl E. Glass, Chief Engineer, Operating Motion Picture Camera

Girls' 50-yard dash. The members of the ba
athletic events where they were entered. Basel
times are popular with all ages in the communi
will be taught to swim when the big open-air po
colony progresses other features will be added

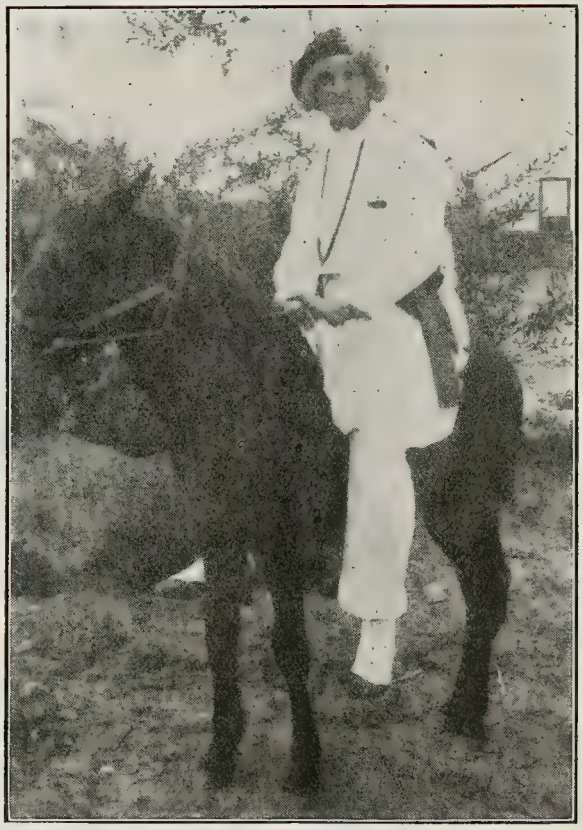
nner in the May

mmunity
er

Llano Community in Motion Picture Scene. Costumes, Setting and Action Show Wonderful Possibilities for the Future

Annual May Day Celebration

teams won nearly all the prizes in the nis, basket ball and other sports and pas- ording to plans, every child in the colony n course of construction is finished. As the enjoyment of both young and old.



B. I. Roland as "Queen of the May" Added Much to the Merriment of the Carnival

He reviewed the history of all the flags and dwelt especially on the one banner that stands for the real universal brotherhood. At the end of the speeches the flag was run up to the masthead on the new pole and the orchestra played and the assembly sang "The Red Flag."

A score of bright tongues of scarlet appeared over

Teams and Children in the Parade

bungalows and tent houses and three cheers were given and the formal part of the program was concluded.

The parade was of unique character in that nearly every resident of the community irrespective of age or occupation participated in the march. Only by counter marching were they able to see what was going on.

The parade was intended to show the growth and progress made by the colony since its inception. For this purpose the original colonists, composed of Job Harriman, Frank P. McMahon, William A. Engle, David J. Wilson, J. L. Stanley and Leo Dawson, were in the lead in the parade. They rode behind "Dolly" and "Dick," the two horses owned a year ago. Then followed the colonists of today, something over 300 in number, in wagons, trucks, automobiles and on other vehicles, farming machinery or marching four abreast on foot. Members of the Llano del Rio Women's Club filled three of the larger vehicles. The school children to the number of 75 rode in the autos in the parade. Leading the division was an immense tractor with a big red flag "at the foremast," as a former sailor expressed it. It made an impressive sight as it carried a cargo of bright-eyed girls who surrounded Horace Farmer, the driver, and scarcely gave him elbow room to steer his cumbersome machine down the main street.

Llano communists are opposed to war and especially do they oppose war taxes. Despite this fact they find themselves unwilling but extensive contributors. One week's donation for documentary revenue stamps ran over $100. Of this one deed alone took a $50 stamp. This marked a deal which is of the greatest importance to the colony. It means the acquisition of about 1000 acres including lands that carry most valuable water rights. This ranch has about 120 acres of fine alfalfa and 20 acres of producing orchard besides livestock and implements. This acquisition is of the utmost importance to the colonists who are jubilant over the success of the long negotiations for this place.

Steadily the colonists are gaining in the acquisition of land and water, in machinery, livestock and on other material and interests that is of great value to them.

L. A. Zachritz, who is foreman at the Big Rock fish hatchery, visited the Los Angeles office and reported excellent progress at the colony's trout fishery. He says the 60,000 fish hatched several weeks ago are in good condition and are rapidly assuming the form and semblance of the beautiful rainbow trout. They are about an inch and a half long. The salmo irredeus is indigenous to these mountain stream and the cousins of the colony's fingerlings are in the stream that flows in front of the hatchery. Comrade Zachritz says it required great caution to care for the young trout and that the most danger comes from the possibilities of over-feeding.

The new engine for the power plant has been placed in position and connected with the bench saw, band saw, the planer and sticker and with a wood saw.

Bill Schnitzer Teaching the Girls the Art of Buck and Wing Dancing

There is more than sufficient power to operate this machinery.

The 70 school children of the Llano school have been moved to most ideal housing in snow-white canvas tent houses. This will be their home until the end of the summer term. At the beginning of the fall term it is expected the new school building will be ready for them.

Prudence Stokes Brown, who will take charge of one of the important departments of the educational division of the colony, is taking a course of training under the personal direction of Dr. Maria Montessori

Ladies' Race.—"And the Earth Trembled"

of Italy. Dr. Montessori will remain in Southern California about four months and during that time Comrade Brown will continue the course under this famous teacher.

Llano del Rio Colony will have the second Montessori school in California and great importance is attached to this department.

The marriage of Horace Farmer and Miss Elinor Richards marked the second wedding of the young people in the colony within a month. Miss Richards went to visit her parents in Los Angeles and in about a week Horace Farmer obtained a leave of absence and the younger set of office force had an hour's outing at the court house. Herbert Stanley Calvert and Miss Mellie Miller were the first to marry.

Resident Llano del Rio Colonists are grateful to Comrade Adolf Lofton of Low-Gap, Washington, for a donation of 77 valuable books for the Llano Library. The selection of these volumes is a tribute to the intelligence of the donor. They include two valuable encyclopedias, the Library of Original Sources and other important reference works. Every book will prove of value. Many books have been donated, but this group is the most valuable that has been added to the few original books possessed by the co-operatives. There are several hundred books in the county library department of the colony library.

Fellowship in Work

By HARVEY ARMSTRONG

THIS article is written from a sense of appreciation, prompted by warm and grateful feelings to the strong men and sensible women who have not only established themselves upon a permanent basis, but through their unselfish industrial effort, have made it possible for others who are not yet wage-slaves to add their labor to the earth and thus start to build at the very foundation of all wealth.

If you want an ocular demonstration of industrial co-operation, in the actual workings, go at once to Llano del Rio Colony, in the Antelope Valley.

There you will find about 300 men and women who own their own jobs and the tools with which they work, getting the full product of their labor. Can you beat that? But that is not all.

There they are, happy, healthy and hopeful; with no impudent bill-collectors to bother them; far removed from the hurly-burly of the artificial cities, in God's open country, right on the land. And they have found within one brief year, a vastness and freedom that makes them love it.

Through their splendid efforts, this same "desert" is yet to become the dimple in California's smile.

Just one year ago four men, with love for their fellowmen, selected that particular valley in which they and their subsequent co-partners could each plant a home and establish themselves in life.

These workers all share in a high ideal, and have an economic interest in the success of the colony. Each individual there has a sense of communal duty toward the colony as a whole. There is the ideal of brotherhood, and a solidarity not to be found amongst any other group of workers on this earth.

Gurr, the Only Real Fat Man, Wins the 50-Yard Dash

They have laid the foundation well. Success is assured. The experimental stage is safely passed. And now they can confidently push aside the curtains of the future, and look down the corridors of time far enough to see their life-long dreams come true.

Prevention of Conception

By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M. D.

IT is very easy to write on the subject of the voluntary limitation of offspring for an orthodox audience. For to an orthodox audience our line of reasoning is both new and novel, many of the arguments are shocking and therefore interesting, while the incontrovertible facts which we present and which to us are so old, so very old, come to them as eye-openers, as inspired epoch-making truths. It is very difficult, however, to write on the subject for a radical audience, especially if the radical audience is also an intellectual one. One feels like constantly apologizing. For it seems impossible to imagine that the arguments which you have to present in favor of the voluntary limitation of offspring, the proofs of the benefits which it would confer and of the evils which it would obviate should be unknown to radical readers, or that they should not be in full agreement with them. Still there is a valid excuse for speaking on the subject of prevention to Socialists. The excuse is contained in the fact that the attitude of many Socialists to the subject under discussion is one of indifference, while many good comrades speak of it sneeringly or with ill-concealed if not open hostility.

This indifference or hostility, when not due to thoughtlessness—people are not enthusiastic over any measure to which they have not given any consideration—is due to two causes, which, strange to say, are of a diametrically opposite character. Some good comrades are indifferent or hostile to the small family propaganda because they do not believe that a one or two child system will in any way improve the condition of the working class. They are in general opposed to any measure which has not the Socialist imprimatur on it, and which has not for its immediate object the abolition of wage slavery and the bringing about of the co-operative commonwealth. Like the good orthodox brethren that they are, they bring down from the wall the old rusty weapon, the "iron law of wages," and tell us that as soon as the workingman has few or no children and is able to live on less, his wages will be cut in two and he will be just as badly off as before. Of course no sensible person has now any use for the iron law of wages. A strong union, a high standard of living and a scarce labor market can convert the iron law of wages into one of papier mache and tear it asunder with the greatest ease. A single workman can demand and receive higher wages than a man with nine children. In fact, as he has only himself or himself and wife to provide for, he can be more independent, he can afford to wait; but when there are several hungry mouths at home crying for bread the man is apt to accept anything that is offered him, and it is a well known fact that fathers of big families, especially where the children are not yet earning a living, make very poor strikers.

There are comrades of another class whose objection to the prevention of conception propaganda is, as mentioned, of an entirely different, of an opposite character. Not being entirely devoid of common sense, they admit that a large family of little children is a curse to a workingman, and that his condition would be greatly improved if he could control the number of his children and the intervals of their appearance in this world. But that is just what they are afraid of. They are afraid that if the material condition of the working classes is materially improved, they may lose their revolutionary spirit (which spirit is a pure myth) and sink into the slough of self-contentment and obese satisfaction of the bourgeoisie. And what will then become of the revolution? Yes, and many comrades want a numerically large proletariat. For when that terrible bloody revolution breaks out, we want to be able to send a large proletarian army against the capitalistic monster. These good comrades take it for granted that the proletariat will necessarily be on the side of the revolution. They forget that a large, hungry proletariat is often more anti-revolutionary than is the bourgeoisie itself; they forget that the slum proletariat, or what our German friends call Lumpenproletariat, make very poor revolutionary material, and it is from this stratum that are recruited the hired thugs, gunmen, hoodlums and hooligans, black hundreds, strikebreakers and other enemies of revolutionary or evolutionary progress.

To enter into a detailed discussion of the pros and cons of the limitation of offspring propaganda within this brief space would be impossible. I can only reiterate my conviction that if Socialism stands for the immediate improvement of the condition of the working class, and not for manna and honey in the vague distant future, then the Socialist Party can engage in no more important, no more immediately beneficial, no nobler and saner propaganda, than the practical propaganda of teaching the people the means of limiting the number of their children.

You see that young woman? She is pale, thin, ex-

hausted. She has been married eight years and is the mother of five children. They take away every minute of her time, exhaust every atom of her energy. What should we do with her? Teach her Socialism? Yes. But if you will at the same time teach her how she can guard herself against having any more children, you will have done more for her than Socialism ever has or ever will do, and she will be correspondingly more grateful. Socialism will improve the conditions of the people in time to come; the knowledge of the limitation of offspring helps today, tomorrow, and every other day. And that is the beauty of it. You need no committees, no organization, no conventions, no resolutions. It can be spread from mouth to mouth, without any concerted action; all that is requisite is to become convinced of its great value, of its absolute necessity for the people in our present social-economic condition, both as a weapon of defense and offense. The Socialist Party, if it adopted the limitation of offspring propaganda as a part of its program, could, through its locals, spread this knowledge like wildfire, and no greater, no more effective ammunition could be put into the hands of the people. It would also swell the army of Socialist Party members enormously. This is rather an opportunistic point of view, and I do not urge the adoption of the propaganda on that score, for I do not believe that the Socialist Party should be a vote-hunting party, primarily. But where the increase in the membership is the result of real, practical, beneficial work, where the people embrace Socialism because they see that membership means an immediate betterment in their condition, an acquisition of knowledge, nobody has a right to object.

I know a young man and a young woman, both engaged in literary work; they were delightfully suited to each other, and they loved each other in quite the old-fashioned way. They dearly wanted to get married, but their meager income was in the way. They two could live on it very well; but the spectre of numerous progeny stood before them. How could they afford to have several children on their meager and uncertain income? They could not, and in the meantime their health suffered; hers even more than his. She was really becoming a pitiable sight. They learned how they could delay and control the appearance of children; they got married; her health became blooming; and a happier couple it is hard to find. And the woman, who is a Socialist, said recently in her woman's inconsequential manner, that the best thing Socialism did for her was that it gave her means—indirectly, but she might not have been able to learn it otherwise—to live happily with the man she loved. And she has adopted as hers the motto: There is no single measure that would so positively, so immediately, contribute to the happiness and progress of the human race as teaching the people the proper means of the prevention of conception.

This brief article deals with—or rather hints at—the benefits of the knowledge of the prevention of conception to the individual couple. The temptation is great to dilate upon the influence that such universal knowledge would have upon the race as a whole, the relationship of population to the food supply, the eugenic or dysgenic effects of such knowledge, etc. And the temptation is almost irresistible to enter upon a discussion of the effects of the rational control of the birth-rate upon the most important and most sinister event of the hour—War.—New Review.

Socialism is Coming

IN his recent book on American syndicalism, John Graham Brooks has the following to say about Socialism in the United States:

"Socialism steadily wins its way underneath all differences. Language, religion, forms of government set no barrier to its growth, because the causes of Socialism underlie all these.

"The causes have their roots in the discovered excesses of a competitive system that fails to meet the minimum of equality which powerful sections in these communities now demand. In no part of the world have these excesses been more riotous than in the United States. Nowhere have they been brought more widely or more directly home to the masses than in this country. The magnitude of our area and of our economic resources have concealed and delayed the exposure. With the opening of the twentieth century the exposure has come.

"After three decades of obscure and fitful struggle Socialism becomes part and parcel of our political and social structure. It no longer stammers exclusively in a tongue half learned. It is at home in every American dialect. It no longer apologizes, it defies. Almost suddenly it wins a Congressman, fifty Mayors, and nearly a thousand elected officials.

"One of our most commanding figures in the railroad world says that the only practical issue now is to 'stave Socialism off as long as possible.' He is convinced that the first chill of the shadow has fallen upon us. There is much reason to believe that Socialism in its more revolutionary character is from now on to have its most fruitful field in the United States."

The Soldier Who Wouldn't

By A. NEIL LYONS

NOW, what they said exactly I did not perfectly hear nor can I perfectly state, because I was in drink (ammoniated quinine) at the time, and I am in drink (spirits of niter) now. May has arrived far sooner than I had been led to expect, and her allied forces have effectively bombarded the narrows of my respiratory Dardanelles. They have likewise closed both eyes.

So I sat in the corner of the railway carriage as I sit now—my shoulders hunched, my throat and mouth invested, my eyes bottled up; with no means of seeing, speaking, thinking, or eating, but not accustomed to playing the harp.

Well, then, they all got into the carriage and I could hear that there were five of them, and that four out of the five were soldiers. One of the soldiers talked much and the other three agreed with him. The soldier who talked much was evidently of London origin. His speech was infected with the accent and intonation which is cultivated by the inhabitants of that city, and it reflected, also, a London turn of thought and philosophy. I could not see his face, but from what I could hear of it, it was one of those round and rather stolid faces, having a square blue chin and a small, aggressive nose, and a mouth much worn with controversy. And very small eyes, which were lit with a bright flame—either of anger or joy. I don't know which. Nor does anybody else. It is the misfortune of these faces that nobody can ever make up his mind whether to treat them very seriously or scream with laughter at them.

I can't tell you anything about this soldier's three companions. I couldn't hear their faces at all. I could only hear their names, which were Joe, Bill, and Sam, respectively.

The fifth disturber of my fevered vigil in that jolty, smoky, stifling car was an individual of some civilian species. At first I thought he was a clergyman. Then I thought he was a layman, who had cultivated habits of order; a schoolmaster, perhaps, or an actuary or an adjuster of sewing machines. I could hear that he had a bald head, was clean-shaven and wore pince-nez. I crouched a little closer to my corner, and I decided to make him a sewing machine expert and leave it at that.

Then, with my throat and eyes tight closed, I willed myself to die. But the will wasn't good enough. I lived. I lived to hear the blue chinned soldier forswear himself.

"Me?" he said, in answer to a question from the bald-headed man. "Me orf to the front?" No, sport. I don't wanter go to no front. I'm orf to London, I am; to Casa Blanca, if ya know where that is?"

"I do not," said the bald-headed man.

"Then I see you ain't studied Spanish," rejoined the soldier. "That's a Spanish expression, meanin' Whitechapel in a common way o' speakin'. Well,

Punch, London

THE SULTAN "OVER THE WATER"

Mehmed V. (to Constantinople): "I don't want to leave you, but I think I ought to go."

that's where I'm goin'. That's where my 'ome is and my missus, and a few little gawdfers. I'm goin' 'ome for 'oliday. I ain't gointer no front nor don't damn well want to."

"Oh, don't say that!" protested the bald-headed gentleman.

"But I do say it, sport. If I go to the front, I shall be killed. I shall be killed at once. Before any o' my mates 'ere."

"Oh, don't say that," repeated the bald-headed gentleman.

"But I do say it, sport; and my friends 'ere know it's right what I say. Ain't that right, Bill? Ain't that right, Sam? Ain't that right, Joe?"

Bill—That's right!

Sam—That's right!

Joe—That's Right!

"I'm goin' 'ome for a 'oliday," continued the soldier, "and I got a shillin' in me pocket to spend on it. That's what they leave me out o' me week's pay—a shillin' An' me a bloke as 'as always earned a pound a week!"

"What do you belong to?" inquired the bald-headed gentleman.

"Me?" replied the soldier. "I belongs to Kitchener's Splendid Army. That's what I belong to. Them what you see on the pictures. They overwork us. They underfeed us. And they pay us a bob a week!"

"Oh, come!" murmured the bald-headed gentleman.

"I'm comin' along quick enough," the soldier assured him. "What I'm tellin' you is the truth. What's more, I can say worse. They don't look arter us when we're ill. I tell you they don't. A little mate o' mine, in the transport, a fine little soldier be the name o' Freddy Chewitt, 'e fell orf 'is 'oss the other mornin' and 'e broke 'is leg, and they sends for the doctor and 'e gives 'im two pills. What? You can't believe it? Then keep tryin' till ya can, sport. Don't interrupt my story. That same night another bloke, a person'l friend o' mine, a soldier in my platoon, 'e falls ill with earache. They sends for the doctor—the same doctor—and 'e comes, and 'e gives this chap two pills—the same two pills—well, two pills o' the same sort, then. This mornin' I'm a bit out o' sorts meself—sore froat an' that—so I goes to this same doctor, and 'e does it again—two pills. Same two pills! Ain't that right, Bill? Ain't that right, Joe? Ain't that right, Sam?"

Bill—That's right!

Joe—That's right!

Sam—That's right!

"Well, there's yar Kitchener's army, sport. 'Ow can two pills cure everythink? 'Ow can the same two pills cure an earache, a sore froat, and a broken leg? Well, it ain't common reason. Kitchener's Splendid Army! Wish I'd never joined it, nor me pals neether. Wish I'd never 'eerd of it. Treat a man like a dog. Overwork 'm. Underfeed 'im. Break 'is legs. Give 'im two pills. Deduct 'is pay. Leave 'im a bob a week! Coo! It makes me go goosey to think of it. And then you arst me if I'm goin' to the front. Why, I wooden go to the front for a thousand quid. Why wooden I? Because I got a brother at the front. Ain't that right, Bill? Ain't that right, Sam? Ain't that right, Joe?"

Bill—That's right!

Sam—That's right!

Joe—That's right!

"D'yeer that?" said the soldier. "D'yeer what my mates say? I got a brother in the army. I persuaded 'im to join. 'E's at the front now. If I go to the front, 'e'll bluggy well shoot me."—The Clarion.

Woman

By ODELL T. FELLOWS

Forth she steps in all her splendor,
  Beckoning toward the coming time;
O the heart of her so tender!
  O the faith and love sublime!
Ever 'neath the grievous burden
  Have her fragile shoulders bent,—
Scant, indeed, has been the guerdon
  That the waiting years have sent.

Once did love, a strange rare blossom,
  O'er her life its fragrance shed;
Once there lay within her bosom,
  Sweet and fair, a childish head.
But the love-dream quickly vanished;
  Childless sat she at her gate.
All her short-lived joy was banished
  By the sternness of her fate.

Yet within her, deathless ever,
  Throbbed the love, divine and pure.
Wrong and grief could crush it never,—
  Born to conquer and endure.
Cleaving to her cruel master,
  Aiding him the heights to climb;
Triumphing o'er all disaster,
  She has stood the test of time.

Now behold the vision glorious,—
  Man and woman meet at last
Side by side, to stand victorious
  O'er the errors of the past.
Naught of mastery or slavery
  Shall the future ages blight,
Woman's love and faith and bravery,—
  These have won the age-long fight.

Murmurings in a Field Hospital

By CARL SANDBURG

(They picked him up in the grass where he had lain two days in the rain with a piece of shrapnel in his lungs.)

COME to me only with playthings now . . .
A picture of a singing woman with blue eyes
Standing at a fence of hollyhocks, poppies and sunflowers . . .
Or an old man I remember sitting with children telling stories
Of days that never happened anywhere in the world . . .

No more iron cold and real to handle,
Shaped for a drive straight ahead.
Bring me only beautiful useless things.
Only old home things touched at sunset.
And at the window one day in summer
Yellow of the new crock of butter
Stood against the red of new climbing roses . .
And the world was all playthings.

To Our St. Anthony

By CHARLES W. WOOD

O ANTHONY, St. Anthony, we humbly bow to thee,
To thy most holy ignorance and matchless purity.
Thou seizest our magazines, but even though we've missed 'em,
'Twas for our moral uplift that we built the postal system.
Oh, speed the day, we pray thee, to that pure and virtuous ending
When all shall be as dull as thee and Nature'll quit offending.

Protect our brains, dear stupid saint, from everything that's human,
Especially from the loathsome thought that we were born of woman.
Oh, speed the darkness that shall spread from Maine clear down to Texas,
When no American shall know the secret of the sexes;
When all shall presuppose, with minds forever free from sin,
That woman's shape does not extend far down below her chin.

Unsex our drama, Anthony, by taking woman out;
Destroy all art; for goodness sake, put literature to rout.
Burn all those awful books that tell how chickens come from eggs;
Burn all those awful pictures where the ladies all have legs.
And may our postal laws, dear saint, drop heavily, kerchug,
On every sexual reference to man or brute or bug.

And dost thou not, dear saint, perceive a great contamination
In books about the doings of the vegetable creation?
Thy holy mind, undoubtedly, must view with eyes askance
Those dreadful, lewd directions how to fertilize the plants.
Oh bless us, saint, with all the virtuous ignorance we need,
To keep our minds protected from the secret of the seed.

We trust that thou wilt drape the curs that wander past our flat
And put at least a fig leaf on our neighbor's Thomas cat.
Go out into our pastures, please, and civilize the herds;
And while thou'rt at it, Anthony, put pants upon the birds.
From horrid sights of Nature we would be forever free;
If need be, gouge our eyes out so we'll be as blind as thee.

And when thou'rt finished, Anthony, with art and Nature, too,
And all that's male or female has come under thy taboo;
And when at last all things in sight are stamped with thy approval,
Or else with some anathema that calls for their removal;
We hope that thou wilt guide us where our sinful nature fails,
By stamping every woman with: **"Excluded From the Males."**

—The Masses.

Slams at Shams

What'll we do to the paragrapher who says Przemysl held out for quite a spell?

* * *

No, Hortense, we do not know who converted the Prinz Eitel Frederich —possibly Billy Sunday.

* * *

While the capture of Przemysl was without doubt a great achievement, it can scarcely be called a pronounced victory.

* * *

A poet philosopher said: "The world knows what two know." If this be true, what of all the secrets that just two know?

* * *

Since the Sultan's declaration of war, the Turkish daily newspaper, the Ikdam, has issued uxtras hourly with red ink scareheads. From the reckless appearance of the sheet the editors don't care a ikdam for expenses.

* * *

When the auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Frederich entered the Norfolk harbor, Boy-Ed, naval attache, hastened from Washington to consult with the commander. Dispatches do not state whether Doc-Yak went on board.

* * *

With Theodore Roosevelt tearing into Bryan's diplomacy, or lack thereof, in the Metropolitan, and Bill Taft getting in on the first page of the Saturday Evening Post with a terrific criticism of Wilson's spendthrift policy, the administration must be boiling in its own grease.

* * *

The British admirality announces that British picket boats have sunk the British submarine E-15. That may be a strong bid for first place in the world's champion boob class, but it wont win. The U. S. navy sunk the battleship Maine last month in the basin at the Brooklyn navy yard. We still hold the belt.

* * *

Magazine writers are making much of Henry Ford's "horse-sense methods of making men out of criminals." A force of eighty men are kept busy in the factory "sociological department" looking after the record of the employes. The space writers fail to mention the fact that Union men and Socialists are not worth experimenting upon.

THE SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN BOOK FOR 1914

Will give you up-to-date information about

The Socialist Movement
The Labor Movement
Co-operation
Exploitation
Wages and Hours
Unemployment
Child Labor
Woman and Labor
Industrial Accidents
Poverty
The High Cost of Living
White Slavery
Crime
The Old Parties
The Progressives
Syndicalism
Concentration of Wealth
The Trusts
Profits
Socialists in Office

and many other things of interest to Socialists and students—too many to mention.

It has been compiled by the INFORMATION DEPARTMENT OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY and is the most complete reference book of that character that has ever been published.

Bound in flexible cloth, 350 pages.

50 CENTS A COPY.

THE WESTERN COMRADE $1 PER YEAR

SPECIAL COMBINATION

We will send you THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year and THE CAMPAIGN BOOK FOR $1.25. Address Circulation Department, 924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

The British Columbia Federationist

Room 217
Labor Temple
Vancouver, B. C.
$1.25 Per Year
Issued Weekly

R. Parm Pettiplece, Managing Editor

A labor paper unparalleled by any labor paper of Canada. Endorsed by the Victoria Trades and Labor Council and New Westminster Trades and Labor Council. Official organ of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council and British Columbia Federation of Labor. The paper for Industrial Unity, Political Unity, Strength and Victory! If you do not take this paper you should subscribe today!

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619
A. J. STEVENS
Dentist
306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Here's One Magazine You Want

Charles Edward Russell

"The reason why I advise all persons that believe in a free press to support Pearson's Magazine is because Pearson's is the only great magazine that is free."

Pearson's Magazine is the only magazine of its kind. Its form enables it to depend on its readers alone — on advertisers not at all. It can and does, therefore, print facts which no magazine that depends upon advertising for a living can "afford" to print. It does print such facts every month. Every issue contains the truth about some condition which affects your daily welfare, which you want to know and which you can find nowhere else. Besides, it prints as much fiction and other entertainment as any general magazine. If you want one radical magazine to live and grow, subscribe to Pearson's.

Pearson's is the only big magazine in America in which the *Socialists* get an equal *opportunity* with others to present their case, not occasionally but in every issue.

The case for Socialism is presented by the leading Socialist writers of America, including *Allan L. Benson* and *Chas. Edward Russell.* One copy will convince you that you want Pearson's. On the newsstands, 15c per copy. By the year, $1.50.

Here's Another Magazine You Want

The Western Comrade

The only illustrated Socialist magazine west of Chicago. It is excelled by none in America. Hundreds of subscriptions are coming in from Socialists who are anxious to keep in touch with news of the development of the Llano del Rio Colony. Our aim is to make the magazine better and brighter with each issue. Subscription by the year $1.

COMBINATION

By special arrangement with Pearson's we will send you

THE WESTERN COMRADE and PEARSON'S MAGAZINE ONE YEAR FOR $1.50

Address Circulation Dept., 924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Temple of Gold

By Rabindranath Tagore

"SIRE," announced the servant to the King, "the St. Narottam never deigns to step into your royal temple. He is singing God's praise under the trees by the open road. The temple is empty of all worshipers. They flock round him like bees round the fragrant white lotus, leaving the golden jar of honey unheeded."

The King, vexed at heart, went to the spot where Narottam sat on the grass. He asked him, "Father, why leave my temple of the golden dome and sit in the dust outside to preach God's love?"

"Because God is not there in your temple," said Narottam.

The King frowned and said, "Do you know 20,000,000 of gold have been spent on that marvel of art, and the temple was duly consecrated to God with costly rites?"

"Yes, I know," answered Narottam. "It was the dread year, when thousands of your people lost their homes in fire and stood at your door for help in vain. And God said, 'The poor creature who can give no shelter to his brothers would aspire to build my house.' Thus he took his place with the shelterless under the trees by the road. And that golden bubble is empty of all but hot vapor of pride."

The King cried in anger, "Leave my land!"

Calmly said the saint, "Yes, banish me where you have banished my God."

Dissappointment

The car conductor was about to give the motorman two bells to go ahead.

"Wait," shrilled an unmistakably feminine voice, "wait till I get my clothes on."

Whereupon 73 men and 37 women turned to rubber.

A fat woman lifted her basket of laundry aboard. The car went on.

Going With Prince

A very small boy was trying to lead a big yellow dog up the road. "Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passerby.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go, first," was the breathless reply.

Poison For Profit

"YOU fellows don't know how to cheat, and I hope you won't learn," said a grocer, who had bought some butter from the Llano del Rio colonists. This grocer was willing to pay 5 cents a pound more than the market price if he could secure butter from the colony dairy.

His customers liked the butter made by men and women as guileless as those who work in the colony dairy. They don't put in poison, preservatives or coloring matter. They make butter to eat and they keep it pure. The colonists do not poison themselves with the food they produce. The lesson seems so obvious that one hesitates to point to it.

When the people of the world get sense enough to co-operate and to produce food for use and not for profit they will not know how to cheat and poison each other—for profit; to lie and steal—for profit. The individuals, groups and nations will stop murdering each other—for profit.

Gutter Gabbler

Observing the success of the Billy Sunday methods in the matter of conversion, Puck rises to suggest that the attempt be made to apply the same methods to other church ceremonies and activities, proposing the following formulas:

Pastor (christening infant)—"What do you want to call this hunk of excess baggage, Bo?"

Presiding Parson—"What miserable mutt giveth this skirt to be married to this gink" The Bride's Father—"I'm the guy."

Industrious Usher—"Slide, you icecarts! Slide!"

Passing the Plate—"Come across with the iron-men, you low-lived tight-wads!"

Sunday School Superintendent—"All of you little flivvers that want to swat Satan, stand on one leg."

Perils of Truth

A friend and I, one summer's day,
While in a truthful spell,
Agreed on this, that come what may,
Each other's fault's we'd tell.

We pointed out the facts and fears,
For less than half a week—
And now it's quite a score of years
Since we were known to speak!

Pictures for Propaganda

Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

"If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed . . ."

And again Gen. Otis says:

"Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers . . ."—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

EVERYMAN (Monthly)

Each Issue Has an Important Lecture or Essay by

Clarence Darrow

Year $1.50, Copy 25 Cents

516 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III May, 1915 No. 1

One Year's Achievement

THIS number of the WESTERN COMRADE marks the beginning of the third year of its publication. During the past two years the magazine has enjoyed a popularity that rarely comes to radical periodicals. It has had its ups and downs in a financial way, but has weathered all storms and now emerges, after a year's unparalleled financial depression in the business world, stronger and better equipped for the struggle than ever before.

Since May, 1914, the WESTERN COMRADE has been under the present management and during that period it has grown steadily in popularity and circulation. Considerable of this popularity is due to the fact that the Socialists of America are paying more attention to practical co-operative enterprises than ever before. The regular monthly story giving an outline of the progress of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony has proven a great attraction and has been one of the largest factors in increasing the circulation of the magazine.

In one year we have more than doubled the circulation and this has been done without any cries for help or "ballyhoo" for support. The only attempt to secure subscribers has been by the legitimate means of club offers and combinations with other Socialist publications. On the other hand comrades at many points have voluntarily gone into the field and worked up clubs and sent in large lists of subscribers and sent them in with strong letters of praise for the magazine and encouragement for the editors. Two comrades became so interested that they quietly created an interest in a small but devoted group of Socialists with the result that 400 public libraries in the middle and western states now get the WESTERN COMRADE on paid annual subscriptions. This is but one instance of the interest and enthusiasm of the comrades of California.

"I can sell a thousand a month if you keep the colony stories going," writes a comrade who is actively engaged in spreading Socialist propaganda in the northern states. This speaker sold 115 WESTERN COMRADES at one meeting.

"It sells on sight," writes another prominent organizer.

"The WESTERN COMRADE is now our best seller," declares a proprietor of a large bookstore dealing extensively in radical publications in a large Pacific coast city.

All of this is most gratifying and it tends to show that the magazine is coming as near as is possible to pleasing the vast majority of our readers. Cancellations have amounted to just two during twelve months both in the same mail—one because we were "pro-German" and the other because we "favor England."

Renewals have been almost the unanimous rule of our subscribers. This is the surest stamp of approval.

The WESTERN COMRADE starts in the year stronger and more confident than ever before. We wish to take this opportunity to thank our thousands of friends for their encouragement and support. —[The Editors.]

Or is It a Jabot?

Father's meal is cooked
In a steaming casserole
While baby's meal is warmed
'Neath a dainty camisole.

1,000 Copies Sold on Pre-Publication Orders!

SOCIALIST WAR MANUAL

A Revolutionary Interpretation of the European Armageddon and the Temporary Collapse of Internationalism

Contains:

IMMEDIATE CAUSES
By Louis C. Fraina

GENERAL CAUSES
By Frank Bohn

MILITARISM
By Floyd Dell

THE ATTITUDE OF ITALY
By Prof. Arthur Livingston

ANTI-WAR MANIFESTOES
By the European Socialist Parties

SOCIALISM AND THE WAR
By Isaac A. Hourwich, Ph. D.

HOW GERMAN SOCIALISTS DIVIDED
By William English Walling

BRITISH AND AMERICAN SOCIALISTS ON THE WAR
Summary and Criticism of articles by Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, H. M. Hyndman, Ramsay MacDonald, Robert Blatchford, Victor Berger, Eugene Debs and Charles Edward Russell.

This Socialist War Manual Will Probably Become Historic.

Scholarly—Comprehensive—Indispensable

Price, 15 Cents a Copy

Special Low Rate, bundles of five or more

NEW REVIEW
80 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

College Town Democracy

THE question of the democracy of Yale and New Haven, as compared with the aristocracy of Harvard and Boston, has been revived by the Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Bushnell, of Boston, a prominent Yale alumnus, and Dean Jones, of Yale. Dr. Bushnell made it public at the banquet of the Waterbury Alumni Association, when he recited the following poem:

I'm from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God.

Dr. Bushnell sent the poem to Dean Jones, of the academic department of Yale, who, after consulting the muses, wrote back:

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the Truth and the Light,
Where God talks to Jones
In the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight.

Wierd Combine

A man, while wandering in the village cemetery, saw a monument and read with surprise the inscription on it: "A lawyer and an honest man."

The man scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?"

"No," replied the first man, "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."

Foiled Again!

Score a scoop for Plutarch.

Acting as war correspondent some years ago the stern chronicler of events wrote of Julius Caesar: "When he arrived at the banks of the Rubicon, which divides bisalpine Gaul from the rest of Italy, he stopped to deliberate. At last he cried out, 'The die is cast,' and immediately crossed the Rubicon."

Curse the luck! Here we have an upstart scribbler getting in ahead of us, and this, too, when everybody in California was convinced that it was Gen. Otis who not only crossed the Rubicon but cabled the fact back red hot right after he did it!

Colony Baby Arrives

Miss Llano Schnitzer arrived at the colony a few days before this magazine went to press. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schnitzer, have been in the Llano del Rio Community about four months. This is the first baby born at Llano. The colony physician and trained nurses were in attendance.

THE JONES BOOK STORE
226 West First St., Los Angels, Cal.
Headquarters for the best Socialist books and literature.

INSURANCE
Fire, Life, Accident, Liability
Automobile, Etc.
Best Companies Lowest Rates
P. D. NOEL
— Phones —
Main 5247, A-4533 Residence 31238
Will be glad to call on you

The American Socialist
Official Organ of the
Socialist Party of America.

The American Socialist speaks with authority. It is a powerful news and propaganda weekly and is the only paper in the United States which gives an account of the official business of the Socialist Party.

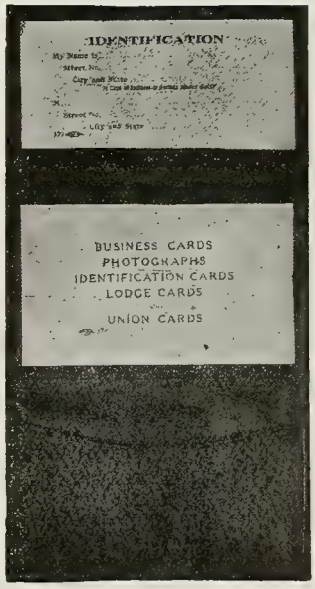
Every Socialist. Every Student of Socialism should be a subscriber.

Subscription Price
50 cents a year.

The American Socialist and The Western Comrade can be had in combination for one year by sending $1.25 to

THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Socialists Attention!



In order to place a copy of our catalogue of union-made goods in the hands of every reader of The Western Comrade, we will send postage prepaid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, one of our genuine sheepskin-leather card cases BEARING THE UNION LABEL.

This card case contains four pockets, one large for bills and papers, one for your dues-stamp book, and two with transparent windows for union membership cards. This is the ONLY CARD CASE on the market made by Organized Labor and bearing the union label. It is no longer necessary for a class-conscious Socialist to be inconsistent.

Send fifty cents in stamps or money order.

MUTUAL UNION TRADING COMPANY

(The only exclusive union label merchandisers)
(Owned and managed by members of the working class)
9 Board of Trade Court, CHICAGO, ILLS.

First Aid to Serum

IT seems that the anti-tetanus serum has not been a complete success, but the trouble is not so much with the serum as with the disease. The disease progresses so fast that convulsions set in and the patient is so worn out by them that he dies of asphyxiation before the anti-tetanus serum can become effective. So it is seen that the serum would gladly do all that is expected of it, if the disease would only be calm and give it half a chance.

Dr. Meltszer, of the Rockefeller Institute, thinks, however, that he has found a way to overcome this drawback. He proposes to inject a solution of epsom salts into the spinal membrane. This is intended to relax the body completely and relieve the convulsions. The only weak point about Dr. Meltszer's treatment is that the patient will be relaxed so thoroughly that he can't breathe, and death will ensue.

But let us not be discouraged. If we keep on trying, we are sure to find a way of keeping patients alive while they are being poisoned and mutilated.—E. O. J.

When a Man's Married

The publicity manager for a certain California co-operative colony was waxing a bit boastful when he said:

"We got out 500 pieces of mail today. I mailed about a hundred dictated letters. We are poking them down that little old mail chute faster than Uncle Sam's hired men can cart them away. Next week we'll——." The speaker paused and paled, as if a chill had struck him. He turned to meet the steely glare of a woman, who said, icily:

"Perhaps, while you are overloading the mail, you will remember to post those letters to mamma which I gave you a week ago Friday."

Crossing the Wash?

Motorist (blocked by load of hay) —I say, there, pull out and let me by.

Farmer—Oh, I dunno ez I'm in any hurry.

Motorist (angrily)—You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past.

Farmer—That's cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay. There hain't no danger o' yew eatin' it, I reckon.

REVOLT IN MEXICO

Read the Correct Interpretation of Underlying Motives in the Most Remarkable and Valuable Book of the Year

The Mexican People-- Their Struggle for Freedom

—By—

L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon

Eugene V. Debs says:

"* * * It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman Church and on the other by the military power."

Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

Price $1.50

We will send you this book and The Western Comrade for one year for $2.00

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

Some of the aims of the colony are: to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 350 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the school, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools will open at the fall term with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony schools.

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products.

There are about 150 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has about forty work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 800 egg-making birds, some of them blue-ribbon prize winners. About 2000 additional chicks were added in May. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

About 60,000 rainbow trout have been hatched in the colony's fish hatchery, and it is intended to add several hundred thousand each year.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

About 115 acres of garden is being planted this year.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and over 400 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 20000 shares of stock.

Each member agrees to pay $2500 and will receive 2000 shares of capital stock and a deed to a lot 50x100 feet with a modern residence erected thereon.

Each pays cash ($750) for 750 shares.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares and house and lot are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the $4 wages of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated fund may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony.

Address
C. V. EGGLESTON CO.
Fiscal Agents
Llano del Rio Company
924 Higgins Building Los Angeles, California

Is Your Job Safe?

Hundreds are safeguarding themselves by joining the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony in the Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, where climate and surroundings are ideal for an agricultural and industrial community

This community is doing constructive and productive work in one of the most beautiful valleys in Southern California. The climate and surroundings are ideal. The Colony was founded and is conducted under the direct supervision of Job Harriman, who has been a leader in the Socialist movement in America for the past 25 years. The Colony is solving for its members and their families the serious problems and disemployment and insecurity for the future. Here is an example of COOPERATION IN ACTION.

There were originally one thousand memberships. Nearly one-half of these are sold and the remainder are selling rapidly. Men and women of nearly every useful occupation are needed in the community. These men are following the latest scientific methods in farming, stock raising, dairying, poultry production, bee keeping, trout hatching and rearing, and other agricultural and industrial pursuits. Social life is most delightful. If you are willing to apply the principles of co-operation of which you have heard, talked and read so much, here is your opportunity. Co-operation is a practical thing and must be worked out in a practical manner. By this method we can accelerate the great world movement toward the socialization of all the sources of human life.

Do you want to solve your own vexatious problems and assist in this great enterprise? We want Colonists and we want representatives who can speak and write the message of freedom. You can make good from this hour if you will take hold and secure members. You can make this organization work a permanent business. See the story of the Colony on page 15 of this magazine, take advantage of your opportunity and write for particulars.

Address C. V. Eggleston, Fiscal Agent

Llano del Rio Company

924 Higgins Building — Los Angeles, California

June, 1915 Ten Cents

The Western Comrade

Stories and Specials By

A. W. Ricker
J. Stitt Wilson
Carl D. Thompson
Mila T. Maynard
Thos. W. Williams
Morgan Smith
A. F. Gannon
Wiley H. Swift
Owen R. Lovejoy
Ruth Lee Stevens
G. E. Bolton
Frank E. Wolfe
Marguerite Head
Adelaide Maydwell
Edmund Brumbaugh

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

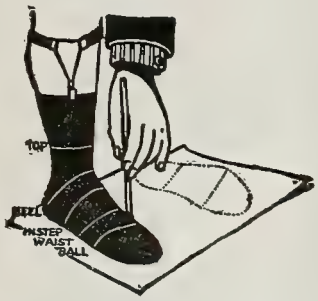
IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 10-inch boots	5.00
Ladies' 14-inch boots	5.50
Men's Elk shoes	4.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	3.50
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5 to 8	1.75
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.25
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	2.50

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.



Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONTENTS

Current Review. By Frank E. Wolfe.....Page 5

Child Labor in the Mines. By Thos. W. Williams..Page 9

Need of Co-Operation. By Edward N. Clopper....Page 10

Need Children for Profits. By Wiley H. Swift.....Page 11

The Laws Are Ignored. By Owen R. Lovejoy.....Page 12

Pharisees Rebuked. .....Page 12

"Unto the Third." By A. F. Gannon.....Page 13

Children and Community Life. By Adelaide Maydwell .....Page 15

Life with the Colony Children.....Page 16

Filling the Dinner Pail. By A. W. Ricker.....Page 21

The Dandy Funeral. By Morgan Smith.....Page 22

Lawson — Labor — Liberty. By Edmund B. Brumbaugh .....Page 23

Keep Up the Spade.....Page 23

Is It Practical? By Carl D. Thompson.....Page 24

Mother Earth (poem). By Ruth Lee Stevens.....Page 24

Impeachment of Capitalism. By J. Stitt Wilson..Page 25

Is Your Conscience Clear. By Mila Tupper Maynard .....Page 25

The Fighter (poem). By Marguerite Head.....Page 25

Hunter's New Book.....Page 28

CARTOONS

Star Gazing .....Frontispiece

Woodrow Wilson, Taxidermist.....Page 6

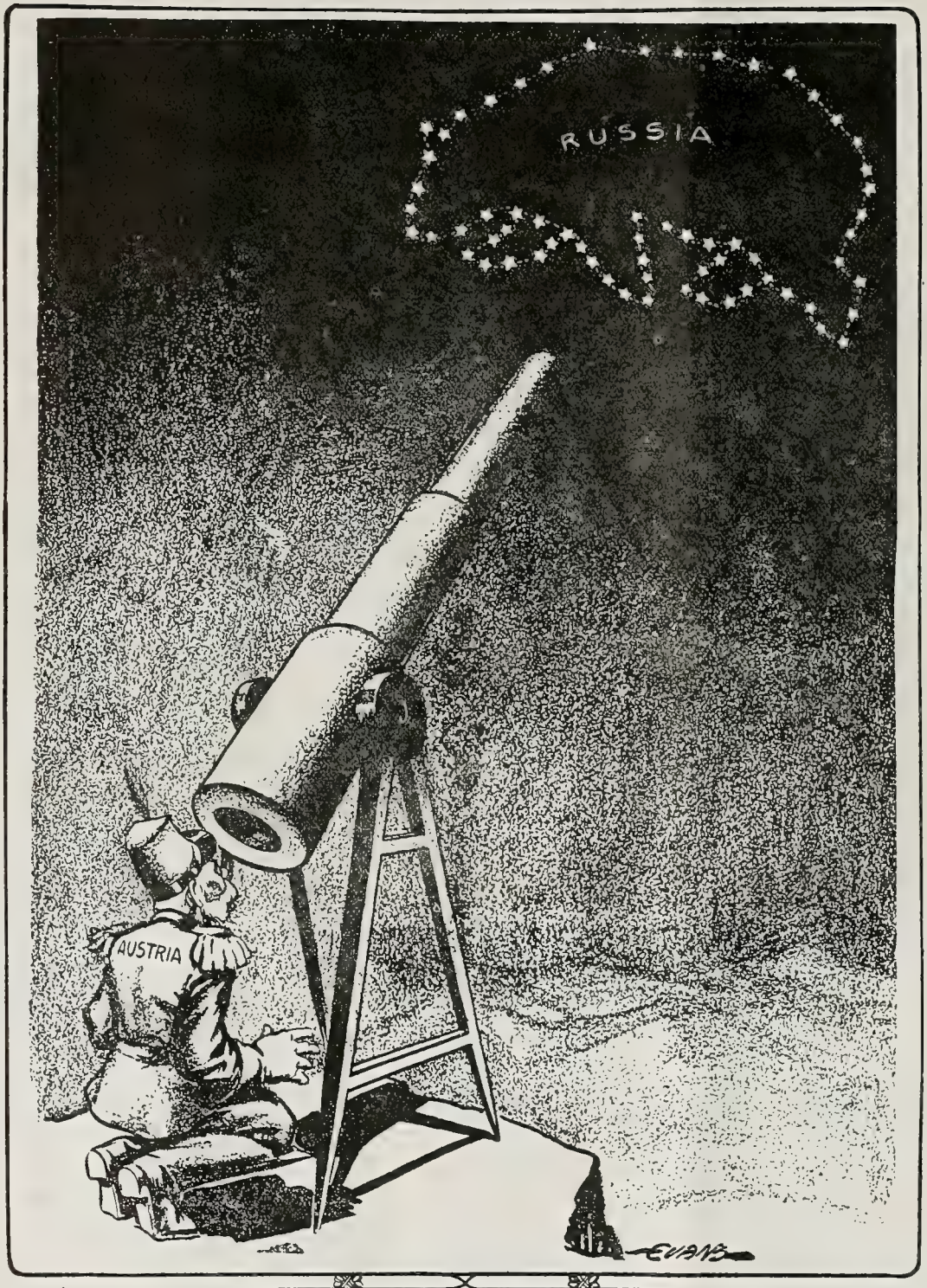
The Star of Bethlehem (U. S. A.).....Page 7

The Party Wash.....Page 8

Brave Work! .....Page 21

The Path of Neutrality.....Page 28

STAR GAZING



—*Baltimore American*

How His Future Looks

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. III | LOS ANGELES, CAL., JUNE, 1915 | NUMBER 2

A Typical Louisiana Oyster Cannery Force. The Girl in the Foreground Is Eight Years Old and a Regular Worker.

CURRENT REVIEW

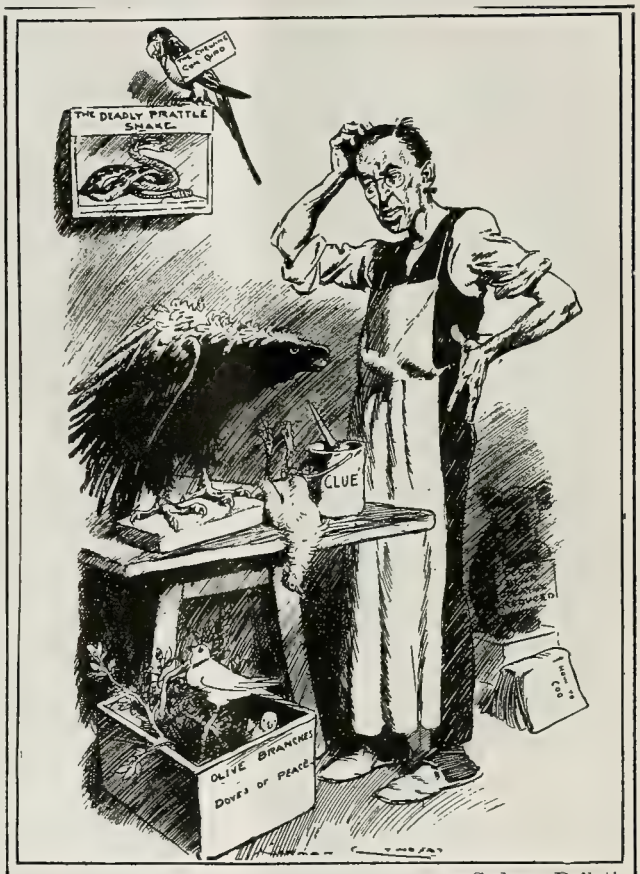
By Frank E. Wolfe

IF President Wilson has surrendered to the war party of America, it seems extremely doubtful if Bryan and the more sober of the Washington statesmen will be able to prevent intervention in Mexico and action toward Germany that will be tantamount to a declaration of war. Intervention means war with Mexico. Bryan's withdrawal from the cabinet is regarded by the war party as a tremendous victory. The gunmakers, the powder trust and all the forces that fatten on blood and carnage are losing no opportunity to crowd their propaganda of war at any price.

Wilson's note to Germany fell below the hopes of the jingoes, but it carries with it the implied threat of force that Bryan declined to support. With this foundation laid, all that is needed to precipitate war will be a series of incidents, the exchange of "notes," the sinking of another ship, the severing of diplomatic relations and the uproar of the daily press—then the beginning of the cataclysm.

INTERVENTION in Mexico looms as a greater danger to peace on this continent than since the revolution begun. Never was a more insidious plot floated than the Red Cross appeal for funds to "relieve suffering in the sister republics." The sudden cry of hunger in Mexico (City) touches the human heart. Vide any newspaper. "Food sent to starving Mexicans shipped abroad and sold!" screams the headlines. Can the American public be stupid enough to fail to see through this move on the part of capitalists who are for intervention? Will the Hearsts and Otises, the landgrabbers, the oil barons, and the mining kings succeed, after several years' effort, in stampeding the American people? The statement from Washington that 150,000 armed men were starving 15,000,000 non-combattants is utterly absurd. If there is anybody starving in Mexico it is the dealers and traders in the cities who have never produced anything or performed any useful service. The land is as rich and productive as ever and all the land that can be freed from the grasp of the exploiters is under cultivation.

There is no time in history when the Americans have been so sorry a figure in the affairs of nations. The United States, with millions of disemployed and hungry workers, with 15,000,000 humans subsisting below the living line, with its hourly suicides, deaths from starvation, murders (legal and human) and its saturnalia of graft and corruption, will now go forth to force its particular brand of morality on a nation that, let alone, will shame us in a generation. Intervention at this hour means war with a united Mexico. A prolonged, cruel war of invasion for conquest. A war which will make starvation as great a reality in Mexico as it is in the United States. We may have to face, before the end, a United South America. Then we will have the spectacle of an immoral, vicious nation trying to force its ethics on an unmoral and happy people. If those who are short-sightedly seeking more profits at the bayonet point could but realize that this war of conquest will mean that Latin-America will close its doors to American commerce it might give capitalism pause. It required no prophet to see the possibility of war with A. B. C. powers and it may run down farther into the alphabet. Military experts have said it would require an army of 200,000 to subdue (enslave) Mexico. It will cost tens of thousands of lives. It will require years to accomplish. Fighting on their own grounds, armed, equipped and seasoned veterans far outnumbering the callow clerks and school boys that make up a volunteer American army, we shall suffer a terrible loss of life. When our marines landed at Vera Cruz the indignation in South America was great.



—Sydney Bulletin

WOODROW WILSON, TAXIDERMIST

"Have I got to turn this durned bird into a war eagle?"

Militarism prays hourly for a war that will make 350,000 American workers into potential murderers. President Wilson has held his head through

many trying situations, but the newspapers would make us believe he is about to lose it.

Mexico is plagued with landlordism, clericalism and militarism. Now, American capitalism seeks to force the discomfiture of the nation and to enslave a race. Intervention means a prolonged, disastrous war.

❖ ❖ ❖

"CERTAINLY not, we can't discontinue our commerce with nations, peaceful and warring. That would be against precedent and tradition." This was the frank and sincere declaration of a "prominent business man" of the type so worshipped by the daily press. His personal name is of no importance. In numbers he is legion. He cogently voiced the sentiment of America. Why should we stop making powder and shrapnel for export and allow other nations to get the profits? Why should we? Now, honestly, isn't it sheer hypocrisy to say we care about the lives of men out there in the trenches? What do we care for the lives of Americans in the trenches in the daily war. Should the Bethlehem gun works refuse to sell them to the killers of Colorado? Should we of Los Angeles who buy sawed-off shotguns to shoot men, women and children in our streets, grow indignant about the sale of similar or less certain guns to shoot men, women and children in Belgium? Not unless we are a nation of hypocrites—and we are.

❖ ❖ ❖

WE are a neutral nation. This is easily proved. Since the war began England has placed orders with the Bethlehem Steel Company of Pennsylvania for over $100,000,000 worth of arms and ammunition. This company is now farming out a part of its contracts to the Allis Chalmers Company of Wisconsin where shrapnel shells are being partly finished and returned to Bethlehem.

From America, England is getting shells that are the most deadly that have yet been devised. British gunners fire shells into the German trenches and some of these are reported to have such power that they kill everything that breathes within a radius of 100 yards. The Germans retaliate by firing a similar shell at the English—and both shells are made in America.

Germany long ago complained that the Russians were using American shells. All belligerent countries seem to be well supplied with these shells. The infidel Turks are using Christian shrapnel and

—Kladderadatsch

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM (U. S. A.)

"And when they saw the star, they went into the house and received guns, aircraft, and bombs in great number. And they gave of their treasure gold and great profits to the promised land."

smokeless powder against the dogs of unbelievers on the invading ships. Christian gunners on allied dreadnaughts are killing moslems by the hundreds in the forts on the Dardanelles—using American projectiles.

Mexicans have been killing each other for years and they have been totally dependent upon American guns and ammunition. Now we are sending

food and cross red nurses into Mexico to demonstrate our neutrality there.

Owing to our neutrality we sold high-power, long-distance guns to Philippino pagans who promptly, and at safe distance, killed "our troops" who were armed with the archaic Springfields and black powder that made them splendid targets. We are neutral, so long as we get the profits.

❖ ❖ ❖

WE note some of our editorial comrades are astonished at the revelations made at a hearing before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations at Washington where an agent of the Boy Scout movement testified. Unhesitatingly and unblushingly this man declared that John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie (of Ludlow and Homestead), and other plutocrats were heavy contributors to the fund for the youth-destroying institution.

The Boy Scout movement is a boy murder movement. In America it was spawned by the Powder trust, but it is the legitimate offspring of militarism that has made shambles of the fields of Europe.

❖ ❖ ❖

THIS number of the WESTERN COMRADE is devoted to pictures and stories about children. It furnishes a contrast that is more startling than a casual glance would indicate. The pictures and stories of little ones in sweatshops, factories and mines clearly depict the dark side of child life in America. The views of the community children at Llano and Miss Maydwell's delightful article on the co-operative colony furnishes a ray of hope for the future.

❖ ❖ ❖

IF the world had not been busy with matters of greater import, the Barnes-Roosevelt backyard clothesline quarrel would have reached and held the honored position of p. 1—col. 7. The best it did was to break in on page one, somewhere in the middle, usually on the fold, hidden under the big red line about some really important capture of 200 yards of trenches between Arras and Labasse. The result, it is believed, was that Mr. Roosevelt won the suit.

The action was really based on the loose use of the words "corruption" and "corrupt" when the former president mentioned his former counsellor guide mentor and friend. Then Barnes sued Roosevelt for $50,000.

At the trial each said some horrible things about

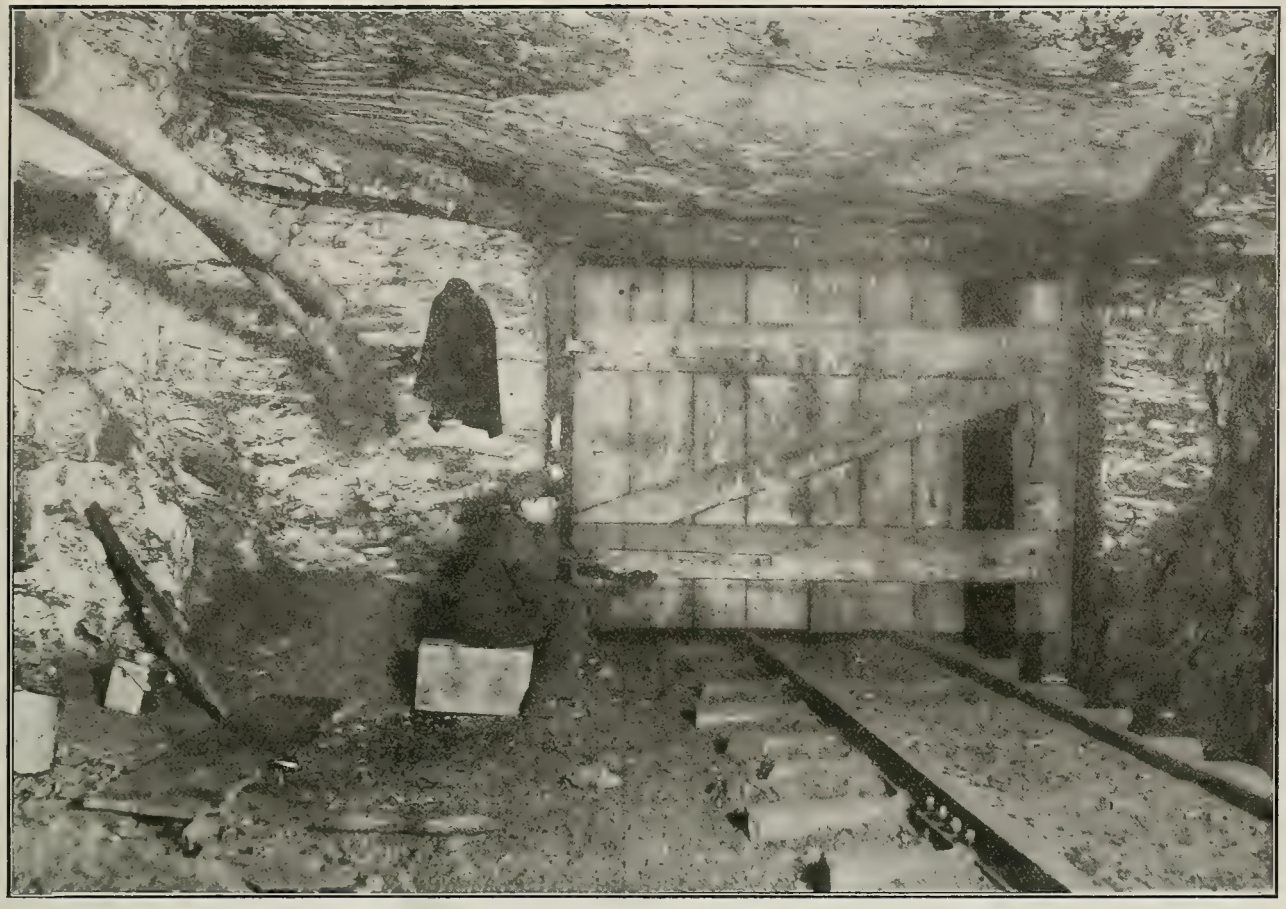
—New York World

THE PARTY WASH

Vindicating their "personal honor."

the other and both proved their statements by documents and witnesses.

It wasn't what was said, it was the old Rooseveltian way of saying "Ice is cold! Water is wet! Fire is hot!" with a show of teeth and fierceness that has always astounded the rubes and boobs, that aroused the wrath of Barnes. Mr. Barnes sued to vindicate his personal honor—he lost. Mr. Roosevelt defended his personal honor—read the evidence.



Down in a Pennsylvania Coal Mine, Tending a Trap Door in Dampness and Solitude.

Child Labor in the Mines

By THOMAS W. WILLIAMS

FATHER died when I was 11. There were four children. I was the only boy. We had no resources.

Some good, philanthropic, Christian people took an interest in the family. As a result I secured a "job" as "trapper" in a coal mine. I had a mania for books, an inborn desire to know. The school principal pleaded that I be permitted to pursue my studies, but all to no purpose. What need would I, the only son of a widowed mother, have for learning, anyway? My place was with the proletariat. Mother and I were to be congratulated in securing such a windfall.

The experience of those first days alone at my door, the "gob" literally alive with rats, the constant falling of loose pieces of rock and slate, the inky darkness and the impenetrable gloom, only occasionally broken when a driver passed with a chain of cars—all this is indelibly stamped on brain and heart.

To add to my fears, older boys and men took especial delight in telling all sorts of weird, uncanny stories of impending harm.

It was a veritable hell, and even now is an awful nightmare.

I received the munificent sum of 60 cents a day, for ten hours' work—$3.60 a week—and furnished my own oil out of that.

During those first years I saw dozens of men who were crushed out of all human semblance; men and boys maimed and crippled. At one time the miners in one-half of the workings were prostrated by black damp, and only through heroic effort were rescued

"De drunks is me best customers."

at all. At another time the whole mouth of the mine caved in and we were rescued after many hours, our egress being through a small aperture improvised through loose dirt a distance of forty feet.

It is an utter waste of time and money to send preachers to college to enable them to impress the people with the existence of hell. I know there is a hell. I have been there. Tens of thousands of boys are there now, and it is in the interests of these poor unfortunates that I pen these lines.

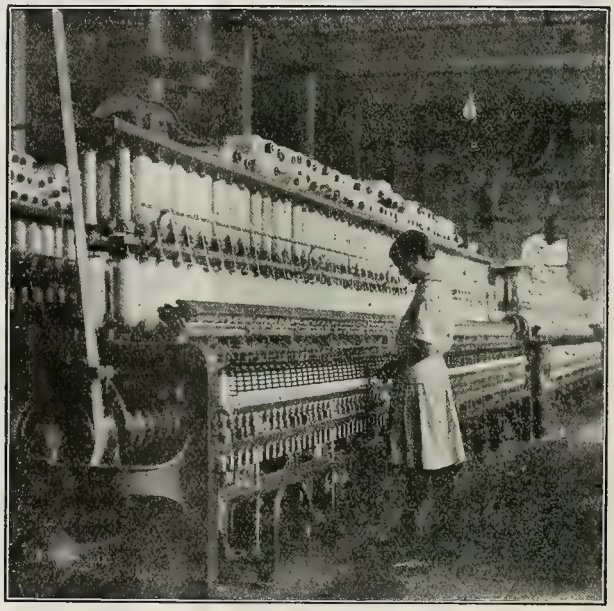
By heroic effort and indomitable will I have been able to lift myself from these damning environments, but the lessons learned in those early years have been of invaluable service. The class struggle with all its gruesomeness and horror was brought home to me in clearer terms than could be portrayed by pen or tongue.

The study of child slavery is fascinating to theorists, alluring to the economists and a diversion to the idealists, but to me it is all that the term implies.

And what is the remedy? Maudlin sympathy and sporadic charity? Shall we tell these youngsters to "get their heart right" and "make their peace with God," because He in His inscrutable wisdom has so ordained? Well, hardly.

Let us educate and organize the workers to revolt, to refuse to passively submit. So long as the means of life remain in the hands of the few, so long will the many suffer and toil and die.

Child labor is a national calamity. It not only leaves its effect upon the child, but undermines the race. We must make the mines, the mills, the factories and all the institutions of labor the property of all the people, and thereby remove the incentive for the substitution of the child for the man in the field of industry.



A Fourteen-Year-Old Lass Who Has Worked Three Years in a Texas Cotton Mill

Need of Co-Operation

By EDWARD N. CLOPPER

NEARLY every state in the Union has on its statute books today a mass of legislation for the welfare of children. Some of it is archaic; some is extreme; and not a little is contradictory and unenforceable. Fundamentally the difficulty lies in that old and vital defect of lack of vision, lack of the power of co-ordination. The relationship between the various branches of child welfare is remarkably intimate but quite often escapes observation and still oftener escapes realization by the very workers themselves.

In their enthusiasm for improving conditions they forget such elementary principles as, for instance, that the periods for compulsory attendance at school, for prohibition of child labor and for public relief for children from want must be the same, and if one is extended, the other must be changed to correspond. This applies to other branches of child welfare work with equal force and shows that co-operation is essential to effective reform. Because of the absence of this essential our laws are in confusion and our work is seriously hampered.

Co-operation in this field can best be promoted

through the medium of a general children's charter. At the National Conference in Memphis in 1914 the compilation of such a charter was urged to embody all the recognizable principles of child-caring, which could be used as a guide by the several states and individuals generally.

Need Children for Profits

By WILEY H. SWIFT

WHEN I consider what remains to be done for the protection of the childern in North and South Carolina I am forced to conclude that up to the present we have not progressed very far. North and South Carolina have a larger per cent of child workers in the manufacturing industry than any other state in the country. If the persons engaged in these industries should march by, every ninth person would be a child under 16. These children leave school forever at 12—often younger in North Carolina, where there is practically no enforcement—to work 11 hours a day in our factories. The opportunity for education is closed to them forever.

Public opinion grows slowly and law halts behind public opinion. The people of these states as a whole deplore the conditions under which children are working, and yet it is my firm belief that neither North Carolina nor South Carolina, if left to herself, will enact any real child labor legislation within the next eight years. The cotton manufacturers as a class are actively opposed to all such legislation. They have dictated, can dictate and will dictate what our laws regulating the employment of children shall be. Every one of our four best governors has declared for legislation on this subject, but when the bill comes up the legislative halls are crowded with child employers, and they win. You need not be surprised that our Senator Overman blocked the Palmer-Owen bill. He knew that his re-election depended upon it. The Commissioner of Labor is now making an effort to enforce the law in North Carolina, and I look for him to be enjoined from further activity in this direction or to be

Even a Child of Five Is Not Too Young to Help in This New York Tenement.

defeated at the next election. He is playing with fire.

One difficulty is the fact that the mills of the South are new and have brought prosperity for which, unfortunately, people are often willing to pay any price. Men who build cotton mills believe that no mill can be successfully operated without children under 14, and they are certain no mill can be run if an eight-hour day for children under 16 prevails. There is only one way to get these children out of our mills and that is for the National Government to do it.

The Laws Are Ignored

By OWEN R. LOVEJOY

THE up-to-date manufacturer wants efficient, responsible, well-trained workers—he does not want children at his machines. So we see a manufacturers' bill passed in Michigan raising the age limit from 14 to 15; we see large employers endorsing the proposal of the Illinois Child Labor Committee to forbid all employment of children under 16 during school hours; we see Pennsylvania limiting the working day of her 14 and 15 year old children to less than 48 hours a week in order that they shall continue their education at a part-time day school (and incidentally, at last, eliminating them from her glass factories at night). Even backward Alabama has fixed a date after which no children under 14 shall be employed in her cotton mills.

These are big advances, but they merely establish standards which enlightened people—employers and public—recognize as reasonable and necessary. The majority upholds them and yet there are other states in which similar measures have this year been defeated, because the reactionary minority, active and aggressive, has blocked the way to progress. In fact the forces of reaction have never been so alert and well-organized as they are today. Possibly because they feel the ground slipping from under them, and well they may. The child labor bills defeated this year in West Virginia, Texas and the Carolinas are just so many new arguments for a federal law. Their children are our children and must be protected. We must extend to their factories and mills and canneries—to all establishments in the country that engage in interstate commerce, the standards of ages and hours embodied in the laws of a majority of the states. Reaction will continue to use all the political power it possesses that it may retain the privilege of legally employing children of 12 or 13—and violating without interference even that age limit (our agent found 84 violations in 16 North Carolina mills in 15 days); reaction wants boys on the night shift; it will fight any proposal to shorten an 11-hour day.

If all right-minded citizens would help, we should adopt a federal law and clear the way for constructive action.

Pharisees Rebuked

NEVER was self-righteousness, self-complacency and smuggery more quickly and sharply rebuked than at the first day's session of the Eleventh Annual Conference on Child Labor, which took place at the concourse at the San Francisco Exposition.

The governor, the mayor and president of the exposition were on the program and each sent a representative. The mayor's secretary made a good speech, but said nothing. The exposition man give a good exhibition of stereotyped phrases and self-laudation. The governor's representative was a politician—with appearance and manners of the vintage 1873—who read a "paper" which reeked with sophistries (polite word for lies) about the perfectly splendid laws governing child labor in California. His paper said California took excellent care of its child workers; that California had no child workers; that working in the canneries was good for the children, and that selling newspapers on the streets of the cities made the children better citizens; that there was no child labor worth mentioning (yet he continued to mention it and to apologize for it) and that the salubrious climate of this glorious state made it a joy for children to work; and besides they didn't have to work in California.

The faces of the men and women, who sat on the platform behind this Paleozoic apostle of what used to be, was a study. Dr. Felix Adler followed and with a voice as soft as the cooing of a dove, told of the dangers of the crime of self-complacency and excess satisfaction over achievement. The exposition "booster" (vile word) squirmed uneasily, though he but dimly understood, and the politician turned a deep crimson.

Dr. Adler dismissed the boasts of the two speakers and made no direct reference, but he let it be known he had no confidence in their statements or patience with Pharisees of their type. Then Paul Scharrenberg spoke on "Organized Labor's Brief Against Child Labor." He expressed his amazement at the lame apology and specious denial of California's disgrace.

He went after those responsible for the unprotected children in California's canneries and on the city streets. After tearing the mask of hypocrisy off the faces of the political pretenders, the speaker declared "No dividends—no profits can compensate for these wrongs."

Mrs. Florence Kelley of New York showed the close parallel of the claims of those who perpetuate child slavery in every state. In some states it is the cotton industry, and in California it was the canneries; and everywhere the exploiters claimed it didn't hurt the children—it was good for them. Hard labor is just what young children need.

"Into every state we go these people say that their particular industry does not hurt the children. This holds in California—as we see here today with childern worked in your canneries—the same as it holds in Texas, where young children are worked in the cotton fields side by side with convicts wearing the ball and chain."

Mrs. Kelley told of the horrors of those camps and one might have thought she was referring to the hop-picking camps of California. She declared none of us can say "My hands are clean so long as child labor exists anywhere in America."

Edwin Markham read selections from "Children in Bondage" and brought the cannery child vividly before his hearers. All the speakers agreed that a federal law is necessary and all showed keen zest in puncturing the pharisaical preachment of plutocracy's protectors.

"Unto the Third"

By A. F. GANNON

GASBY reached the foot of the ladder of success at 35 with "a pig and a peck of beans." This is not my figure of speech; it's Gasby's own—often uttered, in a properly deprecatory fashion, when Gasby was mellowed by rare vintage in the presence of his peers about the banquet board. Sometimes it was snarled by him, in a towering passion, to squelch office-attachee or factoryhand who had the temerity to enter his presence with a plea for more generous remuneration. Like many other sayings of great men, it was not exactly true. Gasby possessed, in addition to the porker and the peck of legumes, at the age mentioned, a homey wife and a curly headed kiddie of 5. However, if these were purposely omitted by Gasby in coining the pithy, alliterative epitome of his dearth of earthly accumulations at the pivotal point of his career, they shall achieve a measure of justice, if somewhat belated, at the hand of the present chronicler. If one who knew had dared to mention this discrepancy to Gasby in his phenomenally successful years Gasby would, no doubt, have witheringly replied:

"Hell, yes! I also forgot to add a pair of cowhide boots and a hickory pants with one gallus!"

And there the matter would rest forever and two days—for Gasby, like Bimi, had "too much ego in his cosmos" to admit that anybody on earth had ever contributed an iota to Gasby's success, save Gasby. But to my tardy errantry of rescuing the lady and the laddie from the toils of oblivion.

In the little country town which Gasby early honored with his somewhat unproductive presence (and, long afterward, a massive, imposing library), Mrs. Gasby had an enviable reputation for her succulently superior preparation of the plebian viand, baked pork and beans. With hosewifely guile, precept to the contrary notwithstanding, here was a woman who kept a secret. While the world had not as yet made a beaten path to her door, requests came from other communities for crockfuls of her special product. The shiftless Gasby, not being a generous provider, was content to do odd jobs—and deliver his wife's baked beans.

ONE fateful day a commercial traveler domiciled at the single local caravansary asked the goddess who presided over the fly-specked dining tables for a serving of Gasby's beans, the virtues of which he had heard of at a neighboring town. None was at hand. Mine host, scenting profit and reputation for himself and hostelry, sent post-haste for a large portion, piping hot from the Gasby oven. The drummer was delighted. Questions followed. Where could he see this man Gasby? The Gasby home was pointed out, a block down the straggling country street. Thither went the knight of the grip with a good cigar between his teeth and contentment in his heart—or, should one say, stomach? After the manner of his kind, Gasby sat on an upturned box, in a shady spot near the kitchen door, whittling.

The stranger presented Gasby a cigar that was a revelation to the latter, once he had it "goin'."

Pretty hot around an oven these days, eh?"

"Recon 'tis," noncommittally opined Gasby.

Mrs. Gasby, peering through a chink in the little curtained kitchen window, KNEW that it was.

Half an hour later the caller departed, leaving a

brace of cigars in his wake. Gasby arose and entered the house. There was the light of conquest in his eyes as he almost shouted:

"Tillie, we're goin' into business—that feller an' us! We're goin' over t' S—— an' start a-cannin' beans," he ended, triumphantly.

"No we aint, Cyrus," Tillie readily responded. "I heard his schemin'; were goin' t' work hard an' save till we get 'nough t' start a place o' our own. My mind's made up!"

Gasby's face lengthened as he parried:

"But Teddie, he's got t' be edicated."

"Never mind," consolingly replied his sweaty helpmeet. "That man aint goin' to' get nothin' out o' my labor; you're welcome, but he aint," with finality.

AFTER a desultory correspondence the promoter gave it up, sensing a far stronger will than Gasby's.

His suggestion that local newspaper advertising would largely increase sales was adopted, and in the course of a year we find Gasby at the head of a fast growing cannery in the city of S——. As the volume of their trade grew other edibles, including shellfish from a nearby coast town, were entered in their list. For a few years Gasby always deferred and referred to his wife's sagacity. Then came flattering offers and inspiring suggestions from the advertising managers of various magazines of national scope.

Tillie lost her fast diminishing grip on the business. Chefs were installed who gradually undermined the personal touch of her supervision. The name Gasby on food products had become a household word—built upon the rock of Tillie's capability. Dishwater could sell if it were labeled "Gasby's Soups."

Teddie was now at boarding school.

Tillie was inveigled into the automobile and social rut. Her heart was in the factories and Teddie's future, rather than the round of functions where her prosperity gave entrance and her naivete half-concealed amusement.

Gasby, hot on the scent of the illusive dollar, had acquired farms from whence came vegetables for his factories, clam and oyster beds for his bivalves, and his importations of spices and condiments from foreign lands were large.

Teddie, back from Yale and a whirl abroad, took charge of the publicity end of the business. His advertising caught the public eye, and his catchphrase, "There's no gas to Gasby's!" was incorporated (at so much per) in the songs and sayings of the variety stage.

Surfeited with the supposed good things of life, Tillie died, but not before she had paired off Teddie with one of the reigning society belles, a late in life ambition realized.

Appalled and brought halfway to his senses by the sudden loss of his comforter and guide, old Gasby stumbled aimlessly about in a business and social way for many long, lonesome months.

Had not the momentum of money, with the guiding hand of his son, precluded failure during the year of Gasby's readjustment to life without Tillie, such would have been his portion.

The birth of his grandchild, Gladys, brought him from his semi-stupor and back into the harness again with much of his old vigor.

EFFICIENCY was the middle name of Gasby's farms, factories and fisheries. While he had sacrificed nothing to hygiene or equipment where science or invention pointed the way, the human factor of production went without champion. Wages only existed to be unceremoniously lopped off when new automatics were installed. In business acumen Gasby was three laps always ahead of his keenest competitors (for he had many by this time), but mutterings of discontent among his employees were met by him with about as much concern as were the first whispered dissents of the villeins and serfs. Gasby was no Alexander II. In point of fact, Gasby considered himself a Napoleon in his particular field.

ENTER James O'Hare, better known among the thousands of Gasby's "hands" as Jimmie. James had read Karl Marx, a German. Gasby never had read the immortal Dutchman; Teddie, now known as Theodore, had. Gasby senior took to swearing; Gasby junior took to sophistry. Both Gasbys were ineffective. The strike came on. Gasby lost money—oodles. The strikers lost the strike—and many of them lost divers meals in the interm. Gasby lost no meals, at least through any other cause than indigestion. Jimmie lost his job, and he and his good wife, Bridget, their partly-paid-for home and, irreparable loss, little Micky, aged 5, for want of medical treatment during a neighborhood diphtheria scourge. Jimmie was for finishing Gasby. Bridget said:

'L'ave 'im t' God!"

Jimmie silently and fervently consigned him to the devil, and, though he would have liked to expedite matters, kept his hands off.

Enter the villain, or villains.

Gladys, aged 5, was to have a birthday fete on the Gasby lawn—not a party, mind you, but a fete. Among the many delicacies prepared to please the palates of blase childhood on the occasion was a sort

(Continued on Page 27)

Llano Live Wire Dramatic Club in Costumes for Production of "The Deestrick Skule."

Children and Community Life

By ADELAIDE MAYDWELL

SINCE May 1, 1914, more than 100 children have gone into the Antelope Valley, California, to live. The change of scenes and of environment has meant to them a diversion in the trend of events that will leave its impress on them through life.

Community life at Llano del Rio already has started these children into a new line of thought. The community spirit grows upon them with rapidity. The knowledge that all public property is owned by the collectivity makes a change in them the same as it does in their parents.

Many of these children came from the cities and had never known the joys of life in the country. Life at the Llano community is for children something more than living in the country. It is life in the big open with the great distances, the mountains, the plains, the wooded canyons, the forests, lakes and streams, and the great variations that are wrought in the seasons.

It is true children quickly take these things as a matter of course from the marvellous breaking of the dawn, the sun rising over the distant buttes, the mirages with their miraculous changes woven with warp of purple sky and woof of shadowy clouds to the sunset over the hazy-blue mountains far away toward the sea.

It is not that they fail to see and unconsciously appreciate these things. A girl of 12, one afternoon, sat gazing dreamily at the Lovejoys, far down below in the broad valley. "I could look at them for hours," she said, simply. "The shadows change every minute and the colors are so wonderful. I don't want to go there when the others go. I want them forever to be a mystery."

This is the "stuff of dreams" of the poets. The child is wise enough to avoid disillusionment, and she will not go behind the scenes and find tawdry tinsel and prunella. The Lovejoys will ever remain her land of mystery. For her there are cities and seas and mountains and marvellously wrought castles and ships.

For the children of Llano there is little restraint. Out of school hours they have the minor tasks incident to the household duties, but life is mostly freedom and joy.

A common scene is a dozen young boys, usually with older leaders, blankets and packs across their shoulders, off for a two days' hike in the mountain canyons, where they make camp beside the streams and live in their own way, unrestrained.

Those boys have an opoprtunity that rarely or never falls to the lot of town boys or country lads in a scattered or isolated district. They ride, hunt, fish,

A Hiking Party at Llano. "Photograph this pie, it will soon disappear forever."

There Is No End

Pictures by Col

Children Lead a Life of Joy and Free Where a Part of Education is to Lea

Wading and Swimming Is a Source of Continuous Delight to the Youngsters of Llano Colony.

Jackie Keou

tdoor Games.

hotographer

"Hi fellers! come on (shivers) the w-w-water's fine." (Temperature about 55°.)

m at the Llano del Rio Community to Give Happiness Full Expression

sey Jones.

Posing for Their Photos Is One of the Easiest Things Llano Community Children Do.

swim, play baseball, basketball, tennis and other games that the more favored class of youth of the cities never enjoy. They have country life and city opportunity for education and amusement. The girls have equal opportunity for freedom and enjoyment of life.

"Everywhere I look, out of a window or door, here, I see a group of barefoot children wading in water and it is the most delightful thing about the place," said a woman visiting at the colony.

The difference between the life of these children and that of the hundreds of thousands of children in the mines, mills, factories, canneries and establishments for exploitation of the little ones, is the most striking to those who have had an insight into the curse of child labor.

Next fall the colony will have the first of its new school houses and there will be vocational departments established. The schools will then range from the Montessori grade to the second year in high school. The community will have the second Montessori school in California. Prudence Stokes Brown, widely known as writer, speaker and educator, will have charge of this new school. She has had wide experience in the work and has a thorough knowledge of the Frobellian system. Her influence on the children of the Llano community will begin before their birth and will take them through their earlier childhood and up to the time she turns them over to her assistants in the regular schoolroom. Comrade Brown is now taking a course under the personal direction of Dr. Montessori, and the colonists deem it an exceptional opportunity to

A Group of Community School Girls.

start their children under the wonderful system established by the beloved "Dotoressa," whom the Italian children idolize.

"You will breed a new race up here—or you should," said a woman who has made a deep study of child life. "You have the opportunity, and I believe the parents will see the possibilities. The first thing I would do would be to teach the mothers how to dress

Gentry P. McCorkle as the Pied Piper of Llano.

the children—or rather how to undress them, for they all wear too much clothing. The clothing of these youngsters could be simplified, and made more brief and beautiful."

The children seem to agree with this idea, for they wear the least possible when the opportunity comes.

The appearance of the landscape at Llano shows a distinct change each month. The cleared fields and growing crops that replace the greesewood and chaparral makes an inspiring sight.

With the purchase of the Tighlman and the Elfline ranches the colony gets possession of a thousand additional acres of land, undisputed posession of the Big Rock dam site, the tunnel, about 150 additional acres of producing alfalfa fields, a large orchard with a heavy crop of fruit, range cattle and other live stock, and water rights worth a great deal to the community.

Nearly the entire acreage has been cleared on the Goodwin ranch. The garden and alfalfa on that place is in superb condition. The Dawson place, 160 acres, is all cleared and planted. This is one of the finest pieces of land in the colony.

The apricots in several orchards are ripe and they are being canned and taken care of by the women of the colony. Much of the fruit will be put up in syrup, made of Llano honey.

Four groups of 100 colonies of bees have been added to the colony apiary. This department is under the direction of B. G. Burdick. One of the apiaries

will be used for the production of Italian queens.

P. A. Knobbs has a score of men working with him in the garden. The vegetables are growing rapidly, and there are 80 acres in one garden, without a weed, or an uncultivated inch of ground. There will be about 120 acres in the garden. Comrade Knobbs has one 17-acre piece in potatoes from which he expects to get 4000 sacks of potatoes. These potatoes will be dug early in July and the ground will again be planted.

There are 80 "regulars" taking their meals at the Clubhouse dining-room. Saturdays and Sundays about 120 persons are served at each meal.

Rapid progress is being made in the construction of the sunbaked clay brick houses. These houses are painted with a heavy coat of asphaltum and then whitewashed. They make a neat appearance, are cool and airy in the summer, and will be dry and warm in the winter. This construction is a remarkable achievement for Comrade C. H. Scott, who will soon be completing the houses at the rate of one a day. The cash outlay for each house, complete and ready for occupancy, is actually less than the cost of a tent of the same size, laid down at the colony. These houses are considered temporary, but they are so substantially built that they would last many years. A new pug mill, or power mixer, has just been completed for the brick yard. The new limekiln has been put into operation.

Members who have moved into the colony during the past two weeks to make their homes are as follows:

Llano Children Never Tire of Story Telling.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Brown and five children, Kerman, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ward, three children, Fresno; Louis Ernst, Los Angeles; Oliver Lutan, San Pedro; Albert Cook, formerly a member of the Ruskin colony.

Mr. Cook made the trip from Alaska to investigate—he stayed and took out a membership in the Llano colony.

"Choosing Up" for a Baseball Game.

D. W. Rooke of Los Angeles has been making arrangements to bring his family to Llano to live.

Among the prominent visitors were J. Stitt Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, their son Gladstone and daughter Violet. The colonists were given a musical treat Tuesday evening when Gladstone Wilson, by special request, gave some selections on the piano. Another well-known visitor in Llano recently was W. J. Yarrow of Dudley, Kern County, geologist and lecturer. Mr. Yarrow gave an extremely interesting forty-minute talk Sunday evening.

Alterations are being made in the library to make it larger and more shelves are being put up to accommodate the 250 new books which have come in. This makes nearly 1000 books in the Llano library. Two consignments of books recently received have been the second shipment from Comrade Adolf Lofton of Low Gap, Wash., and from Dr. A. J. Stevens of Los Angeles. The colonists have extended their thanks to these two comrades.

Fruit season has opened. Many women and children are busily engaged picking apricots. The garden is supplying vegetables. Another two-ton-to-the-acre alfalfa crop is being cut.

Our Unctious Hookworm

By G. E. BOLTON

NOW we know what causes poverty and, armed with this knowledge, humanity has but to go about it to destroy the cause and all will be well with the world.

It is admitted poverty is responsible for a vast preponderance of preventable sickness and of crime, but those are things **caused** by poverty, and now we are to deal with the cause of poverty.

What is poverty? Let Carlyle say: "It is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold, universal laissez-faire."

Greatest of all horrors bred by poverty is fear. Fear of hunger brings far greater suffering than hunger. Fear not for one's self, but for their loved ones. Fear and dread of want seizes the worker and renders him weak and hopeless. Enough of this—we know the hell of it all—the essence of poverty, the dread of want!

The Rockefeller Foundation experts have discovered the cause of poverty and to end suspense we hasten to say it is the hookworm. There you are: Get rid of your hookworm and—presto! You are in affluence. If you don't believe it go to the foundation's hookworm department at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and see for yourself. The fact there are 15,000,000 persons in the United States living in direst poverty would indicate that there is surely a great need for the Rockefeller Foundation and its corps of experts, which seem to have confined its efforts to giving a shot of thymol to a few hundred Georgia crackers and making the children sound and well enough to go down from the hills to the cotton mills where there are no hookworms, and, of course, no poverty.

The exposition is a capital place to educate children of all ages. An excellent ararngement to soothe the feelings and the conscience of the bourgeoise and give the masters an opportunity to show their philanthropy. Benevolent feudalism is lavishly displayed.

Every week thousands of school children pass through this Rockefeller booth in their tour of the educational building, and they stare morbidly at the wax figures of hookworm victims, then read the legends: "Types of poverty caused by hookworm," and similar stupid or vicious inversions of the truth.

I saw hookworms of five nationalities before I knew that they were the cause of poverty. These were in glass tubes at the Angel Island detention hospital. In an adjoining room were the former owners of the hookworms. They were Japanese, Chinese, Singalese, Hindus and Russians. Each had a different type of hookworm, but the same brand of poverty—for all were poor. Their poverty was similar to that of the Georgia crackers. They were too poor—before the thymol operation—to be admitted to America. Presumably, the cause being removed, they now will be permitted to land.

They used to tell us that booze was the cause of poverty, but Science marches on and on and makes new discoveries every day.

The hookworm is a miserable parasite that fastens itself to the smaller intestines of proletarians, who are too poor to buy shoes—for the worm travels through open sores on the feet to the blood, through the heart, lungs, thence to the throat, thence by indigestion to the intestines.

Here we leave the remainder of this article to you. The application is almost too obvious. The hookworm of capitalism is sapping the life of this nation and of nations of the world; and the greatest of them all is—the great unctuous Foundation Maker himself!

Punctured Oratory

HOW soft and soothing to the cultured ear comes the gentle pleadings of that refined evangel and apostle of sweetness, Reverend Sunday, when he reaches his loftiest flights! The classicism of this scholarly man should lead all intellectuals along a broad, bright path to the pearly gates. Who could resist this description of an historic event in the life of a shepherd who became a king:

When David got to the battlefield he saw Goliath. "Who's that big lobster?" he asked. His brothers said, "Why, he's the main cheese of the Philistines." David said: "Are you guys going to let that stiff pull a bluff like that? Are you going to let him get away with it? I'm going to it . . ."

And he whirled his sling and soaked Goliath on the coco, between the lamps—bing! The giant went to the mat and took the count. And David took his sword and chopped his block off, and the gang beat it.

Is it any mystery that thousands seek the throne of grace when they hear such sublime flights of oratory and such wonderful interpretations and compelling portrayal? Truly the cultured East is the most favored section!—E. d'O.

Filling the Dinner Pail

By A. W. RICKER

A RETURN of prosperity is to the capitalist and middle class as the light of the Grail in the swamp; their hope of salvation. To them the elusive goddess Gold seems to beckon and they assiduously court her and tirelessly wait upon her, fawning that thrift may follow. To the disemployed workers this so-called prosperity means a chance for a new master—and bread for their loved ones. To the propagandist it means shot and powder for his gun; sinews of war to destroy a false prosperity that fattens the favored few and starves the multitude. Comrade Ricker's interpretation will meet with many supporters. Our sowing time will soon be at hand.—F. E. W.

THE past twelve months from a business standpoint have been very bad ones. In the spring of 1914 hard times began to be felt on all sides. It was apparent that we were in for one of those periods of depression which are inevitable under the present system of conducting the world's business. On top of this in July, 1914, the great war broke out in Europe, further depressing trade and reducing employment. As an inevitable result, the past winter has witnessed the cruelest poverty and misery among the wage-workers this country has experienced in half a century.

During such a period progressive ideas and constructive economic measures have no chance for a hearing. Hungry men and women have no incentive to study and think—much less to act intelligently. War depresses the public mind and while nations are shedding each other's blood progress is at an end.

At the general election of 1914 the inevitable happened. In every State of the Union, with one or two exceptions, the old gang of political looters returned to power. A great many laws favoring big business have been put on the statute books. We were powerless to prevent it.

This cloud, however, has a silver lining.

With greater profits assured, capital is coming out of hiding. The railroads, assured of higher rates, will place big orders for equipment, so long and so badly needed. Europe has shot away her copper, her nickel and her steel. She has lost the markets, or cannot take care of them, in South America and the Orient. A revival of business in this country is apparent, and on a scale greater than we have ever witnessed. Mines are starting, shops are opening, and the big corporations are laying plans for extension of equipment. The dinner pail is going to be full again, and the working man will have more money with which to buy literature. He will have time to think, to agitate and to organize. Not only time, but inclination as well.

It is up to us who believe that industry should be owned by all the people instead of by a few barons of wealth, to make the utmost use of the good times ahead of us. Let us prepare to make hay while the sun shines.

A few years of full employment and high prices are ahead of us. Then will come reaction and depression once more. Radical and progressive ideas and organizations grow and develop in good times; they decline and collapse in bad times.

We should go ahead now with the idea of so extending our propaganda and perfecting our organization during the full years, that we may be able to take over from capitalism the control of industry when the lean years come upon us once more.

—New York Evening Sun

BRAVE WORK!

Many Women and Babies Slain

The Dandy Funeral

A Gay Young Parable

By MORGAN SMITH

THERE was a little wretch of a pickaninny yellow girl, and one day she died, and all the neighbors said it was too good to be true, and Auntie Thompson, little Lily's mother, said that little Lily had lived too long as it was, and nobody seemed to care if little Lily did die.

But the neighbors all said that they now would have a dandy funeral and they would take on as much as if little Lily hadn't been the curse of the whole place all her life. And Auntie Thompson said that she was now in the public eye, and something unusually fine would naturally be expected of one in her position. She said all the neighbors would now expect some unusually fine mourning of her. And so she said that when the neighbors all came to the funeral she would then refuse to be separated from poor little Lily. She said that would be some unusually fine mourning, if she did say it herself.

So, when the undertaker stepped forward to assist the pall-bearers to bear poor little Lily to the wagon, Auntie Thompson stepped forward, too. Auntie Thompson stepped forward just exactly as the undertaker did, excepting that she had a large knife and he didn't.

And Auntie Thompson said that if anybody took little Lily out of that house they would do it over her dead body.

That, she said, was the way they were doing their mourning now. She said it was something unusually fine.

So then the undertaker said that if he carried little Lily out over Auntie Thompson's dead body it would require quite a bit of extra climbing in addition to the fact that he might be called to conduct the funeral of Auntie Thompson, too, without the bill being paid either.

So the undertaker then said that he would let it go at that and he then said that he would now go away from the house and not take Auntie Thompson's child away from her. And all the neighbors went quietly out through the door and let Auntie Thompson have little Lily.

If it had been a few days previous Auntie Thompson would have told little Lily to go and get a big club and she would then see to it that the people didn't go away from the funeral before all the mourning was neatly attended to in the correct manner. And little Lily would then have stuck out her tongue at her mother, and she would have gone out and kicked all the neighbors' small children while they were not looking instead of getting a club to enable her mother to make all the people come back to the funeral.

But Auntie Thompson now had nobody upon whom she could depend to stick out their tongue at her and to kick all the neighbors' small children while they were not looking. Little Lily was dead, which was a thing that all the neighbors had said they hoped she would be some day. And so all that Auntie Thompson could do was to allow all the neighbors to leave the funeral quietly instead of hurriedly.

So Auntie Thompson then went into another room and locked the door, and little Lily remained where they had left her. She had on her Sunday dress and the inside of the coffin was clean. She knew that a suitable place for her Sunday dress would be down behind the mud bank where the small children of the neighbors sometimes strayed. But she decided to stay in the coffin where it was clean although none of the neighbors' small children ever strayed into the coffin.

And Thompson came home drunk late that night and told Auntie Thompson that he had not been able to get away to attend the funeral of little Lily and then Auntie Thompson said that was all right because there had not yet been any funeral. She said she didn't know when the funeral of little Lily would be, she was sure.

Then Thompson said that Auntie Thompson could do the sleeping alone for one night and perhaps two. He said he was going some place else. So Thompson then went out the back way which was the dark way, and as he was failing to get over the back fence owing to his hurry he said he would now sign a pledge never to celebrate the death of anybody again because it made it hard for him to get over the back fence.

But Auntie Thompson didn't do the sleeping alone for one night. She said that if Thompson wouldn't stop drinking and wouldn't stay at home where other correct men stayed, she would remain awake and move furniture from the position it had always occupied to a position more directly in front of the bedroom door.

And after a while Auntie Thompson heard a noise and she said that if little Lily was going to get out of the coffin she would now get out of the window, as far

as she was concerned. And when she was outside she said that she guessed that if her husband could go some place else, she could go some place else too. And so Auntie Thompson went some place else, without another word.

And when Auntie Thompson thought she had gone far enough she came suddenly upon a tree and she said she would now climb the tree. And when the moon came up she saw something moving in the next tree and when the sun came up she saw it was Thompson. And Thompson then asked her why she thought she had to do everything that he did.

And the next day Auntie Thompson had to pay the health authorities two dollars apiece to come and separate her from poor little Lily, and she said that was more than the little brat was worth.

Lawson—Labor—Liberty

By EDMUND B. BRUMBAUGH

JOHN R. LAWSON has been found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment. He killed no one, and he was not charged with doing so; he is simply said to have commanded a body of strikers in a battle with strike-breaking sheriff's deputies in which a deputy was killed. When the coal miners of Colorado, struggling for a decent human existence, were beset by thugs in the form of mine guards and state militia, he, as president of the Colorado State Federation of Labor and member of the executive board of the United Mine Workers, urged the miners to defend themselves and their families in every way possible. Since the forces of law and order were all on the other side, he was active in raising money to buy arms and ammunition for the defense that he advised. He may have been unwise. Certainly, in force alone is no power of permanent improvement. Perhaps he should not have lost his temper at the sight of men being driven into veritable slavery and women and children cursed and maltreated and murdered in cold blood. But he did. He was human. In his wrath he reverted to primal instincts. Because he was like the great mass of mankind, because his heart was not a heart of stone, because he was true to his trust in an hour when fidelity was needed as never before, shall we say that his brow bears the brand of Cain? God forbid it!

That brand belongs to another—one whom future, more enlightened generations will regard as infamous. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., should cower in infinite dread from the righteous judgment of the God that he professes to serve. It was his greed that drove the miners to revolt, and on his soul is every life lost in the troubles that followed. Yet he has not been indicted, and he will not be. He may continue to teach his Sunday school and lecture on morals to the working class. "Equality before the law!"

The striking miners of Colorado fought bravely, from Lawson down to the humblest man. But though they did, and though their cause was just, it must not be forgotten that they reaped in the strike and the trial what they sowed at the ballot box. They voted for supporters of an industrial system based on the robbery and subjection of Labor, and their strike has been broken and Lawson must spend the rest of his days in prison unless his attorneys, in conjunction with public opinion, are powerful enough to set him at liberty. They "scabbed" on their class on election day, and their aspirations have been crushed. They refused to accept the emancipating message that Socialists brought to them, and more firmly than ever is "the iron heel" fixed on their necks. Upon their stupidity rests the blame.

But I am hopeful. Only through constant toil and prodigal expenditure of life and treasure, has progress ever come. The birth of the new social order cannot be a painless one. Some day Labor will learn. It will take the world and its wealth and the joy lying latent therein.

Then will be Socialism.

Keep Up the Spade

WHEN the soldiers fighting in the trenches on the French frontier wish to establish a truce for sanitary purposes they hold aloft a spade and the "enemy" readily responds in a similar manner, and soon the men may be seen climbing out of the trenches. At times they come close enough to exchange good-natured bantering with each other. By these exchanges of rude courtesy the fighting men of the Allies and the Germans learn that their "foes" are human and much like themselves. After that the firing is desultory and ineffective, though the officers, whose duty it is to keep alive the hatred they have fostered, rage and storm.

American correspondents who report this situation declare it is necessary to change the men in their position and frequently shift them to other trenches in

order to keep the brute uppermost in the fighters. Socialists of Europe, on both sides of the struggle, are spreading a cry that may be far-reaching and most effective. They shout: "Keep up the spade!" and the slogan grows in strength and in meaning as it spreads. A truce between the toilers of all nations! Will the workers of the world, either on war's gory field or in our daily hell of capitalism, ever learn to cease fighting each other and, keeping up the spade, turn on the common foe?—G. E. B.

Is It Practical?

By CARL D. THOMPSON

HOW is Socialism to come? How are you going to bring it about? What is your program?

These are questions constantly in the minds and on the lips of a great many very sincere people. The Socialist Movement has now reached a point of development where they may be answered with a considerable degree of exactness and detail. We propose to give them careful and candid consideration.

And, besides, these questions often take the form of sincere and serious objections. It is often held that Socialism may offer a correct analysis of the present social order—that it may be a very beautiful ideal; but it is impractical; it offers no constructive program.

Furthermore, the person who prides himself upon being a practical reformer holds that he cannot afford to join the Socialist Party and vote the Socialist ticket, because the Socialists can do nothing to improve conditions now. And, as he thinks that certain "reform" parties, or perhaps some "reform" wing of one of the old parties, is going to bring about certain improvements right away, he prefers to stay a non-Socialist.

It is, therefore, of vital importance to make it clear and positive that the Socialist Movement does have a constructive program; that it does have a very definite and detailed program of procedure, which its representatives follow consistently when elected to office. It is important to have it clearly understood that, while Socialism has a final goal, of which it never loses sight in the struggle for immediate and temporary gains, it does not, therefore, fail to fight stubbornly, as we shall show, and at times very effectively, for every measure that would improve the immediate conditions of the common people.

No one need be afraid of the bugaboo of "throwing away your vote." Every vote for Socialism has its effect for good at once.

In more ways than one is it true that it is better to vote for what you really want and not get it just yet than to vote for what you don't want and get it immediately.

Mother Earth

By RUTH LEE STEVENS

Will you listen, oh, ye toilers! to the message of the sod.
For, when earth to thee hath spoken thou hast heard the voice of God!

Mother Earth is breathing, breathing,
Have you slumbered on her breast?
Have you known the peace and comfort,
And the sense of perfect rest,
That is had by simply lying
With your pillow on the sod,
Snuggled down to Mother Nature,
Your heart beating close to god?

Mother Earth is resting, resting,
Are you tired and weary, too?
Would you like to have the blessing
That is now in store for you?
Leave the City's din of battle,
Quit its noisome strife for prize,
Wonderous wealth for you lies waiting,
'Neath the azure of the skies!

For 'tis only in the hill tops,
By the rushing mountain stream,
You can scale the wondrous ladder
Jacob saw in ancient dream,
Leave your burdens all behind you,
Let there not be any strife,
And by dint of patient climbing
You shall reach the "Gate of Life."

Mother Earth is calling, calling,
Will you hearken to her call?
She but waits to give the blessing
Held in store for one and all.
God made land for all his children,
Not for greedy landlords' gain!
"Sell it not," he saith—forever!
Oh! his words are very plain.

Impeachment of Capitalism

By J. STITT WILSON

PREACHERS of the gospel frequently urge individual salvation as an answer to the social problem. Let me state with utmost emphasis that no individualistic spiritual experience can lift you out of the social and economic relations of the social system in which you live. There is no religious experience, no spiritual vision of God, as proposed by mystics, or Methodists, or Christian Scientists, or Salvationists, or any sort, which can release you from the grasp of economic relations.

I impeach capitalism as the supreme anti-Christ of modern times. I take my stand on life and spirit and teaching of Jesus and declare that capitalism is a menace to every purpose and program of the Christ.

Any man or church which professes to offer the word of God to the souls of men and yet leaves the American plutocracy in the saddle on the backs of the people is deluding the people. Any church in this city, or any city, which at this late date is still at peace with capitalism is a moral and spiritual tomb. The socialization of industry—democracy in fundamental equipment of society—in short, Socialism is the logic of Christianity. And here I took my stand long years ago.

Is Your Conscience Clear?

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

THE ghastly nightmare in Europe among our brothers and comrades should set us all searching our inmost hearts to see if each has done his part in efforts to make this kind of abomination forever impossible.

What can we do? The most sure and effective way is to strengthen the Socialist organization in your particular locality.

Does this seem an anti-climaz? A prosey way to meet heroic issues? Perhaps; but it is the true way, none the less. Just so long as the people do not know better than to tolerate war in industry (competition), they will have to endure or always be in danger of meeting that other murderous warfare with machine guns.

Do you want this deadly nightmare, this unbelievable horror called war to vanish? Then work the harder to overthrow that more cruel, long-drawn-out torture, Capitalism.

Going to business meetings when your back aches and you would prefer to go to bed; distributing bills, getting subs, talking tactfully and persistently for the making of new converts, paying dues promptly and meeting all the expenses of the party as surely as you do the grocery bill—these are some of the prosey, but very real and sure, ways in which you can help make war forever impossible.

You have the choice at this hour—a drone or an active worker in the hive?

The Fighter

By MARGUERITE HEAD

Just before the battle rages
You may hear his wild huzzas;
But through all the ancient story
There is but a butcher's glory
In the war each fighter wages
For the bloody monarch, Mars.

Shall the lure of printed pages
In our youth vile lust instill?
Shall the sanguinary hero
With the instincts of a Nero,
Who has plied his trade for ages,
Teach our children how to kill?

Still on battle-fields' broad stages,
With his brazen, villains' roles,
He is dealing death and plunder,
While behind machines of thunder
Stands the gory fiend who gauges
Guns to rend his brothers' souls.

Just before the battle rages,
You may hear his wild huzzas;
But through all the ancient story
There is but a butchers' glory
In the war each fighter wages
For the bloody monarch, Mars.

REVOLT IN MEXICO

Read the Correct Interpretation of Underlying Motives in the Most Remarkable and Valuable Book of the Year

The Mexican People-- Their Struggle for Freedom

—By—

L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon

Eugene V. Debs says:

"* * * It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman Church and on the other by the military power."

Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

Price $1.50

We will send you this book and The Western Comrade for one year for $2.00

Death to Workers

THE hirelings of the master class in the Colorado state legislature are going to be asked to make it treason to induce men to go out on strike. Measures defining the organizing of concerted action by the workers as treason and punishable by imprisonment of from one to five years or a fine of from $1000 to $5000, or both, are to be submitted for passage. One measure provides for the death penalty for treason.

This plan follows close on the heels of the U. S. Supreme court decision upholding the right of a railway official to force an employe to withdraw from a union under the laws of Kansas.

Will See the Start

The Wall Street Journal tries to rebuke Jane Addams for saying "nothing can be settled by force." The brilliant editor asks about "slavery" and American independence." The facts are against him. Slavery was not settled by the war. It has not been abolished. As for independence—that is another myth.

However, if the W. S. J. and its masters, who are such warm exponents of force, want things settled by force, they are in a fair way to see the start of it.

Modern Methods

"How many head o' live stock you got on the place?"

"Live stock?" echoed the somewhat puzzled farmer. "What d' ye mean by live stock? I got four steam tractors and seven automobiles."

Fair Hint

"Kate!"

"Yes, mother."

"If the milkman should come while you and the young man are sitting out there, please tell him to leave an extra pint of milk in the morning."

* * *

Today would be a good time to subscribe for the WESTERN COMRADE. See half a dozen tempting combination offers in our advertising columns.

"Unto the Third"

(Continued from Page 14)

of lobster pate covered with a delectable dressing, the privy pride of Gasby's private chef, Jean Coret.

Now comes the nub of the story. Gasby's butler got 10 per cent. Gasby's chef got nothing—outside his regular perquisites. Gasby's groceryman got what he could make out of it. The latter gentleman did not have, to the full complement, the amount of imported lobster ordered, so he substituted some of Gasby's lobster—carefully removing the domestic labels and affixing the foreign.

Now it may have been Gasby's lobster, prepared by "efficient" though brow-beaten "hands," that offered a fine free lunch for those ptomaine germs, and it may not have been. The fact remains, however, that innumerable of the deadly germs were found by a reputable chemist in the remains of the pate.

Gladys died, as did one other child; and several youngsters who partook of the tid-bit became violently ill.

These question arise: Is Gasby's butler a villain? Is Gasby's chef a villain? Is Gasby's groceryman a villain? Is Jimmie O'Hara a villain? Is Mrs. Jimmie O'Hara a villainess?

Vale! Saint Anthony

Saint Anthony Comstock who has had charge of the morals of the Universe, especially of New York (are or is there any?) has been canned from his soft place on the P. O. D. payroll. Anthony monkeyed with the art societies and the artists proved him a common nuisance. Sic semper tomatoes!—H. C.

THE JONES BOOK STORE
226 West First St., Los Angels, Cal.
Headquarters for the best Socialist books and literature.

INSURANCE
Fire, Life, Accident, Liability
Automobile, Etc.
Best Companies Lowest Rates
P. D. NOEL
—— Phones ——
Main 5247, A-4533 Residence 31238
Will be glad to call on you

The American Socialist
Official Organ of the
Socialist Party of America.

The American Socialist speaks with authority. It is a powerful news and propaganda weekly and is the only paper in the United States which gives an account of the official business of the Socialist Party.

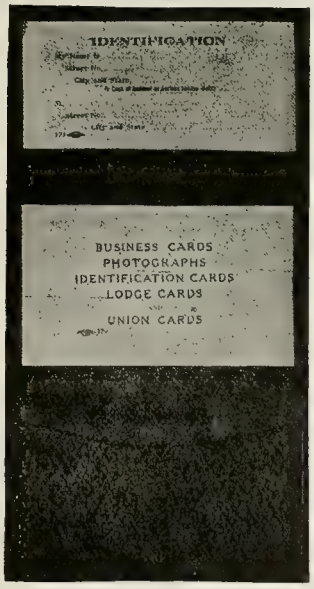
Every Socialist. Every Student of Socialism should be a subscriber.

Subscription Price
50 cents a year.

The American Socialist and The Western Comrade can be had in combination for one year by sending $1.25 to

THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Socialists Attention!



In order to place a copy of our catalogue of union-made goods in the hands of every reader of The Western Comrade, we will send postage prepaid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, one of our genuine sheepskin-leather card cases BEARING THE UNION LABEL.

This card case contains four pockets, one large for bills and papers, one for your dues-stamp book, and two with transparent windows for union membership cards. This is the ONLY CARD CASE on the market made by Organized Labor and bearing the union label. It is no longer necessary for a class-conscious Socialist to be inconsistent.

Send fifty cents in stamps or money order.

MUTUAL UNION TRADING COMPANY
(The only exclusive union label merchandisers)
(Owned and managed by members of the working class)
9 Board of Trade Court, CHICAGO, ILLS.

If you like
PEARSON'S MAGAZINE
at all, you will like it BETTER than any other magazine

Send your name and address on a postcard to PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, 425 East 24th Street, New York City, for a
FREE SAMPLE COPY

AND SEE; then subscribe through us—

HERE'S A BARGAIN
You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.50 (the price of Pearson's alone) to

The Western Comrade
923 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III June, 1915 No. 2

Hunter's New Book

ROBERT HUNTER has written another valuable book. For years, the gulf which has separated the Socialist and Labor Union Movements in the United States has been the despair of many members of the Socialist Party. The Socialists have often criticised the attitude taken by the American Federation of Labor and its principal officers toward working-class political action. This criticism has sometimes been more bitter than it has been intelligent. Robert Hunter's criticism, however, is of a different nature.

With masterly logic, he shows the untenableness of Mr. Gompers' position. He shows how the political policy of the American Federation of Labor has corrupted many of its leaders, has robbed Labor of some of its ablest men, and has made the Organized Labor Movement the laughing stock, the football and the tool of the Manufacturers' Association and its political henchmen. How absolutely fruitless of results this undignified begging policy has been, he proves by a comparison of the Labor legislation of some of the countries of Western Europe, where the workers enthusiastically support independent workin-class political action with the Labor legislation of the United States. He quotes Gompers himself as saying that the United States "is no less than two decades behind many of the European nations in the protection of the life, limb and health of the workers."

So incisive is Hunter's logic that at times it turns the federation's policy into ridicule without really aiming to do so. Hunter sums up his case as follows:

"There are, as it appears to me, certain main reasons for the failure of the political methods of the A. F. of L. First, no two persons in the federation agree as to what those methods are. Second, the methods do not succeed in electing to office efficient representatives of Labor who remain faithful to Labor. Even when 'card men' are elected to office, they have not the political independence necessary to enable them to fight vigorously the battles of Labor. They owe allegiance to capitalistic parties, political bosses and individual financial backers to such a degree that they are forced sooner or later, either to betray Labor or to relinquish any ambition they may have for a successful political carer. Third, the methods do not develop self-reliance, independence and integrity in the Labor Movement. Instead of weaning the working-class from its bondage to the capitalist parties, they faster more and more securely the chains which bind it to those parties. They violate the spirit of Trades Unionism and, while Labor struggles for industrial freedom, these methods force it to remain in political slavery. In the corruption of men, in the loss of leaders, in the betrayal of Labor, in the suspicion and distrust engendered among the rank and file, in the weakening of the class spirit, and in the undermining of class solidarity, the political methods of the American Federation of Labor are so demoralizing that in time they may actually ruin the Trade-Union Movement itself."

No one at all interested in the Labor Movement can read this book without keen interest. It is filled with argument which is of the greatest value to the social teacher and agitator. One cannot but express the hope that it will lead to a better understanding between the political and economic wings of the Labor Movement in America. Every Socialist should study it.

"Labor in Politics," by Robert Hunter, published by the Socialist Party National Office, 803 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Paper. Price 25 cents, prepaid.

THE PATH OF NEUTRALITY

Uncle Sam: "Well, Mr. Death, don't think that I am after the money. I sell you these things only because they will bring about peace sooner."

A German shaft at Uncle Sam's "commercialism."

Simplicissimus

To Our Gunmakers

By Frank H. Ware

UNHALTERED, you prey upon the dead;
Smilingly you feast
On fast drying fields of blood.
Countless numbers lie slain
And bleached bones glisten in the sunlight;
Enrapt with delight you gnaw
The flesh from precious bones.

Keen Diplomacy

Little Charlotte accompanied her mother to the home of an acquaintance, where a dinner-dance was being given, says the New York Times. When the dessert-course was reached the little girl was brought down and given a place next to her mother at the table.

The hostess was a woman much given to talking, and, in relating some interesting incidents, quite forgot to give little Charlotte anything to eat.

After some time had elapsed, Charlotte could bear it no longer. With the sobs rising in her throat, she held up her plate as high as she could and said:

"Does anybody want a clean plate?"

Millie Had "Bitten"

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say 'No, thank you, I have already dined.' "

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Mildred," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl with dignity; "I have already bitten."

Our Amateur Players

Llano Link—What was the row out front during the first scene, Mike?

Mescal Mike—The understudy nursemaid got excited and carried in the heroine's baby when it wasn't due to appear until three years later in the fourth act.

Pictures for Propaganda

Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

"If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed . . ."

And again Gen. Otis says:

"Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers . . ."—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

EVERYMAN (Monthly)

Each Issue Has an Important Lecture or Essay by

Clarence Darrow

Year $1.50, Copy 25 Cents

516 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles

Question of the Pop

A VISITOR at Llano was accompanied by a wise, talkative and pedantic friend. When they reached a field of growing popcorn the visitor said:

"I never quite understood about popcorn——"

"Why, that's simple enough," broke in the wise one. "The starch polygons are of such a nature as to facilitate expansion and render it explosive in character; there is a fracture of a particle along its two radii, the endosperm swelling very considerably, the peripheral portions cohering with the hull, but the fractured quarters turning back to meet below the embryo——"

"Yes, I reckon that's right," interrupted the first speaker, "but what I wanted to know is what makes the blamed stuff pop!"

Our Own Atrocities

A transcontinental railroad is boasting that none of its trains was ever submarined. This reminds us that on the day of the Lusitania tragedy a Santa Fe engine torpedoed an electric car in Los Angeles and killed half a dozen non-combatants and wounded a score of others. No warning was given and passengers and crew went crashing down together.

This grade crossing tragedy was one of the thousand similar annual incidents showing the barbarities of "peace" under a profit system that means a perpetual and a diurnal hell.

The Torturer

Doubt came a-begging; and I bade him wait;
Fed him, while sorry stories he'd repeat.
He went, and left a cross upon my gate—
The sign that brought his fellow tramp, Defeat.

Love on the Llano

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked.

"Love you," repeated George fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bpe last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home."

THE SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN BOOK FOR 1914

Will give you up-to-date information about

The Socialist Movement
The Labor Movement
Co-operation
Exploitation
Wages and Hours
Unemployment
Child Labor
Woman and Labor
Industrial Accidents
Poverty
The High Cost of Living
White Slavery
Crime
The Old Parties
The Progressives
Syndicalism
Concentration of Wealth
The Trusts
Profits
Socialists in Office

and many other things of interest to Socialists and students—too many to mention.

It has been compiled by the INFORMATION DEPARTMENT OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY and is the most complete reference book of that character that has ever been published.

Bound in flexible cloth, 350 pages.

50 CENTS A COPY.

THE WESTERN COMRADE $1 PER YEAR

SPECIAL COMBINATION

We will send you THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year and THE CAMPAIGN BOOK FOR $1.25. Address Circulation Department, 924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

The British Columbia Federationist

Room 217
Labor Temple
Vancouver, B. C.
$1.25 Per Year
Issued Weekly

R. Parm Pettiplece, Managing Editor

A labor paper unparalleled by any labor paper of Canada. Endorsed by the Victoria Trades and Labor Council and New Westminster Trades and Labor Council. Official organ of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council and British Columbia Federation of Labor. The paper for Industrial Unity, Political Unity, Strength and Victory! If you do not take this paper you should subscribe today!

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619
A. J. STEVENS
Dentist
306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 400 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools will open at the fall term with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pubils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony schools.

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products.

There are about 150 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has about forty work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 100 egg-making birds, some of them blue-ribbon prize winners. About 2000 additional chicks were added in May. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

About 60,000 rainbow trout have been hatched in the colony's fish hatchery, and it is intended to add several hundred thousand each year.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

About 120 acres of garden has been planted this year.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and nearly 600 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock.

Each member agrees to pay $2500 and will receive 2000 shares of capital stock and a deed to a lot 50x100 feet with a modern residence erected thereon.

Each pays cash ($750) for 750 shares.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares and house and lot are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the $4 wages of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated fund may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony.

Address
C. V. EGGLESTON CO.
Fiscal Agents
Llano del Rio Company
924 Higgins Building Los Angeles, California

Is Your Job Safe?

Hundreds are safeguarding themselves by joining the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony in the Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, where climate and surroundings are ideal for an agricultural and industrial community

This community is doing constructive and productive work in one of the most beautiful valleys in Southern California. The climate and surroundings are ideal. The Colony was founded and is conducted under the direct supervision of Job Harriman, who has been a leader in the Socialist movement in America for the past 25 years. The Colony is solving for its members and their families the serious problems and disemployment and insecurity for the future. Here is an example of **COOPERATION IN ACTION.**

There were originally one thousand memberships. Six hundred of these are sold and the remainder are selling rapidly. Men and women of nearly every useful occupation are needed in the community. These men are following the latest scientific methods in farming, stock raising, dairying, poultry production, bee keeping, trout hatching and rearing, and other agricultural and industrial pursuits. Social life is most delightful. If you are willing to apply the principles of co-operation of which you have heard, talked and read so much, here is your opportunity. Co-operation is a practical thing and must be worked out in a practical manner. By this method we can accelerate the great world movement toward the socialization of all the sources of human life.

Do you want to solve your own vexatious problems and assist in this great enterprise? We want Colonists and we want representatives who can speak and write the message of freedom. You can make good from this hour if you will take hold and secure members. You can make this organization work a permanent business. See the story of the Colony on page 15 of this magazine, take advantage of your opportunity and write for particulars.

Address C. V. Eggleston, Fiscal Agent

Llano del Rio Company

924 Higgins Building **Los Angeles, California**

July, 1915 Ten Cents

The Western Comrade

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 10-inch boots	5.00
Ladies' 14-inch boots	5.50
Men's Elk shoes	4.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	3.50
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5 to 8	1.75
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.25
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	2.50

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.

Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONTENTS

Review of Events. By Frank Wolfe.....Page 5

The Deeper Crime. By Morgan Smith.....Page 9

Death Masks (Poem). By Gertrude Cornwall Hopkins .....Page 10

Probating Sally. By Emanuel Julius.....Page 11

Abolish Assassination. By Homer Constantine....Page 11

A Discontented Dog. By Oscar Ameringer.....Page 12

Advice for Success Seekers. By G. E. Moray.....Page 12

Our Devil's Delight. By G. E. Bolton.....Page 13

Poverty (poem). by Alberta Leslie.....Page 14

Hope, O Brother! (poem). By Marguerite Head..Page 14

Co-operatives and Education.....Page 15

Blessings of Prayer.....Page 19

1776—Revolutionists—1915. By Edmund R. Brumbaugh .....Page 20

Original Sin. By John M. Work.....Page 20

Rent, Interest and Profit. By Carl D. Thompson..Page 21

Garbage-Fed Babies. By Frank H. Ware.....Page 21

Point Out the Error. By Dr. A. J. Stevens.....Page 22

Molding a Man. By Gray Harriman.....Page 23

CARTOONS

A Son of the Metropolis. Drawn for Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf.....Frontispiece

Rocking the Boat.....Page 7

Wilson to Wilhelm.....Page 8

The Elixir of Hate.....Page 13

Next Execution .....Page 28

A SON OF THE METROPOLIS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. III | LOS ANGELES, CAL., JULY, 1915 | NUMBER 3

The Picnic. Waiting for the Barbecued Beef

REVIEW OF EVENTS

By Frank E. Wolfe

SOCIALIZATION of the sources of production or wholesale industrial conscription, or both, faces Labor in England. For the workers it means state capitalism with merciless and inexorable masters. Involuntary servitude in a newer form confronts the toilers in factory, mill and mine. The necessity of servile workers in ammunition factories is so great that Labor disputes, with possible acts of reprisal, at this hour are a menace to the life of England.

The British cabinet realizes the imminent danger and is determined to organize the human resources on the same intense basis as Germany. It will require this or England will go down to defeat at the hands of her Teutonic enemy.

Labor has been discontent with long hours and inadequate wages while ammunition manufacturers and brokers were rolling up immense fortunes. This has caused strikes. Additional strikes at this hour would be fatal to the success of English arms—and profits.

The government has taken up the case and dire things are threatened. Winston Churchill has put

forth a proposition that meets with much favor. He has advocated limited Socialism as a remedy for the evils of competition and industrial strife. He said:

"The whole nation must be socialized; the government must organize so that every one of every rank and position, men and women, will do their fair share."

Socialization with industrial conscription would bring a strange, anomolous condition—state capitalism with a vengeance!

England is hard pressed on all sides and from within. There is a strong realization among the exploiters that Germany is after the life-blood of the nation. Frantically they appeal to those whom they have brutally driven. They call upon every worker to do his "allotted part" in the making of munitions of war and the production and handling of food. Too late the capitalists are raising the cry that Western civilization is in danger.

The cry falls on dull and unhearing ears of an over-worked and under-fer proletariat. England, with land enough in grouse moors and deer parks to furnish an abundance of food, is dependent upon importations.

No serious move has been made in the centuries to free the land or to give Labor the product of its toil. Now payday has come.

❖ ❖ ❖

GERMANY'S abhorrent and murderous disregard for the lives of women and children, and other non-combatants, has been the subject of much warranted criticism. The world has long looked with equanimity on the murder of non-combatants during the barbarities of peace, but it has boiled with indignation at the concrete act of murder by sinking an unarmed defenseless passenger steamer at sea.

We kill babies by pestilence in the slums and poisonous warrens of the poor, but we shrink from the killing out under the open sky.

Within a week after the Lusitania massacre, American exploiters of women and child slaves maimed and starved more than were sent to death when the liner plunged beneath the waves.

It is, after all, a matter of when, where and how to kill. May we not call it the ethics of murder?

* * *

WAR has raged in Europe nearly a year. Six million human lives have been destroyed. Deaths in trenches, on the fields and in battle at sea have been equaled by the victims of plague, pestilence and famine. Never in history of humanity has there been such blood letting. Seven of the world's greatest powers are in death grips, and a score of lesser nations are involved. In the grasp of capitalism other governments will become involved should the masters so decree. Hourly the path of neutrality grows more difficult.

On one side of the struggle are Great Britain, France, Russia, Servia, Belgium, Italy, Japan and Montenegro. Against them are arrayed Germany, Austria and Turkey.

Aside from death and devastation of border territory the net results of the war are almost nothing. There has been no serious invasion of contending armies. Germany has everywhere successfully defended her continental territory. Alsace and Lorraine have at times been overrun by Frenchmen, but the occupation is not important and there is no serious danger to Germany from this direction. Teutonic tenure of Belgium does not mean permanency. The fighting on the western field is virtually a deadlock. A gain of one hundred yards is hailed as a great victory.

Japan has scored a rather hollow victory over the Germans in China, and that aged and indurated empire (republic?) has yielded to virtually every demand of the Eastern dwarfs.

Russia's invasion of Galicia has fizzled, and the glory of her conquest was transitory. The Czar's moujiks are stampeded and it will be fortunate for Russia if a stand can be made on her border.

It is doubtful if the Kaiser's army will be so ill-advised as to attempt a serious invasion of Russian territory.

Italy has made a bold dash across the first few provinces of Austria, but is meeting with more stubborn resistance every day and the invasion will not

seriously trouble the German-Austrian forces.

The Allies have met terrific opposition in the Dardanelles, and it must be poor consolation for the British, when a half dozen warships are sunk by Turkish forts, to be told that the cost is no greater than had been counted.

Germany's commerce has been driven from the seas and her outlying fighting ships destroyed. Yet she is in a powerful position with her splendid

ROCKING THE BOAT
Tut, Tut, Theodore
—Des Moines Register and Leader

squadrons at Heligoland, and her wonderful fleet of submersibles. Germany is drawing heavily on her reserves of men, but her war machine is so near perfection there is no hitch in her program. There is a troublesome spot here and there where Socialists grow insistent in their clamor for an ending of the war. Quick, effective steps were taken in suppressing the Socialist publications when they bubbled over.

* * *

ENGLAND is rapidly approaching actual conscription. The enrollment act, together with individual disemployment and public sentiment, is now tantamount to enforced enlistment of all but the upper and middle class. Short of ammunition, dissension among military leaders and far from unanimity in government affairs, England shows signs of being hard pressed. Harrassed by submarines, annoyed by Zeppelin raids, the stolid Briton is stung but impotent.

France has almost every available man and boy in the field. If the Germans succeed in driving back and holding the Russians, an immense army of seasoned victors may be swung from east to west and hurled at the tired and worn Allies in the trenches of France and Belgium.

Constantinople remains under the green flag, and the unbelievers storm at the Dardanelles forts in vain. Wherever troops are officered by the Germans, the Allies pay dearly for every foot gained. The Allies hope to open a channel to the Black Sea where at Odessa and other ports are vast stores of food. But the stubborn resistance of the Turks make it a long hard journey.

* * *

THE Republican or Democrat or Prohibitionist who fired two futile shots at J. P. Morgan was a very busy person, if the daily press can be believed—and it can't. Among the other things he did just pervious to his grand splash was to indulge in some revolver target practice. According to the Hearst journals he fired 200,000 rounds at a "scarred target painted on a rear fence, and at stalwart trees in the yard."

The cost of ammunition would probably run $2000. With reloading and cleaning and other time out the man could not have fired over 100 shots an hour. This would have rqeuired 2000 hours. At a 10-hour day, continuous work, he would have had to shoot steadily 200 days, or nearly 7 months, without holi-

day or Sunday. Of course this would not be likely to attract any attention.

No wonder the youthful product of our modern colleges believe so thoroughly in efficiency when the professors of such institutions show such perseverance for efficiency.

❖ ❖ ❖

IF anyone thinks the Malthusian theory has been effectually disposed of they should see a copy of the London publication bearing that name. The editor of that solemn but amusing sheet bobs up with the declaration that the high cost of living is proof of the contention that the world is overpopulated. To quote from the editor: "In the first place, as our readers know, the world's food supply in ordinary times is only between two-thirds and three-fourths of the needs of its inhabitants. Hence the starvation of large numbers and the folly of talking about legal living wage."

The editor of The Public, with an eye ever to the land question, quickly points out the fallacy of this stand:

"As to the sanity of the Malthusian's proposition that people having excessively large families would have been better off with a lesser number of children, nothing need be said at this point. But to say that one-third or one-fourth of the food-needs of the human race is unsupplied in times of peace is to set forth a state of affairs that has no likeness outside of Alice in Wonderland.

"That one-third or one-fourth more food would be used if every stomach in the world were filled may not be an extravagant claim; but to conclude therefrom that these stomachs are not filled because the food cannot be raised is a monstrous perversion of logic. It is needless to point to the vast areas of fertile land still unused, and to corresponding areas that are only partially used; it should be sufficient to show on the one had that nobody with means goes hungry, and on the other hand that food growers as a rule complain of lack of remuneration for their labor. * * *

"The plight of the three-quarter fed families is not due to a shortage of food, any more than the fact of their having three-quarters house room, three-quarters clothing and three-quarters of the various comforts of life are due to the fact that there is any shortage in houses, clothing or of the other products of labor. It is due solely to the fact that they lack the power to purchase these things. If, however, the wealth produced by Labor be divided between those who labor and those who idle, it may readily be seen how Labor may be short, not only in food, but in all other things made by Labor. The very land upon which these three-quarter fed people of London like

Wilson to Wilhelm: "The next time you do that, mind, I shall be really angry."

This cartoon, showing the popular British understanding of President Wilson, was commented upon widely in America, where its bitter tone was criticised.

—London Daily Express

pays a princely revenue to the owners, who give in return not one solitary penny. If this thought be applied throughout the world, and if it be realized that the labor throughout the world is contributing a heavy toll to the owners of the earth, who render no service in return, a stupendous fact will be apparent."

Revolutionists the world over must unite and destroy creed and dogma.

What quarrel have the Socialist and the Single Taxer? Is it that the latter sees in the land the supreme source of life? We agree that the world is underfed because of the monopoly of all sources of life. Would we Socialists lose anything if we joined in every effort to free the land? Would we not have the world to gain?

The Deeper Crime

By MORGAN SMITH

WHEN the North wind doesn't blow any more, and it never snows any more, and people don't have to sit in the barn and hide their heads under their wings any more; When things are settled by the Hague Tribunal, and the markets of the world are organized, and everybody has title to all the land, and nobody has need to demonstrate his superiority; When we do not maintain a standing army or soak all our money in armor-plate targets, or devote our brains to learning the goose-step—what will we do for War! What will we do then, poor things!

We'll take trips to the mountains—every bricklayer's son of us—and we'll travel in foreign countries, and we'll see the finest plays, and hear the finest music; and we'll take aviating trips and under-sea trips, and we'll have a general rotation of environment.

For there is something underlying the spirit of war that is not included in hate, sport or loyalty; and there is something to the levying of armies that has nothing in common with hoodwinking. Be sure that when every conceivable excuse, pretext, and cause of war has been removed by a sane society, some worthy wight is going to arise from his bed, some morning, and say, "Gee whiz! I wish I could enlist!" He will say it, sure, unless we provide a psychological substitute for enlisting.

Do we humans ruffle our feathers all up and peep plaintively when a cold, dark war-cloud stretches itself over our old mortgaged acres and upon the old familiar work-bench? No, we do not ruffle our little feathers and peep plaintively. We gird up our loins and sail out after that war-cloud with a glad cry of recognition.

Why are the soldiers in the pictures always smiling and wherefore the complaint that a good pose of a peasant family driven from home can't be had owing to the omnipresent grins!

It's the Novelty—a thing that nothing but ruin and death could have brought for them. It's a crime greater than the crime of social strife.

"Why! Do they like it, then?" says the war-cloud down deep in the midst of its oppression and tyranny and error.

"Do they like it, then?" says Billy Sunday as he lams his ten thousand men all over the auditorium and lams them back again.

And if they do (and it does seem as if they did), why in the name of all torture and abuse do they like it, say Billy and the war-cloud.

It is the Novelty, and the appalling emotions of fear and awe-things that nothing but torture and abuse could have bought for them. It is a crime, greater than the crime of making a fool of a man.

We may grant that the foot-soldiers of society can relish a War, once they're into it. It is more convenient to grant it than to disregard all the pictures of mobs besieging consulates and falling over each other to enlist. And, since they have the appetite for War, we feed them War. They enjoy the taste and put up with the subsequent aches as philosophically as a youngster endures the green apple cramps in the stomach. But there is a wisdom at hand that can satisfy that craving without the results. Sane society will call it Constructive Emotionalism.

It is not the War but the emotions of War that the foot-soldiers crave. It is a little novelty in their lives—a little change of scene, a glad wandering from the grind and scrape and worry. It is the novel emotion of Unity. Even while the astute recruiting office is flooding the streets with martial music and waving the flag the hurrying recruit holds most in mind the fact that he and all his neighbors are at one in something. They have all agreed with him and they have patted each other on the backs.

That "one touch of nature" does not make the whole world kin because it is Nature, nor yet because it touches the whole world. It is the "one" part of the touch that does the business. It is Unity. When it is raining even the cat can tell the king that it's nasty. When there is war there is a common hatred, which is Unity. It is not the hatred that is sublime. One day there will be the common peace of everyday life and that will satisfy the cravings without the cramps.

We have learned that a youngster's cry for candy is really prompted by a craving for meat: Our martyred militarists must not be swayed to war against their own will by the people who rise from their drudgery to cry for a change of scene. People must not hurry to the recruiting office because War is the only semblance of Unity that their poor souls have experienced in a life-time. We have learned better than that.

When the North wind never blows any more, people will not go to War to see soul-stirring pyrotechnics and awful deeds of bravery; they will go to the mountains

and see great peaks that pierce the clouds and a sky that is turquoise blue. When people never hide their heads under the wings any more, we will not make fools of ourselves for the sake of the beauty of Unity; we will have the beauty of social precision from the dawn of life to its dusk.

It is the emotions of our lives that make grow that part of us that grows independently of our body. That part must be fed or buried.

War is the emotional Crown of Thorns. There is not a sublime emotion of the human soul that it does not gratify—and prostitute. It is the summit of wild ecstasy—the accumulated cravings of a lifetime. They have been growing and growing and unfed until they burst in the brothel of carnage, and the foot-soldiers die sated and content. At the end of the long starvation they are grateful for one draught of the potion of soul's life—even though it be hemlock.

Oh, it is a crime—greater than the crime of making a fool of a man!

They go to war with wild hallelujahs. Even my lady of spurious social title who has seen the peaks piercing the clouds and the turquoise blue sky, and the chasm and the sea and the cascade; who has tasted of luxury and who had witnessed the random buds of man's emotional creatures—she goes. There she is—in a great bustling hospital where people whisper and hurry along soundless corridors, and a huge motor darts up the country road in the night and halts at the entrance—a lantern swinging from its doors. There is hurry and skurry and bated breath. There is Unity.

And, back in the town the men are marching down the thronged street with the blare of the band and the throbbing of the drum. They are cheered and noticed for the first time in a lifetime, and they square their shoulders and new fire springs to their eyes. And the peopel, elbow to elbow, on the sidewalk, are all at one. They have clapped each other on the backs. And every man rushes for the taste of sweet ambrosia. He grasps feverishly for the pen, and signs.

And all for what! For War! What's War to him or he to War!

Indeed it is the old lament of Hamlet over again. We have real aims for emotional ardor a-plenty, yet we cannot summon a sigh for them.

If that part of us that triumphs and carols and feeds in War is an immortal thing capable of surviving the body if its strength permits, then it is a thing that yearns, for its own element. Its own element, of whatever else it may partake, is Liberty. The more it is restricted and starved the more it yearns, and that is the reason, perhaps, that War evokes a more spontaneous response among the poor foot-soldiers of society than among the spurious lords who have seen the cascade.

What is a Broad man, and what is a Narrow man? What is a fed man and what is a starved man!

The prisons of our souls can be made only of Time and of Space. What soul would not leap to a hemlock draught of War if it had been kept in a three-foot space at a workbench for a lifetime! What soul would not leap for the offer of War whose scope of thought had never been permitted to rise beyond the proportion of a week's salary and a week's expenses! What soul would not go to War that had never been to a nickel-show!

The North wind doth blow, but it is blowing down some old ideas that had worms in them, firmly rooted though they seemed. They served their turn but they have hung around too long after their usefulness was gone. The trend of the public mind is for seeking out the roots of things. We will not feed ourselves green apples, because we have learned better than that.

Death Masks

By GERTRUDE CORNWALL HOPKINS

You say that the white of his face in the darkness gleamed strangely,
As touched by a light
That is seen of the faces of those who die greatly, whose honor
Gave all for the right;
And you bring me his sword and his sash, and the message of comrades,
All that they know
Of the last of the hours that he spent on the earth.
Me, his mother—
You comfort me so—
And I tell you you lie!

I tell you the last that he knew of this earth was its hatred and anger;
Blood blinded his eyes;
What gleamed white in the dark was the tightly clenched teeth of his raging,
Cursing the skies,
For his face was as blackened, awry, as the soul they tore from him—
Hurled to God's feet,
A devil, the horrible madness of murder upon him—
My son, who was sweet!

Probating Sally

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THREE women—Probation Officer Mrs. Tompkins, Sallie Williams, better known as Kitty, and her mother, Mrs. Mary S. Williams, of Santa Ana, were together in an effort to "fix things up." Mrs. Tompkins was the first "fixer"; the other two needed the "fixing," especially Kitty.

"It's too late, I tell you," Kitty exclaimed, again and again. "It wont work, I say."

"Yes it will," said Mrs. Tompkins, firmly.

"I know it won't." Kitty seemed determined to have her way.

"There," Mrs. Williams cried. "I offer to take her home again and she says 'no.' Oh, God, who'd a-thought my Sallie would fall so low."

Mrs. Williams, a woman of 50, burst into tears.

"Now, mother, please don't cry——"

"You don't love me or you wouldn't make me suffer like this——"

"Yes, I do, mother. I'd do anything for you—but this can't be done—it's too late——"

"It's never too late to mend," was Mrs. Tompkins' platitude. She looked at them as though she had given expression to a highly original thought.

"Yes, it is," said Kitty; "some things get so broken you can't fix 'em—you have to throw 'em away. And I'm one of them. I can't be fixed."

"Here you have a mother who is willing to take you home and give you a chance to start again," said the probation officer, kindly, but wearily, as if it was an old story to her.

"I'll be miserable," Kitty said. A frown furrowed the girl's still pretty painted and made-up face.

"I know what'll happen," she added. "Everybody'll look on me as a leper. The neighbors will point to me as a bad example. I tell you I won't be able to stand it."

"You will," said the probation officer.

"I wont. If mother would stay here I'd take care of her and give her a place to stay in——"

"How?" Mrs. Officer Tompkins asked.

"You know. Five years of my kind of life has made me different. I can't change now, especially by going to my home town. There's nothing for me there."

"Very well," Mrs. Tompkins frowned, ready to play her trump card; "if your mind is made up you can have the reformatory sentence the judge gave you. Go home or to the Whittier institution."

"How'll I live down Santa Ana?"

"Work."

"At what?"

I don't know. Wash clothes—anything—to make a living. Jail or home—which will you take?"

Kitty decided to go to Santa Ana.

Ten minutes after they were gone, Kitty's mother rushed back into Probation Officer Tompkins' office.

"We got to a corner," she panted, "when she grabbed me around the neck and kissed me. Then she ran off——"

Mrs. Tompkins said: "D—n it all!"—which was a rare thing for Mrs. Probation Officer Tompkins to say—out loud.

Abolish Assassination

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

A RABID Republican has made a dastardly attempt to assassinate an honored and respected citizen. This is the time to call a halt on the dangerous doctrine disseminated by these persons who fanatically follow this imported idea of republicanism. Every Republican believe in violence. Every organ edited by these mad dogs of society advocates violence and expounds the fallacious theories that inevitably lead to such unspeakable atrocities as the attack on J. P. Morgan by a Republican fanatic.

It is time for the people to organize the "Plain Citizens' Combine" so earnestly advocated by the Los Angeles Times, to the end that the followers of this abhorrent cult shall quietly and without a ripple on the surface be removed from human ken. No longer shall we tolerate these blatant soapboxers in our midst.

Law and order must be maintained (outside the combine).

The police must stand as our bulwark. A citizens' police must be established in Los Angeles and these should be recruited as are some of our grand juries, from a list of names suggested by the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association.

This auxiliary police should contain none but those sworn to spifflicate these dangerous characters (Republicans) whenever and wherever found. They can

immediately be armed with the sawed-off shotguns, our government already has so wisely provided.

Back of the police stands firm and fast the county constabulary, the militia with its machine guns, the mighty enginery of our army and our great navy. Good citizens should boycott all the newspapers that dally with the theories of these wild dreamers and Utopians.

Down with the advocates of a system that would break up the home, abolish religion, destroy the incentive to work, and disrupt representative form of government.

(Note: In case it develops that Holt was a Democrat the reader will please strike out the word "Republican" and insert in lieu thereof the word "Democrat.")

A Discontented Dog

By OSCAR AMERINGER

DID you ever see a dog without fleas? If you did you saw a happy, cheerful dog: a dog that lies in the shade of the old apple tree, dreaming of pork chops, jackrabbits and dog fights.

Now, if you give this contented dog a handful of fleas, his dog nature will change immediately. Instead of dreaming about juicy pork chops, or how he would lick that brindle pup across the pike, or what he would do to the hind legs of that rabbit running through the underbrush, he sits up and notices things.

Pointing a cold, melancholy nose toward heaven, he stretches his neck and starts that peculiar up-and-down stroke characteristic to all flea-bitten dogs. He has found a job now; he has found useful employment; he has something to scratch for.

Now, suppose the flea would sit up on the nose of that dog and say: "Lo and behold me, the benefactor. I have given work to this poor pup. Without me, this doggie would have no job. Without me he would have no incentive to scratch." Wouldn't it be funny if the flea would make such an argument? And suppose the dog would vote for the flea on the strength of it, wouldn't that be still funnier?

Yet this is exactly what the working people have done for many, many years. They have voted into office those whose policies afflict them with parasites. And they do so because someone has told them that unless we had the capitalist class we all would miserably perish.

Socialists insist that society does not need the capitalist class any more than a dog needs fleas. Let the nation be the capitalist.

Advice For Success Seekers

By G. E. MORAY

IMPROVE your mind—it's a very small part of your being, but one that makes a lot of trouble unless you attend to its upkeep.

First find out if you really have a mind; or whether you have mistaken ordinary instinct for mental equipment.

If you discover that you possess a mind, investigate to find if it has become foolishly flattened or dirty with the dust of dollars.

Not that it matters much, for fat-foolishness and dollar-dustiness are not antagonistic to success. You can win wealth with either, and winning wealth is the worthiest work in life.

But, nevertheless, a well-informed mind for display purposes is mighty useful.

It will cause you to gain the respect of high-brows, a peculiar class of people who have improved their minds until their mental processes have become peculiarly involved. As your adherents and associates you will find them very useful and immensely amusing; they will greatly relieve the tedium of your toil while you are amassing millions.

Always read good books—books that build and books that better you. If you cannot select the right ones yourself, buy only those that are recommended by the elect; and read them, either personally, or via your secretary.

There are a few secretaries who are also interpreters, and can successfully translate English into the language of the business world. Hire one!

Shun Shakespeare, until your mind has emerged from the dense darkness that surrounds war reports, sporting news, and the political pages of the daily deliriums that sell on the news stands for a cent a copy.

Leave advice for the loveless alone; and forget the frenzies that afflict the writers of headlines; otherwise you will lose your invaluable mind before you have improved it.

Our Devil's Delight

By G. E. BOLTON

AT the Panama-Pacific Exposition there are many exhibits that display the marvelous ingenuity of man in the development of machinery, but probably nothing shown there can compare with the wonderful instruments for the destruction of human life. The federal government makes this proud display.

Nothing seems to have been left undone to demonstrate to the youth of the land what a noble and laudable thing is murder when done collectively and under legally prescribed methods. True there is an exhibit of the coast guard appliances for saving life, but it is at best an inferior display. The life-saving machinery is crude and obviously inadequate. The display is only enlivened by grotesque prints hung on the wall depicting some heroic acts of murder performed by revenue cutters in times of war. There is one gun for throwing a projectile with a life-line attached, but it is archaic and illy constructed. It is merely an example of the weak and inefficient mechanism of peace.

In looking at this poor showing as against the wonderously perfect rapid-firers I could not help thinking how Belzebub must enjoy a stroll through this department.

Bernard Shaw put this over most vividly in Man and Superman, where he has the Devil say: "In the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all of the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine. In the arts of peace man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton factories and the like, with the machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if it had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters and bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles; they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo boat. There is nothing in man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth: his heart is in his weapons. This marvelous force of life of which you boast is a force of death: Man measures his strength by his destructiveness. What is his religion? An excuse for hating me. What is law? An excuse for hanging you? What is morality? Gentility! an excuse for consuming without producing. What is his art? An excuse for gloating over pictures of slaughter. What are his politics? Either the worship of a despot because a despot can kill, or parliamentary cockfighting."

This soliloquy rambles on and covers the foibles and idiosyncracies of mankind. but none of its stabs is better thrust than the keen one at the perfection of the killing instruments.

The exposition teems with this barbarism. Even the Educational building is disgraced by a Japanese exhibit where wax figures of soldiers are posed in the act of loading a rapid-fire cannon—presumably aimed at some inferior race; malay, mongol—or caucasian.

THE ELIXIR OF HATE
Kaiser: "'Fair is foul and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.'"
—From Punch

An American is credited with the invention of a poisonous gas for use in warfare. Every Christian nation is experimenting with or using his new, scientific method of destroying life. Nothing in the war displays at the Fair gave a hint of this new discovery and we are not permitted to know how far our civilized government has progressed in this direction. We have every hope, however, that we shall not lag behind in our efforts toward benevolent asphyxiation when our time comes.

Poverty

By ALBERTA LESLIE

I'D fain address thee,
Could I words discover
Charged with new terror,
To voice man's hate and fear!
But all, all have been sung or written over and over,
And impotent, hurled at thee full many a year!

Long hath man 'neath thy foul rags been smothered,
He hath acquaintanced thee too long, too well,
Thee and the whelps thou hast fathered, hast mothered,
Hast spawned on earth, didst beget in Hell.

These, thy jackals, wait to rend him limb from limb,
Vice, ignorance, disease, thy very own,
Thou hast no need of these to vanquish him,
Thou wert enough! Thou wert enough alone!

Too often must he gaze into thy cold cavernous eye,
Unwelcome dost thou sit with him at many a scanty meal,
With thy bony clutch around his heart perchance he yet must die.
His sorrowful soul for ages hath withered beneath thy heel.

Small wonders that man hath thee, oh! though without a heart.
To torture him thou camest from unknown depths of mire.
Oh, monstrous, vile hermaphrodite, who art
Of untold evils, both the dam and sire.

Pale with a prison pallor, is thy hideous face,
Thy garments reek with all the sins of eld.
Like some foul vampire, thou shadowest the race,
Man shrinks beneath the bitter scourge in thy lean fingers held!

The rich? They shiver in their furs, the sleek, the dainty fed.
If near them thou but cast thy shadow grim,
They start and tremble in their silken beds,
When dreaming, they think thou hast overtaken them.

The poor? Alas! Men steal and women falter
And turn from virtue's path to escape from thee.
How often bringest them to the cell, the halter?
When from thy grasp the poor fools seek to flee.

Thou stillest even the children's silvery laughter,
Thou chainst them to vast, to swift machines;
They may not play, for swift thou comest often:
They know alas what thy grim presence means.

Oh! Piteous shadows, thru the grey dawn stealing,
To take their places in shop or mill or field.
Heavy with sleep they stumble forth unwilling,
To thee their playtime, nay, their very lives to yield.

Under thy lash they toil, nor play, nor rest.
Thy fangs are ready do they lag but once.
Thou wolfish thing! Who stealest from the mother's breast
The helpless hungry babe's sole sustenance.

Men cry against thee, they weep, thou hast no pity;
They strive, they curse, they pray—all, all in vain.
Still, vulture-like, thou hoverest the city,
Still pestilent, thou showest the plain.

While for deliverance men crying
Fair cities perish and whole nations fall.
All haste before thee to ruins ultimate.
And thou, unclean thing, still broodest over all.

Hope, O Brother!

By MARGUERITE HEAD

HOPE, O Brother, though time be long,
And turmoil and strife enshroud the earth;
For out of the chaos and woe and wrong,
Freedom, O Brother, shall come to birth.

Night, O Brother, is not so dark
But the comforting light shines forth at morn;
And a paean of joy, like the song of the lark,
Shall rise to welcome the day, new-born.

Work, O Brother, for work shall yield
A boon to the coming race of men;
And the sceptres the tyrant rulers wield
Shall never oppress the world again.

Clasp, O Brothers, your toil-worn hands;
Union of hearts is a thing divine,
And Brotherhood's service, uniting all lands,
Is the noblest work in the world's design.

Sandbox on Ditch Irrigating Alfalfa and Orchards

Co-operatives and Education

SIX pupils were graduated from the Llano Grammar school at the end of the term. They were Dona Spencer, Corrine Leslie, Blanche Bannon, Helen Kaufman, Warren Miller and Clarence Cedarstrom. To Miss Helen Tyler, principal of the school, is due the credit of bringing this class through. There were about seventy-five pupils enrolled in the school before the end of the term. Miss Tyler and the school trustees say there will be about 115 pupils enrolled at the fall term. This does not include a Montessori school of about fifty pupils, which will be under the management of Prudence Stokes Brown, who is taking a special course under the distinguished educator. This department will begin with children at the age of 2½ years and carry them through until they are 6 years old.

Plans are being made for a new school house to be built with the money secured from the bonds recently voted by the districts.

Graduation exercises were held in the assembly-room at the Clubhouse. There were several hundred persons present to enjoy an excellent program given entirely by the children of the school. Several sketches and a class play were given and the members of the community were surprised by the dramatic ability and versatility displayed by the youthful actors and declaimers. There were several musical numbers and a Scotch dance by the charming little Misses Richardson and Scott made a hit with all present.

The hall was prettily decorated and the stage was banked with flowers. Yellow and blue—the class colors—predominated in the flower and streamers. Diplomas were presented to the graduates by Frank E. Wolfe, who briefly outlined the history of the community schools. The audience responded with great enthusiasm when the speaker mentioned the obligation of the community to the children and the vision of the educational features of the future.

The trustees of the Llano school district are John Leslie, Frank Harper and Mrs. David Cedarstrom. Greater interest is taken in the educational department each month. It is hoped that with the fall term there will be classes in sculpture, painting in oils, dancing, as well as the beginning of a system of vocational training.

No celebration or gathering at the colony has equalled that of the Fourth of July picnic held on the colony newly acquired land, known as the Tighlman

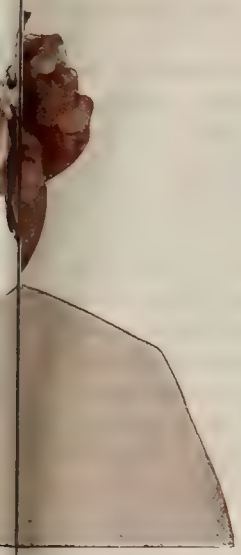
Community Life at Llano del Rio

Beginning Work on New Swimming Plunge

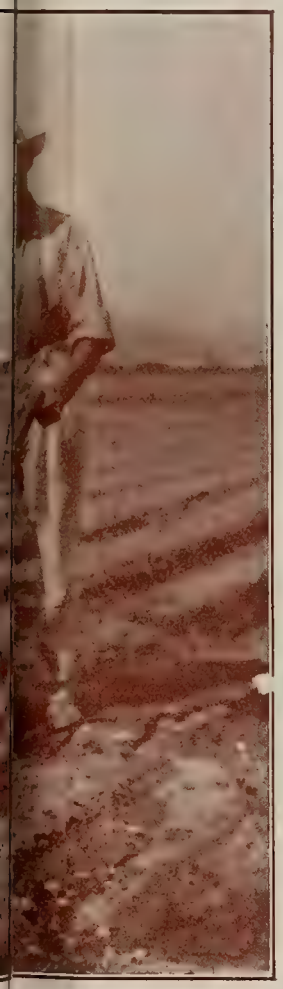
Making Clay Bricks. Note "Pug Mill" and Some Completed Houses

Chef M

Driving a Hand



e Picnic



e Colony Gardens

Industrial and Social Activity

Four Hours' Work on Plunge—Dam and Gate Completed and Big Excavation Made

A Bricklaying Crew at Work

ranch. Here several hundred members of the community gathered beneath the broad trees beside the flowing waters where they enjoyed a day of perfect rest and relaxation. The Mauricio brothers had

First graduation class of the Llano schools. Left to right: Miss Helen Tyler, principal; Corrine Leslie, Clarence Cederstrom, Helen Kauffman, Blanche Bannon, Warren Miller and Dona Spencer.

charge of the barbecue and the beef they brought up from the bed of hot rocks was cooked to a delicious turn.

There were no speeches or other ceremonies save impromptu games on the part of the children. One or two groups of chess fans sought secluded spots beside the stream and sat silent over the ivory pieces.

A splendid spirit of comradeship was shown among the members of the community. "Old timers" greeted each other and compared this Fourth with that of a year ago, when the colonists were few in number but strong in hopefulness. There were many expressions of gratification over the great growth made by the colony. There were many visitors during the two days, but the greater portion of these came from the neighborhood.

Burning lime in the new kilns is making steady progress under the management of R. E. Stevens. The grade of the product is excellent and an almost inexhaustible supply is at hand.

An invaluable department has been established at the community office, where F. H. Chamberlain has charge of the information bureau. Here wants of members of the community are made known and suggestions for welfare are freely offered.

The nightly meeting of managers has proven most important and has been conducive to a much smoother running machine. There is a better understanding between departments and there is more team work because of this understanding. This is a clearing house for reports and statements of progress. Managers make known their needs of men and teams or make releases so that there is never any idle teams or workers.

Chief Architect L. A. Cooke has undertaken the work of statistician for the colony. He has prepared some interesting charts. Among them a diagram showing the growth of population of Llano and a chart of the temperature since the beginning of records.

Leo. H. Dawson, who has charge of the nursery department, reports splendid growth of the vines and young trees in his department. Among other plants that are making good progress are 2500 blackberries and an equal number of strawberries that were donated by Comrade Hall from Chino. Eleven thousand grape vines will be bearing fruit next year. One hundred choice strawberry vines sent in by Comrade Post of Los Gatos are doing well. There are 100 Burbank

Misses Scott and Richardson in Scotch Dance at Graduation Exercises

Himalaya blackberries and an equal number of Lucretia dewberries, all making rapid growth. One thousand Concord grapes from Utah show vigorous growth. There are 1000 sturdy black locusts from Utah. These are to be used for ornamental trees, and for fence posts. The blossoms of these trees provide excellent nectar for the bees.

One thousand California black walnut trees, donated by Comrade Al Geyer, show remarkable growth. Seven acres have been planted in Russian sunflowers.

The commissary department has been removed to larger quarters in the rear of the club building. Thomas H. Johns, who ha shad charge of this division, is being assisted by Allen Miller, who recently arrived at the colony.

There have been small but steady additions to the live stock and poultry departments. The arrival of ten Swiss milch goats started the rumor that a Swiss cheese factory would be started, provided the war embargo would permit the importation of the holes.

The dental office and house for Dr. Horneff have been completed and this neeedd department will soon be in operation.

Plans are under way to construct two large silos to store ensilage for next winter. These probably will be constructed of cobble and concrete. They will be twenty feet in diameter.

A numbe rof the boys who are now out of school have taken up work in the garden and other departments where there is light, congenial employment.

Among the later planting at the colony has been 120 acres of milo maize, 10 acres of sweet potatoes, 20 acres of beets, 17 acres of carrots and 20 acres in pumpkins.

The first rush of caring for the fruit is over and the apricots and apples from the Tilghman ranch have been put up by the chef and by the families of the community.

Colony Children at Picnic July 4

Four hundred new folding chairs, two billiard tables, a piano and a lot of heavy mission furniture is a part of the new possessions of the Colony Club.

Visitors from all parts of America have registered at the club during the past month. Several Eastern States are represented by the new members. California and Coast State comrades far outnumber all others.

Blessings of Prayer

WITH the soldiers on the fields, in forts and fleets of the struggling powers are many priests, preachers in frock and garmb of chaplain. These are the official prayer akers of the warring nations. In addition to the blessings in articleo mortis and praying for their holy dead they are praying to all the gods they know asking for some unholy dead.

The British ask God (Jehovah) to send success to their arms (death to Germans and Turks). The Germans invoke Gott (the same Jehovah) to punish (destroy) England. The French send up supplication to Dieu (also Jehovah) to send victories to their troops. The Rabbi of the Russians prays to Adanoi and the Jews in other armies implore the same god to aid them.

In Southern Europe Asiatics of many nations are praying to all their Gods to punish the Christian dogs. There the Syrian sends up prayers to Adad: the Arabian to Alla; the Persian to Syra; the Tartarian to Idga; the Egyptian to Aumn or Zent.

In the British and French armies the natives of a score of lands are praying to Buddha, Mohammed, Doga, Rogt, Eher, Chur, Oese, Dios, Lian, Zeus, Confucius, Esgi, or Zenl. The Japanese are Shintos, Buddhists or worshippers of Zain.

These fighters, be they Italians, Turks, Teutons, Austrians, Serbs, French, English, Ghurkas or Irish have had great faith in their gods, but their gods have permitted them to be starved, choked with poisonous gasses, evicerated, slain. Five millions of men have been destoryed and as many women and children are marked for death or worse.

Priest and pagan alike will tell you his particular god is the best, most powerful and kind, of all the brands offered. Now and then they speak of the wrath of God, but mostly of his gentleness and mercy. Anyway God is having a tough time of it, if he is making a serious attempt to adjust affairs, and the end is not yet.—A. M.

1776—Revolutionists—1915

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

ONE hundred and thirty-nine years ago a group of men met and signed a declaration of principles. It was a defiant declaration. It slapped the face of smug conservatism. It enunciated doctrines regarded as rankest political heresy by every reactionary, non-progressive spirit of the time. One passage from the declaration deserves particular attention, for it is as sound in logic, as right in principle, as applicable to present and future, as when it was first penned. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," the passage reads, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these ends governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

The course of the Colonists from this declaration to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was determined largely by economic interests, as the course of men is determined in every age, but they fought for principle nevertheless, and they gave most liberally of life and treasure for its advancement. As the revolutionists of 1776 struggled for political liberty, so the revolutionists of 1915 are struggling for industrial liberty. As they were opposed by the rich and powerful and their papers and pulpits, so the revolutionists of today are opposed. As they were victorious, so the revolutionists of today will be victorious. Let us hope, however, that the revolutionists of today will be able to accomplish their aims through a process of peaceful education, of conscious, rapid evolution. Let us hope that the new social order will not have to be baptized in the blood of the authors of its existence. It will not if the revolutionists have their way, if the enlightenment of the people be not postponed too long.

But the new social order must be, though violence and bloodshed attend its coming. Labor will not submit to subjection forever. The soul of man, though chained and cast down, will break its chains and rise to heights that now seem to some of us a most hopeless dream.

This is the month of the nation's birth. Shall we be patriotic? Yes! But our patriotism must not be narrow. It must not be degraded in defense and incitement of uniformed, glorified, military murder. The truer, broader patriotism finds expression in the happiness and prosperity of the people. It is not confined to boundary lines. Regard for every race, love for every land, consideration for the people of every clime—all this is embodied in it.

Such is the patriotism of the true Socialist, the revolutionist of today, and he is striving to make it universal. The work is not easy, but he will succeed, and the descendants of those who denounce and deride him now will place flowers on his grave and pay tributes to his memory.

Original Sin

By JOHN M. WORK

IT WAS a warm morning. I had been pulling the oars vigorously. I had stripped as much as civilized humanity—with its funny mental crotchet to the effect that the human body is disgraceful—will permit. Yet I was still overwarm. Casting about for shade, I spied a tiny island with trees overhanging the water. I bent to the oars and quickly pulled up under the grateful refreshing boughs.

As I sat enjoying the coolness I became conscious of a noisy chattering in the branches above me. Looking up I found that I had attracted the angry attention of a score of mother blackbirds. Evidently their nests and little ones were hard by. I was an intruder. I might mean harm to their dear kiddies. So they made a furious assault upon me with their tongues. More than that. They tried to summon enough courage to assault me with their beaks and wings and claws.

One of them, two dozen feet or so directly above my head, with claws in battle array, let herself descend rapidly right toward me. Maybe it was only a bluff to try to frighten me away. Or, maybe she really intended to attack me. If so, her courage failed when she was within a few inches of my hand-protected face, and she flew away upbraiding me fiercely in her own language.

If they had only known it, I would not have harmed their wee ones for the world. On the contrary, if I could have done anything to help to bring them up in

the way little blackbirds should go, I would have done it with delight in my heart.

But, no; they could not know this. They could only judge me by other human beings. Their forefathers and foremothers had been despoiled and murdered and maltreated by the forebears of the human race. They had found many of the present generation of humans to be their enemies. For the sins of my kind, and for my own early sins, I had to endure the distrust and dislike of these glossy little mothers bent on protecting their young.

There was no help for it. They would not trust me. I saw that I was only a nuisance to them. It is not agreeable to feel that one is a nuisance. So I backed my boat out and pulled off into the blistering sun again.

Some day we shall gain the confidence of the birds.

Rent, Interest and Profit

By CARL D. THOMPSON

SOCIALISTS believe that what one earns he should have. They also believe that what one does not earn he should not have. Yet millions upon millions of dollars are taken by the rich and leisured classes for which they render no return whatever, and render no service to anyone. These millions the Socialists call unearned incomes.

An unearned income may arise from any one of three different sources—interest, profit or rent. All three are perfectly legal and are therefore entirely justified by the present world. But they are unearned, nevertheless.

Socialists would abolish all unearned incomes. Under Socialism everyone would get all that he earned. No one would get what he did not earn.

In order to do this, Socialism proposes that all public utilities and natural resources shall be taken over and publicly owned and operated by the city, state or nation. For it is clear now that it is by means of the private ownership and operation of the public utilities that the unearned incomes are secured. Therefore, it is clear that the public ownership and the proper operation of these utilities may be made to eliminate these unearned incomes.

If landlords and speculators should find some entirely new scheme of getting rent, interest and profit, Socialism would then strike at the new scheme, whatever it might be, until it was defeated. Socialism has this one end in view, viz., to stop exploitation and plunder. Whatever means are necessary to that end, Socialism will use.

The object of Socialism is to cut out unearned incomes. Rent, interest and profit are three forms of unearned incomes. These Socialism will abolish.

Garbage-Fed Babies

By FRANK H. WARE

IN Chicago, thirty children, ranging in years from seven to twelve, scantily clad, emaciated and starving, found their way to their daily rendezvous on South Water Street Market where garbage cans were piled high with decaying fruit and vegetables. To their nostrils the smell must have been nauseating, but to their empty bellies, as they clawed the contents of the cans with eager hands, the food was welcome. Then the police swooped down on these children as they delved in the noisome mess and took them into custody.

It was the first official act of the new health commissioner, and he was going to prove to the city that "efficiency" was to be his motto from the start. In a Reverend-Billy-Sunday manner of "cleaning-the-city-from-hellhole-to-garret" this new commissioner declared he was going to cause a "healthy" revolution.

He came very near succeeding as Kennedy and Rodriguez, Socialist aldermen in the city council, demanded that these children be fed by the city. With a few pointed words they drew the attention of the city administration to a better plan of dealing with starving women and children. They showed the blind ones that lunches furnished free in the schools were more nourishing than the garbage scavenged in the streets and market places.

Of course one should not expect a "sane" capitalist administration to learn much from this as those in the seats of the mighty are not yet even in the Montessori grades of political economy.

The daily garbage feast has long been a shocking public disgrace. Rodriguez and Kennedy have once more proven the advantage of political action that puts rebels with a punch into positions where they can make the most of their opportunity. Naturally there is no finality in supplying free lunches, even to starving children, but it was a good opportunity for effective propaganda, and these comrades seem to have made the most of it.

Point Out the Error

By DR. A. J. STEVENS

DURING more than twenty-six years of affiliation with and propaganda work for the Socialist movement, there has been formulating in my consciousness a program to be used by any and all who sincerely desire to better their own conditions and indirectly the conditions of all mankind. A plan or program for human action, that does not include principles which, when applied, will benefit all physically, mentally and spiritually, is not complete and not comprehensive enough to warrant a trial by the twentieth century people.

I hope you will not consider me an egotist or "smart-aleck" in making the following statements—for if you do, you will be classing such men as Alfred Russell Wallace, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Wm. Thompson, Thos. A. Edison, Carl Marx, Abraham Lincoln, "T. K." et al., also as much—for I am repeating somewhat from these illustrious men; men who have spent many years of scientific research after the truth, concerning a Right Life's Program.

Most people, now-a-days, believe in the evolutionary theory of life, as advanced by Darwin and Wallace. Wallace, after more than forty years of research, confirmed their material evolutionary theory of life, but went Darwin one better, viz., he, A. R. Wallace, added to their material evolution a spiritual evolution.

Darwin says, evolution is confined to the material only; Wallace, Lodge, Wm. Thompson, Edison and "T. K." say that evolution includes not only the physical but also the spiritual or psychical.

Abraham Lincoln believed in a spiritual realm and strenuously advocated the betterment of material conditions here on earth to facilitate man's moral, spiritual and psychical development, which are necessary to evolutionary freedom here and hereafter.

As a sort of a nerve tonic to the ultra materialist, let me say here that the existence of a future state or condition for man has already been scientifically demonstrated or proven by and through the material-science methods of investigation, as well as by psychical methods.

My program or plan therefore includes principles and rules of life to be applied here and now, but at the same time principles and rules which will—when lived rightly—fit us for the next realm. The two seeming different realms or states of existence differ only in degree of fineness, vibration, consciousness, etc., and not in reality. The study of the X-ray phenomena, the mathematical relations of colors and musical tones, and the integration and disintegration of matter will help us to comprehend this correlation existing between the two conditions—the here and the hereafter.

Science is "exact knowledge of the facts of nature, classified and systematized; and youth is the established relation which the facts of nature sustain to each other and to man." We cannot get outside of nature. Everything we think or do falls within nature. And in the degree that we scientifically adjust ourselves to nature and nature's laws, in that degree we free ourselves from starvation, overwork, fear of want, fear of "hell," etc.

No doubt but that we all wonder: why so much physical suffering exists in the midst of plenty? Why so much mental anguish and spiritual doubt are experienced by the majority of people in the midst of so many philosophies, religions and panaceas for happiness? And our wonder increases—until our Program of Life shall be constructed along lines which include both phases of life, viz., the physical and spiritual. When we leave out either the physical or spiritual we have but half a truth or program, and we all know that we can't do this in mathematics, music, or any of the sciences and expect accurate results.

Life is either destructive or constructive, temporal or permanent; and as life has been proven to be continuous and scientific it therefore follows that a program to be consistent must include all phases of life.

Our Socialist program is like Darwin's evolution—it is good as far as it goes. It considers but a part of life—the physical. To be sure it (the Socialists' program) is par excellence compared with our aged commercialized material program.

We are seeing the fruition of this latter program in the war of Europe. There property and material things are more highly prized than human life. It is the same here in the United States, except we are not using the "up-to-date" and modern methods of killing. We are using the slow, crafty and cunning processes of killing, viz., starving, overwork, fear-of-want, fear-of-hell, etc.

Nature gives us abundant opportunities for investigation, appropriation and assimilation. The Socialists have investigated the material conditions and have arrived at a general agreement, but are divided as to the appropriation method.

This division tends to neutralize or destroy our power, and whatever destroys our power is unwise. If

this be true in the political field, it is true in the economic and every other phase of human activity. Our experience has taught us that co-operation is a law of nature. The atoms co-operate to form the molecule and the molecules unite to form the cell and the cells join to form the organism, whether mineral, vegetable, animal or man. If any part of an organism—a wagon, a watch, a flower, or man—fails to perform its function then the efficiency of the whole is curtailed.

Man is a physical, spiritual and psychical organism. If his material leg or eye is destroyed, we at once decide that the whole organism is affected. We also say if a man has "wheels in his head" or is not of sound mind, he is deficient in his usefulness. If he gets drunk, angry, or is not truthful and is immoral, we at once class him as not the best.

Science has demonstrated that lief is continuous and that we take with us on leaving this realm certain things accumulated while in this physical body—in a word, character, whether good or bad. We say a bad character is not desirable here, and neither is it "over there." Material things we leave behind. They are only useful during our short stay on earth, but are very necessary while here. We cannot build character which we take with us, without the material things at the same time.

Now our program must include character building as the goal and material things for use while here, in order to conform to nature's intent or laws. Without character we are non compos mentis, but with good character we are good lovers, brothers, sisters, parents and citizens. Good character establishes unity, co-operation and power. Teach from the Progressive Life how to acquire good character. The Land Colony is pushing ahead. Every modern appliance within reach for lightening the "load" of life is being utilized by these Socialists. They are proceeding with determination that means success.

I note with heartfelt gratitude, in the last Western Comrade, that the children will be initiated under the Montessori method of education and that every opportunity is being given them for recreation and education.

Our program then must include the spiritual welfare as well as the phyiscal.

Molding a Man

By GRAY HARRIMAN

JOHN and Raymond were brothers. They lived on a homestead, in the middle west, right on the very edge of a great rolling prairie.

John was the first born and therefore the favorite. It was John who had the mittens with the double lining. It was John who sat upon the horsehair upholstered couch, that was reserved for guests only. It was John that could harness up the old gray and go to the husking bee. It was John this and John that.

At last the mother of these boys decided that John must be given an education. John went to college. John went to the mountains during his vacation. For there it was, that he would meet educated people, people that could help his career. Thus it was that John lived soft.

As for Raymond, he got up and made the fire in the old drum stove, fed the stock and went down the old icy path to the spring. Raymond was told that he did not need an education, one in the family was enough. His mother and father had never had an education.

John finished his education and married a society girl in the east. He had a good position as a corporation attorney, but he needed his salary to live as an attorney should in his position, and just could not spare any to his folks.

The mother was tired of life's grim struggle and at the age of sixty succumbed. Raymond was now left with the mortgaged farm upon his shoulders. John had of late forgotten to write. The farm was run down, so Raymond left and went into the bigger world.

Some years after Raymond was one of myriad cogs in a great industrial machine and lived in one of those boxes, which is one of an endless row. His wife was sick, sick with the great white plague; his son was a weak boy, his health undermined by the insanitary conditions of the coal mines. Raymond worked twelve hours each day in the damp coal mines. He dared not stop, or the rent and doctor bills would come due and the company did not tolerate laxness in the paying of debts.

John, what had become of him? He was elected governor of the state in which Raymond worked. John's friends had pulled political wires and elected him. He owed much to them. His wife had satisfied her social ambitions. Yes it is true the owners of the coal mines had compelled their employes to vote for John as governor, but that was politics.

The conditions in the coal mines were terrible. There were none of the new safety appliances, for they detracted from the dividends, and large dividends meant general business prosperity.

The miners struck. The mine owners went to John and said: "Our employes are damaging our business; we supported you for governor, now send us troops

The Conscript

By MARY E. GARBUTT

THE Conscript goes with sullen mien and downcast eyes
To face the cannon's mouth.
He may return again to home and wife,
Once more take up his humble life—
Or he may fall a victim in the strife.

He has no foe that urges to the fight;
He is not called some cruel wrong to right.
He goes because he's caught within the net
Of some strong, cruel power that takes away his will
To act a freeman's part.

The Conscript feels no savage lust for blood;
No military glory fires his soul:
But rather in his humble breast is found
A spirit friendly to all human kind
Of every race and clime.

And yet the word goes forth he must obey,
And march into the thickest of the fray
To do the very things his soul revolts against.

If he could only nerve himself, a man of strength,
To voice the slumbering instinct of his heart;
He would resist this age-long tyranny of crowns
That forces him to do this cruel wrong
To his own soul.

Upon the battlefield in trenches grim
Beside his brothers slain—
Amid the shrieks and groans of dying men
At last his soul is stirred—his mind awakes:
His heart burns with a flame that cannot die.

He breaks the age-long chains that bind him fast;
In courage strong he stands at last.
He calls aloud with shouts of joy
Across the lines to those in trenches there—

"Are we not friends and comrades, oh ye men?
Have we a grievance that we wound and slay?
I send across to you, my brothers,
Love's way to settle every wrong.
No more like cattle dumb will we obey—
Like freemen strong we will arise
And, joining hands, build us a world
Radiant with joy—with freedom, and good will!"

to protect our business and property.

The troops were sent. A riot resulted owing to the white heat of both factions. A woman was struck by a soldier in the melee. Raymond had had no education, therefore his moral code was crude, but this was too much. He struck the soldier in return, he struck harder than he intended, and killed him. Raymond was court-martialed and deported to a military prison under a "life" sentence, which meant death.

John had a son, who was educated much the same as his father. The son was now in the real estate business and owned a tract of land in Florida, which was absolutely worthless. Nevertheless, he sold many lots and cleared something like $80,000. It was not his fault that his victims had not investigated.

Late one night a thin, weak and shoulder-bent creature succeeded in breaking into the parlor of John's son's house. The son of John heard the noise and, grasping his revolver, crept in upon the intruder and captured him. The police were summoned and the thief quickly taken away. The law condemned him. Thus he became a criminal. The law did not ask why his mother died in the little unfurnished one-room company house? It did not ask why his father had been given "life" imprisonment? It did not ask about the advantages which both father and son had never been able to gain. It weighed only the fact that he had been caught with the goods.

The son of John was elected a judge and accredited by all a good fellow. The law did not ask where he made his wealth or whether his father was an honest man. It cared not, he was a business success. Yet some say environment molds not the man.

But Why Crow?

The wife of a Sacramento Socialist has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robins, her second Sparrow, the present Quale. There are now two young robins, one sparrow and three quales in the family. One grandfather was a Swan and another a Jay, but he's dead now and a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk avenue, Eagleville, Canary Island, and the fellow who wrote this is a Lyre and a relative of the family.

Fate

By Jack Wolf

THE sky is leaden, the air bodes ill,
All nature broods in a threat to kill.
The lion roars in the forest deep
But I, in my house secure, shall sleep.

The storm passed weakly, the sky is blue,
The ship is safe and the hunters too,—
But the man in his house upon the rock,
Has disappeared in an earthquake shock!

How to Tell a Democrat

By W. W. Pannell

MY friend, the Socialist, was one day leading a rather diminutive Jersey cow down the main street of his little home town, by means of a rope tied to a ring in the animal's nose, when he was challenged by a young Democrat of the place, as follows:

"Say, Uncle, that's a Socialist cow, isn't it?"

"No," replied my friend with emphasis. "This is a Democrat cow."

"How do you make that out, Uncle?"

"How!" exploded our friend, "You dummy, can't you see that I am leading it by the nose?"

Wanted—Two Million Votes

Socialist vote in 1900.....	96,991
Socialist vote in 1904.....	407,227
Socialist vote in 1908.....	424,488
Socialist vote in 1912.....	901,012
SOCIALIST VOTE IN 1916..	2,000,000

WE now have about 475 elected officials of all kinds, including state legislators, mayors, sheriffs, councilmen, judges, constables, members of school boards, etc.

If the Socialist Party polls 2,000,000 votes in 1916, the Socialists elected to office in the United States will be counted by the thousands. Numerous cities and counties, AND POSSIBLY ONE OR TWO STATES will fall into our hands.

It is plain, therefore, that the results will be achieved by the doubling of our vote in 1916 are far greater than the results ever before achieved by a similar increase.

Never before was the doubling of our votes so profoundly to be wished for as at this time.

REVOLT IN MEXICO

Read the Correct Interpretation of Underlying Motives in the Most Remarkable and Valuable Book of the Year

The Mexican People-- Their Struggle for Freedom

—By—

L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon

Eugene V. Debs says:

"* * * It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman Church and on the other by the military power."

Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

Price $1.50

We will send you this book and The Western Comrade for one year for $2.00

Be Natural and You Will Be Damned

By Stuart Taber

PR-R-rrr-e-eet! Tu WEET-T-T!
Whe-e-eet! tu WHOO-oooooooo!
Wild—shrill—loud—soft,
And purple-shadow smooth;
Trills of love, good songs of food;
Twitters at cloudlets;
Bold warbles to breezes,
Mad joy-screams at NOTHING!
NOT CARING A DAMN!

So burbles unhampered,
All healthy with freedom—
Erratic as wind,
The wonderful,
Clean-bodied
BIRD!

No purity fiends to infect him,
No life-searing legends of Christ;
No laws save the dictums of NATURE,
No fools to bray at his antics!
He comes and goes at his leisure,
No master in his, save Desire!
His pranks lead him not to a madhouse;
Without shame he may love in the sunlight;
His food he may choose from ALL food,
And no joint-swelling labor is his.
He is free! Free! FREE!
As free as the clean white cloud!

And am I not as great as a bird?
Must I cripple my body with toil
That some fat fool and his greasy woman
May swathe their filth in silks?
Must I mute my good clean songs of flesh,
And steal my love in the glooms of night?
Must the yellow teeth of the PACK
Grind the will that NATURE gave to ME?

Watch the Bird!
WATCH ME!

THE JONES BOOK STORE
226 West First St., Los Angels, Cal.
Headquarters for the best Socialist books and literature.

INSURANCE
Fire, Life, Accident, Liability
Automobile, Etc.
Best Companies Lowest Rates
P. D. NOEL
—— Phones ——
Main 5247. A-4533 Residence 31238
Will be glad to call on you

Pictures for Propaganda

Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

"If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed . . ."

And again Gen. Otis says:

"Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers . . ."—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

EVERYMAN (Monthly)

Each Issue Has an Important Lecture or Essay by

Clarence Darrow

Year $1.50, Copy 25 Cents

516 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles

Knit Underwear

Cheapest Because It Wears Best

Women's

Union Suits, low neck, knee length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... $1.25
Union Suits, half low neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... 1.25
Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44 ..... .35
Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46 ..... 1.50
Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½ ..... .30
Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½ ... .50

Men's

Undershirts, light weight, cream, sizes 34 to 44 .. $ .75
Undershirts, light weight, black, sizes 34 to 44 .. 1.00
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... .75
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... 1.00
Shirts and Drawers, double fleeced, grey, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.25
Shirts and Drawers, Egyptian cotton, ecru, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.50

Girls'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 30 ... $ .50
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 30 ..... 1.00
Hose, black, tan or white, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25

Children's

Taped unions, answering purpose of a waist, sizes 20 to 28 ..... $ .65
Same as above, only better grade, sizes 20 to 28 ... 1.05

Boys'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 32 .... $ .60
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 32 ..... .90
Sportsman's hose for boys, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25 to .40

Pure Wool Goods

Made by Wool Growers' Co-operative Mills.
Direct From Sheep's Back to Your Back.

Black and Grey Mackinaw Coat, length 35 inches, sizes 36 to 44 ..... $8.00
Trousers, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes $4.00
Shirts, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes 3.00

Blankets

White or grey, 70x82 in., weight 5 lbs. $7.85
Grey, 70x82 in., weight 7½ lbs. 9.90

Men's Hose

Extra wearing value, black, sizes 9 to 11½ ..... $ .25
Heavy weight, black, sizes 9 to 11½, 3 pairs 1.00

Llano del Rio Community

(Mail Order Department)

923 Higgins Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

(Make all checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Company)

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vo. III June, 1915 No. 3

Inspiration or Gloom?

By Edouard d'Ormand

LINGERING a moment in the delightful atmosphere of insouisance that thinly covers the splendid spirit of comradeship in the editorial office of this magazine I once overheard a criticism based solely upon cover-page appearance of one number —that the publication was "too gloomy."

I have since wondered if any of the readers of the inside pages shared in the opinion of the all too superficial critic. If there be such may I be permitted to dispel their false conclusions. The editor is so hopeful, so earnest and compelling in his enthusiasm that all who surround him are at times carried away with his fervor and I have seen half a dozen persons, sometimes casual visitors, suddenly plunged into a state of febrile energy while all turned in with a will and worked at various tasks incident to getting out circulars and publicity matter for the mail or pushing forward the propaganda of co-operative action.

If this passes the censorship I ask you to believe this editor is the most hopeful and optimistic man I know. Beside him at work I am led to join in his belief in the aphorism of Saint Simon: "L'age d'or, qu'une aveugel tradition a place jusqu ici dans le passe, est devant nous" (The golden age which blind tradition has hitherto placed in the past, is just before us). Not that there is a belief of flowery beds of ease without first the suffering of Gehenna—that is already here—but we are going through it, perhaps with a fight more sharp than most dare face. That is a part of the game.

I find here no shrinking from the future. Here rather the spirit of boldly facing the straight pathway no matter how "charged with punishment the scroll." Here is the fearless wish that the fight, if it must come, will come while we have a "clear sighting eye and a steady trigger finger."

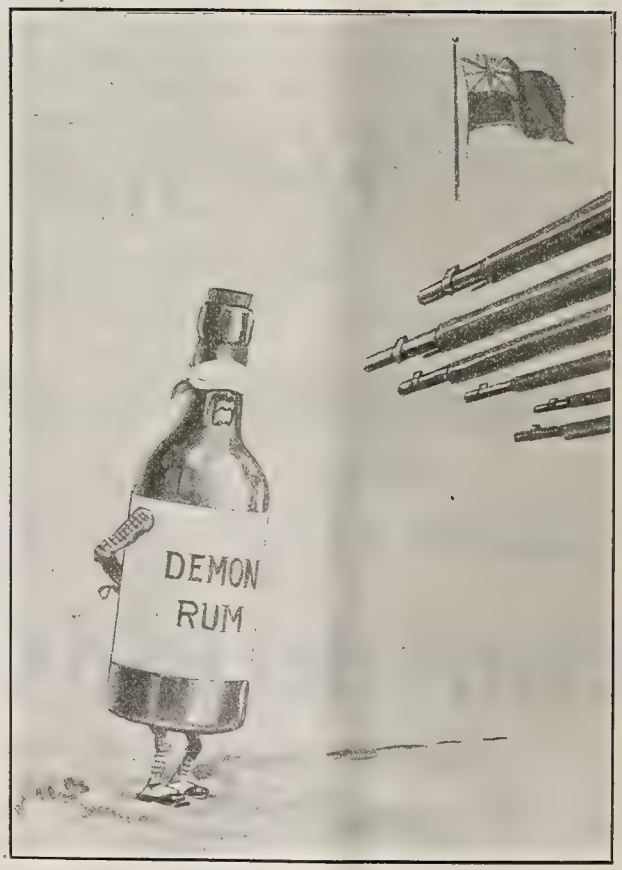
"If you are looking for philosophical fatalism you won't find it in the office of the Western Comrade. If you want the inspiration of boiling, seething activity and confident hopefulness borne along with the impelling buoyancy of confidence, strength and virility drop in a minute, as I like to do, and get a "shot of hope." Don't linger too long or you will either be brushed aside as a chip on the eddy—or put to work.

War and Alcohol

WAR has hit the alcohol business a terrific jolt. Plunged into the war, the great nations found that social cognizance of the alcohol menace had to be taken.

Some workers in this country are predicting that the use of alcohol will decline in this country, because the lesson being learned in war-torn Europe will not be lost on America. "We workingmen need to be wide-awake and at our best every minute, for our fight is serious and never-ending," said a Trade Union leader. "The sooner we cut out the booze, the better it will be for us. We are up against the shrewdest men in the country. We can't afford to poison our brains. I would like to see the whole Labor Movement put the ban on alcohol. It poisons and kills. It never has won any battle for us and never will. Cut it out!"

And he was no prude. He was just a good, hard fighter who has been through a lot of fights and knows what is needed to win.



NEXT EXECUTION

Will Henry Think?

By NARGI YINGA

A PHYSICIAN on his morning walk found a five dollar bill. As a keen diagnostician he detected some congenital discrepancy in the greenback,—but he also observed it bore such a convincing likeness to the ones printed on the legalized press that he decided it would well serve in paying a bill he owed his genial but insistent butcher.

As the butcher started to put what he thought was a legal satisfaction of an honest debt in his till, a farmer entered and called his attention to a long overdue account. Without delay the butcher handed over the doctor's recent find to the farmer—and the farmer beamed with satisfaction.

Then the farmer went to the blacksmith and, using the same five, paid for the repairs on his wagon. But the blacksmith, who gloried in his promptness in paying his debts, ran over to the doctor's and settled for services rendered during the blacksmith's wife's illness.

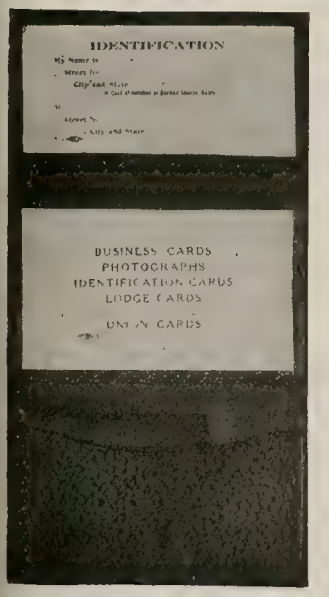
The doctor on finding himself in possession of his early morning find concluded it was best to retire his emergency currency from circulation, as it had not been legalized by the "millionaire club" at headquarters. This he quickly accomplished by laying the spurious bill on the fire of his open grate.

One of the chief differences between the physician and the bankers was that the physician had to go with his honest debt unpaid (as did the butcher, the farmer and the blacksmith) until the piece of paper was found by the roadside: while the famous emergency currency promoters have the advantage of printers' ink and paper.

Now, who thinks that the doctor, the butcher, the farmer and the blacksmith were swindled in the above transaction? Were they not all satisfied that their debts were paid?

The moral to this tale is admittedly obvious, but—think it over, Henry, give it a thought!

Socialists Attention!



In order to place a copy of our catalogue of union-made goods in the hands of every reader of The Western Comrade, we will send postage prepaid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, one of our genuine sheepskin-leather card cases BEARING THE UNION LABEL.

This card case contains four pockets, one large for bills and papers, one for your dues-stamp book, and two with transparent windows for union membership cards. This is the ONLY CARD CASE on the market made by Organized Labor and bearing the union label. It is no longer necessary for a class-conscious Socialist to be inconsistent.

Send fifty cents in stamps or money order.

MUTUAL UNION TRADING COMPANY

(The only exclusive union label merchandisers)
(Owned and managed by members of the working class)

9 Board of Trade Court, CHICAGO, ILLS.

The American Socialist

Official Organ of the

Socialist Party of America.

The American Socialist speaks with authority. It is a powerful news and propaganda weekly and is the only paper in the United States which gives an account of the official business of the Socialist Party.

Every Socialist. Every Student of Socialism should be a subscriber.

Subscription Price
50 cents a year.

The American Socialist and The Western Comrade can be had in combination for one year by sending $1.25 to

THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

If you like

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

at all, you will like it BETTER than any other magazine

Send your name and address on a postcard to PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, 425 East 24th Street, New York City, for a

FREE SAMPLE COPY

AND SEE; then subscribe through us—

HERE'S A BARGAIN

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.50 (the price of Pearson's alone) to

The Western Comrade
923 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

More Fun at Llano

A SUNDAY school teacher one day caught "sanctification" and a "glimpse of heaven." The following Sunday she told her class of little boys of the joys and pleasures they would derive when once they get inside the pearly gates.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, when she thought she had them hypnotized, "how many of you want to go to heaven?"

All stood save little Jimmy.

"Stand up with the rest of us, Jimmy," came persuasively from the teacher. "You want to go to heaven, don't you?"

"Nope!" was Jimmy's firm response.

"Why, Jimmie!" fairly screamed the astounded teacher, "of course you do! We all do! Why, heaven is wonderful; it is sublime; it is——"

"Aw——" broke in Jimmie, "I don't want to go there. My old man's joined the Llano del Rio Colony."

Historical Accuracy

Comrade Theodore Roosevelt is peevish because a cartoonist has pictured him with the wrong foot in the stirrup while mounting a horse. Accuracy—historical accuracy is indispensable. Perhaps that's why the colonel placed his O. K. on a statuette of himself, mounted on a broncho charging up San Juan Hill when there were no mounted American troops in Cuba.

Statement of ownership, management and circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of

THE WESTERN COMRADE

published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for April 1, 1915:

Managing editor, Job Harriman, 923 Higgins building.

Editor, Frank E. Wolfe, 923 Higgins building.

Business manager, Frank E. Wolfe, 923 Higgins building.

Publisher, Job Harriman, 923 Higgins building.

Owner, Job Harriman, 923 Higgins building.

Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders holding one per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

JOB HARRIMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1915.

C. V. EGGLESTON,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(My commission expires Nov. 19, 1918.)

THE SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN BOOK FOR 1914

Will give you up-to-date information about

The Socialist Movement
The Labor Movement
Co-operation
Exploitation
Wages and Hours
Unemployment
Child Labor
Woman and Labor
Industrial Accidents
Poverty
The High Cost of Living
White Slavery
Crime
The Old Parties
The Progressives
Syndicalism
Concentration of Wealth
The Trusts
Profits
Socialists in Office

and many other things of interest to Socialists and students—too many to mention.

It has been compiled by the INFORMATION DEPARTMENT OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY and is the most complete reference book of that character that has ever been published.

Bound in flexible cloth, 350 pages.

50 CENTS A COPY.

THE WESTERN COMRADE $1 PER YEAR

SPECIAL COMBINATION

We will send you THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year and THE CAMPAIGN BOOK FOR $1.25. Address Circulation Department, 924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

The British Columbia Federationist

Room 217
Labor Temple
Vancouver, B. C.
$1.25 Per Year
Issued Weekly

R. Parm Pettipiece, Managing Editor

A labor paper unparalleled by any labor paper of Canada. Endorsed by the Victoria Trades and Labor Council and New Westminster Trades and Labor Council. Official organ of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council and British Columbia Federation of Labor. The paper for Industrial Unity, Political Unity, Strength and Victory! If you do not take this paper you should subscribe today!

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619
A. J. STEVENS
Dentist
306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 400 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools will open at the fall term with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pubils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony schools.

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products.

There are about 150 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has about forty work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 100 egg-making birds, some of them blue-ribbon prize winners. About 2000 additional chicks were added in May. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

About 60,000 rainbow trout have been hatched in the colony's fish hatchery, and it is intended to add several hundred thousand each year.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory.

About 120 acres of garden has been planted this year.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Base-ball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and nearly 600 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock.

Each pays cash ($750) for 750 shares.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the $4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated fund may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 924 Higgins building, Los Angeles, California.

Is Your Job Safe?

Hundreds are safeguarding themselves by joining the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony in the Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, where climate and surroundings are ideal for an agricultural and industrial community

This community is doing constructive and productive work in one of the most beautiful valleys in Southern California. The climate and surroundings are ideal. The Colony was founded and is conducted under the direct supervision of Job Harriman, who has been a leader in the Socialist movement in America for the past 25 years. The Colony is solving for its members and their families the serious problems and disemployment and insecurity for the future. Here is an example of COOPERATION IN ACTION.

There were originally one thousand memberships. Six hundred of these are sold and the remainder are selling rapidly. Men and women of nearly every useful occupation are needed in the community. These men are following the latest scientific methods in farming, stock raising, dairying, poultry production, bee keeping, trout hatching and rearing, and other agricultural and industrial pursuits. Social life is most delightful. If you are willing to apply the principles of co-operation of which you have heard, talked and read so much, here is your opportunity. Co-operation is a practical thing and must be worked out in a practical manner. By this method we can accelerate the great world movement toward the socialization of all the sources of human life.

Do you want to solve your own vexatious problems and assist in this great enterprise? We want Colonists and we want representatives who can speak and write the message of freedom. You can make good from this hour if you will take hold and secure members. You can make this organization work a permanent business. See the story of the Colony on page 15 of this magazine, take advantage of your opportunity and write for particulars.

Llano del Rio Company

924 Higgins Building — Los Angeles, California

August, 1915
Ten Cents

The Western Comrade

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

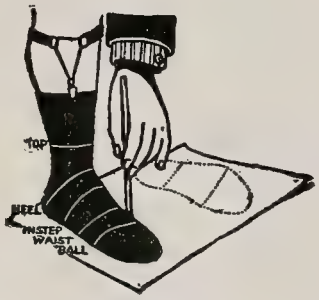
IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 10-inch boots	5.00
Ladies' 14-inch boots	5.50
Men's Elk shoes	4.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	3.50
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5 to 8	1.75
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.25
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	2.50

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.



Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONTENTS

Current Topics. By Frank E. Wolfe.....Page 5

Southern Chivalry Vindicated.....Page 8

That Heavenly Mississippi. By Frank E. Wolfe...Page 9

Out of the Night! By George F. Hibner.....Page 10

Llano Colony's Progress Rapid.....Page 11

Aid to Our Kings. By Frank H. Ware.....Page 15

Robert Minor—Cartoonist of the Revolt.....Page 16

Billy's Buffoonery .....Page 18

The Muddling Worker. By Homer Constantine....Page 19

Do You Really Want Socialism? By John M. Work.Page 19

Truth Will Conquer. By Albert A. James.....Page 20

Recall This Judge!.....Page 21

Christian Balzac Hoffman.....Page 22

Let Men Live! By Edmund R. Brumbaugh.....Page 23

The Latest from Llano. By M. A. Kempf.....Page 24

Business is "Good".....Page 26

CARTOONS

The "Secret Enemy".....Frontispiece

Over Warsaw .....Page 6

Brightening Business Skies.....Page 7

In Georgia .....Page 8

The Responsibility for the War.....Page 15

Labor Cartoons by Robert Minor.....Page 16

An Impertinent Uncle.....Page 23

Fertilizing the American Beauty Rose.....Page 28

The "Secret Enemy"

Labour "Leader": "Vot does de Var matter?!—Vy, you vould be chust as vell off under the Chermans! plenty monny, plenty time for —— drink, Eh?"—The Bystander.

British newspapers overlook no opportunity to brand as traitor every worker who has the spirit to revolt. Labor leaders are denounced as German spies. This has had its effect on every class but the workers. They are coming to know the capitalist prostitute press too well.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action — Co-operation — Direct Action

VOL. III — LOS ANGELES, CAL., AUGUST, 1915 — NUMBER 4

Scene in Big Rock Canyon

CURRENT TOPICS

By Frank E. Wolfe

WAR in Europe closed the "fiscal year" on August 1 and each party in the business balanced books and added and subtracted figures showing losses and gains.

The first total shows a loss in dead, wounded and missing of 10,716,210 men. Fighting during August will run this total far above 10,800,000.

The next total shows a loss in money of $16,500,000,000. To this total add $45,000,000 each day since August 1.

These figures do not include naval losses or ships of commerce that are destroyed hourly. German submarines have sunk nearly 300 ships since their under-sea campaign began several months ago.

These figures only cover the direct losses and do not take any account of non-combatants who are doomed to die miserable lingering deaths, nor do they cover the untold losses of villages destroyed, cities pillaged, crops ruined and the general ravishment of entire districts. The figures do not cover the greater loss through destruction of productive industry nor the killing of strong workers or the creation of nations of cripples and madmen.

The expense indicated in these figures is entailed by putting 22,000,000 men on the battle line.

With 9,000,000 fighting men in field, fort and fleet, Germany has held 13,000,000 at bay. The mad Kaiser has forced the fighting and preserved the Vaterland from the heel of the enemy. Germany has produced her own food and munitions and her allies find themselves, at the end of the year, scouring the countries of the earth for food and munitions.

THE cost of the war in everything but money will have to be paid. The debt incurred by the awful toll of human life will have to be paid. The ruined cities may be rebuilt in half a century. Restoration of industries will be the work of the people for the next generation, but there is one debt that will never be paid.

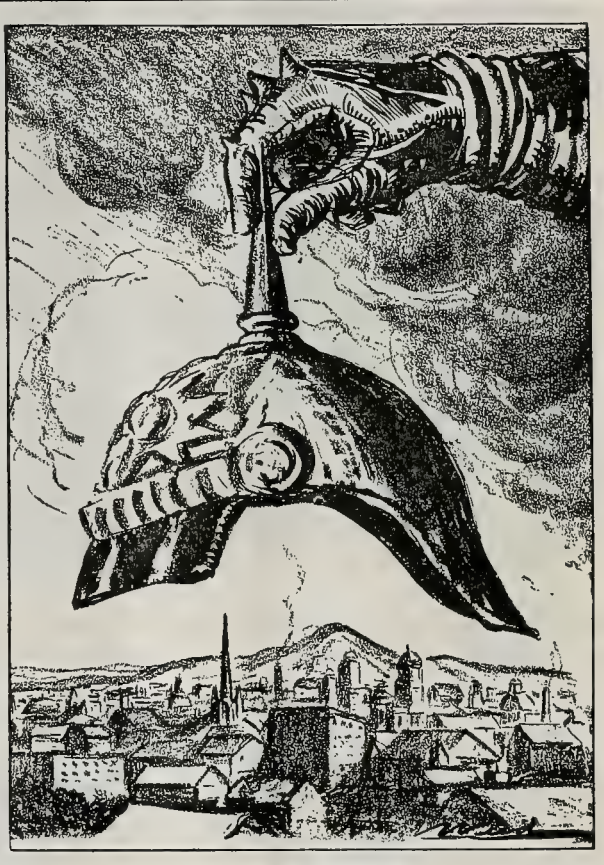
War bonds universally will be repudiated. War debts will not be liquidated. This must be obvious when one considers the size of the debt at this hour. The ever mounting total reaches $66,000,000,000 and the increase is more rapid every day. Sixty-six billions of dollars! We cannot begin to comprehend the magnitude of these figures. We do not know if the concrete wealth of the world reaches to this colossal total.

Not enough gold has ever been mined to pay the interest on the debt this world-war will have rolled up.

If any nation involved should survive the crash, repudiation would be inevitable. There is no other way. To refund such a debt would be to mortgage the future and enslave races for a thousand years. This would mean a revolt that would sweep the nations out of existence. Repudiation of war debt—and all other debt is inevitable. The revolution is at hand! The ending of the war will mean that none of the nations now involved can stop. No two nor no group can conclude a peace that will mean anything but the beginning of a still fiercer struggle from within. To fight on and on is the only way. Exhaustion of the monetary resources of the world is at hand. Next will come exhaustion of the supply of men and munitions. Then will come another peace of Warsaw—the peace of death! Then the real fight, the revolt of the people! The survivors, the so-called "unfit"!

Gloomy outlook? Yes, it is gruesome enough. It is not more dismal than the situation. Our critics who dislike to think, prefer more cheerful scenes. Would that there was a more hopeful outlook for the world. The writer of today cannot keep away from contemperaneous history and these are the most momentous days since the dawn of this era of the human race.

WHEN the passengers sailed on the Titanic's first and last voyage they took the ordinary risks of steamship travel under a system of profits first and safety last. They knew an attempt would be made to break records. Plunging through the fog under full forced pressure the ship was driven to its doom. Speed meant mail contracts and fame,



OVER WARSAW
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

that meant profits! Hundreds were murdered there but they had at least the chance to die in the open.

When the Lusitania sailed from New York the passengers on board took the hazard of booking on a ship carrying contraband of war if not actually an armed auxiliary cruiser. For the owners a successful voyage through the undersea blockade there was gold and glory—profits! Those on board risked

their lives and many died, but they went down heroically in the open seas.

The 1500 victims of greed who perished in the Chicago horror died miserably—crushed, suffocated in the crowded cabins or in the unspeakable filth of the slimy miasmatic ooze of the rivers.

There is small chance of the Eastland disaster causing a diplomatic rupture with any one or even division in the President's cabinet. There will be investigations, coroner's verdicts, probably indictments, trials, more trials, convictions, appeals and all the weary and bootless details of the course of the law. At the end nothing will be done to remove the cause of these murders. We shall continue to kill as long as there are profits in taking risks of wholesale murder.

✤ ✤ ✤

WHEN hundreds of Canadian Henry Dubbs reached for their pay envelopes the other day they found a little slip which read:

"Your King and Country need you; we don't."

That means: "You're fired. You now have the alternative of starving or enlisting."

Of course Great Britain has never resorted to actual conscription, and never expects to.

In England every measure short of forcible conscription of the workers has been adopted. Every class but the workers is deeply interested in the war. Royalty, nobility and the loyal sons of capitalism have unhesitatingly plunged into the war. They see the necessity of preserving the existing order and of saving England—for themselves.

In Canada the same spirit seems to hold. There are thousands of unemployed, and there seems no likelihood of a dearth of workers. To discharge a few thousand will mean lower wages and more profits. Truly these be parlous days for Henry and Henrietta.

✤ ✤ ✤

LOS ANGELES firemen appealed to the voters of the working class and on an initiative act they were given the two-platoon system. The working class voted solidly for the measure which gave the firemen an opportunity to go home to their family for a period out of every twenty-four hours.

This was voted at an election of city officials on an "economy and efficiency" platform. "Vote for us and reduce your taxes," was the slogan, and a majority of the council was elected on that war cry. There was much rejoicing at the achievement.

When the initiative law went into effect the council closed ten firehouses, some of them near the school houses. Then the "civic" organizations got busy and the infamous Municipal League led a movement to bring about the repeal of the two-platoon law.

BRIGHTENING BUSINESS SKIES
Running Up an Awful Big Bill
—Des Moines Register and Leader

Twenty organizations joined in the action, prominent in which was the notorious Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and other Labor-hating

institutions. A majority of the City Council will join in the action. The power of the prostitute press will be thrown against the law and the initiative made a mockery. Political action will win for the workers? Does it pay to dally with this?

✤ ✤ ✤

BULLETINS from the office of information of the United States Department of Agriculture disclose a pleasant little deception on the part of certain worthy gentlemen who buy smutty barley from the farmers at a low price, then proceed to mix it with lime and sell it for "choice brewing barley." Inspectors say it is difficult to discover the fraud by a casual examination, but a chemical analysis shows the lime and the smut.

This adulteration and befouled barley finds its way to your dining table in some guise. There is no escape. You are poisoned for profit.

Southern Chivalry Vindicated

THE world holds Georgia in contempt. The cowardly murder of Leo Frank is a crowning act of infamy of all the long list of atrocities perpetrated in the southern states in the past few years.

With the guilt or innocence of Frank we are not concerned. With Hearst and Burns and a part of the capitalist press in search of advertising contracts arrayed on one side and another wing of the same press on the other side there is no getting at the truth. As to the blood guilt of the people of Georgia there is no shadow of doubt.

Leo Frank is dead. Georgia chivalry is vindicated and the manifest superiority of the southern gentleman once more has been satisfactorily demonstrated. There will follow a series of arrests, trials, demonstrations for and against the defendants. Possibly there may be some convictions and some "legal" murders. Georgia will thus have an opportunity to adopt the Mississippi plan of vicarious atonement by following a series of lynchings with a couple of legal hangings. If a way can be found to take someone who has killed someone out and kill them "legally" the fair name and fame of the state is saved.

This Georgia mob is the worst one of modern times. Its act was as studiedly cruel and cold blooded as, say, the Mississippi mob that "legally" combined a watermelon feast and a double hanging. The deed was as dastardly as that of the state of Georgia a year ago when, under the regime of Gov. Stanton, a boy was "legally" hanged on the accusation of being an accessory to an illegal murder. This mob acted after months of "cooling time." There was no sudden pitch of passion, no hot headed demand for vengence. It was as deliberate, bestial and revolting as, for instance, the "legal" hanging by the California mob which assembled vicariously at San Quentin and strangled Ralph Farris a few months ago.

IN GEORGIA
The Southern Gentleman Demonstrates His Superiority
—The Masses.

That Heavenly Mississippi

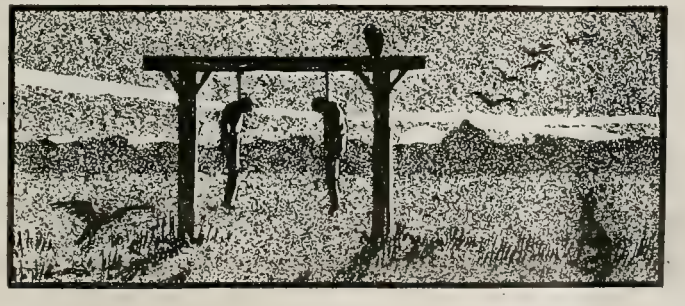
By FRANK E. WOLFE

THERE is a land of pure delight—Mississippi! They hanged two negroes there recently—legally! So rare and unusual was this legal phase that the occasion was made a gala day. Five thousand persons were in attendance and there was a great diversity of features in the entertainment preceding the main event.

Dependent ever on the daily press we lose some of the finer points of the day's delightful diversion, but enough comes through to show that in the populace of this southern state we have still a lot of the true spirit of Americanism.

Starkville, formerly a tank town, jumped into everlasting fame when the sheriff, with true southern nobility of character, sprung the trap. Removing his hat he waved it gallantly and shouted, "Goodbye, boys, and good luck!" (What element of luck or chance entered where men swung off to glory filled with watermelon, soda pop and fried chicken?)

These men were "legally" tried and the sentence of the judge was "legally" executed. They had arisen in wrath and slain a Pullman porter. In our less civilized and semi-barbaric state we would have been prone to declare the act merited reward rather than deserved punishment.



Features of the day were free lemonade, scriptural reading, free sandwiches, political speeches by county candidates, church and Sabbath school announcements, sale of souvenirs of rope and scaffold, psalms of Moses and the lamb, watermelon and fried chicken (served exclusively to the condemned) and a score of other delightful, grand and petit divertissements.

One newspaper account of the affair gives a keen flash of insight when it naively states: "Back of and through it all was a sensed realization that Mississippi has been lax in the enforcement of the law and that this legal execution would go far to restore the fair name of the state."

Great! Simply wonderful! Here we have a vicarious atonement so simple and concrete that the most bone-headed of us can understand. When this point was touched upon delicately by one of the candidates both the condemned, who sat on the gallows back of the speakers, applauded vigorously, and they were joined by the thousands who sat on the grass in the natural amphitheater where the great scene was staged. Thus the vicarious atonement scheme met with approval by both sides—the saviors and the saved.

The press agent who handled the publicity end of the entertainment advertised it extensively and the results were most satisfactory. Concessionaires reported a most profitable day's business.

During the progress of one speech a candidate for sheriff perpetrated an amusing lapsus linguea when he said: "I sure hopes you all will vote for me." Then, with an apologetic smile at the manacled men, he said: "I mean all of yo' all that can get to the polls!"

At this contretemps the multitude roared with delight and the condemned joined in a gale of laughter.

The crowning act of the day's performance was, of course, the hanging. This was preceded by much fervid singing and some religious shouting. The grand old song, "The Heavenly Caanan," ran through the whole day's ceremony and at the climax, when all stood and sang, the scene was most inspiring, the two shackled men hobbling forward beside the Reverend Mr. Winbush and singing at the tops of their voices the closing lines:

"Not Jordans stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from that shore."

Thus far we have taken the daily newspapers. May we not, with fairness, listen to voces Mississippiensis as our imagination is stimulated and inspired:

(The Sheriff:) "Now ladies and gentlemen, don't crowd down so close to this er, ah,—platform. You all will be given every op'tunity——"

"Cose they does. They repents they-all's sins——"

"Ladies and gentlemen: In this campaign we come before you——"

"De good Lawd don't hold nothin' agin nobuddy——"

"Honesty and efficiency will ever be——"

"Here y'are, soovnir, same piece of rope they're usin', only two bits——".

Chorus of voices rising above the babble and reverberating along the grassy hill side:

"There is a land of pure delight
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

(As singing dies down:)

"No, dey don't pay nothin' fo' dat watermellyon. De jailor he done furnish——"

"Our chief aim will be to reduce you-all's taxes and——"

"Ice cole sody pop, only five a bot!"

"Fo'giveness ob sins an' salvation; dat's what we all lookin' fo' an——"

"Whar dey evah get fried chicken befo'? Dat's what——"

"Hush, he's gwine invoke de devine blessin'——"

"No he ain't——"

"We pledge our unwavering fealty to the old flag and the glorious principles——"

"Dere ain't no dam use you acting up——"

(Singing wells forth from a thousand throats and others of the multitude join with hysteric fervor.)

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

"Stand firm for the old party of Lincoln, Grant and Roose—er—oh, Taft——"

"Huccumb you-all ain't out in de cotton fiel wid dat——"

"Cose dey kaint go to hell——"

"Red hot, all hot! Weiners and tomollys, get 'em while——"

(The sheriff) "You-all will have to stop crowding up to this platform. We're treating you right an——"

"When will dey come aroun' wif de free lemonade an' dem——"

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green—"

"Peanuts! Five a bag! Hey Dit Seals; how you like it up dere wid dat iron on yo' laig?"

(Minister comes forward, raises hands.)

"Time's up." (The sheriff.)

"Our Father, who art in Heaven——"

Crowd mumbling, sounds like low slumbrous thunder of lazy sea on long beach. As prayer ends, noises resume. Singing, vending, cursing and swaying forward. Sheriff and assistants adjust nooses and pull down black caps.

"Wonder who' gwine send 'em to glory——?"

"He's gwine do it hisself—dat's kind sheriff we got."

"Don't crowd, now ladies an——"

"Popcorn, peanuts, all hot——"

"By virtue of the authority vested in me by the commonwealth of Mississippi——"

"Watch his knees wobble——"

"I now execute——"

"Looky, now——"

"And may God in his infinite pity——"

"Dit's weakenin'——"

"Have mercy on your soul. Goodbye, boys, and good luck!"

Silence. The low murmur of hundreds of crooning mammies swelling into loud song which is joined by the two men on the scaffold, whose muffled voices come from the folds of the hideous black bags:

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—"

Crash of trap sprung and bodies shooting downward. Figures bound upward from impact at end of ropes. Convulsively draw up knees then relax as shudder runs through frame.

Unintelligible shouts and wild cheering from crowd. Bodies sway and twist 'round and 'round at end of ropes. Doctors bare heads in burning glare of sun and hold watches in their hands as they draw near. Preacher bows head, his white lips moving.

"Not Jordans stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright me from that shore."

"Peanuts, five a bag!"

Out of the Night

By GEORGE F. HIBNER

COME, toilers, out of the night! Know that the sun is shining for you. That you, O wonder-beings, should toil ever for profit of others is like robbing you of sunlight that is abundant for all; like robbing you of shelter that is within reach of all. It is like locking you from music, art, joy, life,—all—all within easy reach, did you but cease letting others order your lives. Come, toilers, out of the night.

Come, toilers, out of the night! Sun and wind and wave hold peace and rest for you—hold silent great lessons for you. And for you, Color is touching with infinite hands millions of miles today. Beauty is sending her hosts to the hills, the valleys, the rocks, the woods, the waters, the clouds, and in infinite voices of music—for you! For you! Did you know! Did you know! Come, toilers, out of the night!

Did you know that these days passed down to you out of the universe are for you—for you—and you have no right under the stars to sell them to others! O joy, joy, did you but know! Come, toilers, out of the night!"

Everybody in the Community Enjoys the Swimming Pool

Llano Colony's Progress Rapid

VISITORS at Llano del Rio Community are always surprised at the size of the town of Llano, the large amount of land cleared and under cultivation, and the abundance of water. In its growth within a few months from a few clustered tents to a town of 466 people in which substantial adobes are replacing temporary tents, first necessary to house the people, Llano has duplicated the performance of early-day mining towns, and ere the year of 1915 is passed will have become the metropolis of Antelope Valley. This progress is taken as a demonstration of the ripeness of the times and how ready the people are to practice co-operation.

The reports of the various managers of the different departments show most eloquently the material progress that has been made.

Even the people at Llano had no clear idea of the tremendous advancement, the record of achievement carried by the reports of the different departments aroused their enthusiasm to a new and higher pitch.

More than 200 visitors shared the enthusiasm of the colonists last month, many of whom have signed up to join the progressive community, and all of them evinced a desire to become members eventually. The number of visitors is increasing all the time, some hailing from such distant places as England, Canada and the New England states. In truth, the eyes of the Socialist world are on Llano. Jim Larkin, the famous Irish-English labor leader, after his visit, said: "I am too filled with enthusiasm to give expression to my feelings, but one thing certain is that you have the land and the water. I am also very much pleased with the class of people that I find here."

Thomas W. Williams, state secretary of the Socialist party of California, was recently a visitor and he carefully looked over the possibilities of the Llano Colony. In a brief address in the Assembly hall he waxed quite enthusiastic over the potentialities of the land and water and called attention to the fact that the success of this colony would have a great effect on the Socialist movement at large, as he declared that we were inseparably connected with the movement whether or not we wanted such to be a fact. Comrade Williams pointed out that while the colonists are busy within the community they should not lose sight of the necessity of carrying their allegiance completely to the political end of the fight for furtherance of Socialism.

Visitors remark on the delightful climate of Llano. The lack of humidity, coupled with the cool breeze which blows nearly all day, renders working in the sun no hardship. Frequently the hottest part of the day

Young Jersey and Holstein Stock of the Colony Herd

is between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning. The nights are refreshingly cool and plenty of bedding is essential to comfort.

There is a good prospect that Llano will have a brass band before another month. The Saturday night dances are being continued with increasing attendance. If their popularity increases an addition will have to be put onto the Assembly hall. The visitors have a keen delight in the dances, which are free.

Dr. Robert K. Williams, who has been looking after the health of the colonists since his arrival, reports that an unusually good state of health is prevalent amongst the residents here. He has found but trivial disorders so far. The good water and the even and salubrious climate is largely accountable for this. At a recent meeting of the joint board he was duly recommended to be appointed health officer.

Dr. S. C. Hornef, the Llano dentist, will soon be a permanent resident of the Colony. His office equipment is nearly completed. Part of the furniture was made in the carpenter shop and is a credit to the institution. Aided by the capable Mrs. Hornef, he expects to have an office that will be a credit to any city. Twenty-five years of experience in dental work and travels that have taken him to every part of the world have won a reputation that is well established. It might well be added that Socialism has been one of the first thoughts with Dr. Hornef always. It is the opportunity to live in a Socialist community that has brought Llano this valuable citizen.

S. W. Coffren, recently elected manager of the finance department and appointed assistant postmaster, has initiated many innovations in the office. Distribution sheets will show the amount of labor in each department, giving information that will be valuable in computing costs.

Earl Glass, head of the engineering department, has been making measurements and obtaining other data regarding the tunnel, the source of the domestic water supply. This water is to be used to supply the new school house and the townsite. The latter is now being surveyed. The new townsite, nestling close to the Sierra Madres, overlooks the broad reaches of the great Antelope Valley. The distance from the present residence center is about two miles. The elevation is considerably greater than the present, which is 3188 feet.

Under the direction of Comrade John Harriman, the new swimming pool was completed recently and filled for the first time. The Colonists will be able to now enjoy another luxury. The dimension of the pool is 65 by 150 feet. Near it stands the newly finished Solarium in which sun baths can be taken.

Sandbox and Irrigation Gates

The reports by the heads of departments give most clearly and concisely what has been accomplished and is under contemplation.

The extent of the agricultural operations are given as follows by Assistant Superintendent F. W. Carr:

One hundred and seventy-five acres of corn, 65 acres of which are heading out. The third cutting of hay has been taken from the 250 acres of alfalfa and the fourth cutting is now under way. At the Mescal tract 30 acres of corn and 50 acres of alfalfa add to the wealth of Llano. The total amount of land under cultivation, including garden, orchard, nursery, alfalfa, etc., is 1200 acres.

A report from the building department shows that the community has 64 tent-houses (part boards and

part canvas) and twelve tents for visitors. There are twelve wooden houses and four ranch houses. Twelve clay brick (adobe) houses have been completed and occupied, five others are ready for roofs, and thirteen stone foundations have been completed upon which houses soon will be started. In addition to this the foundation for an addition to the office building has been finished. This calls for four additional office rooms, and a room 18 by 24 feet for the managers' meetings, which are held every night. The following is taken from a report to the community commission by Comrade George Heffner, manager of the construction department:

Community Women Enjoy Haying Time

"The foundation and floor of a silo 25 feet in diameter and 30 feet high is now ready for the walls and a crew is busy making the concrete blocks to lay them up.

"A good portion of the mason work for a sanitary dairy barn, 42 feet by 150 feet, has been completed and the joist and roofing will soon be in place.

"A start has also been made in getting out materials for the construction of shelter for our work-stock, and if present plans are carried out a building will be erected 36 feet wide and 140 feet long, with a hay rack down the center that will hold from 20 to 25 tons of hay, so that we can remove an entire stack when we break in on it.

"We have two poultry houses, 18 feet by 60 feet, of an approved type. Also a brooder house, 14 feet by 24 feet, divided into three apartments. There are completed two rabbit houses, one 68 feet long and one 72 feet long, the combined capacity being 210 breeders. Beside the house there is a yard for the young stock, 58 feet by 64 feet, enclosed on four sides with chicken wire four feet high. The club house contains between 10,000 and 11,000 square feet of floor space.

"The bakeoven now in course of construction will have a capacity of 125 loaves at one batch and two or three batches per day can be baked. The plan is to lay a coil of pipe over the arch and cover it with eight to ten inches of sand, which will furnish constant hot water for the bakery and the hotel kitchen. It is possible also to establish a temporary laundry at the rear of the bakery in a separate building where the hot water would be available to take care of that department until we can erect the industrial building and establish the permanent laundry. We can then turn the temporary laundry into shower baths.

"The carpenter shop has done good service. The amount of sizing and re-sawing has been too great for the machines that are now in use, as they were not intended for that kind of work. In this division are made the door and window frames, screens, tables and other cabinet work. Recently they made 50 bee hives and 1500 fillers for bee hives. The cabinet work for the dentist's office is practically completed, and a large batch of sash for the colony house is ready to run."

Llano Local Socialist Party has 51 members and a steady and good attendance at every meeting. Frank Limpach is the secretary. It seems to some persons strange that "propaganda" meetings should be held in this community, but these gatherings are very popular and frequently visiting "nons" and "nears" get something to make them think. About 250 persons attend these meetings. Comrade J. Stitt Wilson commented on this, saying he knew no other place in California where several hundred Socialists can be gathered together within an hour's notice. The local grows steadily and some day will be the largest and most solidly knit organization in California.

Swiss Milch Goats Thrive on the Llano.

The sanitary commission, of which B. R. Brainard is

superintendent, is proud of its record made in standing two inspections by state officials and getting a clean bill. The county health department says we have the cleanest, most sanitary village in California.

D. C. Copley, who is in charge of the poultry department, reports 2000 stock. Of these there will soon be 1200 laying hens, culled closely, as this manager does not believe in keeping boarders. This department is now supplying fat young fryers and broilers and some ducks for roasting. This department was without a head and without proper organization and supplies until too late in the season to plan extensive incubating.

Comrade Copley has the department so well conducted that every member of the community is proud of it. He has plans for the future. He will plan large extensions for next season, when an attempt will be made to raise an immense flock of turkeys. During the winter there will be constructed additional brooder houses and new incubator buildings. With this done and the rancho on an extensive grain-producing basis, the birds will be increased to several thousand.

We will take the soil from beneath our feet and build houses and from the same soil take the grain and this will enable us to run a poultry department that will produce eggs and meat not only for this community, but will be a big revenue producer in the future. This was, in effect, the report of Department Manager Copley.

Leo A. Dawson, department of horticulture, has made a report showing excellent progress in his division. With his assistants he is preparing 7000 seedlings for budding to stone fruits such as Satsuma and Tragedy plums, French and Silver prunes and Salway, Elberta and cling peaches. The honey locust trees have made an average growth of three feet from seedlings as large as lead pencils last spring. Two thousand strawberry plants are making a fine showing and many thousand plants will be raised from these for next season. Twenty-five hundred blackberry and loganberry plants have made an average growth of three feet. The row of 100 rhubarb plants look promising and large quantities of this can be produced.

Many thousands grape cuttings have made a good growth of ten inches. About thirty acres will be planted in grapes. These are Concords, Sultanas, Muscats, Tokay, Thompson seedless and Black Conichon. One hundred acres will be planted in apples next winter. The Bartlett pear acreage will be increased by at least 160 acres at the next planting season. The young pear orchards on the colony have made an average growth of four feet. There is a large number of flourishing trees on hand and a "family orchard" will be planted for the community. This will contain among other fruits, seven varieties of plums, prunes and summer apples.

Several acres in experimental sunflowers have turned out fine and this will form a part of the poultry food for the future.

Experimental cotton plants are flourishing. The peanuts planted late are showing up well and will be a part of the crops of the future.

There are 137 head of cattle in the colony herd. This division is under the able hand of Oliver Luton. There is a large number of particularly promising young heifers. There are 175 head of hogs in the pork division. Fifty of these are good brood sows. The grade of this stock is improving and a change will be made to all Poland Chinas.

From the garden the colony is getting a large amount of vegetables. Two wagon loads of luscious watermelons are distributed each day. There are five acres in Muskmelons just ripening. Seventeen acres of potatoes have been dug and these are running from 30 to 50 sacks to the acre. Three acres of onions are ready for digging and two acres will be put in the same product at the fall planting.

A large supply of a great variety of vegetables is being turned over to the commissary department. P. A. Knobbs, who is in charge of this department has made a wonderful showing considering the fact that he has been working with recently cleared wild lands.

It has taken considerable figuring to get the department of social service running smoothly on the eight-hour basis. The workers in the clubouse, kitchen and dining room have the regulation hours and one day off each week.

The hand laundry has been organized under the direction of William B. Hunter, who has completed his arrangements for taking the work of the colony preparatory to opening the new steam laundry.

Plans are virtually completed for the irrigation system for the entire community. This department is now in the hands of H. M. Wood, who has had wide experience in the business.

The system as planned will take a large quantity of pipe as well as several miles of large cobble-stone ditches. Each of these ditches will be capable of carrying at least 2500 inches of water. The initial system as planned would include five cobble-stone ditches from one to three miles in length.

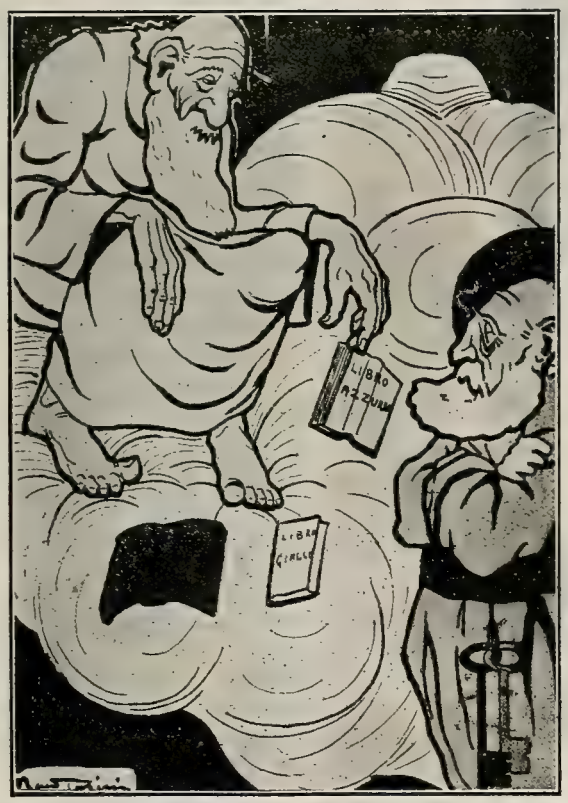
The first installation of pipe as laterals from these ditches will be fourteen miles. Some of these laterals will be the head pipe lines for orchards having turnouts at each tree row. Others will be larger pipe with turnouts at each 100 feet for alfalfa irrigation. There will be stands every 660 feet with gates to control the water into the different pipe lines. This is only the initial system, which will be duplicated all over the ranch, which probably sooner or later will cover 20,000 acres or more.

Aid to Our Kings

By FRANK H. WARE

MARS walked beside the parapet and laughed. The hoarse echoes grated through the hollow corridors of his fortress-palace. In silence he leaned forward and looked below, to Earth, where grappled millions of men midst the screams of heavy shells that hurtled through the air and fell, ploughing in their journey of death through villages, homes and factories. Here and there captured towns lay pillaged and burned, while in others soldiers were killing the unarmed and looting.

In one little village in Poland, jagged walls stood as mute evidence of a raking cannon fire. The main street of the town was strewn with wreckage, and here and there lay bodies of women and children—the ravished and the more mercifully slain.



THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR

God: "I've read the green, yellow, and blue books, and know less than ever who is in the wrong."
St. Peter: "Suppose we settle it with the dice."

—Pasquino, Turin

A young girl, hair flowing across her shoulders and clothing half town from her body, screamed and dashed from the ruins of her little home. Close behind came a young officer, blood oozing and dripping from a nasty wound in his cheek. Still clutching the neck of a broken bottle the girl sped up the street, fear lending wings to her feet. The officer, hoarsely commanding her to halt, quickly closed the distance between them, and drawing his sword raised it above his head——

The pallid face of a girl stared with glazed and unseeing eyes from the dust. The din of battle went on as before and again the laughter of Mars rang through the corridors.

Night came and the toll-keeper counted his dead.

"How many?" growled Mars.

"Twenty-five thousand," came the reply in slow monotone.

"And the total?"

"10,716,210 to date."

Narrowing his bloodshot eyes to puffy slits, the great god turned to momentary thought. From behind a pillar in the corridor crept a gaunt, skeleton-like creature, who rushed forward and prostrated herself with a clatter before Mars. The war god stirred and, opening his eyes, started in surprise.

"Famine!" he cried, "Arise—waste no time. To Earth—Famine—tonight! Let thy hungry belly feast on women, babes and men. Haste—begone!"

The creature arose, a hideous grin playing across her fleshless face. Turning she strode into the corridor. A hollow clattering followed her.

Long after the echoes had died, Mars stood silent and stared into vacancy.

"I wonder," he mused slowly, "I wonder—if—"

Wheeling suddenly on his heel he strode to another part of the palace and stopped before a massive door. Groaning and creaking on rusty hinges the door swung slowly open. In the center of a little room sat another creature much dirtier and more bedraggled than Famine.

"Pestilence!" greeted Mars through his teeth, "stir thy foul rags and follow in the footsteps of thy sister Famine. Go blow thy breath on stricken villages of starving men and women. To the hospitals, tonight, and seize those sore wounded and aid them to their graves. Hasten—spare none!"

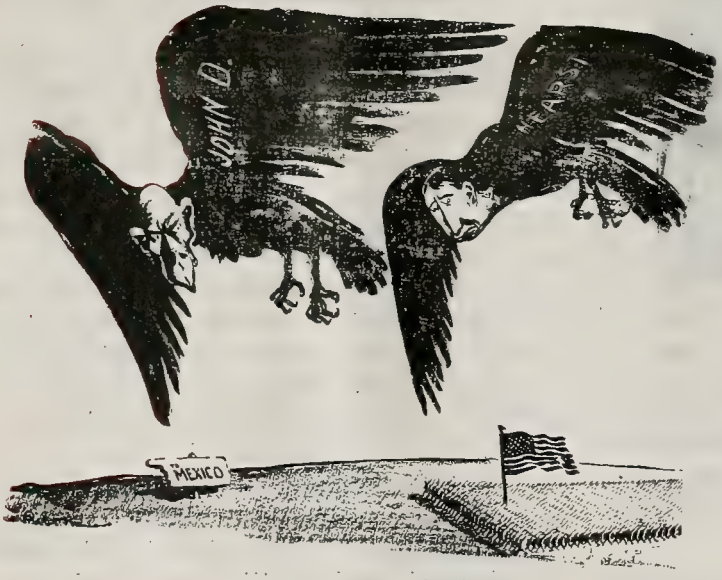
A stench arose and followed her as she passed along the hallways, and the black plants and flowers of the corridors withered and died as she neared.

"Famine! Pestilence!" Mars walked to his throne-room chuckling grimly.

(Continued on Page 30)

Robert Minor, Car

"HELLO, WILSON! THIS IS THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TALKING: WE WANT WAR!"



"MEAT AHEAD!"

Workers' New Champion

LABOR in America should be congratulated on the fact that the greatest cartoonist of a generation has joined the staff of the world's leading Socialist publication. The New York Call has enlisted Robert Minor and the daily cartoon of that publication has proven not only one of its greatest attractions, but one of the most powerful propaganda features.

Minor's cartoons are reproduced everywhere. So compelling are his masterly drawings, so keen his ideas and so snappy the captions that editors find them irresistible. Wherever there is a man with red blood, a radical trend and a spirit of daring back of the scissors, you will find Minor cartoons reprinted.

In presenting this page to its readers, the editors of The Western Comrade feel it has offered a treat. The cartoons were taken at random and no selection was made other than to obtain a variety to show the wonderful power of this artist of the revolt.

Probably no keener thrust has ever been made at the prostitute press than that where the painted lady is shown telephoning President Wilson, using the voice of the people in a demand for war.

nist of the Revolt

SING SING PRISON REVERTS TO OLD SYSTEM SUITABLE TO "CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION"

THE DYNAMITE SOWER

Billy's Buffoonery

DR. CHARLES F. AKED, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, resigned from a committee of one hundred because the organization booked Billy Sunday to "preach" in its Tabernacle. Then the Sunday press agents made their worst fumble by stirring up the affair. It might have healed, but these enterprising dopesters don't know such things never get well if you pick them. Dr. Aked made a statement in which he characterized Billy's pulpit mannerisms and buffoonery and blasphemy. Then the p. a. picked it and Dr. Aked came through with a bill of particulars that seems sufficient. Here it is:

I WITHDREW from the Committee of One Hundred quietly, without fuss or publicity. I gave my reasons to the committee and supposed the matter was closed. I did not send to the secular press a copy of my letter. I do not know, and can not learn, what member of the committee made my resignation public.

It all comes to this: I do not know of any consideration in the world which would induce me to become a party to the buffoonery and blasphemy of a "Billy Sunday" mission.

The justification of this language is to be found in the reports of the San Francisco press.

"Cleopatra was a flat nosed wench who sailed up the Nile clothed only in sunshine and climate." Let it be admitted that I have not secured from Dr. Sunday or from Bishop Hughes or from Dr. H. H. Bell a guarantee that Dr. Sunday said this in precisely these words. But nobody has denied it—neither Dr. Sunday nor the person described by the newspapers as his "official press agent," nor Dr. Bell, nor anybody else. The report stands.

Let us use plain and honest speech. I do not know whether Cleopatra ever sat naked in a boat and caused herself to be rowed up the River Nile. Yet I take my stand here: that nothing on God's earth can justify in a sermon the leering suggestiveness of Dr. Sunday's phrases.

There can be only one object in stating the fact—if it is a fact—in that way. And the object is—dirt.

And parents may very well ponder this quotation:

"Pilate was a lick-spittle, low-down, free-lunch, hog-pouched, pitiable, plastic, ward-heeling, whisky-soaked graft politician of his day."

If their boys bring this language into the home they—fathers and mothers—will understand that the youngsters have not been to a prizefight nor to a saloon nor to a house of infamous resort. Parents will understand that the boys have been to a religious service, and have listened to a preacher who by the grace of an American college is a Doctor of Divinity, and who is supported by the leading clergy of San Francisco.

My opposition to the proposal to invite Dr. Sunday could not, of course, be grounded in these utterances, because the meeting at which I voiced my objections was held many months ago, and my letter withdrawing from the committee was written nearly two weeks ago. I had before me at that time such evidence as this:

Princeton University refused to invite Dr. Sunday, and gave its reasons. The dean of the graduate school, over his own signature, printed quotations from Dr. Sunday's "sermons."

And these are specimens:

"If a minister believes and teaches evolution he is a stinking skunk, a hypocrite and a liar."

"If I were the wife of some of you men, I'd refuse to clean their old spittoons. I say let every hog clean his own trough."

"Your wife has as good a right to line up before a bar and fill up her skin with the hog-gut you do, as you have."

"Then Herodias came in and danced with her foot stuck out to a quarter to twelve, and old Herod said, 'Sis, you're a peach. You can have anything you want even to the half of my kingdom.' She hiked off to her licentious mother."

"Why, a man with red blood in his veins can't look at half the women in the streets now and not have impure thoughts."

"Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no chemise shirt?
Don't you wear no petty skirt?
Don't you wear no underclothes
But your corset and your hose?"

They call this a revival of religion.

But it will be observed that in my letter to the committee I took another ground. I did so because I had read the apologies made for Dr. Sunday by clergymen and heard in committee the arguments in support of the invitation.

If the pulpit and the new substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ are the gospel according to "Billy Sunday," then Protestant Christianity is doomed and man's indignant heart will turn away to find the symbols of its faith elsewhere.

* * *

The Twin City Reporter of Minneapolis throws a glimmer of light on the Rev. Billy's madness and indicates he is as foolish as a fox. He is quoted as saying: "Why do people—especially the working people—fall for this religious game? I can't understand it. It's funny the way they go crazy and give up the money."

The Muddling Worker

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

A CRITICAL analysis of a widely printed photograph of a scene at Bayonne, New Jersey, strike riot would show that it was rather poorly faked. Why have only one man in the attitude of drawing a revolver? Why not several with drawn guns? In my experience as a newspaper photographer I faked them worse than that and knew of it being done dozens of times.

But why should editors of Labor and Socialist publications be surprised or indignant about a cheating photograph. Is a lie by the camera worse than the myriad lies in the story written about the scene? As for the picture, I would rather believe it genuine and that the youth well down stage, in convenient range of the camera for "close-up stuff," is really drawing an honest-to-god gun, and that he is about to get some action.

The disheartening feature of the photo is the lack of cohesion and team work on the part of the rioters. There are enough men present, tramping over most convenient paving stones, to have carried the trenches of the Rockefeller gunmen. It seems like the old, haphazard style of the workers, muddling along with little or no team work, while the other fellow depends on standing together in concerted action—and wins.

A couple of years ago I spent considerable time in

The Wrong Ways

Bayonne, and the scene here shown was on my route between the railway station and my work. Looking at it now I almost regret I could not have been present. Those smaller paving stones look so alluringly easy to dislodge.

Do You Really Want Socialism?

By JOHN M. WORK

IT has been said that Socialism will not be introduced on Wednesday afternoon at half past two. In other words, it will not be a sudden process so that we can point to any specific date as the time when the new order was born.

I agree with that statement. But, it is also true that there will come a time when we will win a general election and capture the powers of the National Government.

That day will be the beginning of the end of the great struggle for Socialism. That day will be the beginning of the end of exploitation, poverty, and all the social ills that blight the lives of the great host whose hearts are weary "longing for the strife to cease."

When will that day come?

It will come whenever the Socialists want it to come. We can have Socialism whenever the Socialists really want Socialism.

A minority of the Socialists are exceedingly active. Their work for the cause is all that could be desired or expected. But there are thousands upon thousands of people who vote the Socialist ticket, and yet who never turn a hand over to get Socialism except by one act. That act is very commendable in itself, but, instead of being the sole act performed for the cause, it should be the culmination of many activities. Maybe these people want Socialism, but they certainly do not act like it.

In order to get Socialism, it is necessary to convince a majority of the people that we ought to have it—so that they, too, will vote the ticket.

There is no way to do this except through close, compact, thorough, efficient organization.

We must fight systematically, not chaotically. We must fire broadsides, not popguns. We must meet the powerful organization of the enemy with an organization still more powerful.

Ten million unorganized Socialists would have no terrors for the capitalist class. But half a million organized Socialists, carrying on a systematic, persistent, courageous, methodical propaganda, can turn the United States, not upside down, but right side up, scare the plutes into spasms, carry the election, and introduce Socialism.

You are not a good Socialist unless you are a mem-

ber of the Socialist Party organization. You are not a good Socialist unless you hustle for Socialism.

A Socialist who is not a member of the party organization is exploiting his own brother Socialists, because he is making them perform the duties he ought to perform.

We are already beginning to be called upon to step in and take charge of the immediate work of making the transition from capitalism to Socialism. In many localities, this responsibility has already been placed upon us.

Yet, many alleged Socialists still neglect their duty, though these successes make it vastly easier than hitherto to build a powerful organization and to reach the minds of the people.

Joining the party organization and paying dues promptly is the first duty of every Socialist. No other work you can do for the cause will have such a telling and far-reaching effect.

Having joined, be a member—a real member—not a dead one. Every member of the Socialist Party is an integral part of the movement. Every member should be active. Every member should be thoroughly posted, not only on the principles, but also on the tactics and current events of the movement, so that the organization will at all times be able to act with both wisdom and expedition on every question that arises.

This insures the maintenance of a rank and file movement. Both a thorough and efficient organization and a rank and file movement are indispensable in the Socialist Party.

What it requires to accomplish these results is thorough organization, co-ordinate effort, persistent aggressiveness, wise foresight and indomitable courage.

The time for scattering shot is gone.

The time for rainbow-chasing is gone.

We must be practical. We must use common sense.

We must advance upon the enemy in perfect order and in battle array.

By so doing, we shall win this political battle and emancipate ourselves from the galling chains of capitalism.

Truth Will Conquer

By ALBERT A. JAMES

IS the religion of Christ a myth? Is it a power in the world today? Mind you, I do not refer to the visible organized church, but to the simple words and teachings of Jesus as recorded in the Bible.

Is it a fact that any considerable number of the individuals of the so-called Christian nations of the world believe that that Christ ever lived in the world as a man? And do they believe that His spirit is in the hearts of men today?

Every date line on every war order which sends the millions of working men of one nation at the throats of the workers of another nation, the date line, mind you, points to the birth of a baby in a manger, while the body of the order proves that the promoters of war have forgotten that the baby grew to manhood and taught and gave his life to prove that the world of the future should be ruled by love and brotherhood and not by brute force.

The date line on every promissary note points to the birth of the savior of mankind, but the interest clause proves that the so-called Christians of today do not take him seriously when he condemns the practice of taking interest.

The date lines on every piece of money points to the greatest day in the world's history, the day on which the world's creator took on the form of man and came to live among the people as an example of how evil might be banished from among men. Yet it is a common saying that money is the root of all evil.

In the early centuries after Christ, the ruling class of the world tried to destroy his work by killing those who were his followers. Later they discovered a more effective plan, that was to pretend to accept his teachings and by hiding his words from the mass they gave out their saying as the gospel and thus enslaved believers and unbelievers alike.

Too many of the world's dispossessed today hear only the call of the fat parasite when he adminishes the "servants to obey your masters." You are invited to turn to the words of Jesus and read there a radicalism that will make your Socialism look conservative.

Read the words of the Carpenter of Galilee and you will find there truths that will turn your hate to love. You will find there a social justice proposed that will make the Co-operative Commonwealth appear as only the next step up the long stairway of human emancipation.

Turn the pages of any New Testament and read there the words of the world's greatest man-lover. You will find truths which if properly used will drive the mental prostitutes out of the pulpit and force them from the social and religious leadership of the nation.

I answer my questions in the affirmative. The world's greatest teacher, who was murdered by the ruling class nearly two thousand years ago, still lives in the hearts of men today. His truths will bring freedom to the wage slaves of America today.

Recall this Judge!

"SIGN your name and drive a recall nail in the political coffin of Judge Willis."

Los Angeles was the first city in the United States to recall an official who opposed the will of the people, but this latest appeal is a bit startling to the average citizen who is stopped on the street by circulators of petitions and asked to sentence a superior judge to retirement for life.

"WE APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE ABOVE ALL JUDGES." So proclaims hand bills printed by the Anti-Grand Jury League, which goes on to state that the Central Labor Council, the Building Trades Council and the Socialist Assembly of Los Angeles have all passed resolutions similar in intent, the one passed by the Central Labor Council reading as follows:

David Caplan and Matthew Schmidt

WHEREAS, the fate of John Lawson today may be the fate of any man tomorrow whose power to organize the workers the masterclass fears, and

WHEREAS, Grand Juries in Colorado have indicted hundreds of Union Miners but not one mine-owner, and in New York scores of Garment Workers but not one clothing trades employer, and

WHEREAS, Grand Juries in California have just been given an added length of rope with which to noose those that they have indicted, by the decision of Judge F. R. Willis, given in open court, in which he declared that the indictment of Caplan and Schmidt was legal "Regardless of whether or not there was prejudice on the part of certain Grand Jurors who returned the indictment," therefore be it

RESOLVED that it is the duty of good citizenship to (1) recall Judge F. R. Willis from the bench; (2) to initiate constitutional amendment abolishing Grand Jury Process in California; (3) to form an ANTI-GRAND JURY LEAGUE in Los Angeles, California, and throughout the United States, and be it also

RESOLVED that we constitute ourselves a committee of one hundred to obtain the signatures of friends and members of Organized Labor in Los Angeles to the aforementioned recall and initiative petition.

Something new, this recall move in the defense of prisoners who are being tried in capitalist's courts by capitalist's judges and capitalist's juries wth the probable capitalist's verdict; something new—yes, and a most unpleasant novelty to these judges who see appeals taken from the courts to the people!

The resolution passed by the Socialist Assembly sets forth in part that

"The grand jury which indicted Schmidt and Caplan was an illegal grand jury in this, to-wit, that it contained in its membership F. S. Hughes and H. S. Mayberry, personal friends of F. J. Zeehandelaar, the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Los Angeles; E. H. Greppin, a former director of said Association; L. J. G. Spruance and H. J. Whitley, who had the O. K. of said Association and its said secretary; J. E. Carr, a former partner of W. D. Stevens, a representative in Congress, and believed by the said Zeehandlaar to be on the side of the Association; John Blesser, believed by the said Zeehandelaar to be also on the side of the said Association; E. J. Vawter, also believed by the said Zeehandlaar to be on the side of the said Association; E. A. Forester, a strong anti-union man, and Charles A. Wier, one of the strongest admirers of the said Association and its said secretary."

Some prejudice in such a jury list as that—is there not?

And the judge who would ignore such prejudice—what should be done to him?

If you had a chance to sign a petition for his recall—what would you do?

Here is an opportunity for lovers of freedom to strike a blow at oppression and tyranny by the courts of capitalism.

Christian Balzac Hoffman

COMRADE CHRISTIAN BALZAC HOFFMAN has left us and we lose one of the bravest, gentlest souls that has devoted a valuable life to the noblest cause. His loss will be keenly felt not only by those who were more closely associated with him, but by thousands of absent comrades who have known him and loved him.

They knew his writing and his work on the platform. Comrade Hoffman's successes in the business world early in life did not lessen this profound love for his fellow-man. The grim sordidness of commercial life made no impress on his lovable personality. As a propagandist he was untiring, patient and withal forceful and convincing.

The end came for him as he had wished. He passed quietly after an active day's work for the cause he loved so well. To Comrade Anna, the beloved wife who survives him, we extend our sincerest, deepest sympathy. A note from her breathes a loyalty and devotion to his memory, and a brave support of her bereavement that is inspirational to still greater efforts in the cause to which this great soul was so devoted.—(The Editors.)

✤ ✤ ✤

(This powerful arraignment of war and the makers of war was written shortly before the death of Comrade Hoffman.)

Do You Want War?

I MEAN you—the mother—the father—the brother—the sister—the woman—the man. I am asking you: DO YOU WANT WAR? I am not asking the money lender, the bond broker, the manufacturer of ammunition, of guns, shot and shell nor the exporter of foodstuffs and mules. I am asking YOU. Not the politician, the statesmen, the patriot, the American, the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Russian, the Turk. I GO BEYOND THESE—TO THE REAL YOU. I appeal to your heart, your soul, to your manhood, your womanhood, TO YOU AS A MEMBER OF THE GREAT BROTHERHOOD—MANKIND.

Do you want war? Do you want to drench the whole world in blood? Is it not enough that Europe is blood-mad, frenzied with fire, rape, murder? Is America to be drawn into the orgy—into the death-dance of civilization?

Are you forgetting that this is a war of the rich? This is not a revolution of the people against their oppressors—of the workers against their exploiters—of slaves against masters—of poor against rich. This is a war of the ARISTOCRACY—OF KINGS AND PRINCES.

It is a great blood-letting of the PEOPLE, planned and ordered by the rulers to quiet the spirit of revolution—democracy—Socialism; to weaken and exhaust the people; to blind them with hatred; to divide them into nations and countries; to reduce them into tribes and clans; to set them to fighting and killing each

other; to forget that they are brothers, common men and women who own nothing except their strength to toil and have nothing to lose but their chains.

Beware, you sticklers for national honor—you prodders of patriots!

Should you succeed in involving America in war you may be unable to control the universal frenzy.

The exploited of the world, the homeless, jobless vagabonds, the tramps and loafers, the degenerates who rot in your jails and asylums—who fester in your slums and swarm in your cities, may take you at your word, may follow your preachings and example and burn, rape and kill on their own account.

You are playing with fire—hell's fire—when you push this game to the limit.

Let Men Live!

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

PRESS reports inform us that Thomas A. Edison, the greatest living inventive genius, has been engaged by the Navy Department to devise new and more deadly instruments of destruction. Following close upon this is another and even graver announcement—that substantial increases are to be made in the army and all military equipment. No doubt a great many know nothing of either event. Probably few who know, see anything therein to cause concern. Certain it is, however, that scarcely a protest has been made, and from many quarters has come most hearty applause. It all goes to show that, while making a great pretense of being for peace, and though we have scored severely the nations of Europe for indulging in war, we, the American people, are not free from their error, but are blindly, boastfully, treading the very same path over which the warring countries have rushed to their present fearful sacrifice of life and treasure.

Who can dispute it? And if there be those who can, how can they profess to possess regard for truth or to be intelligent? When genius is prostituted to the purposes of war, than which no baser purposes exist; when tens of thousands of strong young men are to be taken from home and friends and the pursuits of peace and led to die on the battlefield or herded into barracks, prepared to meet such death; when an insidious, widespread propaganda of war-making patriotism is well under way, with editors and teachers and preachers giving it strong support—when this is the case, is not some foreboding justified? Is it the part of prudence to sit with folded hands and ascribe an eternity to peace while "those who have caught the rabies from the dogs of war" persist in trying to produce an epidemic of the same disease?

The death of my father not long ago has made me feel more deeply than ever the preciousness and sacredness of human life. In spite of its sorrow and trials, words are too weak to express its wondrous charm, and the wealth of worlds were inadequate return for the gloom and the heartache that attends its passing. "Let Men Live!" Let this be our slogan. Let men live—and live as men should live. Life must be preserved as long as possible, be lifted up, made joyous and free. It will be. Mercy and justice demand it, and an enlightened, useful manhood and womanhood will bring it to pass. Life is worth living now with all of its needless woes. What will it be when a just social system has come to bless mankind?

It is hard to say and indeed it is a question if one should try. Prophecy is a thankless, hopeless task. It only invites the jeers and sneers of little, visionless souls, and even we who are looking far forward can catch but a glimpse of the glory that is to be. The rational, socially righteous man not only dreams, but he strives to make his dreams come true. He cannot be content with a counterfeit civilization. His wrath is aroused by a system that produces war or shackles life to a needless struggle for animal necessities. The man of today who is making history, promoting progress, advancing the world, is a walking protest against anything or anybody that, suddenly or by degrees, destroys human life, defeating its purpose and denying its value.

AN IMPERTINENT UNCLE

She: "You always follow me, and even count my footsteps. To know what you want of me is of no account to me." —Claridades, San Antonio, Texas

A "Mexican-American" view of the situation.

The Latest From Llano

Dear Western Comrade:

I am writing to let you know it ain't all apricot jam and honey and never ending good climate out here in Llano.

Yesterday I stayed in the peach orchard at the Tilghman place after the other kids had gone. I was laying under a tree and the Engle's pup Smarty was there too. Then it got kinder late and a wind came up and we started for home. I was eating a dandy juicy peach and singing "I'm glad my mother didn't raise me to be a soldier," between bites and not minding the wind until it began to blow the alfalfa so that you would have thought you were walking on the ocean.

Smarty was walking along side of me, feeling friendly like with everything till the wind, phoof, upended Smarty and blew him away over the green and made him real mad so he barked while he was a going. It would have taken me too but I was ballasted with peaches so I just laughed tho' I couldn't see where I was going—till I saw stars—when a peach hit me on the nose and I woke up.

Gee, I'm glad now I dont live where there's cyclones or blizzards.

Yours fraternally,

Fatty Smith.

—Drawing and Text by M. A. Kempf

Llano Dramatic Club

THE Live Wire Dramatic Club of the Llano del Rio Community has scored another success in the production of a farce comedy that proved a riot of fun from the minute the curtain rang up to the tag,—a new song of the community.

The company played to a capacity house—meaning everybody in Llnao. Standing room only and overflows are the rules of Llano amusements for two reasons—the attractions are good and no admission is charged.

The cast of the Si Slocumb play included: W. A. Engle in the title role, Mrs. B. R. Brainerd, Ray Keough, Mrs. Keough, the Wallace brothers and their wives, Dr. R. K. Williams, Earle E. Glass, F. P. McMahon, Geo. T. Pickett, Wm. Schnitzer, B. R. Brainerd, Mrs. McMahon, David Cedarstrom.

Local hits and songs were liberally interspersed. Dr. Williams and Mrs. Wallace sang a duet that brought half a dozen encores. Dr. Williams by a clever piece of "business" brought Comrade Wiley of Fresno on the stage and the community members heard their new master of song for the first time. He not only sang but within a few minutes he had everybody present singing, and singing well. It was inspiring to many visitors to see and hear the pioneers lustily joining in the chorus. With an all-star cast it would not be fair to make selections. The success of the play is most encouraging to the club and another play is on the way.

Two dramatic companies and a minstrel troupe henceforth will form a large part of the amusements of the community. When better facilities are provided for theatrical productions a greater impetus will be given to dramatics in the community. At present the assembly hall at the club house has a capacity of only about 450 and the seats are always filled and the standing room occupied before the curtain rings up.

The arts and crafts club has joined with the Llano local Socialist Party and the combination will contribute the next entertainment.

When the big silo, 20 feet in diameter and 40 feet high, is completed it will be visible for hundreds of miles across the valley. Ultimately a searchlight will be placed on the top of this silo and its rays will startle the people within a radius of several hundred miles.

Knit Underwear

Cheapest Because It Wears Best

Women's

Union Suits, low neck, knee length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... $1.25
Union Suits, half low neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... 1.25
Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44 ..... .37
Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46 ..... 1.50
Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½ ..... .30
Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½ ... .50

Men's

Undershirts, light weight, cream, sizes 34 to 44 .. $ .75
Undershirts, light weight, black, sizes 34 to 44 .. 1.00
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... .75
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... 1.00
Shirts and Drawers, double fleeced, grey, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.25
Shirts and Drawers, Egyptian cotton, ecru, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.50

Girls'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 30 ... $ .50
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 30 ..... 1.00
Hose, black, tan or white, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25

Children's

Taped unions, answering purpose of a waist, sizes 20 to 28 ..... $ .65
Same as above, only better grade, sizes 20 to 28 ... 1.05

Boys'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 32 .... $ .60
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 32 ..... .90
Sportsman's hose for boys, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25 to .40

Pure Wool Goods

Made by Wool Growers' Co-operative Mills.
Direct From Sheep's Back to Your Back.

Black and Grey Mackinaw Coat, length 35 inches, sizes 36 to 44 ..... $8.00
Trousers, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes $4.00
Shirts, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes 3.00

Blankets

White or grey, 70x82 in., weight 5 lbs. $7.85
Grey, 70x82 in., weight 7½ lbs. 9.90

Men's Hose

Extra wearing value, black, sizes 9 to 11½ ..... $ .25
Heavy weight, black, sizes 9 to 11½, 3 pairs 1.00

Llano del Rio Community

(Mail Order Department)

923 Higgins Bldg. **Los Angeles, Cal.**

(Make all checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Company)

REVOLT IN MEXICO

Read the Correct Interpretation of Underlying Motives in the Most Remarkable and Valuable Book of the Year

The Mexican People-- Their Struggle for Freedom

—By—

L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon

Eugene V. Debs says:

"* * * It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman Church and on the other by the military power."

Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

Price $1.50

We will send you this book and The Western Comrade for one year for $2.00

Business is "Good"

BUSINESS is "good."

If you have any doubts, consult the daily newspapers, which have a way, all their own, of juggling bank clearances and making them appear to be on the increase.

Business in Los Angeles, especially, is "good."

If you don't believe it, consult the employment agencies, where one may find a hundred men for every job. Business in our town is "Good."

If you are from Missouri, take a look at the 3600 empty storerooms, which, if rented, would net about $5,000,000 a year.

And then if you are still in doubt, try and locate a real estate man who has made a deal in a month. Ask each one about the 6000 empty houses in Los Angeles, and top it off by trying to borrow some money at a bank at the same rate of interest, and on the same security, at which money could have been secured two years ago.

Business is "good" in Los Angeles and in your town.

There can be no doubt about it. Every firm, almost, has discharged a portion of its employes, and trimmed the wages of the others.

Also, and furthermore, the sheriff is busy closing up the small fellows who can't pay their bills, and collection agents are seeking, in vain, to run the unemployed into a corner and compel them to settle.

Yet, verily, business is "good." And it's getting better rapidly, with reverse English.

But—if you think this applies to Los Angeles alone, you don't know your own home town. The "depression" is country-wide—it is world-wide.

The fact that expropriation has overtaken hundreds of thousands of our bourgeoise friends is carefully concealed by the daily newspapers.

THE JONES BOOK STORE

226 West First St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Headquarters for the best Socialist books and literature.

INSURANCE

Fire, Life, Accident, Liability
Automobile, Etc.
Best Companies Lowest Rates

P. D. NOEL

—— Phones ——
Main 5247, A-4533 Residence 31238
Will be glad to call on you

The same old prosperity yawp greets you wherever you read the newspapers. Many of them refuse to print any more accounts of suicide and all sidestep the reason for the appalling number who give up in the unequal struggle.

One deep mystery is: What has become of the vast horde of small salaried counter salesmen, and bookkeepers who have been thrown out by the closing out of small business? This is the most hopeless and helpless class on earth. Efforts to organize them have proven almost futile everywhere. Servile and smug they have led all battalions of the Henry Dubb cadet corps.

From this class is recruited the National Guard and the Naval Militia. Their sons later on join the Boy Scouts, the Boys' Brigade, the Militia of Christ and other regiments ready to battle for the gods of their masters.

The highways are strewn with blanket stiffs even this early in the year, despite the fact workers in seasonal occupations are not yet supposed to be disemployed. Therefore business is "good" for the rube constable with a mileage graft.

Business is "good"—for the makers of guns and ammunition, and the brokers who deal in war supplies, and the grafting officials who handle the war loans.

Make a Big Grab

Assailed by a ravenous hunger an old man steals a loaf of bread.

"Ten years," yawns a fat judge, and the old man goes to prison for life.

Another man steals an entire wheat crop and a railroad and gets a coat of federal court whitewash.

The moral lies before your eyes. It's a matter of proportion. Be a big thief and make a bold grab for the whole cheese.

Radiant Toad

Katheryn, blonde, beautiful and 6, whose parents recently entered the Christian Science fold, started on an evening stroll with a favored uncle. A toad rustled in the undergrowth beside the path.

"It's only a friendly toad," said the uncle.

"I know," said the child in a voice calculated to convince herself. "He wont hurt us. He'll just reflect love!"

Sold Only To

Physicians, Lawyers, Educators, Clergymen, Social Workers and Writers

Prices heretofore $5.50. Identically same work, in less expensive binding, now $1.60.

This is the revised and enlarged MARSHALL ENGLISH TRANSLATION of

"The Sexual Question"

By August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich. Every professional man or woman, dealing with social, criminal, medical and religious matters will find this book of immediate value. Without doubt the most complete and authoritative as well as the most amazing book ever written on sexual matters. Subject treated from every point of view by this celebrated scientist in terms of the average reader.

The chapter on "Love and Other Irradiations of the Sexual Appetite" is in itself a profound revelation of human sex emotions. Complete exposition of degeneracy and treatment. Discussions of contraceptive means. Should be in the hands of everyone dealing with domestic relations.

Send $1.60—check, money order or stamps—to

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

"Any book on any subject, by mail"

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

The British Columbia Federationist

Room 217
Labor Temple
Vancouver, B. C.
$1.25 Per Year
Issued Weekly

R. Parm Pettipiece, Managing Editor

A labor paper unparalleled by any labor paper of Canada. Endorsed by the Victoria Trades and Labor Council and New Westminster Trades and Labor Council. Official organ of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council and British Columbia Federation of Labor. The paper for Industrial Unity, Political Unity, Strength and Victory! If you do not take this paper you should subscribe today!

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619
A. J. STEVENS
Dentist
306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III August 1915 No. 4

Rambling Thoughts

The editor of a Los Angeles newspaper declares the war in Europe must stop because the world is going bankrupt, not because the blood, bones and flesh of millions of men are being used to fertilize the soil of the nations. The same editor sees trouble ahead because of the destruction of property and the piling up of a war debt that will require 500 years to erase, but fails to see anything to get excited about in the destruction of ten million laborers and the sorrow which fills the homes of the dead soldiers. Real property, owned by the rich, is one thing, and a few million lives is another, and of considerably less importance, according to this editor's line of reasoning.

* * *

The whole world is stark mad, and of course this includes the United States. The church people are praying for peace, and the ammunition manufacturers are working nights, days and Sundays to turn out more material, to take more lives. The United States is neutral, but the prosperity columns of its newspapers gloat over the big orders from Europe. Everybody wants peace, but most of them grab all the money they can get hold of, whether it represents an order for beans or bullets.

* * *

Catholics are killing Catholics, Protestants are killing Protestants, Masons are killing Masons, Socialists are killing Socialists, and husbands are killing their wives' families when they fire on homes in neighboring countries. Sure! Why not! It's a great little war, over in Europe. Surely its great to be crazy!

* * *

The Pontiff, posing as the one and only true representative of God, and supposed (by millions and millions), to have the power of bringing nations to their knees, has tried several times to tell Kaiser Bill where his terminus is located. In fact, Bill told the Pope to go to and attend strictly to his own business, which everyone will admit is no nice way to talk to the vicar of Christ.

* * *

As further proof that everyone has gone crazy, it might be said that newspapers in the United States this winter will be gloating over the big European orders for food produced in the United States, while millions are going hungry in the country where the food was produced. Sure! Let's all go crazy! Ship the food to Europe to feed the soldiers, so they can kill a few more million innocent people, and at the same time allow other millions to starve to death here at home. That's a great little idea. In fact it would be considered a ten strike in any squirrel house in the world, if thought out in detail by one of the inmates.

* * *

Two foolhardy Americans lost their lives when they persisted in taking hazards of war and sailed from England on the Arabic. They knew the ship was a floating ammunition magazine engaged in the most dangerous occupation of running guns through a submersible blockade. They gambled and lost and now their kind want you, Henry, to go to war and get killed. The world is mad, but there are a few million workers who still have possession of their senses and through this is the hope of the survival of the race.

* * *

A prize-fighter goes into training several weeks before the hour set for him to go into the ring. If he didn't intend to fight he wouldn't train. A girl learns dancing so she can show others just how they do the Los Angeles wiggle. If she didn't intend to dance she wouldn't take lessons. A printer learns to set type because he intends to set type for a living. A baker learns the baker's trade because he intends to bake bread for a living. But of course a nation doesn't buy battleships and rifles, and ammunition, with the expectation of engaging in war. Oh, no! Also, oh slush!—H. W.

FERTILIZING THE AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

— Drawing by M. A. Kempf

Retort Cautious

A FRENCHMAN and a German lived in the same apartment house just across the court from each other, and evenings after reading their papers they would sit in their windows and banter each other over the victories and defeats of their respective countries.

One night after nearly a week of French reverses, the German's gibes and quips seemed to cut very severely. One word led to another until the Frenchman could stand it no longer. Leaving his window in hot haste he returned a few moments later playing the "Marsellaise" on a violin. The German grunted his disgust and picked up his paper to read, but the soul-stirring music was too much. Throwing down his paper he disappeared into his darkened room and soon hoarse, throbbing tones of a loud trombone were blaring away at "Der Wacht am Rhine."

Other windows of the court began to fill with heads and shouts and pleadings for the entertainers to cease proved in vain. A hurry call for the police by the quaking landlord, aided by several protesting tenants, brought in the police reserve squad. It did not take long to place the musicians under arrest and they were taken to a nearby station house and locked up for the night in widely divided cells.

The next morning they were haled before a very sober and severe justice of the peace who meted out to them an exceedingly warm lecture on "Neutrality in America" with a fine of $25 for disturbing the peace as a little side dish. Then they were made to shake hands as if they were forming a bond of everlasting friendship, and told to go home together.

Passing down the street they talked to each other in guarded language, both fighting shy of the war. When they reached their apartments a young newsboy was heard to cry out a great Russian victory over the Germans. The Frenchman's heart leaped for joy and on reaching that part of the hall where they parted he could hold himself no longer.

"I see," he said with a broad smile, "zat ze Russians have been amusing zemselves again."

Although hot under the collar from

WANTED

Bee Machinery

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is in need of a second-hand

Foundation and Four-Frame

HONEY EXTRACTOR

Send All Particulars and Description to

Llano del Rio Co.

Apiary Dept.

923 Higgins Bldg.
Los Angeles

The American Socialist

Official Organ of the

Socialist Party of America.

The American Socialist speaks with authority. It is a powerful news and propaganda weekly and is the only paper in the United States which gives an account of the official business of the Socialist Party.

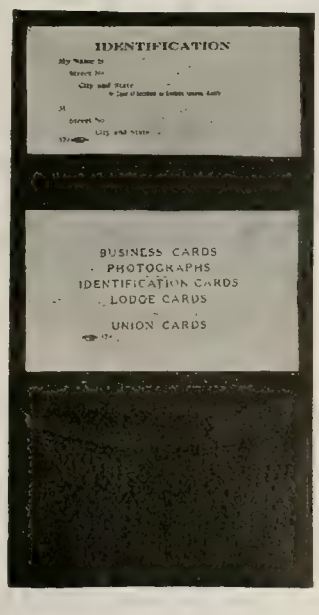
Every Socialist. Every Student of Socialism should be a subscriber.

Subscription Price
50 cents a year.

The American Socialist and The Western Comrade can be had in combination for one year by sending $1.25 to

THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Socialists Attention!



In order to place a copy of our catalogue of union-made goods in the hands of every reader of The Western Comrade, we will send postage prepaid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, one of our genuine sheepskin-leather card cases BEARING THE UNION LABEL.

This card case contains four pockets, one large for bills and papers, one for your dues-stamp book, and two with transparent windows for union membership cards. This is the ONLY CARD CASE on the market made by Organized Labor and bearing the union label. It is no longer necessary for a class-conscious Socialist to be inconsistent.

Send fifty cents in stamps or money order.

MUTUAL UNION TRADING COMPANY

(The only exclusive union label merchandisers)
(Owned and managed by members of the working class)

9 Board of Trade Court, CHICAGO, ILLS.

this remark, the German tried his best to control himself.

"Vell," he said, with a faint smile, "dot vos noddings. In der summer most of us Chermans take der vacations an enchoy demselves by der mountains, or by der seashore, or—" hesitating before slamming shut the door of his room, "or capturing der French!" Slam!

Aid to Our Kings

(Continued from Page 15)

"Famine, Pestilence," he muttered again, this time almost tenderly; his eyes gleaming wistfully like a lover's. "A pretty pair," he murmured softly, "and faithful."

On Earth the two dread sisters already had begun their deadly work. Women and babies shriveled like thirsting flowers as Famine clutched them in her bony fingers. In the trenches and field hospitals the shadow of Pestilence crept.

Awakening from his reverie the war god called to his tollkeeper:

"Tell me," he gruffly ordered, "when there are thirty million."

Pictures for Propaganda

Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

If you like

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

at all, you will like it BETTER than any other magazine

Send your name and address on a postcard to PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, 425 East 24th Street, New York City, for a

FREE SAMPLE COPY

AND SEE; then subscribe through us—

HERE'S A BARGAIN

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.50 (the price of Pearson's alone) to

The Western Comrade
923 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

"If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed . . ."

And again Gen. Otis says:

"Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers . . ."—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

EVERYMAN (Monthly)

Each Issue Has an Important Lecture or Essay by

Clarence Darrow

Year $1.50, Copy 25 Cents

516 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 475 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools will open at the fall term with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony schools.

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products.

There are about 175 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has about forty work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 1000 egg-making birds, some of them blue-ribbon prize winners. About 2000 additional chicks were added recently. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

No more commissions will be paid for the sale of memberships or stock in the Llano del Rio Community. Every installment member should be a worker to secure new members.

About 120 acres of garden has been planted this year.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Base-ball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and nearly 700 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock.

Each pays cash ($750) for 750 shares.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the $4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated fund may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 924 Higgins building, Los Angeles, California.

"That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee."—Marcus Aurelius.

Tired of the Struggle?

ARE you a victim of the "back to the land movement"? If so, on your arrival, didn't you find that you must sell at wholesale and buy at retail? Compelled to submit to the other fellow's prices in both cases? Join the Llano Del Rio Co-operative Colony, where we buy at wholesale and will sell our surplus to the outside world at retail, through our own store.

Do you see your life savings being wiped out in the purchase of necessities because you can not use your time productively? Join our community where your job is your own and where you take your orders from a boss you and your comrades have selected.

Are you tired of creating by your labor orchards, houses, factories and machinery, only to see them owned and used by others to enslave those who do useful work? Join our Colony and help create these things under collective ownership and democratic control.

ALBERT A. JAMES
Manager Membership Department

Are you tired of a sixteen-hour day and isolation for yourself and family? Join our Colony and get an eight-hour day, and in our social life you will find congenial friends whose every desire is for your success.

Are you tired for the heartbreaking struggle to keep your children clothed and in school. Come to Llano where we consider our children our greatest asset and where our educators take the children at two years and carry them through from the Montessori (kindergarten) to the high school.

Are you tired of speculation, wherein the wealth of the workers passes as unearned increment into the coffers of those who speculate in land and tools of production? Join our Colony where no real estate is for sale and no "business opportunities" are available.

"Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others."—From the Community Constitution.

Llano del Rio Company

Membership Department

924 Higgins Building Los Angeles, California

The Western Comrade

September
Nineteen Fifteen
Ten Cents

usting
ne
on Law
y
eorge
antrell

Third
Circle
of Might
By
Morgan
Smith

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 10-inch boots	5.00
Ladies' 14-inch boots	5.50
Men's Elk shoes	4.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	3.50
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5 to 8	1.75
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.25
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	2.50

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.

Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONTENTS

Leo Tolstoy. Drawn by Wm. R. Walker.....Cover

Facts and Comment. By Frank E. Wolfe.....Page 5

Third Circle of Might By Morgan Smith.....Page 9

Hell For Its Makers. By Frank H. Ware.....Page 11

Busting the Iron Law. By George Cantrell.....Page 13

Where Is the Home? By Irwin Tucker.....Page 14

Mary Phagan Passes Judgment. By Mary White Ovington .....Page 14

Community Grows in Power. By R. K. Williams..Page 15

Industrial Activity at Llano del Rio Community...Page 16

Earth Is Enough (Poem). By Edwin Markham...Page 20

Our Wonderful School.....Page 21

A Remarkable Prediction. By Count Leo Tolstoy..Page 22

Peace or War? By A. E. Briggs.....Page 22

Speak, What Think Ye of the War? (Poem). By Ernest Desland .....Page 23

Picturing Our Hero.....Page 23

Rights vs. Power.....Page 26

Should Sanity Strike? By Albert A. James.....Page 29

CARTOONS

War's Stupendous Cost.....Frontispiece

Jum-Jum, the Wild Man.....Page 6

A Year of War.....Page 7

"Blood! Blood! Gimme Blood!".....Page 9

Kreuzland, Kreuzland Ueber Alles!.....Page 11

At One Gulp.....Page 13

When the Welsh Miners Came Up Out of the Ground .....Page 28

War's Stupendous Cost

To the Last Farthing

—Cleveland Plain Dealer

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. III | LOS ANGELES, CAL., SEPTEMBER, 1915 | NUMBER 5

Al Fresco Dinner. All of the Food Produced by Llano del Rio Community

FACTS AND COMMENT

By Frank E. Wolfe

A YEAR and a half ago a woman, who had attended some of the first sessions of the Industrial Relations Commission, made a prediction that has been most wonderfully fulfilled:

"Out of this investigation will come some far-reaching results. The personnel of the commission is poor. From Jim Connell to Harris Weinstock, labor may view the makeup with suspicion. But there is Frank P. Walsh and Basil Manley, and these men will prevent the commission from proving a farce.

"Walsh has the potentiality and fearlessness; he will learn much, and will broaden as he learns and in the final he will emerge as a champion of the workers."

Walsh has made good and Manley has made good. As for Connell—well, he is "Buttonhole Jim," second vice-president of the A. F. of L. Bored to distraction, interested in only a few things—the militia of Christ and the welfare of the pantiff.

Weinstock, (Mrs.) Harriman and Commons may make all the side reports they can write, but the real report of Walsh and Manley must be printed and given the widest circulation.

Walsh has done a great work in bringing out with vivid clearness the class war in America. With the workers now lies the responsibility of seeing that the report is made a strong weapon for the revolution.

Now write to your Congressman and urge him

to use his efforts to get the Walsh report printed and distributed.

* * *

TEXAS citizens recently burned a negro alive in a public square and on the same day an Illinois sheriff succeeded, only after great difficulty, in saving a prisoner from lynching. The spirit of mob murder is not confined to the Southern States. On the contrary, there are many instances to show that this disease is not localized or geographical.

Lynchings in the United States are decreasing and the more atrocious tortures are fewer than in former years. There are evidences that we are letting the ape and the tiger die and that there are more humane instincts than of yore. In commenting on this, our moralists are always sure to bring in the horrors of complacent disregard for the law. To them murder under the law is at worst a "deplorable necessity." They do not see that cold blood legalized strangling is more reprehensible than the mob murders committed in sudden heat following some maddening crime against a woman.

At this hour, when thousands of men and women are exerting every effort to bring, through the initiative, the abolition of legal killings, our cold blooded vicarious prison lynchings are wholly unpardonable.

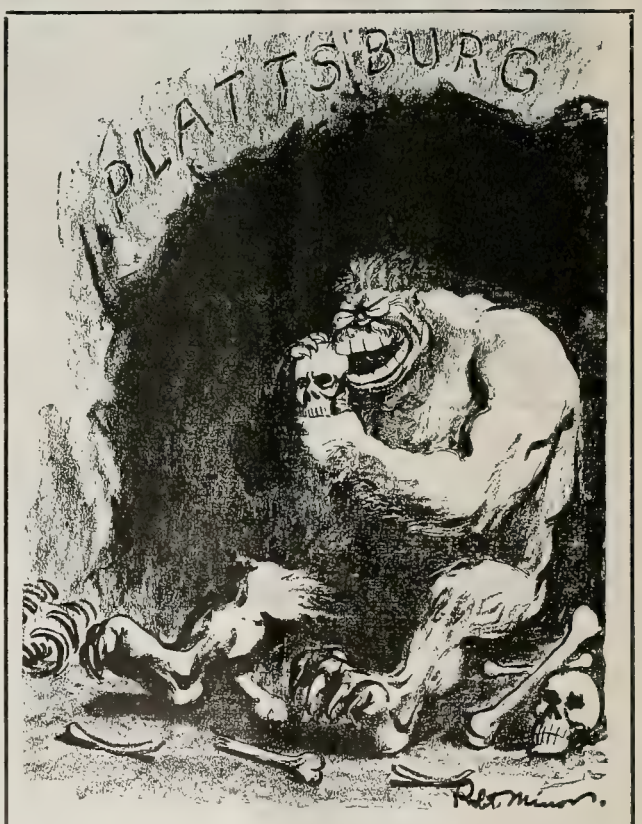
* * *

WE have been called to account by a gentleman from Georgia who resented the statement printed in this column that "as to the blood guilt of the people of that state there is no shadow of doubt." He pleaded extenuating circumstances. In a voice so rich and mellifluous that one sensed in back of it the flow of a black mammy's milk, the young man said:

"We are much misjudged. In Georgia our women have, I reckon, less political rights than in any other state. She can't (kaint) vote; she has no legal right to make a will; she may not dispose of property; she has no control over her children—in fact no legal standing at all. I think that's why we believe in giving them a square deal."

The square deal is, apparently, given to some after death by deliberately planning a cold-blooded murder. Could there be a more absurd anachronism? Deprived of every right Georgia women are brutally exploited, but are given a "square deal"—if they happen to be white women—after they have been assaulted by their exploiter.

Are the Georgia women who work in the factories and fields given a square deal? Was there ever a protest from our chivalric friends when the girls in the pencil factory where Mary Phagan worked were forced to toil bodyracking hours on miserable pay? Was there any talk of fair play for Mary Phagan, alive, underpaid and overworked? Is there any "square deal" for the young girls whose lives are ground out in the cotton mills of Georgia? Is there a square deal for the black women of



JUM-JUM, THE WILD MAN

—New York Call

Georgia? Do the tens of thousands of mulatto children of that and other southern states bespeak a square deal for the white wives and sweethearts of the chivalric gentlemen of Jawjy?

We do not mean to be harsh and unjust. Neither have we any grudge against Georgia. We plainly and frankly plead guilty to equally cold-blooded lynchings in California as those of Georgia and Mississippi. Since we printed the former article on this subject we strangled a man at Folsom penitentiary. Our murder was as studied and cold as that of the other mob that strung up a weak, wounded and shackled man near Atlanta. The difference is in the degree of our hypocrisy.

In California we try, at least, to give women political and legal equality. In her proud possession of her vote the California woman follows her Christian pastor to the polls and votes to continue legal lynching in California.

We are, however, in a measure, getting away from the cobwebby maze of sophistries of our Georgia brothers who prate about chivalry and a square deal.

* * *

"CARDS are out——" nice, smug, society talk. Cards are out for a function at the Folsom penitentiary. California is about to perform another murder and this time we shall try to break into Mississippi's class by making an "occasion." Newspapers describe the official invitatons for the execution of the court's sentence on the person of David Fountain as "neatly engraved cards with black borders." We are not told whether there will be any fried chicken, watermelon or any of the frilly things that made the Starkville function such a pronounced success.

* * *

SOCIALISTS who are given to debating questions of the day have been seeking a foil for the subject, "Does Labor want an eight-hour day?"

We would like the negative side if we could get an intellectual Henry of the craft union type to act as a foil.

Not yet! If labor wants an eight-hour day or anything else in the way of shorter hours, or better conditions it would get it without hesitation or delay.

A YEAR OF WAR

Uncle Sam: "Hully gee! I could make swell canned meat out of that!"

—L'Esquella de la Torratxa, Barcelona

Labor in California did not want an eight-hour day when it voted against—or failed to vote for the initiative measure at the last state election. The act was initiated by the Socialists of the state. Shamed into action and goaded on by the activity of Socialists who are also trade unionists, organized labor passed resolutions and gave half-hearted "moral" support. The brunt of the fight was carried by Thomas W. Williams, state secretary of the Socialist Party, and he made every dime that came in look like a double eagle to the plutocratic power that fought him. It was an opportunity of a gen-

eration. The measure was called revolutionary. It was not, but it was a tremendous step ahead. Nothing could have clearer demonstrated the muddy brain of the toiler than the result of that election. The more barefaced the lies of the press agents of the labor-hating organization the greater the eagerness of the small farmer and the farm hand and the stupid city mechanics to defeat the eight-hour initiative.

* * *

AN enterprising imbecile of Watts, California—a suburb of Los Angeles that is made the butt of many coarse jokes—created a tremendous sensation in daily newspaper circles by springing an "edition" of 2000 war extras one bright Sunday morning. The scarehead in high black wood type announced the "English Navy Sunk!" The fake was cheap, silly and obvious, but the public has been educated to high blackface type and shrieking announcements so it bought and read and believed a story so fearfully and wonderfully wrought that it plainly was of squirrel-house production. The funny feature was the squawk of indignation from the regular daily press. It demanded arrest and imprisonment of the faker. The Watts genius had only overplayed their game. They have been faking in every edition but their frauds are neatly covered with credit lines of news agencies. It is the same old story of the legality and morality of organized cheating and the utter outlawry of the individual who takes a plunge into the nasty game.

* * *

THE State Railway Commission has issued an order suspending the new law prohibiting others than regularly authorized telegraphers and station agents from receiving and delivering train orders. The measure was calculated to safeguard the lives of passengers and trainmen. As a "Labor measure" it was valuable in that it prevented the possibility of trainmen with a smattering of knowledge of the telegraph code and a craft union idea from handling orders and scabbing on the operators in case of strikes. The railroad magnates found a direct route to nullify an obnoxious law. Again for the thousandth time are achievements by political action snatched from the workers before any benefit is derived. Are our masters mad, that they take those long chances of destroying our hope of liberation by peaceful means?

* * *

EVEN as the Italian Socialists held down the lid for a year, so are our comrades in Sweden struggling with that part of capitalism that profits most by war. Every effort is being exerted by Germany to get the northern country involved.

The military part in Sweden is composed of ambitious officers and representatives of the big financial interests. All the militarists of Sweden are of the German school; they are trained along German lines and they are in full sympathy with the Kaiser in the struggle.

If the Socialists of Sweden can prevent war it will be a big victory for democracy and a long step toward Socialist success.

* * *

WHAT are you reading? Are you getting misinformation from the daily organs of plutocracy and trying vainly to discount the editorial lies and distorted "news" items? You can't do it. It takes years of training to enable one to pick out the thin thread of truth that is interwoven in the fabric made of the warp of stock sophistries and woof of barefaced falschoods wherever the interests of the ruling class are at stake. Do you read the American Socialist? If you do not you are losing much. If you miss a copy of Pearson's Magazine you cannot keep abreast of the national news from the standpoint of rebels who are unafraid. There are scores of live Socialist weeklies that are devoted to constructive propaganda. They carry news of the day in such form that the workers may read and not be deceived. Do you read the New York Daily Call? One Sunday edition is worth a year's subscription. The Milwaukee Daily Leader is keen and snappy and carries a splendid editorial page. In order that the readers of the Western Comrade may have at least two of the best publications in America we have made most advantageous combination offers.

Third Circle of Might

By MORGAN SMITH

MIGHT is a railroad train—with so many stops and such and such turn-outs and a certain course to be run in a certain time. We must not be playing blocks with Might, and Might must not be playing dolls with us. This is no playing matter. Science has fixed a day when we are going to be waiting for Might at the last station on the line; Might must be on time or humanity will suffer the fate of the mastodons.

That Might is capable of being entrusted with any such jobs as saving the Human Race without the assistance of its old side-partner, Right, has occurred only to a few, and these few kept it and their standing in the community to themselves. When it comes to saving things the popular conception of the savers has been a team of two descendants of Pegasus scampering along the obstacle race of life—Might on one side and Right on the other. They have been made yoke-mates in every important undertaking.

And when Might and Right got started anywhere one would perpetually be just out of sight around the corner ahead and the other jogging back along the road to find him. Yet the people kept patiently on repairing breaks in the impossible harness and hunting up Right so that he and Might would be sure to stick in the same road. "Leave 'em alone," they said, "and they'll get somewhere or other, raising a cloud of dust behind them." But they didn't.

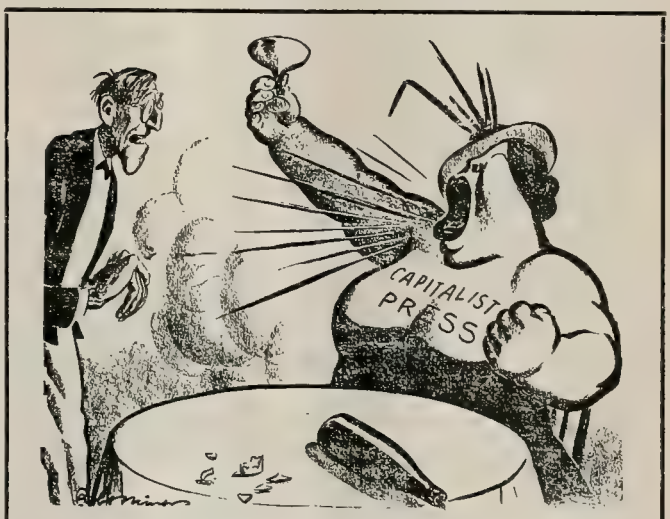
That there is such a thing somewhere as positive and unvarying Right, nobody doubts. But when we seize it and hold it down and sit on it long enough to make drawings of it, we will find that it, above all others things, is a thing that will work. It will be efficient. It will be Mighty, and, between you and me, we will recognize in it a strange resemblance to our old friend Might.

The long dynasty of Right, though possessing always marked family resemblances, has had multifarious dignified vagaries. It could appear to be almost anything at all, according to the light it stood in. It has never been close enough to permit a real good look.

Now, Might, whatever else its shortcomings might be, has at least always been of tangible stuff. Might is not always just out of sight around the corner. It is there all the time, and may be measured, photographed, consulted or spat upon.

So they have scampered—Right and Might; one just around the corner and the other hunting back along the way. Obviously one should, long ago, have been rid of the other. Present signs indicate that one of them has actually dropped out. One of them has been stink-potted.

If the futility of accomplishing purposes through the agency of the chimera, Right is established, we must divest the other, Might, of all the age-long harness of its whilom running mate. Might has always been countenanced only so far as it was warranted



"BLOOD! BLOOD! GIMME BLOOD!"

—New York Call

by the prevailing conception of Right. Let us, now, in our intelligent development of Might, retain only at all times that part that works and let us throw the other parts away some place. Since science has furnished us with an objective, let us set ourselves to discover what parts of Might are calculated to arrive on time at that last station on the line.

The first thing must be a treaty of some sort with Might. Might has had its shortcomings, surely, but humanity has never been really on the exact level either. Just because it was a tangible thing and under our control, we have bandied poor Might around from pillar to post everlastingly since the days when Might used to dictate the position of our thumbs. Might is just now having the one hearty laugh of its career and seems thoroughly imbued with our idea of true sport. We may have stuffed Might into crowded quarters in a bottle; we may have torn it limb from limb and put it together so oddly that it couldn't recognize itself; we may have set two forces of Might to fight-

ing each other while we went behind something and snickered; but, just now, the laugh is on us, 'tis true.

Through the first two stages of the evolution of Might we have turned that original dictator of thumbs from our enemy to our friend and then into our playmate. It cannot be our enemy during the next stage, even if it would. It must not be our playmate, because the third circle of Might is no playing matter.

Railroads have divisional points where a train may pause, hook up to a different engine, take on a different kind of fuel, perhaps, and generally hitch up its trousers and take a look around. These divisional points are located where conditions of travel change.

As I say, Might is a railroad train. Along the course we humans have run there have been changes in conditions of travel. Just because one kind of might could be relied on to get us to one place we did not rely on it to get us to another.

The physical engine was for Existence.

Once gained, we changed engines.

The mental engine was for Supremacy.

Having attained which we must have another en-

The other engine will get us to that last station. It will not have done it independently of the other engine, but through their efficiency. Could the Mental engine have been relied upon to get us all the way to the place called Security? Let us hitch up our trousers and take a look around. Did we rely on the Physical engine to get us all the way to Supremacy?

Really, now, are we on the last lap to Security with that good old mental engine? Why, no! That old mental engine is running up all the side streets of the Supremacy stop, and down by the old apple tree and back to the brook. It is shooting sparks and fire just as if it were really a choo-train, but it is really nothing but the little tooting stationary to a merry-go-'round. The grade to Security is a little too level and smooth for the snorting old hog-back.

We are like the mastadon. We are big enough, goodness knows, and when the fallacy of social suicide has disappeared we will be bigger. When it gets down to a plain matter of comparing "what's on your plate" with "what's your need," we will realize that our size is no great strength. The mastadon, according to reports, did not dismiss the matter lightly by saying that just whichever part of him survived would be all right with him. The mastadon, light brained though he is reported to have been, said that he would get enough for the whole twenty tons of him or bust. He busted, 'tis true, but we are not going to. We're going to get our bulky frame down to the point where every muscle that we feed must be just so much power to combat the thing ahead. Science has given us a big advantage by telling us what's ahead.

So just here is where the first new, faint images of Right begin to strangely resemble our old friend Might. Right is a thing that works; Right is efficiency. If we are going to be here when the world grows cold it must be through the co-ordination of all our forces. If we are going to get away from the Supremacy stop on time it must be with a new type of engine. Efficiency is Right and Efficiency is Might. Algebraically that makes Right, Might.

Physically, Might and Mental Might have come plunk up against nice new conditions and they may as well sit down and talk about old times to an appreciative new form of power. Physical Might worked under conditions of blind, ceaseless action. Every form of life fought and struggled because it seemed to be proper to fight rather than die. We all struggled our best because there was usually a struggling elbow in our rib. When we discovered that there was better scenery and less struggle on top of the seething mass of heads, we began to make diagrams and surveys of the most effective means of placing the toe on the eyeball. That was the "What-a-man-wants" stage of the journey. Now we have come to the "What-a-man-needs" division. It is a new kind of country. Let us look over that mysterious little engine, the Soul, and see what it is good for.

On the planet Mars they are nearing the last station in the third division of Might. The survival of the conscious beings depends upon bringing, all the way to the equatorial regions, the snows that accumulate at the poles. Through the telescope we see irrigating ditches that make that monster globe appear like baby's ball. What force has put those ditches there and, more important, by what force is the immense conscious population living in amity and happiness. Do you think the laws of society on Mars are based on the "What-a-man-wants" idea? Why, no. They need more than they want. To desire and to require are synonymous there, now, as are Might and Right.

But it takes time to get to a certain place. If, when Mars had its last ruinous war, the people had not substituted Social Force for Material Force, they would not now be supplying their dry land with moisture and living in amity and happiness. They would be a frozen offering to the fool God of Desire.

Many have been the intellectual seers who have attempted to provide a uniform conscious purpose in life. We have had as many aims of existence as we have had seers. Why not give the telescope a chance along with the others! Suppose we live with the prosaic sole purpose of defeating that cooling of the earth's crust, and see what, along the way, we will attain of Right ,Security and Unity!

Might is a railroad train.

Hell For Its Makers

By FRANK H. WARE

SCENE: The receiving parlor of Hades Red velvet curtains hang about room. In one corner are piles of coffins, empty, yet faded flowers and wreathes show evidence of recent occupancy. There is a never ending clank of chains and discordant sounds and groans, faint but yet perceptible. In center, down stage, is a pedestal with a huge book on top. Many devils are working clearing away coffins. Merl, chief of receiving devils, is sitting on a small throne beside the pedestal. Large gong rings and curtain parts in back. Six devils enter carrying coffin, and place it before Merl. One of them snatches a tag fastened to the coffin and presents it to Merl. Six devils then exit.

MERL (reading tag)—Capt. George Perkins, Fifth Battalion King's Own Riflemen; shot leading charge of land forces, Dardenelles.

(Three devils with hammers and chisels enter.)

MERL—Let's see him.

(Devils burst open coffin and Captain Perkins sits up, pallid from his wounds and death sickness.)

CAPT. PERKINS (looking about amazed and awed, a bit perplexed)—Where am I?

MERL—In hell. Arise and register (indicating book on pedestal).

CAPT. PERKINS (arising)—I beg pardon, but aren't you a trifle mistaken?

MERL—We don't make mistakes here. We punish them.

CAPT. PERKINS (remonstrating)—But I have been a good man! I am still a good man—and a Christian!

MERL—H'm—let's see. (Turns tag over.) It says here that you ordered your men to slaughter 3000 Turks and Germans who were out of ammunition and begging for food. You—yes, you, Captain Perkins, were responsible for this massacre.

KREUZLAND, KREUZLAND UEBER ALLES!
"Father, where is your grave?"
—Drawn by Louis Raemakers

CAPT. PERKINS (hotly)—But they were not Christians; they were dogs, unbelievers.

MERL—That gave you the right to massacre them, then?

CAPT. PERKINS (a trifle nervous)—But this was war! They would have done the same to us! Don't you understand war?

MERL (yawning)—Y-e-s, I think I know a little about it, having handled hundreds of thousands of officers during the past four thousand years.

CAPT. PERKINS (stepping back)—Are you Satan?

MERL—N-o-o-o. I am but the head of the receiving department.

CAPT. PERKINS (looking around)—So this is where everyone comes when they land in hell, eh? Pretty nice place to live—

MERL—No; this is the entrance for notables only. The rest, you will find, are herded through a gate without even registering, and put to work at their everlasting tasks.

CAPT. PERKINS—Do many of them go in that way?

MERL—Oh, yes. Only about one-tenth of one per cent ever go to heaven.

CAPT. PERKINS—Then you might say that everyone, figuratively speaking, of course, finally ends in hell?

MERL—Practically that.

CAPT. PERKINS—What do you do with us officers and notables? We were thought to be good people on Earth, therefore our punishments could not be so very severe.

MERL—That depends upon your record as it stands here—not what the people of Earth credit you with. Now, Captain Perkins, you will step to the book and register.

CAPT. PERKINS (goes to register, picks up pen)—I can't see the sense in registering here. When you once get here, you're here for good.

MERL—I'm afraid you won't see the sense in lots

of things for a while yet—especially when it comes to punishment.

CAPT. PERKINS (laying down pen after signing)—But you don't mete out severe punishment to good people—er—that is persons who think—or rather know—you understand, those who have been good!

MERL (laughing)—As the American says, "There ain't no such animal."

CAPT. PERKINS—But—there are the preachers and priests, undoubtedly they are good; you must admit that.

MERL—I admit nothing. Come here. (They go to side stage and Merl draws back curtain. A flare of red light greets them and the howls of hundreds of thousands in torture causes Captain Perkins to draw back in fear. Merl lowers curtain and laughs.) Those are your Hellroaring preachers—your GOOD preachers. (Turns fiercely and glares at Captain Perkins.) It is you that makes hell possible!

CAPT. PERKINS (shrinking back)—Me?

MERL—Yes, you! You and the rest of your accursed group of humanity. You officers and notables! (Laughs sarcastically.) Who orders the priests to pray for the success of arms? Do the common people? Who orders the making of ammunitions and war materials? Who orders the subscription to a war loan? Who orders the soldiers on the field of battle? Who orders the making of war babies? And again, who makes the laws of the land and tells the people they will be punished if one of them is broken? DO THE PEOPLE? (Wipes perspiration from his brow.) Well, here is the result: Here is the hell you have created. It has been created a long time, but each generation sends in its new sets of laws and new subdivisions have to be added to handle the crowd—for everyone, no matter who he is, breaks some law at some time in his life. Why man, it keeps us going like hell, making new inventions of torture to keep apace of the ones you are making for this Earthly cataclysm brought about by you nobles.

CAPT. PERKINS (quaking)—Then the nobles are punished for making the laws?

MERL—Hell, no! We punish no one for making laws. It's breaking them.

CAPT. PERKINS—Then I can't see why the nobles should be punished—that is most of them—for they never break the laws they make.

MERL—Oh, yes they do, only they do it in what they call a "legal" manner. It's all the same to us. Because that word "legal" does not mean anything here.

CAPT. PERKINS—But "legal" means within the law; therefore why should they be punished for something they did not do?

MERL—Do you think there ever was such a thing as justice? Don't you realize that when a law is broken by the common people they are punished? Don't you understand that when one of the lawmakers should be forced through necessity for more riches to break the same law in exactly the same manner, that he is never brought before the courts?

CAPT. PERKINS—But the people have a right to have him brought to the bar of justice, no matter who he is.

MERL—Yes, that's what you tell them and they are chloroformed by that kind of dope. Then when the time comes and they land a lawmaker for lawbreaking, what happens? Why, a nice, neat intelligent jury is selected—oh, no, not by the people—and "justice" is taken for a nice little walk around the block while a coat of whitewash is plastered over the case.

CAPT. PERKINS—But I never made any laws. I have done nothing but obey laws ever since I can remember. I can truthfully say that I have never broken one.

MERL—How about the slaughtering of those 3000 "unbelievers"?

CAPTAIN PERKINS—Ho! I broke no law—in fact, that was but the execution of orders from my superior officers. Those orders were laws, because in times of war they are given authority, and having executed their orders or laws I should not be punished. To have fallen down on one order would have meant an everlasting disgrace and, as they would also have been broken laws, I should rightfully expect punishment here.

MERL—The carrying out of those orders did not prevent you from breaking other laws.

CAPT. PERKINS—No other laws were broken.

MERL—How about the law "Thou Shalt Not Kill"?

CAPT. PERKINS—Why, man, this is a war. That law is repealed in times of hostilities. It would have been impossible for me to carry out the laws of my superiors and this latter law. They are conflicting. They are opposite. To carry out one is to break the other. Must I be punished for——

MERL—Yes, that is the reason why practically everyone comes here. No law, no matter how long ago it was made, is ever repealed in hell. Now you can see; you HAVE to break one law to make or keep another. Then comes punishment everlasting when you die.

CAPT. PERKINS—But, you said that one-tenth of one per cent escaped hell. How can they do that?

MERL—They were lucky enough to be born with-

(Continued on page 26)

Busting the Iron Law

By GEORGE E. CANTRELL

THE great European upheaval; the great butchering contest has shattered many of the hopes of humanity. The long standing laws of international courtesies and customs have been ruthlessly discarded, and innocent noncombatants on land and sea have been murdered in cold blood. Things of priceless beauty and historical value and grandeur have been shattered.

In Germany the cherished ideals of Socialist working class solidarity, the bubble of international class war, has been blown up, accompanied by the bitter lashings of their "Comrades" across the borders. In all the belligerent countries the call to arms has found Socialist comrades lined up against each other with murderous intent, each believing in his own way that "his" country is in danger. The splendid theory of international class interests has proved too weak to resist the bugle's startling note, and too young to stem the rushing torrent of inflamed race hatred.

AT ONE GULP

How Much Longer Can She Feed Him?

—Des Moines Register and Leader

In England the workers are face to face with humiliation or conscription. Indeed, in these times of highly scientific combat, voluntary enlistment is of little avail. England has always fought against conscription as against a plague. A few years ago, when the late Lord Roberts came out strong for national military service, he aroused a great storm of unpopular criticism that sent him reeling back to private life. Like the working class of this country the Britishers like to think they are free.

Another cherished institution which has been shattered is the "Iron Law" of supply and demand. In times of peace, schools of economic thought have tried to impress the worker with the theory of supply and demand. With thousands of unemployed at the factory gates wages have often been kept to the low-water mark—because supply was greater than demand.

But the war has called many of Britain's skilled workers to fight, and the pendulum of supply and demand has swung over with a bang. Employers and munition factory owners are reaping huge profits. Their workers patriotically toil long hours to produce munitions of war to help "their" country. But they have suddenly seen the light. The long hours are impairing their working ability and they "lay off" one day in seven for rest. Because of this they are accused of "slacking" and of drunkenness, and the busy British government is actually so anxious about them that they appoint investigators to provide means of preventing them from striking—or even taking rest.

Every day lost, every hour wasted, means less profits for the employers. The speed with which the government has taken up the settlement of strikes is a revelation to the world.

The investigators for the government related how several dock workers were shipped to a French post to relieve congestion in shipping, and on pay day, after a big week with ten hours a day seven days a week, many of these fellows got too drunk to work next day. They were sent back to England and a new batch sent to continue the work. These were men from the army. On pay day one man only imbibed too freely. He got twelve months hard labor. Therefore:

Put the workers under military control! Make them a part of the army, when to refuse to work is to mutiny. Isn't that easy, eh?

The theory of supply and demand has been exposed. The British workers are being tricked and the American workers will be tricked the same way. Heavy demand and scanty supply of labor will be met by the incontrovertible argument of the bayonet point and the iron law will be repealed by the bullet.

Where Is the Home?

By IRWIN TUCKER

"WOMAN'S Place Is the Home" runs the ancient slogan. True. And woman, seeking to take her place, looks around her and cries: "Where Is the Home?"

To most of the working women of the world, the word is a mockery. They have no homes. But such as have them, must be in full possession. If a woman's realm is the home, it follows that she must reign in her own realm.

What is the home? To begin with there is the structure of the building in which the nest is made. If woman is to rule her own realm, she must control the house, and the land on which it stands. The proportion of women of any class who now actually own the buildings in which they live is infinitesimal. But before woman can rule in her own realm, she must have the say-so regarding both the building and the land.

Woman is the provider, the "loaf-giver," as the Saxons said; the nourisher. To rule in her own realm she must control the food supply. No longer is the food supply a thing of her own manufacture. It comes from markets, groceries, dairies; it comes in cans, bottles and boxes. To control her realm she must be able to control sources of supply. She must be able to detect and to punish adulteration of food; she must be able to regulate quantity and price; else she is not ruler in her own sphere.

Here is the place where lives are produced. All our business and industry find their sole justification in their service to the home. No matter how extensive the mill or how intricate the enterprise, if it cannot show that ultimately it will enrich the living-room or replenish the larder, it must dissolve and fade away. Service to life is the only plea on which any existing institution can endure.

All of these things enter into the texture of the home. Hence woman, if she is to rule in her own sphere, must control them all. Her children must have clothes; it is part of her rule to see that they are good clothes. The home must be lit, warmed and cleaned. Hence control of the light supply, fuel supply and sanitary provisions are part of her kingdom.

It is the mother's duty to educate. The school is therefore a part of the home. She must be empowered to say what shall be taught her children, and under what conditions they shall learn.

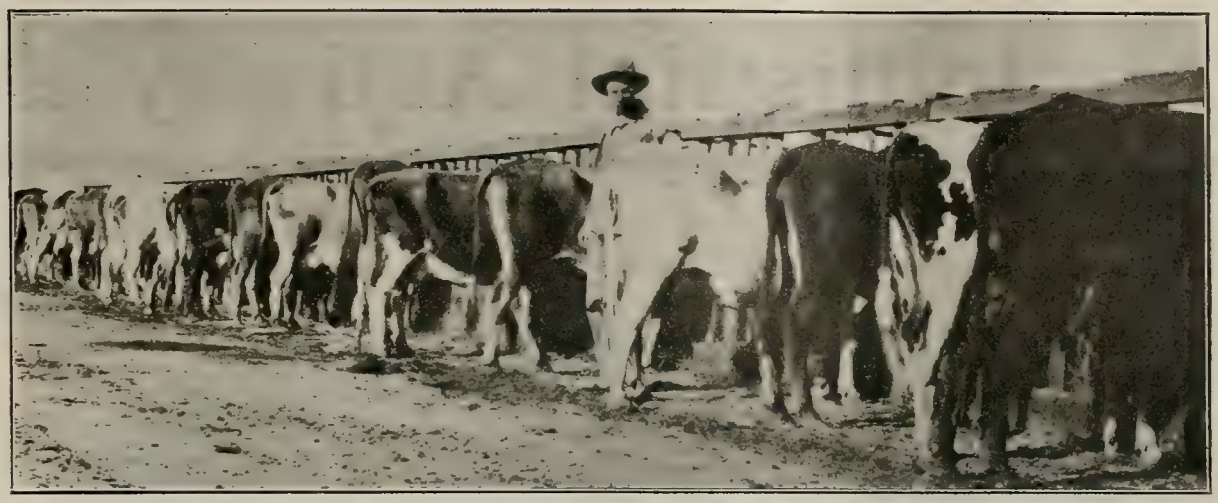
If any of these powers are lacking, woman is not mistress of her own kingdom—the home.

By no means except control of the municipal, county, and state governments, insofar as they affect her sphere, can woman be secure in her own place. In order that woman, who is held responsible for the well-being of the home, may live up to her responsibility, she must wield these powers. For our civilization is so complex that at every point the home connects with the whole structure of society about it. In order to be mistress in one point, she must be a co-ruler of all.

Mary Phagan Passes Judgment

MARY WHITE OVINGTON in the New Republic

YOU care a lot about me, you men of Georgia, now that I am dead.
You have spent thousands of dollars trying to learn who mutilated my body.
You have filled the columns of your newspapers with the story of my wrong.
You have broken into a prison and murdered a man that I might be avenged.
But why did you not care for me when I was alive?
I was but a child, but you shut me out of the daylight.
You held me within four walls watching a machine that crashed through the air,
Endlessly watching a whirring knife as it cut a piece of wood.
Noise fills the place—noise, dust, and the sickening smell of oil.
I wish some of the thousands of dollars that you spent on the trial might have kept me in school,
A real school, the kind you build for the rich.
I worked through the hot August days
When you were bossing the girls, or shooting birds,
Or lounging in doorways cursing the nigger;
And you never paid me enough to buy a pretty dress.
You sometimes spoke coarsely to me when I went to and from my work;
Yes, you did, and I had to pretend I liked it.
Why did you despise me living and yet love me so now?
I think I know. It is like what the preacher told me about Christ:
People hated Him when He was alive,
But when He was dead they killed man after man for His sake.



Part of Llano Community Dairy Herd at Milking Time

Community Grows in Power

By R. K. WILLIAMS

AS the Llano del Rio Community grows in population its power and influences increases in all directions. Hundreds of visitors flock to Llano every month and are given the fullest and freest opportunity to investigate every phase of the great enterprise.

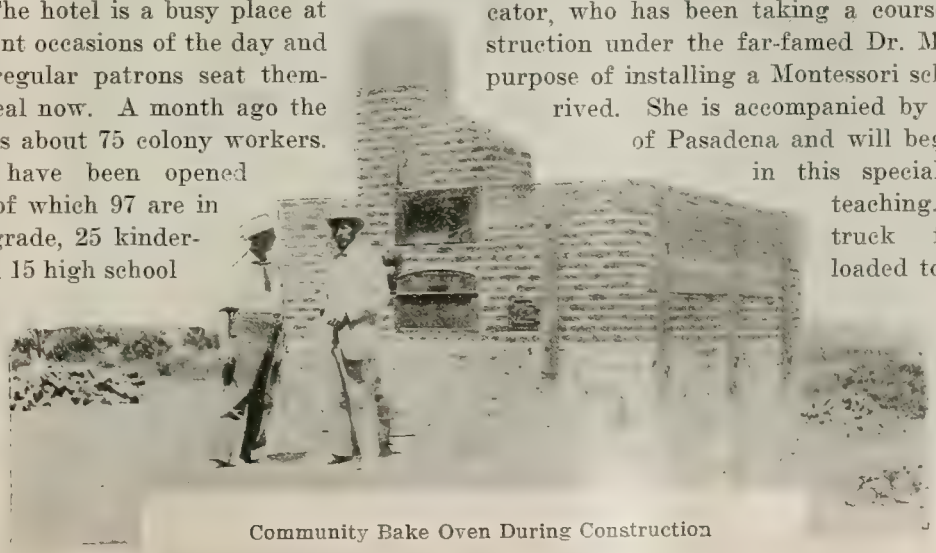
Of those who visit the colony a good percentage are persons who are earnestly seeking an opportunity to get away from the competitive struggle.

More than 47 permanent residents took up their abode in Llano during the period of August 15 to September 15. The hotel is a busy place at the three important occasions of the day and more than 100 regular patrons seat themselves at each meal now. A month ago the daily average was about 75 colony workers.

The schools have been opened with 137 pupils of which 97 are in the elementary grade, 25 kindergarten pupils and 15 high school students are now enrolled.

The schools will be under the efficient management of Miss Helen R. Tyler, principal, who was with us last year; Miss Ramona Parsons will have charge of the youngsters up to the fourth grade and Miss Grace M. Powell will take the scholars from the fourth grade up to high, as well as administer over the domestic science department and Sloyds. Miss Parsons is an accomplished gymnast and teacher of swimming and if the weather continues pleasant and warm she will doubtless have an ardent following of water devotees as this sport can be indulged in freely in the large swimming pool, which is an attraction of the colony.

Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown, the well known educator, who has been taking a course of personal instruction under the far-famed Dr. Montessori for the purpose of installing a Montessori school here, has arrived. She is accompanied by Mrs. A. L. Horn of Pasadena and will begin work at once in this special department of teaching. An immense truck from Pasadena, loaded to the guards with household goods and other belongings followed them in. The colony community undoubtedly has been enriched



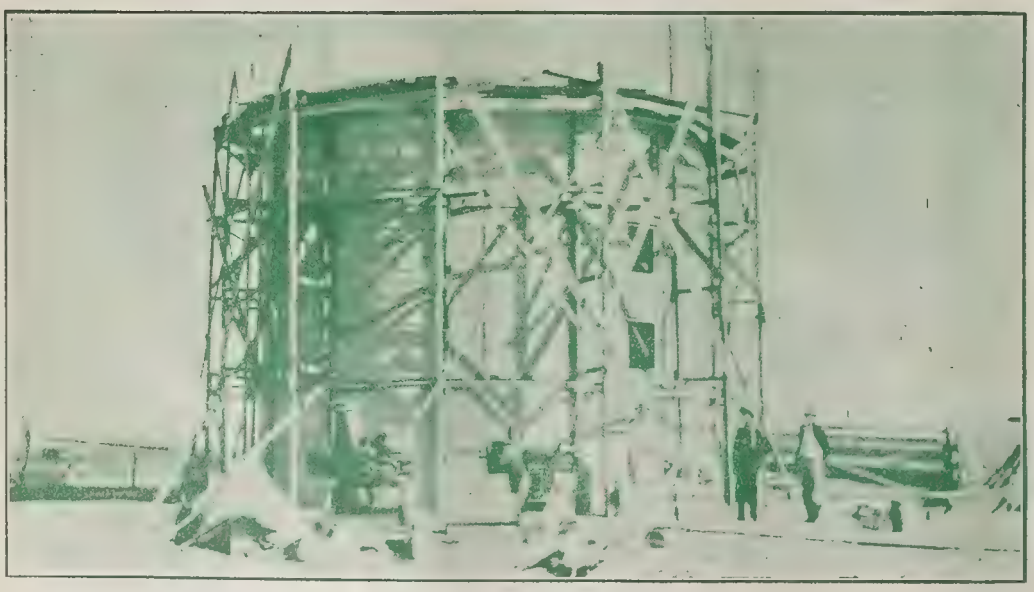
Community Bake Oven During Construction

Industrial Activity at L

Scene at the Colony Brick Yard

Pho

Pho



Immense Silo Under Construction

Communit

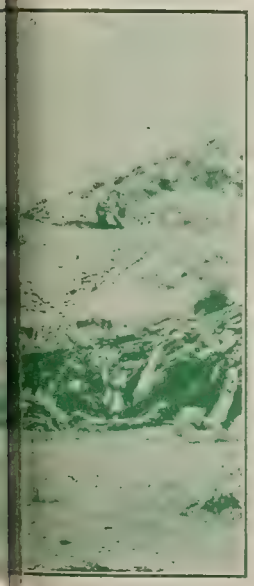
no del Rio Community

phs

y

pher

Ranch Office at Llano Community



Lime Kiln

Benching Broom Corn at Llano

The Town of Llano Spreads Over Considerable Territory.

by this galaxy of teachers. Very few communities of this size are blessed with four such capable instructors. The Montessori pupils are not included in the foregoing. No figures are at present available on the number of little tots that will attend the Montessori system.

From September 1 to September 15, 103 visitors looked us over and many of them were so well satisfied that they joined and will later come in to stay, when they can make arrangements on the outside to do so.

Improvements are noted all along the line. The ranch work is progressing wonderfully well and the building and arts departments are catching up with the procession. The pug mills and other brick machinery have been moved to the permanent townsite, which lies about a mile above the present site and far overlooks the far reaches of the shimmering valley. The work is under the charge of Chester Page and his crew is ready to turn out brick for the new school which will be one of the first buildings to be erected upon the new and permanent townsite. Substantial work will be shown on this structure and a greater feeling of permanency will have been implanted in the hearts of the sturdy ones who have stayed through the vicissitudes of the past 18 months.

The Board of Survey, which is nothing less than an inventory or efficiency board, has made a careful and painstaking survey and presents an elaborate report that is constructive and reassuring in every way. It may be well to quote some of the things that they have found, which to many colonists, will be indeed surprising.

Water Sports on the Llano

Speaking of possessions, the Board found that conditions at Jackson Lake and at the Trout Hatchery are such that with very little labor and expense both can be turned into attractive summer and winter resorts and ought therefore to become good revenue producers on account of their easy accessibility from the south where many tourists spend considerable time. At both these places the scenery is inspiring and the air extremely exhilerating.

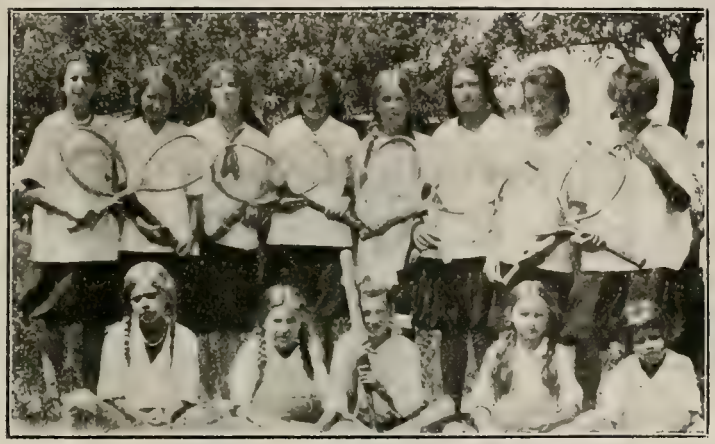
In this connection the county supervisors have included in the proposed budget for next month's election an appropriation to build the scenic highway through the San Gabriel canyons to the summit of the big range, thence down to a point a mile below the colony's lands at the Luckel camp. From this point the roadway to the Llano community will be put in first-class condition. This would shorten the distance between Los Angeles and Llano by thirty-five miles.

Another item in the county budget is $75,000 to build a road from Little Rock to Llano. This will be a great boon to the community and will go far to solve the transportation problem. The boulevard through Mint Canyon is assured and the survey is under way. Thus the community is assured of splendid roads to all its important connecting points.

At present, good meals are being served at the Hatchery Inn, under the management of Chef Mandel. The chef attends to the wants of his guests in true Chesterfieldian

style and the menu is more than ordinary. Rugged mountains surround this place so that tramps over them will add zest to the seeker after pleasure and health. The colony owns 160 acres there. This place is the source of the Big Rock Creek. Pellucid water boils and bubbles up in various places out of black earth cienagas and runs in all directions till it meets in one common current and drops down a sturdy fall at the root of a giant tree. Paths have been cut through the tangled mass of vegetation and trees, benches and rustic seats have been placed in charming nooks, so that at every turn the visitor is surprised at some new beauty. Many days can be spent here without tiring; the air, sky and mountain spelling a wondrous charm.

The Board finds that the Mescal waters, which is a part of the estate, can be increased very much by tunnelling into the hills and into the floor of Jackson Lake. To many this will be a pleasing surprise as it opens avenues for future development.



Llano Girls' Tennis and Basketball Club

Here are some very interesting data of the possessions of the colony at the present time: Twenty-six adobe houses are completed; nine nearly completed, that is, awaiting roof; fourteen frame houses, occupied by families; eight ranch houses; 78 tent houses; twelve municipal tents, or transient quarters containing from one to five beds each; one large warehouse tent; two hotels; five barns; three blacksmith shops; one horse barn under construction; one cow barn under construction; one office building under construction on the temporary site; one bakery, nearing completion, capable of holding 170 loaves at one time. One silo, 25 by 31 feet; 300-ton capacity, almost completed, but now ready to be filled. This silo is of permanent construction and made of cement blocks; one solarium, or bath house; two rabbitries, 7 by 72 feet and 7 by 68 feet. The Board has recommended additional buildings for the rabbits as follows: One building, 7 by 84 feet, containing 118 hutches and for the young stock, which are now on hand, an adobe building 25 by 70 feet. An earnest attempt will be made to start these extra buildings at an early date.

Development is shown in the poultry department. There are three compartments in a brooder house 14 by 24 feet, each compartment holding 500 chicks; two chicken houses, 18 by 60 feet, with a capacity of 500 each. There are now 1800 chickens enrolled on Comrade Copley's data book. He is "Hoganizing" his flock and the residents of the colony are pleased, indeed. The lazy birds are given short shrift and as a consequence the non-producers are roasted to a turn and consumed with gusto by gratified colonists.

Comrade Kilmer has so efficiently handled the rabbit end of the farm that he is now in a position to satisfy all demands. He has regular times of doling out the little fellows and from now on rabbit delicacies will be a feature of the hotel tables as well as at the homes.

An addition was recently made to the dairy herd, which is under the management of Comrade Luton. He now has 101 cows, three prize bulls, nine Swiss goats, all blooded stock, and 51 calves. Through the constant care and hard work of Comrade Luton and his earnest helpers, the supply of milk and butter does not fail the colony. Long hours, patient, hard work are requisites of a successful dairy herd. Few people realize how things are done until they actually behold the process. Dairymen as a rule are seldom thought of except when the supply of milk or butter runs low. A surprise will be in store for any visitor or colonist not familiar with this work to go through the motions of being a dairyman for a week or so.

The ranch has 68 good strong horses. Comrade B. G. Burdick, head apiarist, is now handling over 500 stands of bees in the colony, so that honey is an everyday delicacy upon the tables of the colonists and the hotel. Several tons of honey are on hand. A portion of the honey is being used for preserving purposes.

Comrade Knobbs, who has the garden in charge, with a large corps of assistants, is delivering fresh vegetables to the homes and hotel daily. All sorts of melons are delivered in abundance and enjoyed thoroughly by everyone. A ton of tomatoes are being taken care of daily and soon canning will start in earnest, as well as drying in order to make a new

soup delicacy. In the Survey's report, farm implements galore were inventoried, such as wagons, plows, stackers, wheel cultivators, listers, buggies, harrows, mowing rakes, scrapers, seeders, wheelbarrows, hand tools etc.

Another sub-head notes road scrapers, bean separator, sawmill, ditching plows, cream separator, hay balers, harnesses of all sorts and sizes. Three auto trucks and four automobiles are noted.

Among the miscellaneous property mentioned for the use of the colony is the following: Swimming pool, temporary hand laundry, 17 boats, two pool tables, five barber chairs, two pianos, creamery and full equipment, up-to-date library and reading room, circular wood saw, planer, band saw, two power concrete mixers, block molds and 200 pallets, bath tubs, lavatories, sinks, big supply of plumbers' supplies and tools, fully equipped tin shop and supplies, harness shop, shoe shop, cabinet shop and big drill press.

There is about 250 tons or more of alfalfa in stacks and approximately 250 to 300 tons of alfalfa and corn still uncut, which is to be used to fill the silo for ensilage.

The following is data for those interested in things horticultural. On the Young place there are twenty acres in pears and on the Bixby ranch twenty acres; 15 acres of assorted fruits on the Henneburg place, the present site of the club house and twenty acres of assorted fruits on the Tighlman ranch, grapes, etc. The above assures plenty of fruit, when fully matured, for quite a population. The nursery has ready for planting in the spring 21,000 apple and pear trees; 2500 strawberry plants; 2500 blackberry; 800 black walnut; 1000 black locust for the townsite; 100 rhubarb plants; and 7000 grape cuttings, all for spring transplanting. One-quarter acre of peanuts are showing up finely.

Many thousands of feet of all sorts of lumber, dimension and otherwise, ready for transportation to the colony, lies at Palmdale. When this arrives intense activity will begin and an early complete housing program will be started. Conditions are favorable, indeed, that all will be comfortably housed, or living comfortably at the hotel and club house before much cold or inclement weather arrives.

Recently the colony was favored with a visit of Lancaster fair boosters. There were five in the party and each gave a nice little talk, complimenting the colonists upon their solidarity, oneness of purpose and upon the immense showing made upon these lands during the past year and a half. All gave a cordial invitation to attend the Lancaster fair to be held some time in October. It has been determined to accept the invitation and in consequence the ladies of the colony are getting their wits together to make a good showing of the arts and crafts of that element. From the agricultural end of the ranch will go exhibits of fruits, vegetables, and from the dairy some of the herd. Other exhibits will include pigs, chickens and rabbits. Without doubt this will be made an occasion of some moment as a real fine display can be made from this place. When it is considered that but less than 18 months have elapsed since the present managers of the colony have taken hold of this project, the development is truly wonderful. It is complimentary, to say the least, that Llano community should be invited to show its products, for it is a tacit recognition that cooperative efforts are superior to individual competition, for what farmer, unaided, could begin to make an agricultural or stock showing in less than five years?

There is no abatement in interest or the attendance at the Saturday evening dances. The music being good, the floor is kept constantly full and when Comrade Stewart, the floor manager, gets busy with his quaint language architecture and his good humored manhandling, things get lively indeed. The folks that danced the old-fashioned things years ago are strong friends of Stewart for he carries them back to "ol' Missouri" with his singing calling, and the tintinabulation of the music's rhythm gives reluctant feet the terpsichorean urge.

Luther Burbank says: "Every child should have mud-pies, grasshoppers, waterbugs, tadpoles, mud-turtles, elderberries, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade in, water-lilies, woodchucks, bats, butterflies, various animals to pet, hay fields, pine cones, rocks to roll, sand snakes, huckleberries and hornets; and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education." So they should. The Llano Community kids have all this and in addition they have the advantage of a new order of social life and assurance for the future.

Earth is Enough

By Edwin Markham

The men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise. We have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The Temple of the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

Our Wonderful School

THE second Montessori School in the State of California, under public school management, has been opened at Llano del Rio Colony.

This Montessori School did not spring up in a day or a week; it has been five months developing, and this is its story up to date.

Llano del Rio Colony wants the best education possible for its children, and to this end they are looking for public school teachers that crave an opportunity to work upon the most progressive lines. Last April, Llano del Rio secured the interest and co-operation of Prudence Stokes Brown and engaged her services for the kindergarten department.

Mrs. Brown has for twenty-five years been a most progressive and enthusiastic kindergartener. She bears the distinction of having initiated and taught the first public school kindergarten in the State of Calfornia. Llano del Rio people thought they were most fortunate in securing Mrs. Brown's services and Mrs. Brown considered Llano del Rio an ideal place in which to establish the kindergarten that would prove that the education of the head, heart and hand was no vague dream of Froebel's. Every step possible was being taken to facilitate the organization of a summer kindergarten in Llano, when Dr. Montessori arrived in Los Angeles and offered a four months' course in her method of scientific pedagogy. Mrs. Brown was eager to take the course of this great doctor and the Llano del Rio community, true to the spirit of progress, responded to her request for a leave of absence for the purpose of studying with Dr. Montessori. The four months have passed and with them all of Mrs. Brown's old enthusiasm for the Froebelian Kindergarten. A Montessori School, pure and simple, now takes the place of the kindergarten with Mrs. Brown, and the Llano del Rio people accept the change with the enthusiasm of Mrs. Brown and will have the second Montessori School in the State of California. Mrs. Brown states her views of this new system in the following words:

Llano Montessorians

"After nearly four months' close observation of the daily exercises of a demonstration class in the Montessori method as well as four months of regular lecture work on the technique, science and psychology of this method under Dr. Montessori, I am under a most devout and ardent conviction that the Montessori method of education is in absolute accord with Froebel's philosophy of education. I further believe that Froebel, in his sincere search for means and measures for developing the whole child—body, mind and soul—would, were he here today, be the first to recognize his great ideal for childhood embodied in Dr. Montessori's method of scientific pedagogy.

"Froebel was pre-eminently a philosopher, a prophet and a seer—he saw in the soul of man potential perfection and prophesied that the destiny of man is to become conscious of his divinity and to reveal this inner completeness in self-determination and freedom.

"Froebel yearned and labored to evolve and develop a method and a logical sequence of materials that would give the child free, spontaneous self-expression. Much of the method and many of the materials have long been abandoned by even his most devout followers, but the spirit and purpose of Froebel's life and work will abide forever. Educators and would-be educators have tirelessly labored to discover and create materials that would harmonize with the wonderful insight of Froebel: that the child is a self-active, self-determining being, and therefore must educate himself.

"I, for one, have grown gray following Froebel's spirit with radiant enthusiasm, sure at every step that his philosophy was absolutely correct, and that the carrying out of Froebel's philosophy was the only salvation of the child. At last I sit at the feet of Dr. Montessori serenely confident that she has found the method of self-education for the child.

"My only pang of sorrow now is that all kindergarteners inspired by the spirit of Froebel are not here to see what I see and hear what I hear.

"There is much that is like Froebel's plan in garden and plastic play and work as well as in the games of sense, the beauty and order of the surroundings is the same in the Montessori method as in Froebel's. The care of pets is considered essential by both, but the house of childhood is a much closer connection with the home life of the child than the kindergarten designed by Froebel. The materials have been reduced to the minimum of simplicity and necessity by scientific experiment. They have been quantitatively and qualitatively determined to suit the age and stage of development of children from two and one-half years to six. No confusion exists here for the child—no weary-

(Continued on Page 30)

A Remarkable Prediction

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

LEO TOLSTOY made a remarkable prediction shortly before his death. This was written at the request of the Russian Czar and is said to have made a deep impression on Nicholas, who sent it to the Kaiser. Aside from the discrepancy in dates the propehcy thus far seems to have been wonderfully fulfilled. The cover page of this issue is engraved from a painting made several years ago by William R. Walker and is here reproduced for the first time.

THE events which I here reveal are of a universal character and must shortly come to pass. I see the form of a woman floating upon the sea of human fate. Nations rush madly after her, but she only toys with each. Her diamonds and rubies write her name "Commercialism." Alluring and bewitching she seems, but destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath reeks of sordid transactions; her voice is metallic in character and her look of greed is as so much poison to the nations who fall victim to her charms. She carries aloft three torches of universal corruption; one representing war, one bigotry and hypocrisy, and the third law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions. The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the first torch, in the countries of southeastern Europe (Turkey, Italy, Bulgaria, Servia, etc.). It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. I see Europe in flames and bleeding, and hear the lamentations of huge battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militarist training, but he will hold most of Europe in his gri till 1925. He is already walking the earth, a man affairs. A mission is assigned him by a superior powe

There is marked a new political era for the Ol World; no empires and kingdoms, but the whol world will form a Federation of the Unite States of Nations.

After 1925 I see a change in religious sentiments the fall of the Church and the decline of the ethic idea. Then a great reform begins. It will lay the co ner-stone of the Temple of Patheism. God, Soul, Spir and immortality will be molten in a new furnace an will prepare the way for the peaceful beginning of new ethical era. Political and religious disturbanc have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nation but I see each growing wiser. I see the passing sho of the world-drama fade like the glowing of evenin upon the mountains, and with one motion of the han of "Commercialism" a new history begins.

Peace or War?

By A. E. BRIGGS

SHALL it be peace or war? We are in the balance. Roosevelt says we must fight to "preserve our honor." He does not compute the "cost." He says "war at any price." The price is the lives of the working class of the nations to the conflict. Someone has "insulted" us; send out a million innocent workers to kill a million innocent workers of another nation or be killed. Vidicate "our honor," in the coin of the blood of the workers.

All Europe has gone insane and in its insanity it has not even "respected the rights of Americans." Bring on the guns. Bring on the working men. Bring on the machinery of death. Go to it, you workers. Go into the mouths of the cannons you have made for your industrial masters. It is your "duty." You are "patriots."

Your patriotism that leads you to slaughter was made by the owners of munition factories where the guns were made that will kill you. Your "patriotism" consists of flag-worship and Rooseveltian screams. It is "firecracker patriotism." It is "my country, right or wrong." It is the "patriotism" that has bathed th past in blood and destroyed that for which it is su posed to stand. It is the "patriotism" that, if n civilized and christianized and modernized and ed cated, will leave the world, once more, one vast w derness.

What is the remedy? Do you want a remedy? remove the cause of war is the remedy. The cause all war is gain or profit.

So long as we have individualism will we have wa So long as we live under a system that makes every i dividual under it an industrial enemy of every othe will we have war.

The alternative of war is collectivism. The alte native of war is industrial democracy. The alternati of war is the economics of Christ. The alternative war is Socialism.

Is the price too high? There is but one price f peace. The writer is "for peace at any price."

Let those who would not pay the price go to t front. Let them forget every ideal that accidental

ound way to their brains. Let them attend the flag xercise and worship the symbol, the emblem, the idol, s does the pagan.

The price you will pay for peace will be the surender of the privilege to kill. The price you will pay or peace will be the surrender of military taxes. The rice you will pay for peace will be the surrender of urder and of carnage and of waste and of hatred nd of a black heart and of death. Do you want to pay e price? Are you not convinced there is no price too high to pay for peace and for universal brotherhood?

Never kill? No, never, except in defense of our lives. If men come to our land to rob and kill us, we have no choice and we must defend ourselves. Against murderous man we must defend ourselves, as against murderous beasts.

The time-worn bell of war now heads its funeral march. It is silent, let us hope, forever. The twentieth century bell is ringing for peace, for brotherhood, for solidarity, for co-operation, for the economics of Christ.

Speak, What Think Ye of the War?

By ERNEST DESLAND

RULERS of nations, from thy throne cast down
Thy stately robe, thy scepter and thy crown,
umblings of discontent cause thee to frown.
hy citizens, wilt thou dare ignore?
peak, what think ye of the war!

re thy edicts, the heritage of kingly dower?
ffer not thy royal birth as token of thy power,
or hail thy divine right from yon palace tower.
he dignity of thine office cannot overawe,
peak, what think ye of the war!

tand up, ye statesmen at our command;
the mandate held within thy hand
o bring despair throughout the land?
hy sanction this reign of man-made law?—
peak, what think ye of the war!

e priests and preachers of earthly realm ordained,
ho with Cross and Book bless battlefield, now stained
ith blood of the dead, the dying and maimed—
this the God ye would adore?
peak, what think ye of the war!

e mystic and devotee, who kneel daily at thy shrine—
e sluggard of vile estate who in luxury repine;
he increase of thy wealth betrays a marked decline:
rophets, seers, and dreamers galore,
peak, what think ye of the war!

Ye soldiers, with guns and swords arrayed,
Ready to kill thy victim undismayed;
Flinch not, lest authority upbraid.
Art thou exalted to shed this gore?
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Ye mothers and babes, who are ever dear,
Bid them strength of heart, kiss 'way all fear;
Dost thou consider some bereft woman's tear?
Arouse thy tenderness, we now implore.
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Ye populace—know ye not ye have the might
To cry halt upon this bloody sight?
Why look on undisturbed, as if to show delight?
Does a stupor permeate thy core?
Speak, what think ye of the war!

What loving God would e'er proclaim
Chaos in his own domain
Till perfected souls can but remain?
Is this the rule of Christian lore?
Speak, what wills this cosmic war!

Ye stars, which reflect to earth each night—
Ye sun, a symbol of a greater Light—
O God, thou dost reveal to us thy might.
In supplication, we wait at heaven's door.
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Picturing Our Hero

IN this issue we gladly present to our readers the latest true-to-life portrait of America's foremost ghting man. Jum-Jum is shown, on page six, in a atural and easy pose, thewed like an Aurock bull and asked like the great cave bear. Here we see, thanks the skill of that eminent artist and society favorite, obert Minor, the most eminent troglodyte in his lair, gnawing with gusto and gutteral growl the green skull of a mollycoddle just slain on the plains of Plattsburg. Witness his joy as he mumbles the bones and gristles and joints of the fresh slain pacifist from Passaic or Podunk. See in the open countenance pictured here the cunning and craft of one who will ever stand fast against Chinafying of our glorious republic.—A. M.

Hope—And a Car!

I KNOW there's a car for me somewhere
Which is coming to make me as free as air,
To swing and swoop from place to place
And take a turn at setting the pace.
No longer to climb with draging feet
The long long pull to Outlook street,
But throw in the clutch and soar aloft
Like a bird balanced on pinions soft.

I rise with the dawn to try my car
Which will dash away with its rhythmic jar
To fill my soul with space and light
'Ere I shut myself in for the daily fight
For dollars—or cents; the right to live
Will have some meaning when muscles give
To the curves and jolts of the mountain pass
Quite beyond reach to me now, alas!

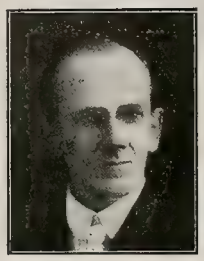
And then at night, when work is done
With someone, the right one, full of fun
And tender sweetness we'll glide along
Wooed by the ocean's age-long song.
And plan for a house and lot? Oh, no!
For a bigger car in which to stow
The strictly needful, a kitchenette,
And then—the key of the fields, you bet! —A. C. A.

The Hellishness of War

In a protest against the alleged mistreatment of Japanese in Germany, Baron Chinda says the Nipponese were thrown into prison and kept there without regard to class. This is terrible! Awful! It emphasizes the hellishness of war. Why not merely imprison the working class? The members of the working class are inured to hardships, and jails wouldn't hurt them—but the other class should be shown some consideration.

"That which a man makes or produces is his own, as against all the world—to enjoy or to destroy, to use, to exchange, or to give. No one else can rightfully claim it, and his exclusive right to it involves no wrong to anyone else."—Henry George.

Pictures for Propaganda



Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

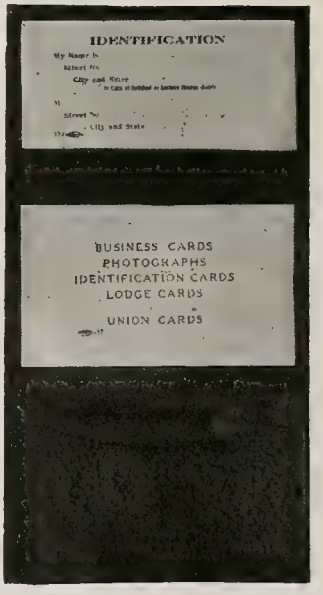
We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Socialists Attention!



In order to place a copy of our catalogue of union-made goods in the hands of every reader of The Western Comrade we will send postage prepaid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, one of our genuine sheepskin-leather card cases BEARING THE UNION LABEL.

This card case contains four pockets one large for bills and papers, one for your dues-stamp book, and two with transparent windows for union membership cards. This is the ONLY CARD CASE on the market made by Organized Labor and bearing the union label. It is no longer necessary for a class-conscious Socialist to be inconsistent.

Send fifty cents in stamps or money order.

MUTUAL UNION TRADING COMPANY

(The only exclusive union label merchandisers)
(Owned and managed by members of the working class)

9 Board of Trade Court, CHICAGO, ILLS.

Teasing Tad

I NEVER see a pollywog,
Aquiver in a creek,
Subaqueous potential frog,
But unto him I squeak:

'O protoplasmic tadpole, why
Your pessimistic air?
A surreptitious glance at I
Should wean you from despair.''

I slyly poke him in the rib,
And say: ''We twain, we might
Be quasi-cousins, eh, Amphib—
Ious Pre-Adamite?'' —E. d'O.

Offense of a Fence!

"JOHN SERGEN came to his death as the result of a bullet fired from behind the fence of the Tidewater Oil plant in Bayonne, in the hand or hands of persons unknown.''
—Coroner's verdict in the case of a murdered striker.

This statement that the fence was in the hand or hands of persons unknown is not reprinted to show a sample of the purity of English as she is spoke and writ in New Jersey. The meaning of the jury is clear. It meant to say the fence was in the hand or hands of persons unidentified by them.

At our age it requires little to remind us of a story:

Some Indiana patriots erected a flagstaff, rove halliards and hoist Old Glory to the peak. A vandal awaited cover of the night and stole the textile fabric. An indignation meeting followed. The town patriarch made the great speech and his peroration was:

"I say if any man or men shall haul down the flag or flags he shall be shot to death on the spot or spots!''—G. E. B.

Wait, But Don't Stop!

When you get a prospective subscriber for The Western Comrade reaching for his weaselskin pocketbook, keep after him and get him on one of our combination offers. He needs the American Socialist, Pearson's Magazine, the Milwaukee Daily Leader, the Mexican Revolt. Get him on one or all combinations. Make the deal and send the postoffice money order. We will back you up. This is an opportunity to do some good propaganda work and to give impetus to the movement which you have so near to your heart.

REVOLT IN MEXICO

Read the Correct Interpretation of Underlying Motives in the Most Remarkable and Valuable Book of the Year

The Mexican People-- Their Struggle for Freedom

—By—

L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon

Eugene V. Debs says:

"* * * It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman Church and on the other by the military power.''

Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country.''

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

Price $1.50

We will send you this book and The Western Comrade for one year for $2.00

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.50 (the price of Pearson's alone) to

The Western Comrade
923 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

THE JONES BOOK STORE

226 West First St., Los Angeles, Cal. Headquarters for the best Socialist books and literature.

INSURANCE
Fire, Life, Accident, Liability
Automobile, Etc.
Best Companies Lowest Rates
P. D. NOEL
—— Phones ——
Main 5247, A-4533 Residence 31238
Will be glad to call on you

Hell For Its Makers

(Continued from Page 12)

out life and no law has been broken.

CAPT. PERKINS—Then is my punishment to be very severe

MERL—I think there are one or two others here in hell whose punishment is a trifle worse; but for the most part it is a terrible ordeal.

CAPT. PERKINS (frightened)—Can't I do something to get out of it?

MERL—There is nothing to do.

CAPT. PERKINS (going to his knees)—I will give you a thousand pounds sterling——

MERL (waving him aside)—Money can't buy salvation from hell!

CAPT. PERKINS (clutching tight the coat of Merl)—God, yes! It must! Take everything I have! My home in England! My fortune! (Merl laughs sarcastically.)

CAPT. PERKINS—Take my family! My wife and daughters! Spare me! I—I—— (breaks down and sobs).

MERL (pulls him roughly to his feet)—Get up! Your punishment awaits.

CAPT. PERKINS—God! (Sobs.) What is it? What am I to do?

MERL—Follow! (Leads way to side stage. Capt. Perkins follows, dejected and broken in spirit.)

CAPT. PERKINS (drawing back, again frightened)—No! Not with the clergy—I don't get their punishment?

MERL—No. It shall be worse.

CAPT. PERKINS (awed)—Worse! (Again throws himself at the feet of Merl.) Tell me! I—I—must know—now! God! Is there no way out!

MERL (laughs)—You did not hesitate to punish those Turks——

CAPT. PERKINS—Yes—yes—yes, I know—but I did not know then—I did not understand—but now—cannot God help?

MERL—Not now; it is too late.

CAPT. PERKINS (echoing)—Too late!

MERL (pulls him again roughly to his feet)—Come! (Merl stamps twice. The six devile enter.) Show Capt. Perkins to his punishment.

CAPT. PERKINS—Tell me, first what it is! (The devils seize him and he struggles to free himself.)

MERL—You—shall—(Capt. Perkins listens dejectedly) face your murdered three thousand and eternally and forever write on a wall in letters of blood these words: "I MURDERED YOU! I MURDERED YOU!" (Capt. Perkins swoons and is carried out, and the crackling laughter of the six devils is drowned amidst the groans and shrieks of the victims who greet them with their prey off stage. The noise dies down. Merl standing with arms folded smiles in sarcasm and nods his head in delight.)

(CURTAIN)

Rights vs. Power

WHAT does a right get you when you have not the power to back it up?

Power brings the rights and enforces them. Abstract "sacred" rights of citizens are nullified by the meanest lowbrow clubswinger that walks a beat. If you don't believe it go out dressed like a working man and try to exercise your sacred inalienable rights of free speech at any point that is made taboo by plutocratic power.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn recently had excellent proof of the way power overrides right whenever the masters so decree. Denied the right to speak in Paterson, N. J., Miss Flynn announces she will bring suit against the city. Chief of Police Bimson put it straight and without a quibble when he said:

"You may have the right to speak but we have the power to prevent you."

Well put and true.

Elizabeth puts in many telling licks for the workers. She has done a world of good and we admire her—BUT—

Miss Flynn believes in direct action—so do we, all of us. She believes in it so strongly that she overlooks, neglects if not scorns the very thing that puts the club of power in the hands of plutocratic police authority—political action.

Knit Underwear

Cheapest Because It Wears Best

omen's

Union Suits, low neck, knee length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... $1.25
Union Suits, half low neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... 1.25
Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44 ..... .35
Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46 ..... 1.50
Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½ ..... .30
Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½ ... .50

Men's

Undershirts, light weight, cream, sizes 34 to 44 .. $ .75
Undershirts, light weight, black, sizes 34 to 44 .. 1.00
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... .75
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... 1.00
Shirts and Drawers, double fleeced, grey, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.25
Shirts and Drawers, Egyptian cotton, ecru, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.50

Men's Hose

Extra wearing value, black, sizes 9 to 11½ ..... $ .25
Heavy weight, black, sizes 9 to 11½, 3 pairs 1.00

Girls'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 30 ... $ .50
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 30 ..... 1.00
Hose, black, tan or white, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25

Children's

Taped unions, answering purpose of a waist, sizes 20 to 28 ..... $ .65
Same as above, only better grade, sizes 20 to 28 ... 1.05

Boys'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 32 .... $ .60
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 32 ..... .90
Sportsman's hose for boys, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25 to .40

Pure Wool Goods

Made by Wool Growers' Co-operative Mills.
Direct From Sheep's Back to Your Back.

Black and Grey Mackinaw Coat, length 35 inches, sizes 36 to 44 ..... $8.00
Trousers, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes $4.00
Shirts, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes 3.00

Blankets

White or grey, 70x82 in., weight 5 lbs. $7.85
Grey, 70x82 in., weight 7½ lbs. 9.90

Llano del Rio Community

(Mail Order Department)

923 Higgins Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

(Make all checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Company)

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III September, 1915 No.5

WHEN THE WELSH MINERS CAME UP OUT OF THE GROUND

—Drawn for Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

Random Shots

Britons never, never, never shall be Slavs.—Howard Brubaker, in The Masses.

Congratulations and greetings! How did you ever get that Slav thing past the printer?

* * *

Dumba has added a bit to the gaiety of a ghastly season. His innocence and naivette is most droll—or was he Dumba 'nuff to think he could affront the steel trust and not get his passports? (Thirty days on the rockpile!)

* * *

How German diplomats must have laughed—secretly and diplomatically behind closed doors—when the American note was received. Those astute Tutons, who know that so-called international law is always changing—always follows the needs of international capitalism—must have burst into a gale of wild laughter when they read the words "the principles of international law are immutable." Har! har! har!

* * *

People of some American cities pay twenty-five kinds of taxes. These are the afterbites the workers suffer. The toilers are robbed at the point of production and exploited when they seek to buy what they have produced. They pay interest, rent and twenty-five kinds of taxes.

In Cleveland they run to varied taxes, while in Los Angeles there is a mad trend toward licenses and assessments. Under the cloak of so-called improvements a horde of grafting contractors have brought about sales of street and sewer bonds that have amounted to confiscation of the homes of many of the workers and imposed a staggering burden on others.

Conditions doubtless will be worse before they are better, but there are most encouraging signs of a great awakening. Hungry Henry listens eagerly these days and the times were never so ripe for propaganda.

* * *

The report of the Federal Reserve Board to the effect that American banks were Shylocking even to the point of charging 120 per cent interest aroused a snort of shortlived indignation. The finger of scorn was pointed at somebody in some other state for a minute then the story was forgotten. No city or state is free from the outrage of usury. In Los Angeles 24 per cent is charged on trust deeds and the excuse is given that they are "short time loans." People are being dispossessed of their homes. A prominent public official of Los Angeles is connected with a Shylocking firm that charges 24 per cent. Anyone want to start something? Ask for names and facts.

* * *

"Fighting is drawing near to Dubgorod," says the dispatches from the front. Gorod means "the place of the." Thus we locate the home of Henrivitch Dubbkowski of Russia who is forced to shoulder a rifle and march to Poland c Galicia and shoot at Heinrich vo Dubbheimer of Germany. Dubl kowski doesn't know it, but he ha for an ally 'Enry Dubb of Hen land, Michael McDubb of Irelan 'Arry MacDubb of Scotland, Hen Le Duboux of France and Hash mura Duboki of Japan.

As Dooley said about Dewey: "We are a gr-r-eat family."

* * *

Eastern newspapers are worri about the American breadwinne who were drowned when the Lu tania was torpedoed. It is amazi that they get away with this bun Henry Dubb comes back from l pleasant little job (when he h one) of 14 hours' toil in the rolli mill, where they kill a "breadwi ner" every few hours, and reads his penny sheet that some bre winners are killed in the war zo on a floating arsenal. Henry then expected to make an ass himself by sobbing himself to sle or wildly demanding vengear against the murderer. Henry is pected to do this—and he does.

Should Sanity Strike

By ALBERT A. JAMES

AS we attempt to explain our plan of operation at the Llano lel Rio Colony, we are often struck vith the seeming impossibility for he average man who does useful abor to throw off the idea that the wnership of the means of produc-ion must rest in some individual or orporation whose sole purpose is he exploitation of the worker.

The Socialist writers and speak-rs have been pounding away at his point for years, but it seems im-ossible for many of the workers to hrow off the old psychology, and ee that they themselves, under ome plan of organization, must as-ume the responsibility of owner-hip of the means of production.

It requires infinite patience when ve find so many willing, so many etermined to enter into numerous etails that have no bearing on the reat object in view.

A man who can conscientiously nd religiously sell an honest work-ng man a suit of clothes for $21.50 nd represent it as an extra value, hen the labor cost is $3.22, cannot nderstand how men can, by co-peration, produce their necessities n eight hours, and in the evening ance to the music made by their omrades.

This is especially hard for a man understand if his boss has hired perfectly good preacher to tell im and his fellow slaves that the ance is an awful sin and that the rofit of $18.28 belongs to the own-rs of the means of production, by divine right."

A man who would sell to his fel-w man a town lot for $1500.00 ith a building erected thereon at n additional cost of $2000.00 when e knows that the wage of a labor-ng man will not permit him to oc-upy a place that actually cost in epreciation, taxes, insurance and terest $41.00 per month—such a an cannot understand how labor-ng men, by co-operative effort can et values equivalent to $4.00 per ay when they are living on town ts that cost $1.67 each, and live in uses proportionately cheap be-use exploitation has been omitted.

A man who is aware of the fact at 90 per cent of the world's workers are in abject poverty in this age of the world's greatest labor-saving machinery, and yet can religiously support an industrial system that drives women to prostitution and men to the life of a hopeless vagabond or to open rebellion against society—such a man would be unhappy without a boss to absorb the product of his labor.

Should sanity suddenly strike the great mass of working men, such individuals would have to be herded into a stockade and there provided with a great stone god whom they could fall down and worship as boss and as the author of their salvation from hunger.

In order to make the simple ones perfectly contented it might be necessary to provide a stone image of a prostitute press on the one side and on the other side might be placed an image representing a prostitute pulpit. The oracle of such a press would continually cry out for the workers to arm themselves and go forth as valiant soldiers to defend the wealth created by labor but possessed by the bosses. The oracle of such a pulpit would continually cry out "Servants, obey your master," and representing the jingoes of all nations, would bless the armies and pray loudly that each of the contending nations should be victorious.

Under such an environment the dear ones who dare not think could ooze out into the great unknown, knowing throughout their declining years that all was well with their masters.

Seriously, the writer does not wish to cast the slightest reflection on the religious belief of any individual. We who see the crimes committed in the name of Him who died for the poor and dispossessed must of necessity hide our faces in shame. Those who are so individualistic that they refuse to see any social crime find themselves helpless when they attempt to investigate a co-operative movement.

It would be as impossible for such people to understand our colonization scheme as it was for the hangers-on at the Court of King

The American Socialist

Official Organ of the

Socialist Party of America.

The American Socialist speaks with authority. It is a powerful news and propaganda weekly and is the only paper in the United States which gives an account of the official business of the Socialist Party.

Every Socialist. Every Student of Socialism should be a subscriber.

Subscription Price
50 cents a year.

The American Socialist and The Western Comrade can be had in combination for one year by sending $1.25 to

THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

"The Great Working Class Daily"

THE

MILWAUKEE LEADER

"Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain"

Editor—Victor L. Berger.
Assistants—James Howe, A. M. Simons, Osmore Smith, Thomas S. Andrews.

The Leader is published in America's stronghold of Socialism. It is the greatest English Socialist Daily in the world. It is a Modern Metropolitan Daily, containing the latest news.

Among its distinctive features are:

SOCIALIST NEWS PAGE, LABOR NEWS PAGE, SPORTING PAGE, MAGAZINE SECTION, WOMAN'S PAGE, EDITORIAL PAGE.

The price of The Leader is 25c per month; $3.00 per year.

Combination offer with

The WESTERN COMRADE

Both for one year for $3.00 (the price of the Milwaukee Leader alone).

Address:
Circulation Department
923 Higgins Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

George III to understand why our Colonial forefathers left the "beautiful civilization" under their monarch and traveled the dangerous seas to establish homes in the wilderness of America, for we have people today who as thoroughly believe in the divine right of capital to rule the world as people believed in that day that kings ruled by "divine right."

For those who wish to establish an industrial democracy there is no new continent. We must build within the capitalistic system communities founded on industrial justice.

Our Wonderful School

(Continued from Page 21)

ing sequences of work and play are planned here by the teacher. Here in Dr. Montessori's house and garden of childhood the kindergartener finds her ideal kindergarten, where the children blossom into maturity of feeling and thought as naturally as flowers bloom in a well-kept garden."

First Aid

Scene on the promenade deck of a San Francisco steamer. Pretty tourist, battling with the wind, finally succeeds in turning half hitch with veil over her flying hair and neatly tying a bowline beneath a dimpled chin.

Approach Bert Engle with Panama clutched in one hand and toupee in another:

"I beg your pardon, madam, if you have another veil and will lend it to me, I will tie MY hair on."

Hope for White Hope

A city prospect accompanied by a pretty young woman approached operations of some Llano bricklayers and showed deep interest. Gibbon, thewed like a Thor, and bearded like a pard, ceased singing as he sent the mixing hoe surging through the plastic mass. The city man saw admiration in the girl's eyes, and said to Gibbon:

"That looks easy enough. Do you suppose I could learn to do it?"

"Well," said Gibbon slowly, after giving the rather robust prospect a quick once-over, "I think you could." Then he spat meditatively and added: "You see, this here is a job for a fellow with a No. 4 hat and a 44 shirt."

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every **professional man and woman**, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

"The Sexual Question"

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price $5.50. **Now sent prepaid for $1.60.** This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

General Dealers in Books, Sent on Mail Order

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

The British Columbia Federationist

Room 217
Labor Temple
Vancouver, B. C.
$1.25 Per Year
Issued Weekly

R. Parm Pettipiece, Managing Editor

A labor paper unparalleled by any labor paper of Canada. Endorsed by the Victoria Trades and Labor Council and New Westminster Trades and Labor Council. Official organ of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council and British Columbia Federation of Labor. The paper for Industrial Unity, Political Unity, Strength and Victory! If you do not take this paper you should subscribe today!

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 61
A. J. STEVENS
Dentist
306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, Cali-rnia, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, d offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the orkers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del o Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of com-unity groups.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem unemployment by providing steady employment for the orkers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for i age; to guarantee education for the children in the best hool under personal supervision, and to provide a social e amid surroundings better than can be found in the com-titive world.

Some of these aims have been carried out during the ar since the colony began to work out the problems that nfront pioneers. There are about 475 persons living at e new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be rolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under y for a school building, which will cost several thousand llars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is thing to delay the building.

Schools have opened for the fall term with classes ranging m the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the ermediate which includes the first year in high school. is gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced sub-ts, including languages in the colony school. About fifty pils have been enrolled.

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 head of Jersey d Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount dairy products. There is steady demand for our out-t.

There are about 175 hogs in the pens, and among them a ge number of good brood sows. This department will be en special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has sixty-eight work horses, a large tractor, o trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry de-rtment has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue bon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the arge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the nager of the department says the arrivals are in startling mbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and ousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony rsery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees ich are producing honey. This department will be in-eased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on nd.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, planing mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil an-sis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants e contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice ant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion cture company and factory. All of this machinery is not t set up owing to the stress of handling crops.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use modern machinery, using scientific system and tried ethods.

No more commissions will be paid for the sale of memberships or stock in the Llano del Rio Community. Every installment member should be a worker to secure new members.

About 120 acres of garden was planted this year. The results have been most gratifying.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Base-ball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and over 700 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock.

Each pays cash ($750) for 750 shares. This will be increased to $1000 within a few months.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the $4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated fund may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony. Ask about our monthly payment installment membership.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 924 Higgins building, Los Angeles, California.

Are You An Undesirable?

HAVE you been an agitator in your vicinity? Have you struggled and worked to make things better for humanity? Have you developed a spirit of altruism, and thus become a rebel against the oppression of the capitalist autocracy? Have you been honestly and earnestly spreading the doctrine of discontent with the system of the despoilers? Have you talked and agitated for the coming co-operative system? If so, you have friends and comrades and loved ones, but you are undesirable so far as the capitalists and parasites are concerned. If you have achieved this much we want you to go a step farther. We want you to come to the Llano del Rio Community where we are making a great demonstration of the co-operation for which you have worked.

Sandbox and Irrigation Gates

You see the future alike of farmers and city mechanic. You see the centralization of wealth and the crushing down of the middle classes. You see expropriation and disemployment. You see your comrades go down and under in the fierceness of the struggle. Surely you are tired of the struggle in the competitive system, where remains the inexorable the law of tooth and claw.

Why not cast your lot with your comrades who for eighteen months have borne the brunt of the hardships in pioneering at the Llano del Rio Co-operative Community in Los Angeles County, California.

If you are tired of being exploited and robbed and want to get the field social product of your efforts, turn to pages 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 31 of this magazine and read the story of the wonderful progress that has been made by the Co-operative Community founded by Job Harriman. If you are interested write for our booklet, "The Gateway to Freedom."

"Modern society conducts its affairs under circumstances which create and maintain an ever increasing burden on all humanity. Man sustained in youth by the illusion that ability or good fortune will ultimately reward him with happiness through material success, learns sooner or later, that no peace can be his until the unmoral conditions of commercialism and industrial competition are removed."—From the Community Constitution.

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

Membership Department

924 Higgins Building — Los Angeles, California

October, 1915 Ten Cents

The Western Comrade

Fanaticism in the Socialist Party—Job Harriman

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

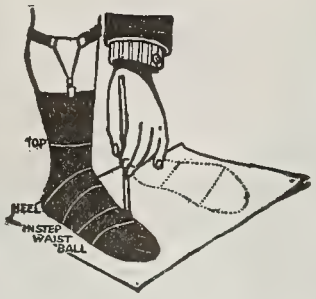
IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	3.00

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.



Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONTENTS

Current Topics. By Frank E. Wolfe.....Page 5

Fanaticism Means Failure. By Job Harriman.....Page 9

War's Pentecost. By Frank H. Ware.....Page 10

Enemy's Child. By Charlotte Holmes Crawford...Page 12

Daughters of Joy. By Rose Sharland.....Page 14

The Fable of the "Nut" By A. F. Gannon.....Page 14

Industrial Activity Inspiring. By R. K. Williams..Page 15

Glimpse of the Diverse Activities of the Llano Community .....Page 16

How We Live at Llano.....Page 21

Learn Living and Loving. By Prudence Stokes Brown .....Page 22

Success (Poem). By Ernest Wooster.....Page 23

Capitalism's Justice—1915 .....Page 24

The Goal in Sight. By John M. Work.....Page 26

State and Church.....Page 29

CARTOONS

The Czar's Doll.....Frontispiece

In His Name?.....Page 6

On the Gallipoli Peninsula.....Page 7

Triumph of Man!.....Page 8

". . . . the Artillery Did Splendid Work".....Page 10

The Stay-at-Homes .....Page 11

Aerial Craft Beware!.....Page 28

The Czar's Doll

"Oh, Dodd! Oh, Dodd! How my dollie has changed!"

—*Lustige Blaetter*

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. III | LOS ANGELES, CAL., OCTOBER, 1915 | NUMBER 6

The Community Dairy Herd Is Pastured on Alfalfa Fields Amid Ideal Surroundings

CURRENT TOPICS

By Frank E. Wolfe

FAILURE to embroil the United States in war with Germany over the sinking of ships bearing American treasure and citizens has brought British capitalism to its senses. A more insidious and more effective way has been discovered. War loans will do the trick. One-half billion dollars was but half a bite at the cherry. More and more billions will follow. Nothing short of a run on every American bank can stop war loans. No one dare advocate these runs and depositors seem too stupid and too indifferent to understand their danger.

A run on American banks would bankrupt the country and disclose the universal insolvency. Under the new conspiracy of British-American capitalism the country will be drained by a succession of these loans. Then they will want men! We must be involved in the war and the masters are shrewd enough to know they can achieve it only by indirection.

The statement that the money does not leave the country is disingenuous. The gold certainly leaves the banks where the working class has deposited out of their meager earnings. The fact that these savings find their way to the pockets of the steel kings and munition makers will prove of small consolation to the small depositor when he sees the sign hung on the barred door of the bank that has failed. The indifference of the sodden and muddy-brained masses does not mean that there is not great latent potentiality to stampede. Indeed, it is the most stupid cattle that wildly burst through all barriers.

In America we have long wrought for revolt and when the flame bursts forth in Europe who shall say it will not spread here?

UNDER a reconstruction on a saner basis Americans will be forced to throw off the yoke of capitalism and fall in line with the great advance step of United Europe.

For the ten thousandth time we will say the only thing that can prevent a bloody revolution in America will be that a peaceful revolution comes swiftly through a great political, economic and industrial reorganization.

IN HIS NAME?

"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

—Sydney Bulletin

If the sources of life be not quickly taken from the hands of the exploiters, then nothing can prevent the cataclysm here. Reformers and revampers may well ponder these facts.

Some day the Socialist will meet his former capitalistic-bourgeoise-minded neighbor—if they both survive the struggle—and say, "Didn't I tell you it was coming? Now you see, Henry, it's here."

✤ ✤ ✤

PRACTICALLY all Europe is now involved in the world's pentecost of war. Only the remoteness, or rather the fact that the Scandinavian countries are not in the pathway of the destroyers, has thus far saved them. Spain and Portugal are not yet involved, but both countries are only smouldering over volcanoes of revolt that will burst forth when the hour strikes.

The upheaval in Europe will leave no throne, no royalty, no nobility and no shred of capitalism. The revolt will come at an hour when resistence will be swept aside. Trained, seasoned murderers on both sides of the contest may claim victims by countless thousands, but the struggle will be short and the reconstructive spirit will amaze the world with its speed and accomplishment.

✤ ✤ ✤

BOILING and seething beneath the surface the revolt in Russia is taking form from day to day. Despite rigid censorship news leaks out from Moscow showing that the revolution is breeding there.

On September 27 barricades were built in the streets and the students from the university led the battles. Eight high officials and twenty-five police officers were killed, while three students were killed and a dozen wounded. The body of one student lay all night in the street.

A great demonstration took place at the funeral of the dead revolutionists, and the university men held the police back everywhere. In Petrograd, Rostov, Kharkov and Odessa serious riots and disorders are reported though the censors have sought to suppress the news.

These fights are the forerunner of those certain to sweep over Russia a little later. In the coming revolt every country in Europe will be involved, but each one will have its own revolution and they will probably only converge where large cities are near border lines. National boundaries will then disappear and the folk upheaval will take on a stronger international aspect than has ever been dreamed by even the most ardent theorists.

THE European War is about half over. Another year may see its end. The war debt will grow in greater ratio each month the struggle continues. The war has gone so far that every war bond will be repudiated. The struggling workers of Europe were already bearing a burden far beyond their endurance. They cannot pay the debt or even the interest on the debt. The wealth producers lie in the muddy trenches or hang in ghastly festoons on the barbed-wire entanglements. Repudiation is inevitable and in the crash will come the revolution that will repudiate all debts and destroy all paper upon which is written the enslavement of one by another.

ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA

"Did you ever see such a nut?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer

CANADA has revived her hymn of hate and gone as fiercely into the Gott strafing business as any British-loathing German junker.

The second verse of the National anthem, once stricken out, has been authorized by the Angelican Bishops at the general synod. The proclamation of the saintly gents state that in the time of war and tumult the verse may be sung with perfect propriety. All right here goes:

O Lord, our God, arise!
Scatter his armies,
  And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix.
  God save us all.

Aside from the banality, crudity, and the fact that it is quaint to the point of grotesqueness, this seems fair enough. In fact, viewing the submarines and the Zeppelins, we would stand for even stronger dope than merely confounding politics or beshrewing the Kaiser for his knavish tricks.

If men of God can stand in the pulpit and implore Jehova to destroy the armies of their enemy, why may not the congregation arise and sing, or even stand on chairs as did the Bishops, and roar out the words of this stodgy anthem? Anyway, we like the omnibus ending, "God save us all."

But, of course, that means only us Britains—"Save us"— For what?

❖ ❖ ❖

SOCIALISTS who have long known of the frightful maladjustment under capitalism may well draw much amusement from the antics of the bourgeoise under the process of expropriation now so apparent everywhere. The fact is that 96 per cent of the American people are desperately poor and that the remaining four per cent control all the vast wealth of the nation.

In Los Angeles where the pinch comes the most severe on the middle class, it is amusing to watch the squirm and to hear the squawk of the erstwhile proud possessor of sundry parcels of real estate—vacant lots or small houses for rent. Upper Spring street is a graveyard and vivid signs are there show-

ing the wreckage left by small merchants who have gone under.

Few storekeepers are paying rent, and the "help" is frequently on half pay. Big department stores are giving "paper" for their advertising bills and thousands of disemployed flock the streets. Hundreds of homes are broken up and several families are found in one house. The seasonal workers are flocking into the cities, but they have not their old-time grub stake.

On the highways the blanket stiff is joined by a new species. This is not the old-timer with a bindle

TRIUMPH OF MAN!

The Monk: "Yes, Darwin was right!"

—Milwaukee Leader

stick, but the disemployed city worker—clerks, salesmen, bookkeepers and other soft-handed capitalist-minded paupers. On their faces one sees the first flush of eagerness of the adventure. Later these faces will be less pleasant to look upon. The youths are learning a lesson from the old timers and strange scenes are enacted after the mulligan is downed and the groups are gathered around flickering camp fires. These things are of California, but the tragedy of it is of every state. There is a terrific under current of thought in the world today. There will either be a swift, peaceful overturning of the economic and industrial world or there will be a tremendous revolution. These statements have been made a thousand times, but the hour is almost here. The crash is impending—but the masters, the 96, are deaf and blind. Will they wait too long?

❖ ❖ ❖

JOHN SPARGO contributed much to the interest in the great Labor Day conference in New York. In speaking of the need for understanding and steadfastness, he declared that the ideal of Socialism was to establish a great industrial democracy, where equality of opportunity pertained. He believed that society was now making tremendous strides toward collective ownership and that the war was hastening these strides. Capitalism was more and more leaving such great projects as the construction of the Panama Canal, the development of hygiene, etc., to the collectivity. He asserted, however, that that sort of collectivism was not Socialism; that Socialists desire a collectivism shot through and through with the passion of democracy.

"Out of the hell of Mars, out of the bloody mist of war will come the Socialist Movement chastened, less arrogant, less dogmatic than before, disciplined and awakened. It must face many practical problems, and I hope that it will have the courage not to temporize."

❖ ❖ ❖

IN the death of Kier Hardie, Socialism loses one of its greatest figures. Eighteen months has seen the taking away of some of the greatest figures in the world's movement: Bebel, Jaures, DeLeon, Hardie—leaders of radical thought of four countries. Hardie's loss at this time is a great blow to the radical movement. In the hour of the approaching world-wide upheaval, such men as these will be sorely missed. To the British Socialist the death of Kier Hardie comes as a personal bereavement. In the Socialist Movement at large, there is a keen sense of an irreparable loss.

Fanaticism Means Failure

By JOB HARRIMAN

WHAT is the trouble with the Socialist Party membership?

Why are there fewer members by one half today than in 1912?

Is there a shortage of propaganda material? No, the fields are white with harvest.

Are we not in the midst of a world war?

Is not this fiendish struggle the ripe fruit of Capitalism? Are not the best men of the world being murdered in cold blood, by the powers, only for commercial supremacy? Is not the commissary of the world being impoverished? Is not starvation gripping the vitals of all Europe today?

A shortage in Propaganda material! Have we not a panic in our own country? Has nature not blessed us with the largest crops in the history of our nation? Is not the price of wheat low and the price of flour high? Have we not millions of idle men willing and anxious to work? Are their farms and homes not good security for money if they could borrow? Are they not told by the money powers that there is no money to lend? Are not the same bankers now lending $500,000,000 to the Allies for war purposes while they foreclose the mortgages on the farms and homes of our country because there is no money to led?

A shortage in Propaganda material?

Are we not now in the act of entering into a war with Mexico?

Is our action not being forced by the land, mine and oil field proprietors of that country? Has not the Commission on Industrial Relations uncovered an internal condition that is shaking our institutions to their very foundations? Are we not shipping millions of tons of food to feed the European war while our children starve at home? Would it not be wiser to starve the war and feed our children?

Surely our membership in the Socialist Party is not in a state of lethargy because there is no new propaganda material. Then what is the trouble?

The trouble is with our methods.

We are not practical. We are doctrinaries. We are traveling the road of the old S. L. P. We are making a fetish of our movement, a religion of our theories. We are Puritans. We are "absolutely right." "All others are wrong." We are the guardians of a "sacred" organization. We are weeding out the heretics. Only those who are "clear" may remain. We are sincere, honest and devoted. We are suspicious of others. "Those who are not with us are against us," are wrong—are dangerous. We are developing a fanaticism that will be our downfall unless our course is changed.

We believe we are right, but that does not make us right nor does it say we are wrong. It only says we believe.

Believing a truth that we do not practice is as dangerous to the mind as believing a falsehood that we cannot practice. Belief alone leads to fanaticism. Abstract principles must be tested and sustained by practical, concrete experiences. These experiences are the ballast; without them the mind will flounder and sink.

Truth and honesty alone will not sustain the mind. Mental, like bodily development, depends on action.

Honest? Of course our people are honest, but that will not save them. Every fanatic is honest. If he were not honest he could not be a fanatic. An honest profound conviction is the essential element of fanaticism. Couple that conviction with sufficient experience to convert the energy to some practical purpose and your fanatic will be resolved into a man of judgment and power.

While our movement was small, practical operations were impossible, and hence fanatics developed, but now that the movement is powerful it will demand practical men and practical operations or it will dissolve and reorganize in some practical form.

Nor must we deceive ourselves and insist that our course is right because we are happy in our belief. All people are happy in their belief else they could not believe. When one becomes unhappy in his belief his belief changes. After all belief is a sort of resting place for the mind. Stimulate it and it becomes a conviction, put it to some practical purpose and it becomes a social passion, rob it of practicability and it leads to fanaticism.

Mob psychology is made up of the psychology of its members and will be sober, well poised and determined if its work deals largely with practical affairs, but it will tend to fanaticism if it spends its energy in propaganda alone.

I submit that the Socialist party spends the vast majority of its effort in propaganda and for this reason is moving toward fanaticism, as did the S. L. P. It will change its course. It will become more active in the labor movement and in co-operative enterprises or it will dissolve. Capitalism will be overthrown by an organization that can deliver more comforts to the people than Capitalism can deliver, or it will not be overthrown at all, talk, teach, preach, and argue as we may.

War's Pentecost

By FRANK H. WARE

MANY thousands from the districts devastated by the cataclysm of war make their way to America. Most of them have stories to tell. All disavow ability or intent to write them. This is one of the tales of an American who lived through some of the most momentous days at the front during the recent fighting in the Champagne district.

IN the swirl of the vortex I found myself beside a stretcher on which a white-faced boy lay staring upward. His lips were moving, but no sound came from them. In the grime and filth of wounds and war his uniform was indistinguishable. Were the lips forming the words "Unser Vater," "Notre Pere" or "Our Father"? I seized the stretcher and we followed the ghastly procession into the dark, low, vault-like "hospital" ward.

The sight of wounded and dying men caused a queer sensation to pass over me. A sensation that was half pity and half hatred. Pity for those in pain, hatred for those who caused it. But with the townspeople the sight of hundreds of wounded arriving every hour had steeled their hearts to the suffering, long ago. On the cots lay many who had lost arm or leg. Others, who had been blinded by hand grenades in close trench fighting, were being led around by nurses and doctors. But what surprised me most was the great number of grey-haired men, men past middle age, among the wounded. I expected to find for the most part young men—the flower of the nation, as they were called—but it was the reverse that greeted me.

Why is it?" I asked a surgeon. He turned and walked away without answering

"Why is it?" I asked of a nurse. She looked at me for a moment, then lowerd her head and passed on.

It was because the flower of the nation were now either rotting in their graves or maimed and disfigured—the latter a menace to society for the remainder of their days. In but little more than a year twelve millions had been killed and wounded.

I wandered over to where one of the wounded was sitting in a wheel chair. His face was pallid, but the deep furroughs that lined it and the drooping eyelids that would close for moments at a time bespoke of an intense suffering. I noticed also that his right arm had been amputated above the elbow.

"You must have been in a pretty tough battle?" I queried so as to open a conversation.

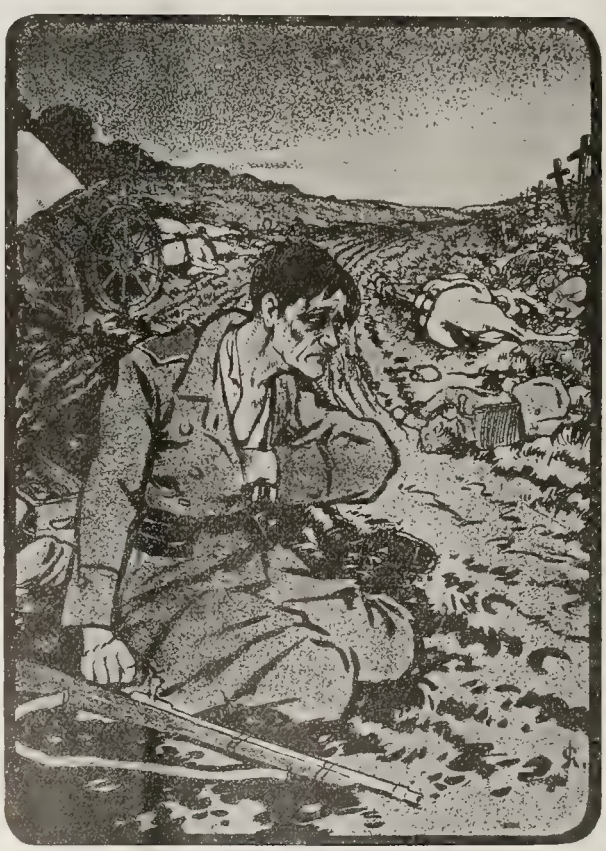
He merely nodded his head in assent. I waited a few moments for him to say something and finally he raised the stump of his right arm so as to flaunt the empty sleeve in the air and said: "They're all tough."

"If you don't mind, I'll tell you about the battle I was shot in," he added.

I had come a long way to see this hospital and I anticipated hearing many recounts of battles, so I told him to go ahead.

"It was in the Champaign district," he started out, "and our battalion was joined by three others. We had orders to charge the enemy's trenches on the following day. Our artillery had done splendid work the day before and our machine guns had raked down hundreds.

"The day of the charge broke warm and sunny. Under cover of their own guns the enemy were mending their barbed-wire entanglements. All morning we kept up a desultory fire and it was nearly noon before the order came for the charge.



". . . . the artillery did splendid work."

—By J. Gabrielse

When it came we poured over our trenches and started for them. In a moment, machine guns were raking us down by hundreds, but we were thousands. Then I seemed to go mad. My comrades were mad. Our hoarse cries echoed above us in the screaming shrapnel.

"The first trench was filled with dead and dying. Some of the enemy were fleeing. Others met us in desperation. The rest stood stupified with fear. Bayonets jabbed and thrust, each one dripping red. Blood was everywhere.

"I remember stumbling and falling across the bodies of several of the enemy. On rising I noticed the attitudes of some of the dead. Many were in such life-like poses. One man looked as if he was just lying down resting; his eyes were wide open and a faint smile played across his face. Another one was leaning against the side of the trench, one hand raised to his hip. While another still grasped the handles of a machine gun, his eyes peering through the sights, his body tense and rigid. Behind us, caught in the enemy's barbed wire, were many of our own comrades, their mouths wide open, their eyes staring at us, yet they were all dead. We, who live, envy those who die.

"It took but a glance to take this in and after running on for ten yards or so I was in the thick of it again. I was mad again and I slashed and stabbed at this man and that; trampling over the fallen, comrades or enemy. Then came inky blackness.

"When I awoke the stars were shining and dead were lying all around me. I tried to raise myself to look around, but everything swam before my eyes and I sank back again. The blood on my hands and face had dried and felt itchy. My head was burning and my hands and feet felt numb and cold.

"It was quite some time before I tried to move again, but when I did a sharp pain on my right arm made me stop suddenly. With my left hand I reached over and slowly felt up and down to find the hurt. The arm had been slashed to the bone in several places. The cuts all over my body began to burn. Then I swooned.

The Stay-at-Homes

—By J. Gabrielse

"In the hospital the doctors told me gangrene had set in and that they would have to amputate. At first I refused to submit. I wanted that arm and had to have it. Without it I could not earn a living for the stay-at-homes—my wife and children. I fought them off time and again, but finally when the pain got so intense I submitted to the operation.

"I now wear a metal cross. For it I show an empty sleeve. But in that battle nearly thirty thousand now wear a wooden cross."

For a moment neither one of us spoke. Finally I broke the silence by asking: "When will these Caesers stop fighting?" He looked at me sharply for a moment before he answered: "When the fighters stop the Caesers."

"When the fighters stop the Caesers?" I queried.

Looking around cautiously before replying he leaned toward me and said in a low voice: "Yes. The time is near at hand when the masters will have had enough. They will try to call their men off the battlefields to operate again the mills, mines, factories and farms. But the soldier of today is fast awakening. This war is teaching him a lesson. Whisperings in the trenches with his comrades during lulls in the fighting finds him eager to learn more. He sees why he is fighting.

"Try him out now with some of the patriotic talk that roused him to such fervor when the master class was urging the workers to enlist!" The wounded man laughed a ghastly chuckle that at first seemed natural but ended in a horrible grimace of pain. Then he continued:

"At first the propagandists were few in numbers and when they were caught it went hard with them. Now—" I think his eyes twinkled as he said this, "now it is different!"

Enemy's Child

By CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD in The Forum

MAIS, Madame, do not let them write it down "de pere inconnu." "Father unknown" is mother dishonored. Say rather "enemy's child."

How, Madame? If I am willing for le Gouvernement to take this Thing when it comes? What should I do with it, this Enemy's Brat? It is not mine. A woman bears her children a son homme a elle. This child is not mine.

Oui, Madame, last night they brought me here on the road of iron with the wounded. I worked in the fields, I helped with the sick and buried the dead until my time was drawing near.

A little while more and I shall bring forth a monster, half French and half Enemy. Two heads it will have and two hearts, for never those two can make one.

Quel age, Madame? Ten months ago I was nineteen—nineteen, and betrothed to Mathieu. Now I am old, old and Mathieu—do you see this, here on the cord around my neck? That is what they gave me when I went for news of Mathieu. A great basketful of them and another and another. A harvest from the Marme. They searched in one and gave me this, Mathieu's number. Mathieu, un numero! Voila tout! The river has taken him away.

Oui, Madame, notre village. It has no need now to be—how do they say?—deleted by M'sieu le Censeur. Shall a heap of rubbish bear a name? There is nothing more. Only ashes and debris and stupid, gaping walls. All, all gone. And of Mathieu,—rien que ca.

Que voulez-vous? It is for France.

Dost thou hear that, thou Enemy's Brat?

The church—ah, Madame, you should see. The Holy Virgin in her niche was untouched. They say she hid her face when the first shell struck. She was good to our village. For so many years the crops were good. This year even—but this crop was not in.

Combien, Madame? My father, my mother, I and Charlot. There were two between, but le bon Dieu was kind to them. They died before.

Charlot was twelve, Madame. He was a good boy. M'sieu le Cure said he was a good boy. But hold, Madame. We spoiled him, we others. We thought there was no boy like Charlot.

Charlot! Charlot!

My mother laid him in my arms when he was but an hour old. "V'la ton affaire," she said.

Ah, Madame, to have a little brother to care for, it is almost better than to have a son. It was only yesterday that I taught him to walk. Yesterday—a thousand years—it is the same.

They came to our village as to the others. They took M'sieu le Maire, and said they would kill him if anyone in the village did not instantly obey.

We were frightened. Had we not seen the poor people? Oh, les pauv, gens! Had we not heard the cries and the shooting in the dark? For every shot, a life. We were still.

We kept in our house. The hours went by until we thought we should go mad with the tramping. Was the whole world come to France? At last, Charlot ran out. My father shouted to him, but he leaped through the door and was gone.

"An instant, to see," he called back.

He did not come and he did not come. All three, we went to find him.

And then—

"Melie! Melie!"

It was Charlot's voice, calling me. I saw him running toward me, and—he had no hands. Charlot had no hands.

At last we stopped the bleeding. Then They came, demanding to eat. One stood by the bed where Charlot was lying.

"If the Prussians had done this in 1870," he said in French, "there would not be so many sacre Frenchmen left to fight now."

They went through our hours. They found the gun, old and rusty, which mon grandpere had carried in 1870. We had hidden it, but they found it.

One said, looking at Charlot:

"At least, thou wilt not use it, thou."

And Charlot—ah, Madame—he was but a child, and we had spoiled him—looked at his bloody bandages and smiled.

"Ma foi, M'sieu l'Ennemi, I can learn to shoot with the feet."

Madame, they took him out. They held us bound to watch. They stood him up against the house—so little, ah, he looked so little standing there. . . Once he cried out: "Melie!" Shall I ever forget Melie; It was like when he was tout petit and afraid in the dark. Then he sobbed:

"C'est pour la patrie."

Yes, Madame. They shot him.

Charlot! Charlot!

The next day—was it?—I do not know. The days all ran together after that. Someone had fired, they said, fired a shot for France. They overran the village, shooting, burning, and——

Ah, mon pere!

When they seized me, he hurled a stone.

That time, they used the bayonet.

I did not know any more for a long time. The good sisters found me and kept me in the cellar of the convent till I was well again.

Then first of all I thought of my mother.

I went back to the village,—non, Madame, I will be kind. You shall not hear. Such things are not to hear. Moi, j'ai vu. I found my mother. With a little stick, she was poking in the ashes where our home had been. She did not know me.

Day by day, I brought her food, the little that I could find. Then, one day, the wall—there was one left standing—fell down and crushed her. I pulled away the stones from her, but she was dead. I set a stone at her head and another at her feet. They came from our fireplace. My little crucifix I laid upon her breast and I made the sign of the cross over her and said my prayers. I pray the Savior will forgive her the last sacrament. If not, Seigneur, I swear, those last days, I would take for them a thousand years of purgatory. Jesus, let them pass her hers.

* * * * *

Ah, Madame, when I found that I had conceived!

I ran to the Holy Mother where she stood unharmed in her niche. I knelt down among the stones and broken glass. Before I had never seen her so clearly. Always in the dim light of candles and the colored windows. Now she was all light, sunlight.

Madame, I prayed to her to let me do the forbidden thing. I told her all why, so many reasons why.

"A sign, give me a sign, Holy One," I prayed.

A long time, I waited. The clouds were passing, one by one, away from the sun. It was one clear day in the long wet. Sometimes she was in shadow, sometimes bright. At last, I swear it, she shook her head.

"It is for France," I cried, and waited again.

There was no answer, though I waited long. But she had shaken her head. The Holy Mother had shaken her head.

The Medical Corps found me wandering and starving.

"Thou art strong. Thou canst help."

So I did, Madame. Sometimes I helped with the wounded, sometimes I buried the dead.

Always among the enemy dead and wounded, I kept looking, for I thought:

"If I find him, the ravisher, maybe they will not need to write it down 'de pere inconnu.' "

But I did not know him, Madame. How should I? There was not only one.

So I said to the Hate-Thing within me:

"When I look on him, leap Thou, that I may know."

One day, I saw Them sliding by in the distance, except for their moving, like a piece of the plain behind Them. Only here and there the sun on their helmets.

Then a red hate sprang up between me and Them. I spat toward Them. They marched like one creature. They were one creature—one Devil, the Enemy.

And the Hate-Thing within me gave a great leap!

Then I knew it was not the child of one, but of all—Enemy's Child.

And I made up a song of rejoicing over their dead which I buried. When I was alone I sang it aloud. When I was not alone, it sang itself in me.

> "Blood pooling our furrows today—
> Enemy's blood:
> Fair green crops in our fields tomorrow!
> Lie there, little Enemy, fatten our fields!"

Was I mad? I do not know. It sang itself in me.

And often I laughed how they thought to conquer. Can French fields bear alien crops? Not though they are sown thick with enemy slain!

And the Hate-Thing within me grew and grew, and with it my hate. But the Holy Mother had shaken her head. Mary, forgive me that I murdered it many a day in my heart!

Mon Dieu, to have travail for an Enemy's Brat!

Mon Dieu, how the night is long till the morrow!

Oui, Madame, the paper. Bring it and I will sign it. Enemy's Child shall be Gouvernement's Child.

Au revoir, Madame. Priez pour moi!

* * * * *

Mais non, Madame, I cannot. He has the eyes of Charlot. On my arm they laid him, and I look at him for the first time, and his eyes, they are Charlot's. How can I give him up?

Tell Gouvernement I will be French for two.

Can a French field bear an alien crop?

Ah, Madame, love is stronger than hate. My love has conquered my hate. And something soft and small in the crook of my arm, that sweetest sound, a sob of content and the tug of little lips at my breast. . . .

Ah, see, he opens them, the eyes of Charlot. Mon fils a moi!

Daughters of Joy

By ROSE SHARLAND in The Clarion

WALKING arm-in-arm with soldiers or sailors, chucking this one under the chin, patting that one on the cheek, laughing over the shoulder at the others, with a glad eye for all, what happy girls they seemed when the sea was all a-glitter and the sun scorching the hot sands!

Some of them would lie basking in the surf for hours, laughing shrilly when the waves dashed over their sunburnt arms and legs; and the sun, shining alike on the good and evil, rained his warm kisses on their faces—pretty faces, too, when the dimples came and went in the joy of the passing hour. And the saucy badinage of words with all and sundry, the ready wit, the quick jest, the careless freedom.

Then one thought: "Surely this a better life than long hours in a sweater's den, the paltry pence for long mechanical labor, and the pale, anaemic faces of the city by-ways!" Here at least was the free air and sunlight and sea, plenty to eat and drink, lots of pretty clothes, and kisses by the score.

The one with the innocent, wide, blue eyes was wearing a blue Madonna hood over her gold hair, and her flower face smiled childishly on all as she passed; and if a hard steely look came into those eyes at times, what wonder? She had her price and would not be beaten down so long as she had youth and beauty for the bargaining. Then the pretty dark one, so much sought after, whose pink dress brought out the rose bloom of her cheeks—of Nature's painting, too, as yet. Like a gay bird she hopped from one to the other, taking where she would, and sparing of her kisses. Her voice and laugh were silvery, like a skylark at dawn in the woods. She, too, was a bird escaped from some nest but at what a price had she bought freedom!

At last the hot days went, the heavy rains fell, the whole aspect of the outside world changed. Cold wind whistled around the huts on the fore-shore—whistled and shrieked and wailed: "Lost, lost, all lost!" till people indoors drew close to fires they had lighted and shuddered, for there, out in the rain, were the gay girls, out to earn their bread. How pitiful the scanty frocks looked then! The thin, white shoes soaked through, and the tawdry chiffon clinging dank to the slim forms.

Luck was against them, too, as they shivered and passed through the lashing gale. Night fell, and passed, and something impelled the woman with the sweet eyes who lived in the house by the sea to look out at dawn—the grey, chill, early dawn of a cheerless summer day. There, huddled in a shelter, immobile as death, sat two of the daughters of joy.

They had spent the long cold night there. The birds of the air have nests, but girls who make a plaything of love have not where to lay their heads.

And the sweet woman with the mother soul shining in her beautiful, pure eyes, said:

"I cannot sleep now for thinking of those poor girls outside—always outside. I have a daughter myself.

The Fable of the "Nut"

By A. F. GANNON

ONCE upon a time there was a Nut with a handful of hobnails jingling about in his Single-cylinder mentality until the latter developed a Knock. He decided that Malthus must have been off his feed Good and Proper when the poor boob pulled that "moral self-control" stuff, so, on the principle that it's better late than Never, the Nut set himself assiduously to remedy the Malthusian Miff.

He had five notches on the Healthy End of his Gat when the John Law Squad interrupted his Sociological Labors and landed him in Casa Queer, safe from the Infuriated Mob who resented his recent attempt to perforate their Rotund and respected fellow-citizen and Industrial Mogul, Jeremiah Coldcash.

While the Nut was ruminating in the Dippy-Den, with his steering gear jammed at an angle of forty-five Degrees, on the cruelty of a cold and unappreciative community, the citizens were heaving sighs of relief and rushing into cold Print and Public Utterance with statements about the Hand of Providence being descernable in the delivery from death of "our esteemed townsman and benefactor, Jeremiah Coldcash."

Jeremiah, being Jake, wrote out two fat checks one for the Police Relief and another for a worthy Local Charity—then ordered his Agents to go down to Kelly's Patch, where his tenements were located and jimmy into the Underfed Infant's Milk Fund with a ten-percent increase of rentals all around.

MORAL: Who's Loony Now?

Section of Llano Showing Construction in Progress. Building in Foreground in Course of Construction Is an Addition to the Ranch Office

Industrial Activity Inspiring

By R. K. WILLIAMS

ONE of our new members, a woman of lovely character and sweet personality, made the remark the other day that in all her travels she has at last found a place where one hears all the sounds of industrial activity and none of the accompanying sounds of discontent. She is particularly charmed with the melodious ring of the anvil, the explosive exhaust of engines and the buzz of the saw as it ploughs its way through the wood. Afar over the fields and orchards the sounds travel, and mingling therewith is the song of men, content and strong, in the knowledge of absolute possession of the job.

These little signs were significant things to her. Where else in the United States can the same be said? Coming directly, as she did, from the competitive struggle and the grind of life, these tokens of industry with harmony and peace made a deep impression upon her.

The arching heavens continue to pour down an effulgence of light. Never a shadow darkens the broad reaches of the valley. Distances come and go, the mountains move and quicken under the rays of a soft October sun. The climate is superbly ideal. The mornings, as the sun is sending shafts of opalescent colors athwart the sky, has the zest of coming winter, but as it rises higher over the distant ranges of the Sierras, a gentle warmth permeates all things and Nature seems, indeed, at peace with herself. The evenings, brilliant and cool, lure one to the comfort of the bed and there are few here that spend wakeful or restless nights.

It may sound like a sanitorium advertisement, but the truth is that generally, members of this colony sleep sounder than in places of the same size anywhere in the country. Doubtless this is due to the fact that we are over 3100 feet elevation and there is no fog or dew to encumber the atmosphere. Then, too, there is something else. That something else is simply a feeling—a feeling of security.

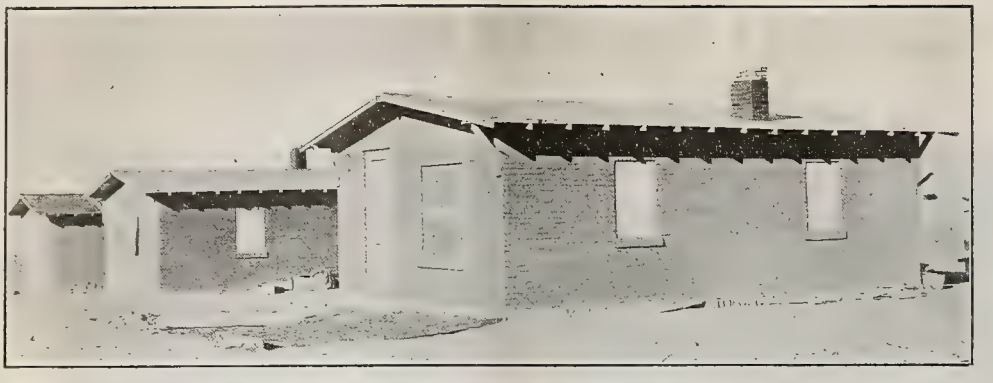
We are growing as fast as it is safe to grow. In fact the problem of housing the incomers keep the building department working up to the limit. More

Glimpse of the Diverse Acti

ties at the Llano Community

laning Mill and Vood orking chinery

One of the acksmith Shops at dustrial Center



Type of the Temporary Clay Brick Houses at Llano

than 77 new residents took up their abode in the colony during the past thirty days. This represents 27 actual stockholders with working contracts.

Visitors and prospects continue to come. Three hundred and twenty earnest people were the guests of the colony in the last month. One cannot help but be impressed with the earnestness displayed. The hotel is proving too small for the accommodation of the numbers that want to eat with us. So the building department is beginning the work of enlarging the assembly hall and when completed will add one-third more space, making a large room approximately 65 by 75 feet. Whether this will be the limit of expansion is hard to say at this time.

At one end of the hall will be the stage from which will be given dramatics and other entertainments. Its location will not interfere with the regular Saturday night dances. As time goes by these hops are becoming more popular for the reason that a dancing class under the direction of Mrs. Williams and Comrade A. A. Stewart has been started. The initial number signing was 77. The ages ranged from 6 to 60. On Thursday evenings good feeling and enthusiasm runs high, for this is the night of the class. At present the class numbers about 100. Many of the timid ones have screwed up enough courage to learn to dance, so that it is safe to predict that within sixty days there will be but few people in the colony that will not be able to shake the "light fantastic toe."

Owing to the distance from the hotel to the dairy and the number of men working there, arrangements have been made to build a substantial bunk house for their accommodation. The building will contain five rooms—three bedrooms 12x12, kitchen 12x16 and dining room of 16x16 feet. In addition to the building, there will be placed two tents 12x12. Assurances are thus given that a great deal of inconvenience will be done away with and much comfort added to these hard working men.

The library, which is a branch of the Los Angeles County Library, is growing.

Several hundred volumes of books will be added to the library within a week. This is a donation of the Los Angeles Liberal Club and thanks is due Walter Collins, secretary of that organization.

Other donations have been through Comrade Adolph Lofton of Lowgap, Washington, who is adding to the several hundred books he has already sent by making another shipment. Comrade Dr. A. J. Stevens of Los Angeles, Harry Thomas of Llano and others have also made donations to the library.

The books give a wide choice of reading and they are much appreciated by the residents of Llano. The library is well patronized and much matter of the so-called heavier nature is in demand. Books on psychology and ethics are really popular. Fiction, however, continues to have a heavy call and at all hours readers will be found pouring over magazines, books and newspapers. In the evening the library is completely filled with interested readers.

Johanna, the Colony's Champion Holstein

The high school, after so many vexatious delays will surely be started within a few days at most. Between 19 and 25 pupils will be enrolled and probably by the time the school is in active operation the number will be increased as newcomers are arriving with sons

and daughters of high school degree. This work will be under C. W. Hunton, who has had extensive experience in teaching and is a Socialist from the days of Edward Bellamy. Mr. Hunton has been active in the great social movement for many years and for the last several years had a substantial business in Grants Pass, Oregon. Comrade Hunton feels that history showing the different social systems can be better taught here than at any other place in the country. There will be no hindrance to the giving of the true interpretation of history.

Some of the Colony's Thoroughbred Berkshires

The Montessori school introduced by the capable Prudence Stokes Brown is a success, and she is simply overwhelmed with little folks who are enthusiastic over their learning new things and being so happily entertained. While conditions at the Goodwin place are not ideal, everything possible is being done to offer every facility to Mrs. Brown to forward her very important work.

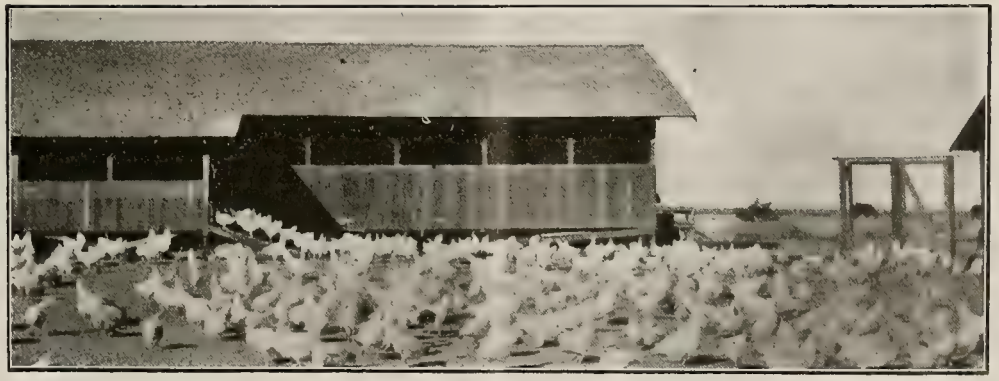
The elementary school will soon be completed and great satisfaction will prevail. The present quarters are very cramped and the teachers are laboring under a big handicap and will doubtless make the move with delight. Additional pupils are entering weekly so that all available space will be utilized. Considering the difficulties attendant upon the advent of school this year, great progress has been made and the genuine hard work gone through is appreciated by everyone.

Incomers are amazed at the work accomplished in the brief time—eighteen months of the existence of the colony. It is unnecessary now to talk about the prospects and things we hope to do. So many things have been already done the premises of the future are perfectly patent. People now can realize that we intend to build a city. A model city in every way. Pressure in housing the people has kept back the work of building on the permanent townsite.

There are thirty-six foundations for the temporary brick houses laid and work is progressing rapidly. When houses are completed and ready for occupancy by the older residents, new members come and occupy the old quarters whether in tents or the hotel. So that a continual demand is made on the building department. In a way this is discouraging, but viewing it from another angle it is most encouraging. It shows a spirit nothing short of marvelous to see people willing to come and help build this place and live in cramped quarters and do without many of the old-time comforts. Everyone realizes that we have a principality in the building and the fact that men and women used to luxuries are willing to submit to the discomforts of camp life is an evidence that it will come to fruition.

It must not be inferred that everyone is suffering discomforts for such a statement would not be true. There are 600 people in this community and 90 per cent of them are very comfortably housed, indeed.

Another building of interest to be erected will be one 70 by 24 feet. In this will be the laundry, sewing-room, drying-room, engine and power room and the creamery. This is to be located east of the bakery, which is just finished. Fires have been lighted under the oven and the colonists are enjoying the usual bake-shop delicacies. The fact that breads, pastries, etc., are baked in the bakery relieves tension in the kitchen materially and reflect itself largely in the increased variety on the menu of the dining-room.



A Portion of One of the "Hoganized" Poultry Yards

The fact that a charge of 25 cents per meal is now made, an innovation, does not deter visitors from coming. The money thus received is used to further improve the cuisine and table necessities. We are now charging $2 per round trip from Palmdale to the colony. This money goes a considerable way in keeping up repairs on the automobiles. As soon as we feel that adequate accommodation can be offered to the sojourners, a nightly charge will be made for beds. We feel that in the above two items, people are getting more than their money's worth and we have no conscientious scruples about taking the money. A letter received a few days ago asks: "How do you run your Socialistic colony?"

For the benefit of that inquirer, who doubtless will see this in The Comrade, we would like to say that this is not a "Socialist colony" in the true acceptation of that word, as understood generally by Socialists. This is a business concern, a live, solvent business institution. If one wanted to actually define conditions here it might be termed communism, or closely allied thereto, and not Socialism, broadly speaking. Socialism means each according to his deeds, while communism is interpreted to mean each according to his needs. The Llano del Rio Company is organized and existing under the laws of the State of California. A board of directors stands between the stockholders and the State. They are responsible for the company. The difference between this company and the Southern Pacific or any other company, is that the working members, who must be stockholders, receive the profits of the concern. The profits will not go to non-resident stockholders, but to the working members only.

Billy Young Riding Herd on the Llano

The question "being shorn of one's liberty" and "household goods being confiscated" ought to be cleared up. Fullest liberty exists within the colony. Every man, who has an idea, is invited to give it. The test of an idea or theory is its workability. If two theories oppose in some particular occasion, as has occurred, an experiment settled the question. One i not compelled to wear any particular brand of clothin and none need lose his indentity, as has been suggested Service is the only thing that counts in this colony This has been frequently said, but for the benefit of th friendly inquiry, it must be reiterated.

Household goods and personal property certainl belong to the individual. This is one of the cardina tenets of Socialism. Private property to be privatel owned and public property privately owned to be pub licly used. Such a statement about goods being con fiscated is preposterous. It is amusing to note the idea that some people have c the colony. They cann believe that this is not a Utopia, Icaria, a City o the Sun, or some equa ly phantastic proposition No, we are grounded o economics and believ that when we shall hav solved the three ele mentals—food, clothin and shelter, our ethic morals and intellectua slants will follow. It i true that we are the re sult of our digestion an the people as a whol represent one vast diges center. The Chines 10,000 years ago, worke this theory out prett clearly. It still hold good. We travel "on ou stomachs," and if th man is fed, clothed an sheltered, he's a prett amiable sort of thing As to the method of running the ranch, it can be briefl stated that a board of managers, composed of the super intendent, managers and foremen of the various depart ments, are cognizant of all the details of the place. T the number of twenty-five or thirty, they seat them selves each night at 7 o'clock around the long tabl and talk of the things done and the things to be don on the morrow. Teams are received and placed, ma chinery of various sorts is shifted from place to plac and men as needed at various places are assigned s that the big book has a detailed account of the lay-ou for the next day's business.

The meeting is not a parliamentary body, by an means. No motions are made and no disputes arise a

(Continued on Page 25)

How We Live at Llano

A WOMAN correspondent located in the northern part of the State writes asking what to bring to the colony in order to be comfortable in the house and the kind and quality of clothing, the method of marketing, etc.

It may be interesting to those contemplating joining us ultimately, to elaborate on this phase a little so that the women will have a more comprehensive idea of what women do and how they live. The men that come to the colony are well informed as to what they do and how they will pass their time, but the women folks are simply left to shift for themselves.

In the first place, bring with you everything that you have been accustomed to using about the house. Don't give away washboards, tubs, oil stoves, cots, griddles, stove pipe and the like. Many women make the mistake, when about to embark on the unknown sea of Llano, which to some is a tragedy of apprehension, of leaving behind with some good friend, or actually giving away some household necessity that would be highly prized here.

Don't forget the cookstove. Wood is used almost exclusively. If your stove is a coal burner it will burn wood satisfactorily. A gas stove will not be of much service at present. The present is what we are living in. Most families want to get settled as soon as possible and nothing takes the place of the old family stove. Its presence in the corner of a tent or house brings feelings of hominess.

One woman brought with her several sacks of carpet rags, not knowing what else to do with them. Upon arrival here she found that they could be made into a substantial rug. She sent them to Los Angeles and in a short time she had in return a lovely carpet rug which now covers a floor, greatly enhancing the comfort and looks of an otherwise plain tent.

While we make cabinet stuff in the colony all the time, the work is pressing and local orders cannot always be kept up. So it is advisable to bring your cupboards, kitchen cabinets and kitchen tables and everything that appertains to the kitchen.

The commissary is usually well supplied with the necessities and much of the time carrying so-called luxuries, yet it is expedient and advisable to bring with you as much food stuffs as you conveniently can. By so doing, you will not be compelled to go without your particular favorite thing that you have been accustomed to. Some families come to us so well supplied with canned goods and other table foods that for months they make but few demands on the commissary except for butter and milk.

It often is hard for intending members to lay in a large supply of things accustomed to, yet if due thought is given this subject a good deal of deprivation will be averted. Incidentally this method will save the colony as a whole considerable money.

Shoes are a prime necessity. The character of earth here is said to be hard on shoes. About this there is some doubt. Any place where sidewalks are not in evidence shoe leather goes very rapidly. It is suggested that the housewife supply herself and children well with sufficient good, substantial footgear, to last a reasonable length of time. While it is all right for a person to get and demand commissary supplies the moment of arrival, after having a working contract and entrance fee paid, yet it seems like an imposition upon those who are already here for a long time. This matter is rather delicate to explain, so consider it best to do the best you can for yourself, and by so doing you will protect others.

The question as to how the women folks dress in Llano can be simply answered by saying practically in the same manner that one lives at home. Fancy clothes, to be sure, are not needed to any great extent, although on many occasions good and expensive clothing is and can be worn. Middie blouses and skirts are popular and other simple things of that sort. The writer is not up on clothes parlance, hence he cannot give the proper names. Khaki is not worn as much as you would imagine. Whipcord skirts are occasionally seen, but good serviceable house dresses can be always used. Come with a good supply of these things on hand.

It is requested that patrons of the store arrange to get supplies but once a day. This is made to keep down extra and unnecessary bookkeeping. The family sends the children to the store as in any place, and the goods ordered are carried home and a charge made against the credit of the colonist. In this connection it is well to suggest that you come with market baskets. Occasionally we run out of them and the distance from the source of supply precludes the possibility of a quick replenishment. As to charging, the colony does not make a profit from goods sold to colonists. The prices are figured as nearly to cost as possible and the amount of the things supplied is charged to the account of the working member, thus obviating the necessity of using money. Every working member who has a contract gets $4 per day so there is usually ample credit to take care of all purchases.

What is your social life? We live just the same

(Continued on Page 25)

Learn Living and Loving

By PRUDENCE STOKES BROWN

THE Montessori School at Llano is established. Forty-five children ranging from 3 to 6 gather at the hotel five mornings in the week and are taken in autos to the Goodwin ranch. The beautiful old place with its cottonwood trees, its flowing brook and old ranch house, now serves as the "children's house," the "Casa Di Bambini," the "kindergarten" or child garden—either of these names will do. The facts are what interest the children, and the fathers and mothers of Llano.

Here the children practice "living and loving" from nine o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. Here they find a home that invites orderly, active and rational thinking. Here is a yard, swings and trapeze; a large, well filled sand table of convenient height, and sand box on the ground; watering pots and garden tools, and the delight of water in abundance flowing over stones and pebbles; a beautiful, good natured Spitz dog; a kindly old mother cat with a well behaved kitten; a few good old mother hens and birds that come and go as they choose, drinking from the stream and eating the crumbs the children sweep from the tables and floor after the noonday meal.

The house is not the permanent Montessori school building, but a comfortable old ranch house with floor space for fifty children; a dining room that has been fitted with tables to seat them; cupboards suitable to the size of the children, and the number of dishes they require; low sinks for washing these dishes—and I must not forget to say that our tables and cupboards are made in Llano's own carpenter shop by men who know just how to plan and construct in the most convenient and efficient manner. I mention this because I feel that the very presence of furniture made at home serves to draw out from those using it a feeling of respect and admiration.

There are couches on which the children rest and sleep; a kitchen with all necessary appointments—and here in this house of childhood, after only one month, the children are adapting themselves as naturally to these home conditions, and the liberty of using them, as we could expect. That is saying a great deal, but we expect wonders—we who study Dr. Montessori's scientific pedagogy.

A word for co-operation.

In Llano everybody co-operates to make conditions for children. When we wanted sand only a word went forth and we had a half dozen boys and girls with horse and wagon off to the wash for sand. They sifte and sacked sand as heartily as they played basketbal We wanted swings; and the young man herding cow in a nearby pasture left the cattle grazing in the a falfa and in a few moments had constructed bars an put up swings. When time for two little tots to g home, who live in an opposite direction from the res the gallant "cowboy" takes them home on his hors When cleaning up, not only the sanitary commission at hand, but women of culture and refinement; wome who know just exactly how to clean house—eve though they have been known in England as militar suffragists and have gone to jail upholding the principles.

For the noon lunch the call goes forth for milk and gallons, not quarts, are delivered at our door. W prefer to make the sandwiches and salads at the scho instead of having each child bring his own, and a con mittee of women take this matter in hand and bot fruit and salads come from the hotel and store.

Co-operation spells success, and Llano's Montesso School is heading straight for that point. I doubt there is in the state of California a Montessori Scho promising as much life and liberty to childhood as th one now established at Llano.

The interest that is being shown by parents an others who were at first doubtful about the practicabi ity of the Montessori school is most encouragin Nearly every member of the community is ready t contribute his or her effort to assist in our worl It is inspiring to receive this assistance.

Doctor Maria Montessori is giving a course of twelv lectures in San Francisco. The object is to give th public an opportunity to hear from the founder of th new science of pedagogy the fundamental principl of the method, and also to give the parents a bette understanding of the child and his needs.

The subjects are as follows: "Discipline in Litt Children"; "Exercises of Practical Life"; "Th Foundation of Auto Education"; "Intellectual Wor and Mental Hygiene"; "The Intelligence"; "Th Imagination of the Child"; "The Foundation of th Imagination"; "The Education of the Will"; "Mor Education," and "The Social Responsibility of th Mother." The last two lectures will be a presentatio of the material used in the Montessori schools.

J. Stitt Wilson, his wife and daughter, took th Third International Training Course for teachers, an graduated from San Francisco last August.

Success

By ERNEST WOOSTER

This old world of ours is so funny the Powers that made it must chortle with glee
"From the day we are born to the toot of the horn, everything is but God's just decree.
There's a reason obscure, but a good one, be sure, for poverty, suff'ring and sin;
And it's sacred—don't doubt, or attempt to find out how we got in the fix we are in."
All blandly we're told that it's no use to scold—but give thanks to the Lord in the sky—
Trust to him our affairs, faithfully kneel at our prayers—we will get our reward when we die.
Though industrially robbed and judicially jobbed from the cradle clear through to the grave,
And with brain and with brawn we must toil till life's gone in an unfruitful effort to save—
Yet we musn't complain (that's the preacher's refrain) but all meekly be lowly and good!

"Be frugal! Don't spend!" financiers recommend (what would happen to us if we should?)
There's a world of advice to be had without price, and it claims we can all get ahead;
Says there's no reason why we should fail if we try and give heed to the things that are said:
There are ways, be assured, that the coin can be lured, proven ways that we must not despise—
And the first one, though old (to believe as we're told) is to carefully economize.

If we'd do without phones, eat no more ice cream cones, and forget all about union rules;
Were content with our lot, glad to get what we've got, and would sell all our diamonds and jewels;
If we didn't drink booze, and we wore cheaper shoes, and chewed no tobacco or gum;
Drove no automobiles, and consumed cheaper meals—we surely could save quite a sum.
These optimists state it's not hard to beat Fate; there's a way if there's only a will;
So it wouldn't be hard, if we plowed the back yard, to cut down the vegetable bill.

And Be Rich

We could sell what we grow, pay the bills that we owe, and live better than we can live now:
More, the fund will increase if we buy us some geese, and a pig and some hens and a cow.
Then the bank account grows when we buy no new clothes, but wear out the old ones instead;
Wear the pants of last year with a patch in the rear, and spend all our evenings in bed;
Don't incur the expense that the "movie" presents, but go to the preaching, that's free—
(But you bet we won't wait till they pass round the plate—we'll save some more money, you see)
Yes, we're told there's a chance, for all who wear pants, to in time become president,
Or a smug millionaire if with thriftiness rare we cling like a leech to each cent,
And but wisely invest in the manner that's best—our fortunes will soon be secure:
Yet it seems passing strange that poor folks never change, but always continue so poor.

But We Went to Llano

Yes, we played at your game, but the wealth never came, so we think your advice is a sell—
Though in church you may pray, yet we'll all stay away, take chances on going to Hell.
We have a new plan, and we'll get every man, each believer in justice and right,
For the Socialist scheme is now more than a dream—it has grown to be real over night.
You may lie, steal and shirk, you may live without work, where Profit is still to be beat,
But though it seems queer, you cannot do it here—you must work here or else you don't eat.
Yet if you do your share, and you do what is fair, you'll prosper along with the rest,
So keep your advice, we've all paid the price, and we know that our way is the best.

Capitalism's Justice—1915

THE following is an extract from the court records in the trial of M. A. Schmidt, charged with murder in connection with the destruction of the Los Angeles Times in 1910. The prosecution is proceeding on the theory that the building was destroyed by dynamite. The defense contends that it was gas. Behold the decision of Judge Willis in the selection of the jury.

Capitalism's Juror

JUROR Charles Hughes, A RETIRED CAPITALIST, being examined, testified in part as follows:

Question: And the defendant would have to prove it to you?

Answer: I think he would, yes sir.

Question: And do you start in the trial with the firm, positive conviction that this building was destroyed by dynamite with intent to take human life?

Answer: Yes sir.

* * * * * * *

Question: Yes, and if the defendant wanted to establish to your satisfaction that it was done with gas accidentally, he would have to introduce some proof, wouldn't he?

Answer: If that is a necessary element in the case, he would have to do that.

Question: Then if the District Attorney, in the presentation of his case against the defendant, did not remove from your mind the belief, which is now there, that it was done by means of dynamite, you would not require any proof on that question from the people, would you?

Answer: I would be inclined to believe that the building was destroyed by dynamite.

Question: Now, you understand that is the position of the District Attorney?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: And upon that point you would not require any proof from the District Attorney, would you?

Answer: No.

* * * * * * *

Question: Then you go into the trial of this case with your mind made up upon that question?

Answer: Yes sir.

* * * * * * *

Question: Well, you say you would give him a fair and impartial trial. That statement is also coupled with the mental reservation that you have this opinion which would affect your judgment?

Answer: To a certain extent, yes sir.

* * * * * * *

Question: You wouldn't be satisfied, would you, Mr. Hughes, to take that as a fact, that the Times building was destroyed by dynamite, from what you read in the newspapers in regard to the guilt or innocence of this defendant?

Answer: Well, connecting the defendant with it, if the prosecution did that, I should take that part of it as settled.

THE ABOVE JUROR, A RETIRED CAPITALIST, WAS CHALLENGED BY THE DEFENSE FOR HAVING A FIXED OPINION THAT IT WAS DYNAMITE. THE COURT **DENIED** THE CHALLENGE.

Labor's Juror

JUROR John A. Horton, A DAY LABORER, being examined, testified as follows:

Question: Have you ever formed any opinion as to the cause of the disaster?

Answer: Well, what I know about it and what I heard about it I thought at the time it was caused by gas explosion.

Question: That is the way your mind is now?

Answer: That is the way I had it.

Question: You think the source of your information on that convinces you that it was gas?

Answer: I thought so all the time, and I have always contended that that was what it was.

Question: All you have read and heard confirms you in that view?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: You still believe it?

Answer: I still believe it, to a certain extent. I couldn't believe anything else; wasn't anything else proven to me. I couldn't believe anything else.

Mr. Keyes: What is that answer? (Answer read.)

Mr. Harriman: You think that opinion is so firmly fixed in your mind that you would be unable to set it aside?

Answer: Well, it would have to be proven otherwise.

Question: From what you have known—from what you have heard—before you came to this courtroom, what you have read in the papers, you say you feel that your opinion that the building was blown up by gas is so firmly fixed that it would require evidence to dislodge that opinion?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: So you feel now that this defendant is innocent?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: And could not possibly be guilty of that offense until the opinion in your mind that it was blown up by gas, is dislodged and another established?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: They would have to prove his guilt free beyond a reasonable doubt?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: By establishing the fact that that building was blown up by dynamite, and that he had something to do with it, before you could find him guilty?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: This opinion that you have, that it was blown up by gas, would go with you into the jury box, if you were chosen, would it?

Answer: Yes sir.

THE ABOVE JUROR, A DAY LABORER, WAS CHALLENGED BY THE STATE FOR HAVING A FIXED OPINION THAT IT WAS GAS. THE COURT **SUSTAINED** THE CHALLENGE.

Industrial Activity Inspiring

(Continued from Page 20)

y are contemplating things and ling with facts. There is no nce for a difference of opinion to se, as some man around that table ll be found who is thoroughly niliar with every question that ses, and can explain it.

This body makes no rules, for les will not run a ranch. Con- ions govern, and efforts toward eting conditions are soon de- rmined upon.

There is no semblance between is body and the Socialist local, as s suggested. The difference is t the one is dealing with ma- cial, concrete things and the other handling abstractions.

Real knowledge can be gleaned m close attendance on these etings. Visitors are requested to tend meetings of this board and so doing a clearer idea of how successful business is run. A mil- naire recently sat in the session d afterward remarked that he d not see how a business of this ture could not succeed when so many men knew how to run it.

Halloween was a gala night in Llano and a masquerade was held. Good times are always in happy anticipation, not only for local celebrations but for the greater and more permanent happiness in the not distant future.

The annual meeting of the Llano del Rio Company proved most interesting and the financial report of Secretary Gentry P. McCorkle was received with profound satisfaction. Aside from the incidental excitement of the election the meeting was devoid of important incidents. The following were elected directors: Job Harriman, D. J. Wilson, W. A. Engle, Frank E. Wolfe, G. P. McCorkle, A. F. Snell, O. W. Luton, G. E. Etherton and J. J. Leslie. Of these the first seven were re-elected. In the organization meeting that followed, Job Harriman was elected President; D. J. Wilson, Vice-President, G. P. McCorkle, Secretary, and Frank E. Wolfe, Treasurer.

How We Live at Llano

(Continued from Page 21)

re as you do in your own places. e have groups of friends visit ; we visit them. We have lately rmed a card club and go to a fferent home each week; play rds for an hour and a half and en have some refreshments, con- sting of two things—for instance, offee and cake, pie and coffee, nuts d raisins, candy and nuts and y other combinations that can be rved that will number two. Be- re the club was arranged this atter was agreed upon.

Then we have dances on Satur- ay evenings. At this function we ress up in our best and somehow r other we don't feel a bit em- arrassed. A general good time always had. We renew our ac- uaintanceship with one another nd altogether we are exceedingly riendly and go home with a feel- g that an evening has been well ent. At the dance, usually, we ave a good orchestra, composed f violin, cornet and piano.

Many women worry over the question whether they will be able to have their laundry done as in the cities. This can be answered by saying that our laundry facilities are not strictly up to date, but we have a regular laundry outfit, but it is not as yet set up, but will soon be installed and all kinds of work will be done and done promptly. At the present time a very efficient laundry service is in vogue and regular family washing is done on stated days. The hotel laundry is a regular thing and the single men have to be looked after in this regard. So far there has been very little complaint on this score and no newcomer need worry particularly about this phase of colony life.

However, it is well to bring your own washtubs, boilers, washboards and such, so that you can do your own laundry. There have been many who left these necessary things behind, but on arriving here

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.50 (the price of Pearson's alone) to

The Western Comrade
923 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

WILL TRADE

Equity in 25 acres for your Llano Co-operative shares. First come first served. My land is choice Thompson seedless soil, first water right, church ditch, 62½ cents per acre. Small house, barn, well, fenced, and ten acres in Thompson seedless grapes.

H. T. CLARK, Mail Carrier
Kerman, California

The American Socialist

Official Organ of the

Socialist Party of America.

The American Socialist speaks with authority. It is a powerful news and propaganda weekly and is the only paper in the United States which gives an account of the official business of the Socialist Party.

Every Socialist. Every Student of Socialism should be a subscriber.

Subscription Price
50 cents a year.

The American Socialist and The Western Comrade can be had in combination for one year by sending $1.25 to

THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

"The Great Working Class Daily"

THE

MILWAUKEE LEADER

"Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain"

Editor—Victor L. Berger.
Assistants—James Howe, A. M. Simons, Osmore Smith, Thomas S. Andrews.

The Leader is published in America's stronghold of Socialism. It is the greatest English Socialist Daily in the world. It is a Modern Metropolitan Daily, containing the latest news.

Among its distinctive features are:

SOCIALIST NEWS PAGE, LABOR NEWS PAGE, SPORTING PAGE, MAGAZINE SECTION, WOMAN'S PAGE, EDITORIAL PAGE.

The price of The Leader is 25c per month; $3.00 per year.

Combination offer with

The WESTERN COMRADE

Both for one year for $3.00 (the price of the Milwaukee Leader alone).

Address:
Circulation Department
923 Higgins Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

found their mistake. Many times one wishes to wash some article that would be troublesome to have done in the laundry.

The homes have been so arranged that domestic ditches run close to them, so that the water question never bothers anyone. Many residents have water barrels, which they fill occasionally, and others use bags and buckets. This matter is simply a question of choice. For hot water at home on wash days, a few minutes will suffice to construct a temporary outdoor wash fire which can be made between walls of brick, and water heated there. This can be done when the stove is not in working order.

Families on arriving here, that are not accompanied by their household goods, usually go to the hotel, where meals are served at 6:30 a. m., 12 noon and at 5:30 p. m. These meals are indeed substan and good and there is very li complaint on this score.

We hope that these dome things are somewhat cleared would be glad to place ourselve the service of anyone wish further information overlooked forgotten.

Upon your arrival here much depend on your former experie and your own strength of cl acter. Sometimes the tenderf from the East bears the inconv iences incidental to the pioneer better than those who think t have roughed it in the West.

To some small mishaps are ex gerated into misfortunes and a dents of minor character bec calamities. Many who were inc venienced by lack of housing a weeks ago are now snugly est lished for the winter.—R. K. W

The Goal in Sight

By JOHN M. WORK

IN a previous article I pointed out that it is one of our great tasks to break down and destroy the economic conservatism in the minds of the people, so that their minds will become ripe for Socialism.

We are doing it very fast.

In the past ten years we have been able to see this conservatism, this prejudice against Socialism, gradually disappear before our eyes.

We have destroyed at least half of it in these ten years. I do not mean that half the people have come to the point where they vote the Socialist ticket. I mean that at least half the prejudice has disappeared.

In other words, the people of the United States have swung at least half way over to Socialism in the past ten years.

In a few more years the rest of the prejudice will disappear and they will swing the rest of the way.

Then their minds will be ripe for Socialism.

And we will then have Socialism.

But, do not think the task of battering down the remainder of this prejudice is going to be easy. Do not allow yourself to be fooled into believing that our troubles re over. Do not get the idea that the path from here to the co-operative commonwealth is a smooth and gentle incline.

If you do, you will find yourself terribly mistaken.

On the contrary, there are mountains to climb, cliffs to scale, jungles to penetrate, rivers to f d, and wild beasts to overcome, before the goal can be reached.

We shall see plenty of reverses before our final victory.

And when the reverses come, the faint-hearted will sneak to cover as usual and leave the old guard to fight the battles.

But the old guard constantly increases in numbers. The battles will be fought. All obstacles will be overcome. The goal will be reached.

The ranks of the old guard re always open for recruits.

Don't be a fair-weather Socialist. Don't be a faint-heart. Don't be a craven.

Join the old guard and make up your mind that you will be on the firing line in the thick of the fight, at the times that try men's souls, as well as when the enemy is in retreat.

Kidding An Engine

'HE kidders' club was having some fun at the expense of a lonist who has the wisdom of lomon. One told a story about Sol's'' recent journey to Los Anles where he purchased for $50 a otorcycle of the vintage of '09, and rted back to Llano overland. ter toiling along with repairs and st aid applications, ''Sol,'' accordg to the recital, made the top of a ng grade. With a sigh of relief e pilgrim raised his feet to a sition of ease while the ancient d asthmatic engine gave a sigh of lief and lapsed into soothing ence.

Two miles and the coast was at an d. ''Sol'' turned on the gas, but his amazement there was no unds of the phthisical cough of the kety engine. Then the wayfarer ade the startling discovery that s engine had gone adrift and fallen t of its moorings. ''Sol'' toiled ck over the grade pushing the maine before him.

During the telling ''Sol'' wore a hile that bespoke the fact he had e better of the argument.

''What did you do?'' queried a dder.

''Well,'' said ''Sol'' with a satisd chuckle, ''I go back up the hill etty mad. I find the engine and I d some baling wire. I tie him ck on and she run all right. Run e down hill, so I convince a bindle ff it's better to ride than walk so sell him for $65 and bum a ride to ewhall and catch a colony machine me. I only make fifteen dollars pushing back up that hill. But sure did feel foolish when that ene fell out.''

And ''Sol's'' words carried conction as he smoked up on a new iarwood pipe and fingered a roll ten-dollar bills.

No Chance

''I see when a man runs for office has to put himself in the hands of s friends.''

''Yes, my dear.''

''If a woman ran would she have put herself in the hands of her men friends?''

''I suppose so.''

''Well, I don't imagine many men will run. Think of taking ch chances!''

REVOLT IN MEXICO

Read the Correct Interpretation of Underlying Motives in the Most Remarkable and Valuable Book of the Year

The Mexican People-- Their Struggle for Freedom

—By—

L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon

Eugene V. Debs says:

''* * * It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman Church and on the other by the military power.''

Georgia Kotsch says:

''* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country.''

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

Price $1.50

We will send you this book and The Western Comrade for one year for $1.75

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III October, 1915 No. 6

Better have failed in the high aim as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed
As, God be thanked, I do not.
—Browning.

* * *

"SHOOT to kill!" was the order of the Chief of Police of Los Angeles when a man had killed a police officer who had invaded his home. The hue and cry of a manhunt was on. The air reeked with the shrieks for vengeance. A country constable captured the man and dashed the hopes of the city policemen who sought the dead-or-alive reward and the honor of the killing. The capture did not answer the demand for action and blood.

Two boys, apparently imbued with the spirit of adventure, charged with no misdeeds, fled from two police officers. Eight shots were fired by the officers. One bullet pierced both lads, instantly killing one and fatally wounding the other.

"Shoot to kill!" This is a dangerous order to give to the police. It means murderous assaults upon the public.

The police of Los Angeles are planning a vigorous campaign against the unemployed army that flocks to the city every fall and we soon shall have more of the shooting "to kill."

* * *

SPEAKING of war debt. The Wall Street Journal says "England provides for debt. Germany leaves it to God."

We know a very talented, deserving but impoverished editor who would like to negotiate a reasonable loan on the German basis.

* * *

France is sitting on the lid, but with indifferent success. The truth boils and bubbles from beneath and truth is barred in the war zone. The Paris "Guerre Sociale," the Loeuvre, the Rappel and the Radical are all under suspension. It must be great to be an editor in the war zone.

A talesman with a very laudable hope of getting on the jury in a famous trial now in progress in Los Angeles said he "would not believe any man was an anarchist until it was absolutely proven." Fair enough! We know many mild and harmless philosophers who claim to be anarchists or Christians, but a lot of them would find it difficult to prove it even to this talesman of the early eocene.

* * *

A seedy looking individual approached the captain of a freight steamer and doffing his cap asked for a job. The captain scrutinized the applicant before speaking.

"What experience have you had as a sailor," he grated.

"Lor' bless yuh, mate," came the steady response, "my father ran one of the fastest swan boats in Central Park."

AERIAL CRAFT BEWARE!

Frenchman to the Pope: "Better get out of my way, dear Benedict. The captain has given me strict orders to fire on all hostile flying machines."

—L'Asino

* * *

An Illinois woman has been sentenced to 20,000 days in prison for manufacturing "dope." If this continues about a thousand Illinois journalists are liable to a term of two thousands years each for a similar offense.

* * *

"He is a perfect disciplinarian."

"Yep; never gives an order unless he is dead sure it will be obeyed."

Now and then a Ford joke comes out so clear and convincing that one can see upon the surface that it is founded on facts. The latest one of these comes from the Milwaukee Leader:

A man applied for a job as a mechanic and the owner of the garage asked him if he had had any experience. "Sure thing," said the applicant. "Why, I'm the guy who used to put part No. 453 on all the cars in the Ford factory."

"How did you lose your job?" he was asked.

"Just a little hard luck," replied the applicant. "I dropped my monkey-wrench one day and by the time I stopped to pick it up I was 16 cars behind. This made the foreman mad. He fired me and then I got mad and quit the works."

* * *

Hail to Comrade Henri Bourassa, editor of LeDevoir of Montreal. The activity of this one live wire has kept the French-Canadians of the maritime provinces from rushing madly into the war. His persistent campaign has resulted in some anti-recruiting riots. The growth of Socialism in Eastern Canada has alarmed the British Government, but the movement is powerful and attempts at suppression would be most ill-advised.

* * *

An indignant capitalist of Pasadena writes us to remove his name from our circulation list. This action brought an apology to us from the hopeful man who had subscribed for the magazine in the belief we might get a glimmer of light into his foggy brain. The apology is misplaced. We were consoled by the memory of Diogenes Laertius: "The sun, too, shines into cesspools and is not polluted!"

* * *

Here's a suggestion for the Los Angeles boosters who have passed the hat to keep the San Diego sideshow from prematurely closing its gates: Let's get up a little semi-annual fair to commemorate the frequent openings of the Celebra Cut in the Panama Canal.

* * *

Sunfish Sam—Taking anything for your hay fever?

Wallie Whale—Yes; I'm taking boxing lessons to wallop the first one who gives me free advice.

State and Church

THE people of California arose in more or less intelligent wrath at the recent election and overwhelmingly defeated a proposition to exempt church property from taxation. The proposed amendment was ribbed up with the full intent of evading taxation on millions of dollars worth of income property and land held out of use. Not only did the Catholic church seek this but the other denominations were equally eager to get out from under the "burden" of paying taxes on their property holdings.

Of course not much dependence can be placed on the theory that the voters were all acting intelligently. The vote was among a dozen other negative votes on proposed amendments. Much of the majority against this proposition was a part of the general, blind protest against conditions that exist in California today. Overtaxation and staggering assessments have maddened the people and their vote was largely a result of that condition. The deadening depression of the financial situation, the widespread disemployment and consequent failure of thousands of small merchants has caused a wail of despair from the middle class. This group voted solidly against all amendments and among them the exemption of church taxation.

On the other hand there were many who realized that exemption from taxation of church property is tantamount to state appropriation from the public funds. There is little inclination on the part of the people of California to revert to the vicious system of state contributions to religious denominations and private institutions. It will not be done. Despite their seeming somnolence on many matters the people are educated beyond the point of a reversion to such an inconsistency in what they think is a democratic commonwealth.—H. C.

The Soul of You

How many loved your moment of glad grace
And loved your beauty with love false or true
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you
And loved the sorrows in your changing face. —Yeats.

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every professional man and woman, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

"The Sexual Question"

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price $5.50. **Now sent prepaid for $1.60.** This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

General Dealers in Books, Sent on Mail Order

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Dawson's Dermal Cream

Prevents wrinkles, softens and beautifies skin. Removes freckles, tan, moth patches and all discolorations. Greatest beautifier of the age.

One Ounce Jar 60c Postpaid

Prepared By DR. ELIZABETH DAWSON Llano, Calif.

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619
A. J. STEVENS
Dentist
306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Pictures for Propaganda

Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Cut Your Fuel Bill and Get More Heat

By burning air and oil in your cook stove, heater, range, boiler or furnace.

Who would think of running an automobile on coal or wood? Yet hundreds of thousands of people today are using coal and wood to cook with.

If the railroads of today should take off their oil-burning locomotives and replace them with the old style soft coal engines, the inefficiency of the old engines would cause a great deal of dissatisfaction.

Why do you continue to use the old inefficient methods for heating and cooking?

Burn Air and Oil

The I. N. L. oil burner forms a gas that burns with an extreme heat. The cost of fuel is extremely low, ranging from three cents per gallon and up.

The installation is also simple, and the principle of operation is understood at sight.

For further particulars and price list of burners address

Llano del Rio Company

Mail Order Department

923 HIGGINS BLDG. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Territory open for live agents

Scripture For It

IN talking practical application of Socialist or co-operative principles one frequently finds most strenuous opposition from the theoretic and argumentative Socialists. The following illustrates:

A group of colonists were talking to a rather dogmatic Socialist comrade who was visiting the community and who seemed much more inclined to deal in abstract theories than to see the value of applications. After an extremely pedantic and doctrinaire utterance on the part of the visitor David Evans, the quietest man at Llano, said, in a delightful Scotch brogue:

"We have to show them. They want the Scriptures for it. If it isn't in the first chapter of Karl Marx some of them reject it. They remind me of an old Scotchman who had been a home body. He was talking to a lad just returned from a long voyage.

" 'Tell me, noo, Jamie, what was the most wonderful thing you saw when at sea?'

" 'I think the strangest thing I saw was the flying-fish.'

" 'Noo, laddie, dinna mak' a fule o' yersel. Wha ever heard o' a fush a fleein?'

" 'Another strange thing I saw when crossing the Red Sea. We dropped anchor and when we raised it again there was one of Pharaoh's chariot entangled on it.'

" 'Ay, laddie, I'll believe that. We've Scripture for that.' "

Murder For Profit

NINETEEN girls were murdered in Pittsburg (home of the steel trust), when rotting fire escapes, barred windows and locked doors brought death to the workers in a factory there. The steel trust was so overcome with horror over one holocaust where twenty-one men lost their lives that it has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars prosecuting and persecuting members of a certain labor organization. Will there be similar activities in the case of the button factory girls? No, Henrietta, there will not. This crime is one of capitalism. The other was one that could be fastened onto Labor. The steel trust is not playing that sort of game.

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 600 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 170 pupils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened for the fall term with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling crops.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

No more commissions will be paid for the sale of memberships or stock in the Llano del Rio Community. Every installment member should be a worker to secure new members.

About 120 acres of garden was planted this year. The results have been most gratifying.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and over 800 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock.

Each pays cash ($750) for 750 shares. This will be increased to $1000 within a few months.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the $4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated fund may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony. Ask about our monthly payment installment membership.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 924 Higgins building, Los Angeles, California.

Victory For Toilers
Co-operation Proves Success

LLANO DEL RIO Colonists have made a wonderful demonstration of success in their effort to put a great theory into practise. Here a group of theorists with practical ideas back of them have established a community founded on equality and justice and have made greater progress in a year and a half than their most cheerful optimist had hoped to achieve in several years. They have nearly 8000 acres of land, an abundance of pure mountain water and hundreds of heads of live stock and a large amount of industrial machinery. They have established a town of 600 inhabitants and are growing rapidly. Their plans contemplate a beautiful city with homes for all their members. There are less than 200 memberships remaining unsold and these are being subscribed for every day. The price of memberships will remain at $750 for a short time, then it will go to $1000.

A Jersey of the Dairy Herd

Great care is being taken in the selection of the colonists. If you are tired of the uphill fight in the cut-throat competitive system you should investigate the Llano del Rio enterprise. You will find that a great opportunity awaits you there. This community is not composed of failures, but rather from those who have achieved a great measure of success. Many of them scorned the idea of success when it meant the crushing down of their fellow man. Here is gathered a group of earnest, enthusiastic men and women who who are going ahead with earnestness and determination that insures a success that means a great demonstration of the value of co-operative action. You are urged to read the stories about the colony printed in this magazine. Read announcement on page 31, and take immediate steps to secure a membership. Ask about our monthly payment plan.

"Modern society conducts its affairs under circumstances which create and maintain an ever increasing burden on all humanity. Man sustained in youth by the illusion that ability or good fortune will ultimately reward him with happiness through material success, learns sooner or later, that no peace can be his until the unmoral conditions of commercialism and industrial competition are removed."—From the Community Constitution.

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

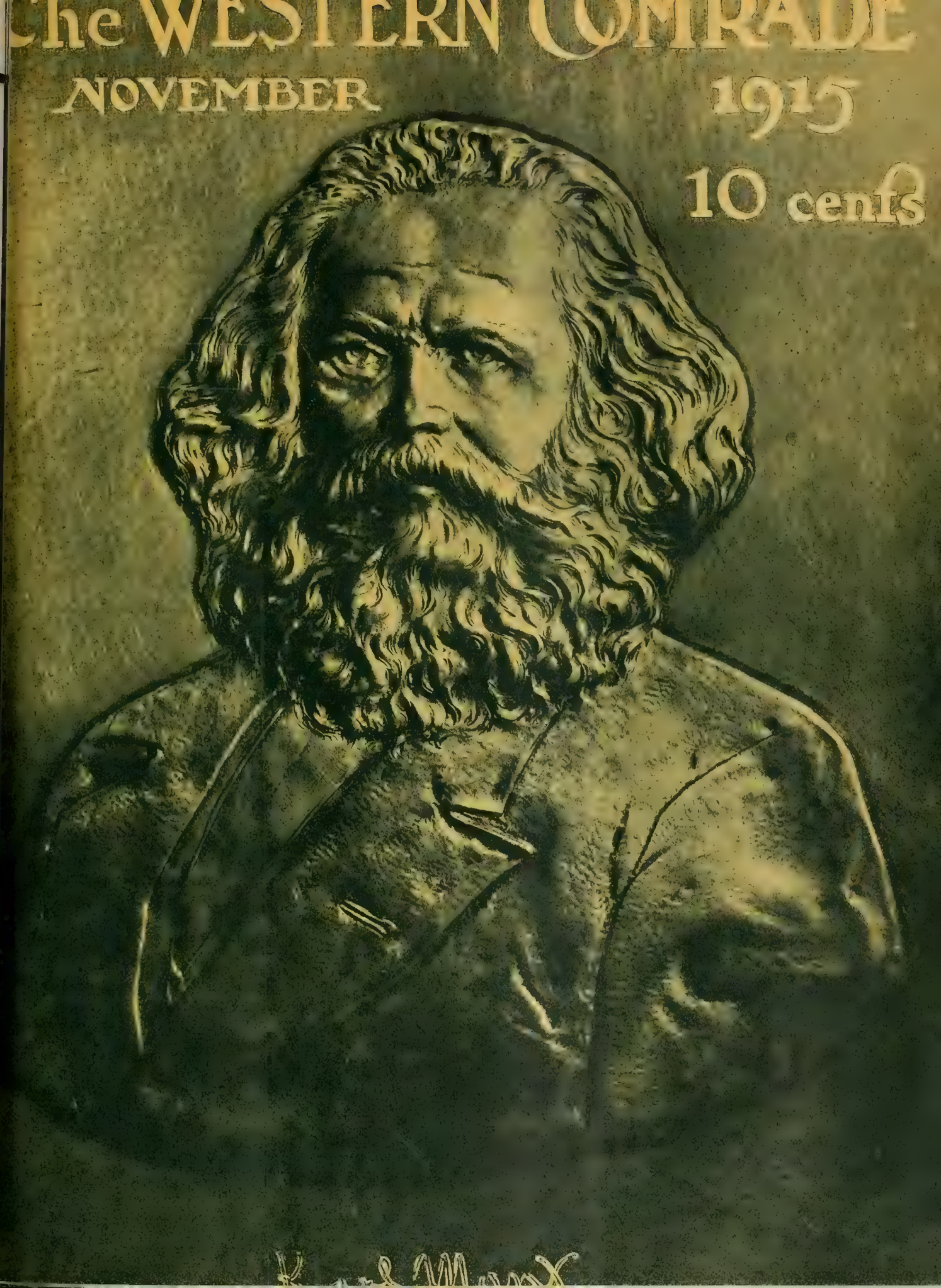
Membership Department

924 Higgins Building — Los Angeles, California

The WESTERN COMRADE

NOVEMBER 1915

10 cents



Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 700 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened for the fall term with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern sawmill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling crops.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

No more commissions will be paid for the sale of memberships or stock in the Llano del Rio Community. Every installment member should be a worker to secure new members.

About 120 acres of garden was planted this year. The results have been most gratifying.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and over 900 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock.

Each pays cash ($750) for 750 shares. This will be increased to $1000 on December 15.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the $4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated fund may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony. Ask about our monthly payment installment membership.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 924 Higgins building, Los Angeles, California.

CONTENTS

Page

Editorial Review 5
By Frank E. Wolfe.

Murderers—You and I 9
By G. E. Bolton.

Stranglers (Poem) 9
By Frank H. Ware.

Sophy 10
By Clara R. Cushman.

The Job 11
By Frank H. Ware.

Socialism and Farmers 12
By J. E. Beum.

Sunday and Socialism 13
By Edmund R. Brumbaugh.

Age Limit a Tragedy 14
By Frank E. Wolfe.

Snow Caps Greet Colonists 15
By R. K. Williams.

Llano del Rio As It Is Today 16

Life on the Llano 20
By R. K. Williams.

The Church and the Llano 22
By Albert A. James.

Ballots Will Educate 29
By William E. Bohn.

CARTOONS

Competition in Legal Horrors ..... Frontispiece

Borrowing a Half Billion 6

That Bill 7

"Lay Up Treasures for Yourselves—" 8

Competition in Legal Horrors —

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. III | LOS ANGELES, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1915 | NUMBER 7

Basin on Big Rock Where the New Dam Will Form a Great Lake

EDITORIAL REVIEW

By Frank E. Wolfe

OF all the comments, critical and encouraging, that have come in since the printing of Job Harriman's article on fanaticism in the Socialist Party, no one has so cogently put the case as a comrade of northern California, who says:

"The article in Western Comrade on 'Fanaticism Means Failure,' is most timely. Just as the church has said, 'Let us get together and believe something **about** Jesus,' instead of saying, 'Let us get together and put the principle of Jesus at work.' So the Socialist Party has said, 'Let us get together and believe some economic doctrine!' instead of saying, 'Let us get together on a simple program of co-operation and public ownership.' The American people will never get together on doctrine, economic or religious. But they are well nigh ready for a simple program. I think the time is ripe for a movement that will parallel to some extent the English 'I. L. P.' A movement that will have the ultimate goal in view, but will be wise enough to begin with a program that will unite all forward-moving people. A 'National Public Ownership League' is a good suggestion. * * *

"Hundreds of thousands of people are ready to move thus who will never become 'doctrinaires!' The American mind is not interested in photoplays,

it wants action, not a preachment, but a program, and a program that does not reach too far beyond the horizon of the average mind. We want a movement that will get the people, the state to **begin to move in the right direction.**"

BORROWING A HALF BILLION

Just a Minute, Please

—Des Moines Register and Leader

He is right. Our way has been faith but no works. We have advocated theories until the welkin rang, but whenever anyone has attempted a practical application of those theories he has been the object of the bitterest attacks from his fellow theorists. In California, as in other states, the party membership is at a low ebb. Here we have thousands of splendid spirited comrades who have lapsed their cards and are outside the organization. Asked a reason many will say because there is no action; that the various locals, city organizations and certain of the higher subdivisions are in the hands of heresy-hunting doctrines who will not brook any progressive action.

They will tell you the party is drifting into the position of the old S. L. P. and that its political power is gone.

❖ ❖ ❖

ONE might get the idea that the dogmatic Socialist of the "headquarters" type might at least remain "neutral." This is not the case. He is more likely to abandon his assaults on the ramparts of capitalism and train the mighty enginery of his fighting guns on the advancing columns of his own comrades who are trying to put his preachment into practice.

"I want to see the Llano colony fail," said a secretary of the executive committee in a large California city. When they (the men and women at Llano) lose out they will be better Socialists."

This amazing statement has been duplicated in other sections. Socialists of California have been driven into a panic of fear over statements printed in an infamous labor-hating newspaper. From their actions one might well believe the statement that this notorious journal is to the "Red R-r-evolutionist" what the Bible is to an orthodox Presbyterian—sacred, and to be believed "from kiver to kiver."

❖ ❖ ❖

IN the vast correspondence that flows into these offices there comes from nearly every state in the union expressions of profound gratitude that somewhere a group of Socialists has been brave enough and energetic enough to do something.

"Thank God for some action! I am tired of this platform theorizing. I shall join you, if I am permitted, and help work out the problem of feeding, clothing, and making happy humans. I know it is individual deliverance for a few thousands, but it will make a wonderfully impressive demonstration for the world," writes another prospect.

He, too, is right. To solve the problems he mentions means a thousand more colonies; it means a move toward the seizure of the sources of life that will be revolutionary.

EARL LOREBORN startled England when he declared in the House of Lords, that revolution was certain to follow in Europe if the conflict were continued indefinitely. This is most encouraging. The conflict will continue indefinitely and it will be followed by revolution in every European country.

Fifteen millions of men have been killed or disabled for life and countless thousands of non-combatants' lives have been destroyed by this hucksters' war. England alone is spending $21,000,000 a day, principally for munitions. Billions more will be spent. Germany is probably spending as much, and the other allied powers are pouring out untold treasure of gold. And the end is not in sight. England is making desperate appeals for the people to turn their sovereigns into shells and their shillings into shrapnel. The cry is "Crush Germany with English gold!"

The struggle has settled into dogged determination to hold out to the end. In England, France, Germany and all other countries the censorship is more rigid than ever before. In London the Daily Globe was suppressed for asking the government embarrassing questions, and a few days later a similar fate overtook the powerful Voerwartz of Berlin. The British sheet was merely radical. The German journal was the leading Socialist daily in the country. The questions asked by our German comrades were couched in the politest terms and the demand was for more knowledge about the war and more truthfulness in statements that were officially published.

Suppression is what the Socialists of Germany have thrived upon. Under Bismark's iron laws the party grew at a rate that appalled the Emperor. Suppression at this hour will do much to fan the smouldering revolt into consuming flames.

When the hour strikes Europe will be swept as with a cyclone. Readjustment there will mean an overturning here. Socialists in America have the greatest opportunity for propaganda that has ever been presented in the history of the movement. Loreborn foresees revolt, and British workers will do their part to make the prediction come true.

WATCH the unfolding and growth of the conspiracy of the armament makers. The subsidy slides over the face of the purchased press and the agitation for large war appropriations grows amain. Never was the American press so beautifully oiled with the smooth lubricant of capitalist gold. From the large dailies to the smallest pornographic sheets, there is a cry for warships, fortification and a great army.

Preparedness is the cry. Well, preparedness will prevent war. Witness Germany—the best prepared country in the world. There peace, plenty and prosperity reign. Let us prepare for war and have the peace of Germany.

THAT BILL

Now Who Do You Suppose Will Have to Pay It?

—Des Moines Register and Leader

THE LaFollette alien seaman's law did not go into effect on November 4, as per the provision of the acts. The law is indefinitely suspended on order of the Secretary of Commerce. The enactment of this measure was hailed as a great victory for the workers. Vessels are being given clearance at the "discretion of collectors of ports." Pretty soft for the collectors!

Nullification of the seaman's protective law finds a hundred parallels in similar acts for the betterment of the working class. In California an act protecting the public from the danger of moving trains by telegraph by inexperienced operators was set aside by the state railroad commissioners.

In Los Angeles every effort possible is being put forth by every labor-hating journal and organization to repeal the two-platoon ordinance for city firemen. This "working class measure" was adopted by an overwhelming vote on an initiative election. Everywhere a "higher power" is invoked to nullify labor legislations. These acts crept through while the exploiters were not looking. Now they are to be arbitrarily nullified. Such instances make it difficult for the political actionist to keep a straight face while arguing for the use of the ballot as a means of righting the wrongs of the workers.

❖ ❖ ❖

THERE are more revolutionary Socialists in California and in the United States now than ever before, yet the party membership is about one-third what it was a few years ago. There is a distinct demand for action—political, direct, and through co-operative movements.

❖ ❖ ❖

THAT agents provacateur should be sent into the colony for the purpose of sowing the seeds of dissension was a foregone conclusion. That these persons should be keen, tactful and of the type that, for a time at least, could deceive and lead the members of the community was also to be expected. Most of the residents at Llano are convinced that at least two of these efforts have been made. The fact that the chief labor-hating newspaper of California has so vigorously championed the cause of a disturber is taken as an indication that the operation of this traitor is not a mere accident. A determined effort will be made to arouse alarm and distrust. Our comrades are forewarned of these attempts. Nothing will be left undone to discredit the great enterprise.

"Lay Up Treasurer for Yourselves—"
—The Masses

Meanwhile we grow apace. Each day sees us more strongly entrenched than before. There is no outside influence that can harm us. Loyalty, faithfulness and confidence of our comrades will make us invulnerable. Everywhere our friends should view with distrust the efforts that may be made by these agents of capitalism. We are out to win unbounded success and each day sees us nearer our goal.

❖ ❖ ❖

The cover page of this issue is from a photograph of a remarkable bronze engraving by Adolph Feil, a member of the Llano del Rio Community.

Murderers—You and I!

By G. E. BOLTON

WE have just killed a boy—you and I. He was a youth, in the day of his adolesence. He had but wandered from a mother's care. But we have killed him in our blood lust, you and I. We strangled him and he died slowly, horribly.

Have you ever before seen anyone die by the rope? Is it not horrible to see them, to look at the writhing bodies, the distorted face, the staring eyes, the protruding tongue—for no black hood of death could conceal that.

What did you see when we killed him? I am not morbid but I am deep in the scene and I want you, who helped me kill him, to dwell on it with me.

What impressed you most? Was it the screams, the swooning of the sister or the dry sobs of the mother or the boy's own manner?

Do you know what impressed me most? I think it was the silence—and the quick sounds. I looked to see who it was making a dry, choking sound, not sobs but the retching of a body trying to keep from crying aloud. Then the clanging doors! How it startled us after the silence and the waiting!

Did you hear the droning voice of the priest? He mumbled his words horribly, but I know he was not saying "Thou shalt not kill." He does not say that because he, too, believes in the killing, and he helped us—you and I—in the killing.

Did you hear the groans—not of the dying, but of those who were doing the killing? Did you feel the stab in your soul when the boy's body shot downward? I did, and I felt him tremble when we placed the black cap over his face. I felt the thrill of horror when we put the noose—the noose we had so cleverly and so brutishly wrought, over his head. Did you see how smooth and soft was the skin on the lad's neck? Yet it was cold—so cold.

Did you think, as I, that this was some mother's boy; that she should be there with him so that she could take his body when we lowered it and said: "Woman, behold thy son!" Then it seemed to me that she was there and that she took him, her boy, her baby—for he was that to her even after we killed him—and sat beside him as mothers have always sat, and with her hair she wiped the dew of death from his brow and the bloody froth from his lips—from the lips of the boy you and I had just strangled to death; she held his head on her lap and moaned as only stricken mothers can.

"Give him to me, now you have done with him. He was my baby only a little while ago. He was so sweet to me, so gentle. I never knew him to be harsh or cruel. My boy, my baby boy! What have they done to you? You were such a beautiful boy and we loved you so. You used to sit with me there at home and we watched the sunsets, your head on my shoulder—and now they have strangled you."

Then there seemed a long silence, broken only by low moans, and then again her voice:

"Your neck was so soft and sweet and now it's so bruised and mangled. They say it was but justice. I prayed to the Mother whose son was slain as you have been, but the priests said it was God's will. Now you are gone from us forever. My boy, my baby boy!"

Did you hear it, you who have strangled this child?

You say you did not kill him?

You were not there!

I SAY YOU LIE!

You and I and all of us murdered this boy. Come, admit your guilt. Your hands are red with blood! You are as guilty as hell!

(Continued on Page 24)

Stranglers

By Frank H. Ware

I SHUDDER as I watch him—
My victim!
His upturned face is white as chalk—
Drawn cheeks and burning eyes—
His parted lips and glistening teeth—
I watch it all!

I tremble lest he take his life—
My victim!
The scaffold in the prison yard—
The priest with cowl and book—
The shadows dancing on the wall—
I watch it all!

I hear him utter his futile prayer—
My victim!
He leans upon the padre's arm—
A crash! His soul has flown!
I am the State—avenged am I—
But lo! My hands are stained!

Sophy

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

IT was a story straight from life, the setting in our own enlightened Southern California. Here it is as I caught it from the lips of the woman sitting behind me, not long ago on the Los Angeles Interurban:

"* * * if I was a sinner nobody could bring me to the Lord quicker'n he could. He's certainly the preacher to save souls. He took our little Annie by the arm the other day, and he hadn't talked to her five minutes before she began to cry and knelt right down on the floor and said she wanted to be baptized right away. And her only seven, too, and so little and delicate! Ain't it wonderful the ones the Lord chooses? Well, as the Bible says, 'A little child shall lead them.' All our children come to Christ early, all but Sophy, 'n Samuel told her she was no child of our'n and need never come back. I-I thought a heap of that girl too. I-I could hardly bear to give her up, but it was the will of the Lord, 'n Samuel knows best. She had the good Christian home the others did, but she always chose the ways of Satan."

"What! Sophy isn't gone!"

"Ain't you heard? Oh dear! Oh dear! Seems like it's a terrible cross the Lord's give us to bear. How me and Samuel worked all these years to make that girl meek and humble in the sight of the Lord! But she was that vain and proud! Always complainin' about the way I made her dresses and the kind of shoes I made her wear, 'n wantin' to wear her hair in curls, instead of thinkin' of her soul and the life everlasting. Many's the time Samuel's stood over her and made her kneel down and pray for the Lord to forgive her for her sinful vanity, and she was that deceitful that he had to make her pray out loud to be sure she was doin' it."

"What a pity that——"

"Yes, to think me and Samuel who was saved by grace thirty years ago should have a child like that. But it was the Lord's will and I ain't complainin'. We done our duty and tried to put the fear of God in her heart. I ain't complainin', but it's an awful thing to know your own girl is goin' straight to hell. I-I thought a heap of that girl. Many's the time I've had to pray for strength to do my duty by her, or she'd been a windin' me around her finger, she had that cute, tantalizin' way with her. I rec'lect one day when she was still a baby sittin' in my lap—Samuel 'n I had only been married a couple of years, an' she was laughin' an' crowin' 'n takin' on about nothin' like she always did, 'n I grabbed her up before Ithought 'n said, 'Oh, ain't she the prettiest thing you ever laid eyes on?' 'N Samuel looked up from the Quarterly he was readin' n' said, 'Emma, you're makin' an idol of that child. The Lord will punish you.' 'N I knew Samuel was right. He's been a good husband to me. I prayed over night for a month for the strength to marry him. I knew it was my duty for he was a worker in the field of Christ and he had forty acres of land, 'n I knew I mightn't have as good a chance. He's always been a good provider 'n a good husband 'n I knew he was right in the sight of the Lord, so I made up my mind I'd always try to do right by my children 'n not let my sinful feelin's get the best of me. So when Samuel was sayin' the blessin' and Sophy would begin to laugh and pound the high chair I'd spat her hands, 'n she was that full of laugh, she thought I was playin' with her, so she's look kind of sacred a minnit, then she'd begin to laugh 'n holler more 'n ever. So I had to hit her real hard before she'd know I meant she was bein' wicked. Then she'd set there 'n tremble all over, for she knew if she cried her father would take her in hand; for as Samuel often says, as all children are born in sin, whose goin' to take it out of them unless their parents does it. So he always started in early to make the children honor their father and mother."

"Wouldn't—"

"No, she wouldn't."

"I wasn't goin' to say—"

"Oh that's all right. As I was sayin', Sophy found out pretty early that she mustn't let her feelin's lead her in sin. She never was much of a hand to cry though. It was her laffin' when she shouldn't that we had to stop, 'n her thinkin' so much about her looks, 'n always wantin' what was pretty, not what was good in the sight of the Lord. She said once that she didn't want to go to that ugly church, that it smelled bad, 'n the people all looked ugly and sang such ugly songs. She only said it once. Samuel said he was goin to teach her to be a good Christian woman if it broke our hearts and took all the hide off her back. So she did just what we said after that without talkin', but she never stopped her laughin'. 'N when she'd go to church instead of keepin' her eyes on the preacher or down at her book like a modest girl should 'n be-

(Continued on Page 23)

The Job

By FRANK H. WARE

"AY, May," said a young girl to her working companion as they sat dipping chocolates on the fourth floor of a large candy factory, "who was the guy you were out with last night?"

"Aw," returned May carelessly, "just a 'pick' what come along at quittin' time last night. Calls himself Gerald Warner, son of a Wall Street broker. Like as not, though, his name's Smith an' his old man's a plumber." And her blue eyes sparkled as she tossed her blonde curls.

"Didn't he show you a good time?" queried the first girl.

"No kick there, Rose. Went down to a show—Charlie Chaplin, he's great this week—then to a cabaray. The kid was flush with his coin all right."

"Gee, I wish I was a man," reflected Rose, thoughtfully, "then I wouldn't have to work in a candy factory at six per."

"Jiggers!" warned May, "here's Gibbons."

A glowering individual approached, hovered over them for a moment and passed on. His face was hard and stern, and his severe scrutiny caused the girls to tremble.

"What's he so blame sore about here lately," whispered Rose when the foreman was out of earshot.

"Sadie."

"What's she done?"

"Nothin'—only——"

"Only what?"

May glanced around cautiously, then bending forward over her work turned her head toward Rose.

"She listened to the bunch upstairs kickin' about protection. You know, only one fire escape and narrow wooden stairs at the back. Somebody ran to Gibbons and 'peached.' "

"What'd Gibbons say?"

"Gave her hell. Told her she was hired to work and not kick—then he canned her."

"An' the bunch upstairs?"

"Got the same dose. There must of been twenty-five of them."

Again the foreman bore down upon them, like a hawk after its prey, paused over the industrious girls, then went on.

"Gosh!" whispered Rose in relief, "tin cans were ringin' in my ears for a moment."

"I thought he had us, too!" returned May

For several moments they worked on speedily, silently. Finally when Gibbons was again over at the far end of the room May whispered.

"He," she said, indicating the foreman with a slight nod, "he's got orders to cut down expenses and get out more work. Fat chance to get protection with them kind of orders from the boss."

"Hm," returned Rose thoughtfully, "maybe if somebody would go up to the fire commission with a big kick—maybe they might——"

"No chance, Rose. That's been tried before. Listen here, the old man's a millionaire—rides in a limousine and all that. Last week he gave a swell private dinner to some city officials and of course a bunch of them fire commissioners was there an helped lick up the champagne. Now what's your chance for protection."

"I guess there ain't none," Rose sighed resignedly.

"You bet there ain't," and May's words carried conviction with them. "Listen, Rose," and May spoke very slowly, yet cautiously, "me and you and everybody else in this building—and there must be a thousand—needs their job. The boss knows it—so does the fire commission."

Saturday afternoon came, and instead of the usual half holiday the toilers in the candy factory were made to work all day.

Late in the afternoon Rose turned to May. "May," she whispered, "Do you smell anything?"

May raised her head and sniffed the reeking air of their close and uncomfortable room.

"Smells like smoke," she commented.

"That's what I——"

"Fire!" screamed someone. In a moment was wild disorder.

"Fire! Fire!" echoed others. Then came the mad scramble for the narrow stairway.

Smoke by this time was pouring through cracks in the floor, and, as the factory was of cheap wooden material, the flames quickly spread to other floors.

"May!"

"Rose!"

"Where are you?"

"Here—I'm——"

"Hurt?"

"I don't know—Gibbons knocked me——"

"Quick, May, give me your hand, the fire——"

"I know—but the smoke is so thick."

(Continued on Page 26)

Socialism and Farmers

By J. E. BEUM

IS Socialism beneficial to the farmers? Let us see. Under Socialism all competition in all vocations and walks of life will be eliminated. Instead of competition we will have co-operation in all the departments effecting the production and distribution of commodities. Every industry will be centralized under one head and under its own management. This will obviously eliminate many needless vocations.

Nor will there be several institutions carrying on the same line of business in the community necessitating the marshaling of enormous useless capital for their construction, nor their corresponding waste of energy in time and wages. This will mean a tremendous saving to the farmers of the community who now bear the brunt of the burden in the support of these needless concerns. Let me give you a concrete illustration of what is meant by this limitation of economic worth. Manchester is a little country town surrounded by a farming community. It has four elevators and one mill buying grain, making in all five places that buy grain of the community. Under our modern system of handling grain one elevator could handle this grain and under collective ownership we would unquestionably have but one market place for gain in Manchester. This would be a direct saving of the capital used in building and maintaining the other four places that are not needed.

> ". . . Instead of the dismembered, disjointed and cut-throat system which is in vogue today, agriculture will be organized along the line of scientific principles; and all those who engage in the industry, instead of the selfish and insane method, will aid to make it more efficient and thereby contribute his share to the betterment of the human race."

Again there are three lumber yards at the present where only one yard would be necessary under collective ownership since all the yards carry practically the same stock. Here again we would have a saving of the capital and energy now in building and equipping the other two extra and needless yards.

Then we have seven dry goods and grocery stores where one store could effectively handle all the business under collective ownership. Again a considerable gain of the saving of capital and labor. And thus it would be in all other lines now followed by several competitors in the same town. This would mean an incalculable gain to the farmers who are the patrons of this town and who represent the large percentage of its consumers. For there can be no argument but that the patrons of Manchester pay for the extra capital invested—the extra labor spent and the extra profits exploited by all these needless concerns.

Every community operating under the economic system pays for and supports the unnecessary shopkeepers in its midst. For if the community does not pay for them who does?

And now about Socialism and the little farm. Socialism does not propose to deprive the farmer of his little farm. On the other hand, capitalism is eliminating the little farm.

The census in 1880 shows that 25% of all the farmers in the United States were renters; in 1890, 28%; 1900, 35%; while the 1910 census shows 37%.

But that is not all. A large percentage of the farmers who hold paper title to their lands own but an equity in the land itself. In other words the farms are mortgaged. And that the increase in the number of mortgaged farms from year to year is in the same proportion as the increase in the number of renters, is the opinion of men who are best qualified to give us information on the subject.

A mortgaged farmer is only a little better situated than a renter. The only difference between the two is that one pays interest and the other rent. One is exploited as surely as is the other. And as the land advances in value the mortgages and amount of interest increase in proportion.

While I was practicing law in a town in Northern Minnesota some years past, I had occasion to pass on abstracts for a Massachusetts loaning company that was operating in the vicinity of the town where I was located. All the mortgages that were taken by this company with very few exceptions were either renewals or the taking up of old loans of other companies. Invariably these loans were for a larger amount than the amount of the old mortgages. While the rate of interest in some instances might have been less than the rate for which the old mortgages provided, yet the amount of interest to be paid was more than replaced by reason of the increased principal. And what was true in Northern Minnesota is true

everywhere where similar conditions exist. And similar conditions exist almost everywhere.

There is but one practical solution for you and that is Socialism. The first rule of Socialism is co-operation. Instead of the dismembered, disjointed and cut-throat system which is in vogue today, agriculture will be organized along the line of scientific principles; and all those who engage in the industry, instead of the selfish and insane method, will aid to make it more efficient and thereby contribute his share to the betterment of the human race.

These are some of the general principles demonstrating the practicability of Socialism as effecting the farmer. The large capitalist has long since seen the inherent folly of competition. Why not you farmers also join in the triumphant march toward which the civilized world is quickly passing—the universal brotherhood of man.

Sunday and Socialism

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

"I AM no Socialist," shouted Billy Sunday at one of his meetings in Omaha, and fully five thousand people applauded. It was a pitiful spectacle, a heart-rending exhibition of hypocrisy and ignorance; let us be kind and say it was mostly the latter. Hypocrisy is too serious a charge to be hurled lightly.

Mr. Sunday may consign to fire and brimstone those who disagree with him; probably he would reserve for me the hottest place in the bottomless pit; but I shall not retort in kind. Reason and policy forbid it. The dogma of eternal torture seems indescribably hideous to me and to deny those attributes of justice and mercy ascribed to God and without which He is not God at all. Besides it is better to be known as a friend than an enemy of religion, religion having so vital a bearing on human life and conduct, and to express one's self too bluntly is apt to lead some to misunderstand.

Mr. Sunday speaks much truth. No one can doubt it who is fair enough to give him a hearing. He also says what is not true, and this it is that calls for reply. Being but a man, he is open to criticism. Lips that speak truth one moment are not given leave to lie the next, and only cowardice could ask that falsehood go unchallenged.

"I am not a Socialist." Mr. Sunday uttered the words as if denying an accusation of something extremely reprehensible. "Why?" we may ask. Has he ever given a moment to fair, unbiased study of economic problems? What does he know of conditions confronting the lives of the poor of today? Is he conversant with the works of Thompson, Wilson, White, Car, Tucker and Rauschenbusch—all Socialists and all Christians? If not, why not? Is it because he thinks that souls can be saved from sin and prepared for life eternal and sinless while the bodies of workers are maimed and broken through toil and need and sent to early graves? Why is Mr. Sunday not a Socialist? It is up to him to give a satisfactory answer or be convicted of trying to serve both God and Mammon.

"Crime breeds poverty," said Billy Sunday. He picked a high proportion—ninety-five per cent. We may well question the statement with such a percentage in view. Think what it means! That the poor are poor because of their sin, that the extent of their poverty exposes the extent of their shortcomings! Were it so, Mr. Sunday would have to work harder than he does, and it would take him a thousand years to make even a dent in the devil's armour. Two-thirds of the people would be beyond redemption and half of the remainder criminals at heart. The washer-woman, slaving over her tub, would be a fiend incarnate, and the perfumed female in her limousine an angel of light. Surely, Mr. Sunday does not always realize the import of his words.

"You cannot produce good conduct by mere legislation," claimed Sunday as a clincher to his attack on Socialism. It sounded like a sentence from a speech at a liquor dealers' convention. But who ever said that you could make men good in this way? Certainly not a Socialist. That statutes are not the source of morality is a big, basic element of the Socialist philosophy. There is hardly a limit, however, to the efficacy of law when backed by widespread, intelligent public opinion. To contend otherwise is to take up the cry of anarchy, to plead for a state in which greed-inspired fraud and brutal force occupy jointly the seat of power.

Mr. Sunday gets much notoriety. Millions will hear and read his sermons who will never see these lines. The truth is hampered. A thousand forces combine to keep it down. We have reason to rejoice, however; the truth cannot be killed; it proceeds from God and partakes of His immortality. It must and it will be triumphant.

The Golden Age is before us. Showers of material and spiritual blessings are in store for mankind. Christian and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, believer and non-believer—workers of the world, let us reach out and take hold of our heritage.

Age Limit a Tragedy

By FRANK E. WOLFE

"WHAT is your age limit?" is a question frequently asked by those making their first inquiry about the Llano del Rio Community. The question has a tragic significance for thousands of workers still in their prime days of usefulness.

"I am strong and vigorous, and can do the best day's work of my life; yet I was among the first to be laid off in my shop, and my gray hair has prevented me from getting a job, though I am but forty-seven, and in good health," writes a man from one of the big railroad centers.

The fear of the loss of the job is ever present with the American worker. As the centralization of wealth goes forward, the seizure of the sources of life closes other avenues to the younger men, and the older ones are replaced. Modern labor saving machinery and the "speeding up" process has crowded the middle-aged man out of industries.

In the Llano del Rio Community the tragedy of the aging finds no place. There, no one is pushed aside. Willingness to do one's best, to make the effort, is the only requisite. The young, city-bred clerk, who could carry but four bricks from the mill and who worked beside a grizzled man twice his age carrying a full mould of six, found there a reversal of the rule in the outside world.

How, bitter the hour when one full of life, active and eager to go on doing a man's work finds himself gently but persistently thrust aside because of his age! Enforced idleness, involuntary physical stagnation, discouragement, and loss of confidence in one's self, is quickly followed by mental failure and a life destroyed at a time of its fullness when ripe experience should make service more valuable.

What horror overcomes the worker when he reaches the understanding at last that nowhere is he wanted; that youth that can be speeded is preferred because profits must flow; that the master will be served—no matter what hopelessness! What more dismal, soul-depressing thought could come to the worker than that soon he will be brushed aside—scrapped and ruthlessly discarded like the obsolete machinery of yesterday!

Beaten and bludgeoned in the fierceness of the struggle, men and women come to us with bruised heads and sore hearts. Almost from birth they have been robbed, cheated and exploited by merciless masters, and the iron is in many souls. Suspicion and distrust has become a part of their nature. Slow and difficult is the process of disarming and reassuring them. "It looks too good" is an expression we have heard a thousand times. But, my comrades, it is coming! We get a better understanding as the vision grows. The pronoun "we" takes on a sweeter sound than "they." "Our" possessions in land, water, stock and machinery, is more valuable than "mine." Hope renewed, confidence in humanity restored, brotherly feeling and comradeship grows.

We are pioneering, but some of our experienced men laugh at that and declare if there is pioneering, it is a de luxe method.

Our vision of the future comes nearer to realization every day. Interest in this effort to put the co-operative theory into practice grows in almost every English-speaking country.

We are making a demonstration of wonderful success. We are not groping; we have found our way. "Insurmountable" obstacles have proven easy when approached with determination and confidence—and in this some of our strongest and most indomitable spirits were those whom capitalism had pushed aside.

In the fullness of their years we shall tenderly care for our comrades, who have wrought in our mutual service, and their declining days shall be filled with sunshine and joy of life among their own people.

At Llano we have planned to provide for the future by making the soil with its boundless fecundity produce enough to cover all our needs of food, clothing, shelter, education, amusement and social life; there, I say, we hope to so lift the burden that the workers, free from haunting fear, shall stand erect as free men and women dauntless and happy in the assurance of safety in the days to come.

The Declaration of Principles in the Constitution of the Llano del Rio Community contains the following paragraph:

> The duty of the community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all, and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

The General Assembly of the community has passed resolutions pledging the people of Llano to render aid and support to their comrades who may be overtaken by accident, ill health or inability to work. This sentiment is shared alike by young and old in the colony.

Snow Caps Greet Colonists

By R. K. WILLIAMS

A SNOW-COVERED range glistening in the bright sunshine forms a most entrancing morning background for the white tenthouses and the more subdued coloring of stone and brick buildings on the llano. While the high mountains are snow covered well down into the timber line, the bright sun warms the valley and the alfalfa fields have taken on a more vivid green. We had a quarter of an inch of rain on the mesa but much more than that must have fallen on the mountains back of us.

The snow in the mountains means a bountiful supply of water for the next year. Some of it will reach the colony two or three years hence.

The action of Nature at work in the hills could be seen from the plain below and proved a beautiful and magnificent sight. Two days' snowfall sufficed to fill the canyons, cuts and draws of the mountain sides. Since then sunshine has beamed down in the same pleasant way of midsummer.

With the exceptions that the evenings and mornings are chilly, some ice forming on standing water, the climate is very much the same as that of a month ago. Warmer clothes are being brought from trunks and other places and worn, much to the comfort of the people. Old residents of these parts tell us that snow in the mountains at this time, is a month earlier and assures an abundance of water for next season's irrigation.

This fact is very welcome as the colony has been steadily clearing land and many more acres will have been leveled and planted by spring so that added waters will find a profitable outlet.

Chilly weather has not deterred members from joining us. Nearly every day one to two new residents settle down and begin to make themselves at home. The colony now has nearly 700 residents. This is a considerable increase over last month. History becomes stale very quickly Things are continuously moving forward. Every day sees something new in the shape of houses, tents, new land prepared for various things. The commissary carries on its books 157 traders, nearly all heads of families. The hotel takes care of from 125 to 140 daily.

The assembly hall in the club house, which is also used for the dining room, has been enlarged and even now is inadequate to meet the requirements of the colony. The first demonstration of its inadequateness was on last Saturday night, when the usual dance was held. So many people gathered about the floor that the actual dancing place seemed smaller than usual. This fact is extremely gratifying. We would regret to think that we had more room than we needed. It helps a lot to know that there is a greater demand for space, for houses and other things than we are able to supply fully, though it is rather rough on the ones not comfortably fixed.

As a matter of fact the time may never come when we really will be ahead of the demand for homes and space. This is the way to grow and gives assurance that people everywhere are waking up to the fact that we have here a demonstration worthy of the participation of everyone and that by such participation a great cooperative enterprise, stronger, more substantial than any ever launched and maintained, will be a concrete entity.

Word from all parts of the United States reaches us that the "eyes of the Socialist world" are upon us. Visitors and travelers tell us that everywhere questions are being asked about the colony. They also tell us that the only deterrent to many more joining us is the initial price required before the member can secure a working contract. This, of course, has to be done, as we are still living under capitalism and we yet have to work on capitalistic lines, especially with the outside world. Inside the colony group itself very little need of money is experienced, but this does not mean that the member could not use money here

Llano del Rio Co-operativ

General Panoramic View of the Llano del Rio Community. The Foreground Is a Vividly Green Field of Alfalfa. The

Montessori Class. Teachers, Right to Left: Prudence Stokes Brown, Director; Mildred G. Buxton, and Adeline S. Hor

Community As It Is Today

Shown Here are Temporary and the Land Will Be Turned Into Alfalfa and Orchards When the Permanent City Is Built

Little Montessorians Enjoy Their Play-Work in the Sunshine. The Cottonwoods Furnish Shade for the Alfresco Room

with which to procure things we do not carry, in case such things are wanted.

However, money is not needed in the colony for exchange purposes, for all of our barter and trade is carried on in a credit way.

The even tenor of colony life and the effects of mutual assistance is fast showing results in the younger generation. A new psychology is being created in the boys in the schools and in the general colony life, and the example of work being done cooperatively. For instance, upon George Pickett's return from the north, where he had been on an expedition of explaining the colony and other business, he formed a group of boys, ranging in age from 7 to 14 years, and started to work on a bad piece of road, just west of town. The first day, thirteen boys formed themselves around him, and during the day they worked like Trojans. It took all of Pickett's persuasive powers in keeping them from overdoing their tender muscles. So anxious were the little fellows to show results the first day, that they swallowed their midday lunch in ten minutes, and while Pickett was up the road a short ways exploring, he returned and found them hard at work.

Nearly two miles of excellent road work was done the first day. When the trucks came in after dark, the drivers said that the moment they struck the repaired piece of road the difference could be noticed.

The second day's lineup showed twenty-three ardent youngsters ready and they trudged off under the leadership of Pickett with their picks, shovels and rakes. Pickett facetiously called them his "Coxey Army" and the boys fell into the humor of the joke.

More work was done the second day than the first and the third day sufficed to complete, in good shape, five miles of once very bad road.

The workers were rewarded with a taffy pull in the bakery under the auspices of Mrs. Pickett. None but the workers was allowed to indulge in the good things passed around and many were the longing looks and much mouth watering occasioned in boys unable to get into the gang.

The next big job for the boys will be to brush up the horse barn and help make the faithful animals warm and cozy and protected from the cutting winds. The boys' slogan, worthy of all emulation, is "No work, no eats."

Here's a list of the little stalwarts that helped to show the results of cooperation in action: David Wallace, Eugene Fredericks, Merril Wallace, Raymond Ward, Warran Powers, Harry Pike, Clarence Fremont, John Price, Iver Iverson, Lee Fread, Maurice Eldridge, Leonard Zimmerman, Spencer Brown, Ross Brown, Harold Millar, Orvil Millar, Carl Miller, Warren Fread, Everett Morrison, Chester Morrison, Bebel Alonzo, Irvin Barlow, Richard Rawlins, Merle Bowman and William Carr.

The transportation department, working under difficulties, indeed, is improving vastly and on Sunday last seven truck loads were pulled into the colony. This depleted the immense pile of stuff at Palmdale quite a lot. For the past four days nearly forty tons of materials, foodstuffs and household goods were drawn into Llano. Three trucks running almost steadily are now doing good work and real results can be seen at this and at the Palmdale end. With a clearing up of the freight situation many of the colony's difficulties will have been solved. As the freight arriving and departing is sure to grow more and more, this phase of colony efficiency will require eternal vigilance and work. However, there is a sanguine hope that troubles in this direction will be solved in the natural course of the colony's unfoldment.

The colony has been exceedingly enriched by the receipt of a complete sawmill, shipped from near Oakland. The capacity of this mill is in the neighborhood of 30,000 feet daily. Doubtless it will be set up here at the colony and the logs hauled from the nearby mountains and turned into the sort of lumber required. By having the mill here, it is figured that great saving of lumber will be made and in addition have the slabs and ends of firewood, which will mean labor saved.

Result of Two Hours' Rabbit Hunt at Llano

Wheat planting is well under way and by the time this magazine reaches the public more than 120 acres will have been put in.

Land has been prepared for oats and barley and fruit trees and the tractor is busy at work with a crew clearing more land for the spring planting of pears, apples, cereals and al-

falfa. By spring there will be a large area devoted to alfalfa, how much at this time it is difficult to say.

Twenty-six teams are busy at work leveling land. Weather conditions probably will permit this sort of labor for a considerable time.

The building department is working hard to prepare places for the incoming people and are still behind. However, there is but little actual suffering, though some discomfort, from this phase of colony life. People generally coming in have brought their own equipment, so that a few hours' labor suffices to put up a substantial and comfortable place to live.

Mining Limestone for the Kiln

The schools in Llano are progressing. In the high school there are twenty-three pupils in some studies and nineteen in all the studies. C. W. Hunton, the teacher, is greatly pleased with the fine showing and is enthusiastic over the interest shown by pupils and parents in his particular branch.

At the present time there are more than 260 pupils attending the various schools and this number is rapidly being recruited. In addition to the regular schools now in progress, there will be added more studies along industrial and agricultural lines. The latter will be included in a night course.

A wireless telegraph club has been organized and work begun on the construction of a station that will be fully up to the standard and of commercial capacity. Much interest was evinced and it is the intention to teach those desiring to learn this fascinating method of communication both in the electrical and telegraphic work. Plans are being considered of aerials, whether to make a temporary set or to go for the permanent thing at once. A wide field will be opened when the wireless is in actual operation.

Some of the difficulties besetting the formation of Llano schools, and detailing the present condition of them, is fully set forth in the following article from the pen of Miss Grace M. Powell, one of the teachers in Llano.

ALTHOUGH there were neither doors nor windows in the new building, it was very pleasant during the warmer weather and before the cold weather came the windows were put in. Besides the doors and windows new individual desks were put in, the pupils formerly being seated at tables.

The work of the grades is very similar to that of the city. As yet domestic science has not been started, but within the next month a building will be erected for that purpose.

The Montessori Kindergarten, which is the pride of the colony, is in charge of Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown and her assistants. There are fifty-four children enrolled. This work is carried on at the Goodwin Ranch. They have a seven-room building, which is well equipped for such work. The children are taken to and from the kindergarten by automobile. These daily rides are a source of great joy to the wee ones.

The high school department holds session in a large room at the hotel. They are in charge of Mr. C. W. Hunton and work is carried on in the same manner as other high schools.

A new addition to the school system is the night school, which is a popular place for the men and women as for the boys and girls. Almost any subject desired can be taken up, but the class that has the most students is the Public Speaking and English, which is in charge of Mr. Etherton. Another well attended class is the music class under the supervision of Mr. Page.

Night school is in session six nights a week and a great deal of interest is being shown by the well attended classes.

Taken as a whole the school of Llano will stand in the lead with any of the county schools.

Up to the present time there are 130 pupils in the grades, fifty-four in the Kindergarten, twenty-five in the high school and about fifty in the night school, or about 260 people of all ages attending some branch of the Llano school.

In connection with the school work, a Parent and Teachers' Association has been formed, so that the parents can be in touch with the work of the school and see and help the school in its many problems. These meetings are held twice a month. They are well attended and much interest is being shown in them by the parents and teachers.

Work on our new $5000 schoolhouse will soon be begun.

Life On the Llano

By R. K. WILLIAMS

A Nook in the Adobe Home of Chance Scott

"HOW We Live at Llano" has stirred up some enthusiasm and this department has received several communications in the last few days pouring in all sorts of questions. It is very gratifying, indeed, to note the interest taken, and to read the words of commendation, saying that these hints are very helpful, and that they can rely upon the information thus purveyed.

When one is filled with enthusiasm for a thing, it is hard to hew close to the line, but this we have determined to do. We have grown so large and have so much development work done to show the prospects and other visitors that we do not find it necessary to expatiate in rhapsodies or attempt to juggle at all with the cerulean. All that is needed is to give a clear exposition of facts and if the facts prove unpalatable or act as a deterrent upon the intending member, then we conclude that that person is not very determined of heart and is looking for something that we haven't got here. We have no apologies for the colony. We have but kindly feeling toward everyone who is helping build this great project, a project that means absolute freedom from worry and contented old age. Job Harriman's enthusiastic optimism is shared and echoed by all the friends of this wonderful effort at co-operation. He says that we have a principality in the making and the way that it is to be made is for the individuals themselves to work and pull together for that one great end. Anyone who is willing to come here, brave some hardships, put up with some discomforts, go a little short now and then on the table and wear a few less handsome clothes, will be welcome here. This will be, we feel, a temporary condition. We invite the world to come and visit us. But to the questions:

A lady from Kerman writes and asks six questions. One of the questions is difficult to answer and I doubt the wisdom of attempting to answer it. The query is: "What provision have you made for bringing up the children with a religious training? I feel that I want my children to have Sunday school and to be brought up with a feeling of reverence for God."

As yet we have no regular provision for "religious training" in the popular acceptation of the phrase. We feel that parents who have arrived at the age of discretion should be able to bring up their children along these lines pretty much as they ought to go. As there are so many sects and creeds it would be hard to install the Sunday school that would be satisfactory to all. We have people of all sorts of religious beliefs in the colony, and we have some with no belief at all. To establish a colony religion, so to speak, doubtless would be very distasteful to a large majority of residents here who feel they have sufficient intelligence to individually work out these problems for themselves. The feeling is that if colonists want to hold "divine worship" it should be held within the sanctity of the home, and that none of the present public buildings used for the purpose, and also there is a rule that if

anyone wants to propagate any particular religious creed, that individual must submit to the open forum and answer any questions put.

Socialists the world over do this, as well as most other lines of human uplift invite interrogations. As a rule, the expounder of the gospel does not do this. Whenever the proper person comes along qualified to teach the Bible in the proper way, that is as generally wanted, then that person will have an opportunity to display his profundity and skill. Until then, probably, the Sunday school, as regularly known, will have to be a small group affair.

We believe that reverence to God is shown by reverencing and helping one's brothers and sisters and that God can be seen in the faces of all, if deeply sought and that God can be seen in these giant hills and valleys and that Nature's god smiles up from the carpet of flowers adorning the wide plains.

The same lady asks how goods from the commissary are distributed.

The answer to this will be repeated. There is no regular delivery wagon to convey groceries from the commissary to the homes. There is an attempt to have all the colonists do their shopping in the morning. It is urged that they bring their own receptacles for carrying away provisions, etc. As remarked before, baskets soon run out and the distance to the source of supply is so great, that intending residents are requested to bring with them baskets and especially jars, buckets or bottles to convey liquid materials, such as vinegar, honey, syrups, oils and the like. Let it be emphasized that the more completely one provides themselves with the accustomed things at home, the better and more satisfied will they be, and incidentally save us all considerable outlay in cash.

The next four questions can be grouped. They are: "Have you a medical doctor? Dentist? (and my husband wants to know about the barber) and telephone?"

Unfortunately we have no medical man with us. The opportunities for a broad-minded and first-class doctor are unlimited. We have an ideal climate here for the curing of chronic troubles, and a sanitorium run in the interests of the colony would be the means of bringing in a big revenue. It would permit the working out any particular ideas of the doctor that were for the betterment of humanity. While the doctor would receive $4 per day, which seems pitiable in comparison to some incomes of surgeons and doctors, yet the security and freedom experienced by that individual and the knowledge that some time he would be beyond all possible want, in addition to the satisfaction that he would be doing a noble work, would more than compensate between the sure $4 and the large income that he hopes to receive.

We have no dentist at the present time. We have had our hopes dashed several times, but do not despair of getting one soon. This is no promise that we will have a good dentist soon, but it can be said that we are in communication with a good man, who may come in.

Yes, we have a barber, and he is a good one. He has a neat shop, and practically all the usual things obtainable in a city shop can be obtained from his department. Charges are 15 cents for a shave and 25 cents for a haircut. He sells tickets which reduce the above figures somewhat and the cost is charged against the individual having the work done and credited to his department. We could have a telephone here con-

(Continued on Page 24)

Corner in the Tent House Occupied by Dr. R. K. Williams

The Church and Llano

By ALBERT A. JAMES

FREQUENTLY we are asked if we have a church at the Llano del Rio Colony. The various forms in which this question is asked emphasizes the fact that innumerable religions and sects have sprung up, as a result of the competitive system.

It seems that a new sect or "moral standard" has developed, as a result of each form of exploitation. For instance, we have the captains of industry of the Thaw-White type, employing a "Billy Sunday" to tell their wage slaves that they will go to hell if they drink booze. We hear these same captains of industry say that they could well afford to pay Sunday $50,000 a week, because of the profits they make because of the increased efficiency of their men, caused by Sunday's work.

Unfortunately, Billy Sunday has to put a few extra touches on the hell of a generation ago, in order to get a contrast with the hell the steel workers are forced to live and work in at Pittsburg.

This extra touch which Mr. Sunday gives to his picture of hell offends the aesthetic tastes of the Rev. Aked, who would warn an office boy to be loyal to his master and not trade office secrets for a ticket to the ball game. But he would hold in reverence the $10,000 a year Bishop, who would trade his ability to draw a crowd to the faithful Epworth League workers of his church, for $100 per night.

We are sometimes condemned because we do not build a church at the colony. Please tell us, you who think you are followers of the lowly Nazarene, who we would accept in that church? Would you exclude from it the Jew, or would you accept the Jew and exclude the Mormon, or would you condemn to everlasting punishment both the Jew and the Mormon and accept only the Methodist?

It may be you would have us build a church for each of the various sects which the competitive system has developed. If so, we would need more churches than cow stanchions.

Would you have us continue the practice of building hundred thousand dollar edifices in the name of the Carpenter, and mortgage the soul, the conscience and the honor of those who "worship" there to the money lender of the community? Would you have us build these great palaces and dedicate them to the worship of the Carpenter who had no place where he could lay his head?

Those who have blindly followed formalities have, at times, shown evidences of having realized there is a second commandment, as well as a first, and have attempted to show the South Sea Islander that it is not in harmony with the teachings of the Nazarene for him to slay his brother, put him in a pot, cook him and eat him; but these same formality worshipers will boldly defend our present industrial system whereby the strong devour the weak, by absorbing daily the greater part of the production of the workers, through a system of profits, rents and interest. They fail to see that to consume a man's time is to consume his life. They do not stop at consuming a man's time, but consume the time and life of the women and babies, grinding into profits the lives and souls of the most helpless members of our race.

We are not at all disturbed when the defenders of the present industrial system use every means to retard the work of those who would establish a community where the god of profit is not worshipped and where the rights of the individual are conserved through co-operative ownership of the means of production.

Those who preach submission to the present conditions and forget that justice should be done, are quick to condemn. Those who would teach the wage slave of today to be patient and bye and bye everything will be lovely, are careful to see that there is pie in the cupboard today at their own home. Is it any wonder that the workers are tired of such preaching and are seeking an asylum from those who would coin the most sacred belief of man into money and self-aggrandizement?

We have frequently asked correspondents who clamor for churches to send us the plans of the church where the Carpenter of Nazareth worshipped, but none has been forthcoming.

Have we a place of worship? Yes, we have God's great, unlimited creation of mountain and plain. We breathe the pure air, unpolluted by the breath of him who shouts the praise of a murderous army or shrugs his shoulders indifferently when the state literally tears the head from the body of its victim at a legal hanging.

No, we have no visible church; but we have a determination to erase from our hearts that cannibalistic spirit (our heritage for generations) and establish in its stead that spirit of real brotherhood which not only revolts at making a pot roast of our brother, but also refuses to eat his time or consume his wife and babies.

Sophy

(Continued from Page 10)

havin' proper in the chosen house of God, she'd look around and around with them big black eyes, then all of a sudden they'd crinkle up, 'n she'd begin to bite them full red lips o' her'n—I guess Satan made her mouth—'n like as not she'd disgrace us by snickerin' out loud. 'N when we got home 'n had to face Sam'l she'd begin to trimble, 'n maybe all she'd say was that Brother Barker was tryin' to get a chew of tobacker out o' his pocket without Sister Barker seein' him. As if Tom Barker's godlessness wasn't a thing to cry about instead of laugh about!

"Well, what with Samuel's and my Christian training Sophy got quieter as she got older, 'n Samuel says, 'With the help of God we'll save Sophy's soul yet.' He kept thinkin' every Sunday that she'd get converted 'n want to be baptized, but I could see that Satan was still lurkin' in her, behind them big smoulderin' eyes. I got so's I couldn't understand her at all.

"When Samuel would get the whip, she looked so tall and slim, 'n stood so queer and still, not shakin' a mite like she used to when he hit her, she gave me a queer sort of feelin' that there was something about her he couldn't hurt no matter how hard he hit. 'N I suppose the Lord will punish me, but when I found she'd sneaked out 'n learned to dance I never told her father, for I knew he'd turn her out, 'n sinful as she was I thought a heap of that girl. 'N things went on like that for awhile, me standin' between her and her father, 'n then one day he said he'd waited till she was seventeen, he'd given her good Christian trainin' 'n plenty of time, now she'd got to make up her mind to be baptized or go, he couldn't have her evil influence leadin' her little brothers and sisters astray.

" 'N then Sophy got mad. She was never much of a hand to get mad, except at her father. With me, she'd just give me a queer, pityin' kind of look, but when her father said anything to her, her eyes got just like red hot coals, but she never dared to say much. But now she broke right out and told him she hated him and his hideous religion, 'n all she'd stayed this long for was because she couldn't bear to leave her little sisters and because she pitied me. She said she never blamed poor Ma—she was always tormentin' herself more'n anybody else tryin' to live up to her ugly belief. 'N she said that from now on if she starved to death doin' it she was goin' to look 'n look till she found a place where all the laughter 'n fun that was always seethin' 'n bubblin' way down in her would be wanted. 'Somebody must want it.' she said, throwin' out her arms with one of them gestures she was always enticin' me away from my duty with, 'I've got so much, 'n maybe the devil will like my bein' pretty if your hideous old God don't!'

"She never got any farther, for Samuel got right up 'n pointed to the door, his hand ashakin', 'n said, 'Out of this house, you devil's woman! You ain't no child of ours!'

" 'N she went and I got up to follow her out and tell her to be sure to take her winter underwear that was on the top shelf in the children's room, 'n I wanted to give her the egg money I'd saved up, for Samuel always lets me have that for my own, as he says he knows I won't squander it, but Samuel said, 'Sit down, Emma,' so I set down.

"Samuel's hand was still shakin', but he picked up the Quarterly 'n went right on readin'. Samuel's lots stronger 'n me. But Sophy came back and kissed me good-bye 'n I whispered to her about the underwear, 'n then she begun to cry, 'n oh it was terrible! Terrible! Sophy goin' straight to hell like that! My own girl on the road to hell!"

"You don't mean to tell me Sophy has——"

"Oh not like you think. She's married and got a baby, but her soul's lost just the same. She's one of them movie actresses!"

The speaker lapsed into sobs.

The Mexican People

Their Struggle for Freedom

By
L. Gutierrez de Lara
and
Edgcumb Pinchon

Each new battle of the bloody revolution in Mexico makes this book the more valuable. It is the most remarkable as well as the most intelligent interpretation of underlying motives.

Every one should have this book in his library.

We are fast closing out our remaining copies of "The Mexican People." If you hurry you can get in on the combination offer of The Western Comrade and this book for only $1.75.

Address The Western Comrade, Circulation Manager, 923 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Your Combings

made into switches for one dollar, postpaid.

Work guaranteed.

MRS. E. TURNWALL
Llano, Cal.

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.50 (the price of Pearson's alone) to

The Western Comrade
923 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Murderers—You and I

(Continued from Page 9)

You priest, you preacher, you lying, sniveling psalm-singing hypocrites. You are the murderers!

You judge! You miserable, cowardly assassin! You draw your cloak of sanctity about you, but you smell of the musty tomb! You and your damned laws and courts and dungeons and gibbets: You reek with the stench of the rotting ages. You murdered this boy!

You banker, gambler, petty hucksterers—you of the tribe of business—you slew this youth! You of white soft hands, large of girth and small of brain, you are the murderers!

You, reader of this, you helped me strangle this boy, but there is a difference.

You wanted it done; I was unwilling. You believe in capital killing; I abhor murder. You call it punishment; I say you do it for brutal, cruel, barbaric revenge. You, people of California, make me a party to your crime of murder and for that I hate you with all the hate of hell!

Life On the Llano

(Continued from Page 20)

necting us to all parts of the country, with a day or two of labor. We have the wire to connect it up and the loose ends are just a mile and a half away. This matter is simply one of doing the work and as we are so pressed for other things have not thought it necessary to take the time to do it.

Vegetables are daily carted around and all desiring may give their orders to the vegetable man. The garbage is removed daily. The families place it in cans on the back of the lots as in the city, and the garbage man does the rest. Families contemplating coming in would make no mistake in bringing along this recepticle. However, this is not insisted on.

An Idaho man asks how the adobes are constructed. While the writer is not able to build one, or tell exactly how it is done, yet the following is a rough sketch. Bricks are made in the usual way and sun-dried. These are laid on stone foundations, asphalted over to prevent capillary attraction, and the walls run up in the usual way. The roof is then laid and dirt mixed with water, collected usually in the yard of the building, and is then carried to the roof and artistically laid. The roof is then painted with asphaltum and the sides covered with a waterproof material. These homes are plastered with adobe, which gives them a nice brown color. The effect is soothing and the interiors are warm and dry. The building is 16x24, two rooms. Some few are slightly larger. These adobes are temporary and will be torn down when we move to the permanent townsite.

The cafeteria is in vogue in the dining-room. That is, everyone waits on himself, practically. Knives, forks, etc., are in boxes and plenty of trays constitute the equipment necessary for the attack on the food supply. Then you go in front of a long counter, where you are handed the various edibles. This method has been found very satisfactory, as it does away with much labor in the carrying dishes to and fro, filled and empty, and causing considerable waiting on the part of the diners.

Mrs. A. F. Zachaery of Bridgeport, Conn., asks what to bring to Llano in the way of clothing.

Everything that you are in the habit of wearing, with the exception of extreme evening gowns, or of a very dressy nature. One nice dress for our evening affairs would not come amiss. However, would advise you to bring the substantials and lots of them, such as middie blouses, middie pinafores, one-piece gingham dresses, plenty of aprons and one-piece woolen dresses, serge or something warm. The winter season throws a considerable chill around and everyone should take

care to provide themselves with plenty of warm clothing.

Provide yourself and children with warm sweaters and, of course, your regular winter coats, warm stockings and good, strong walking shoes. Don't forget the knitted caps and snug hats. These are generally useful.

As remarked in a previous issue in regard to household furnishings, bring the cookstove, built for wood-burning, at least five links of pipe and two elbows. The colony makes this material, but it is not always possible to obtain it on request and you might as well be comfortable as quickly as possible.

There is a mistake that should be rectified now that appeared in last month's Western Comrade. The statement was made that family washing could be done at the laundry. This statement has been indignantly refuted more than fifteen times, so it is advisable to bring your own washtubs—galvanized, preferably—boilers, buckets, etc., in order to do this work at home. However, at the time of last writing, there seems to have been set aside a day to do family washing, but since the rule has been changed on account of the inadequate quarters and hand work.

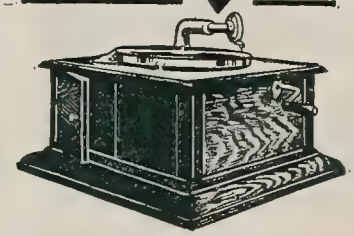
As has been said before, bring all your kitchen utensils. A man recently arrived after giving away everything in his home kitchen. He was much put out and suffered not a little in not having these necessary things when he arrived here. It is hardly necessary to dictate to the housewife what to bring along these lines, as her good sense will figure it out.

In making yourself comfortable in Llano, do not forget a good supply of warm bedding. As a matter of fact, figure this way: Assume that there is nothing to be had along these lines for a long time and that you must depend wholly upon yourself. This policy will win most anywhere and will make you comfortable here.

Recently a family arrived and began drawing heavily on the commissary. While this is in a sense all right, yet it is not fair to the colonists already here. People on the outside must not forget that this is a living proposition and when you come here to join us, you

We do with Talking Machines what Ford did with Autos

YOU ASK WHY THIS BEAUTIFUL, LARGE SIZE TALKING MACHINE SELLS FOR ONLY $10



If you have never been willing to spend $25 for a talking machine this is your chance. The MUSIGRAPH is as large, good-looking, right-sounding as machines selling for $25.

How do we do it? Here's the answer: Gigantic profits have been made from $25 machines because of patent right monopoly. Millions have gone for advertising $25 machines, and these millions came back from the public. The attempt is to make $25 the standard price. It's too much.

Size 15¾ inches at base: 6½ high. Ask for oak or mahogany finish. Nickel plated, reversible, tonearm and reproducer, playing Edison, Victor, Columbia and other disc records, 10 and 12 inches. Worm gear motor. Threaded winding shaft. Plays 2 ten-inch records with one winding—Tone controlling door. Neat and solidly made.

The trust price game is broken. Here is a machine which gives perfect satisfaction (guaranteed) for only **$10.** It will fill your home with dancing, good music, fun and happiness. **Money back if it isn't as represented.** MUSIGRAPHS are selling by the thousands. People who can afford it buy showy autos, but common-sense people gladly ride Fords—both get over the ground. Same way with talking machines, only the MUSIGRAPH looks and works like the high-priced instruments.

WHAT BETTER CHRISTMAS GIFT CAN YOU THINK OF? Musigraphs play any standard disc record, high-priced or even the little five and ten cent records. Hurry your order to make sure of Christmas delivery.

We are advertising these big bargain machines through our customers—one MUSIGRAPH in use sells a **dozen more.**

One cash payment is our plan. So to-day, **to insure Christmas delivery,** send $10, by P. O. money order, check, draft, express order or postage stamps. All we ask is that you tell your neighbors how to get a MUSIGRAPH for **only $10.**

GUARANTEE.
This machine is as represented, both as to materials and workmanship, for a period of one year. If the MUSIGRAPH is not as represented send it back immediately and
Get your money back.

Address **MUSIGRAPH,** Dept. 224
Distributors Advertising Service (Inc.)
142 West 23rd Street, New York City

Christmas Shopping?

Undoubtedly you have friends who have a literary bent and whom you would like to remember with a Christmas present. There is nothing more suitable than a year's subscription to The Western Comrade.

Send in a check or money order for one dollar ($1) now so that the subscription will commence with the Christmas edition.

To make four people happy just send in two dollars ($2) with their names and addresses. Address:

Circulation Manager
THE WESTERN COMRADE
923 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Our Greatest Offer!

Here is a combination offer of The American Socialist, official organ of the National Socialist Party, the famous "1914 National Campaign Book" and The Western Comrade that not one reader of The Western Comrade can afford to let slip by.

The American Socialist for one year is.....$ .50
The 1914 Campaign Book. .50
The Western Comrade for one year is..... 1.00

Total $2.00

We will make you a combination of the above for just $1.35

Take advantage of this offer now!

Address: Circulation Manager
THE WESTERN COMRADE
923 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

"The Great Working Class Daily"

THE

MILWAUKEE LEADER

"Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain"

Editor—Victor L. Berger.
Assistants—James Howe, A. M. Simons, Osmore Smith, Thomas S. Andrews.

The Leader is published in America's stronghold of Socialism. It is the greatest English Socialist Daily in the world. It is a Modern Metropolitan Daily, containing the latest news.

Among its distinctive features are:

SOCIALIST NEWS PAGE, LABOR NEWS PAGE, SPORTING PAGE, MAGAZINE SECTION, WOMAN'S PAGE, EDITORIAL PAGE.

The price of The Leader is 25c per month; $3.00 per year.

Combination offer with

The WESTERN COMRADE

Both for one year for $3.00 (the price of the Milwaukee Leader alone).

Address:
Circulation Department
923 Higgins Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

are joining a lot of humans just like yourselves and have the same wants and filled with the same desires. We have all made sacrifices to get into this colony and now that we are here, we want others to respect this sacrifice and help as much as possible by helping themselves.

Come so equipped with flannel shirts, heavy boots and shoes, hats and gloves, rubber boots—in fact so supplied that you will not need to go to the comissary for several months.

There are many more questions to be answered and we hope that we have helped a little, and before closing will say to the Chattanooga correspondent that we eat pork, salt pork, bacon, hams and other products of the noble animal, but we don't always have him. So bring all the dried meats you can pay for and receive the blessings of the comissary man.

The Job

(Continued from Page 11)

"Hurry, May, the heat——"

"Over this way——"

"Yes—the stairway is——"

"It's all on fire!"

"Let's try a window?"

"I don't know——"

"The smoke—it's so thick I—hold tighter! May—we'll soon be——"

"Yes," feebly, "I'll try——"

"Here's a window—May!"

"May! Look up here! No! No! Don't faint! For God's sake, May! We must get out of here! May! May! Please, wake up! See! The people below—they hold out their arms to us! The flames are closer! God, May! Jump! The heat—May! You must jump! You will die—look out! Our clothes are afire! Oh! May! May! I must leap! Good-bye dear—good——"

Through the air, clothes aflame, the girl leaped four stories, striking the ground with a sickening crash.

DOWN the long ward of a hospital were rows of cots filled with burned and injured victims. Here and there nurses and doctors busied themselves with their patients in the attempt to alleviate pain.

"May!" screamed a girl in a cot.

A nurse hurried over to quiet her.

"There, there, dear, you'll be all right soon."

"Is May here?" she asked plaintively.

"Rose!" came in a muffled but glad cry from the next cot.

"May! I'm so glad——"

In a week the nurse obtained permission of the doctors to place the girls' cots closer together.

"May!" whispered Rose, after the nurse had gone, "do you know?"

"About you? Yes."

"And I know about you."

There was a silence.

"Will you tell me—if I tell you, May?"

"You don't have to tell me, Rose—I know."

"I know, too, May, about me. I-I can't walk any more. My-my feet are gone!"

There was another silence. Both were stifling the sobs of pity for the other.

"Rose," said May finally, "they lied to me at first—but I knew. They didn't have to tell me. Please, Rose," she pleaded, "if mother comes don't tell her—not yet, anyway—I am blind!"

"I won't," promised Rose.

"Is there a window—near?"

"One at my left," Rose answered.

"What can you see—you know I——"

"There is a court wall," she began slowly—then apologetically, "I can't see much, but there's a vine there with a few leaves on it—and one leaf that's red—and—flutters. Oh May, dear—I-I can't!"

Another long silence, then:

"Rose, do you think I can learn all over—in the dark. I've got to work—or starve——"

"We will both try, May. We got to live." Then she sighed heavily as she said:

"I wonder if we can get our old jobs back when they rebuild the factory?"

Militaristic A. F. of L.

HERE is a word of greeting to Comrades Joe Cannon and Adolph Germer. They failed to get an anti-military resolution through the A. F. of L. convention, but they put up a fight that attracted widespread attention. Joe's speech was carried out by the press associates and given widespread publicity.

"As soon as we are prepared," said Comrade Cannon, "we shall be plunged into a war whenever it may mean profits for the financial interests."

The truth of this undoubtedly was borne in upon the hearers, but Gompers rushed to the rescue of the armament makers and profit pickers.

A sad feature of the situation was that Andrew Furuseth, the grand old stalwart, took the side of the militarists. It is unfortunate that one so keen in almost all matters concerning the workers should be groping and blind on such a matter.

Interrupted Joy

"Young man," said the magistrate severely, "the assault you have committed on your poor wife was most brutal. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?"

"If you do, your honor," replied the prisoner at the bar, hopefully, "it will break up our honeymoon."

Fittest to the Front

In Servia the aged and the infirm, the invalids and crippled, are fighting in the war. This is an inversion that should be stopped. These are the fittest, and usually they are allowed to live while the young and strong perish. Let us cling to our old claim of the survival of the fittest.

On the Free List

The Ripsaw heads an article "I Hope God Will Read This."

We hope so, too. Why not consult your subscription list?

At the Class

"The new colonist would be a good dancer if it wasn't for two things." "What's that?" "His feet."

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every **professional man and woman**, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

"The Sexual Question"

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price $5.50. **Now sent prepaid for $1 60.** This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

General Dealers in Books, Sent on Mail Order

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Dawson's Dermal Cream

Prevents wrinkles, softens and beautifies skin. Removes freckles, tan, moth patches and all discolorations. Greatest beautifier of the age.

One Ounce Jar 60c Postpaid

Prepared By DR. ELIZABETH DAWSON Llano, Calif.

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619
A. J. STEVENS
Dentist
306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III November, 1915 No. 7

Random Shots

GEORGE R. LUNN, direct actionist who once chopped down a sacred tree in the streets of Schenectady and narrowly escaped a jail sentence for chopping at the same time sacred tradition and a court injunction, has been for the second time elected mayor of that lively New York city. Lunn really succeeded in getting arrested and jailed in another New York town where he insisted on speaking on the streets.

Lunn believes in action and is utterly unafraid alike of the sneer of the direct actionist and the snarl of the pure and simple political actionist. With Lunn was elected Steinmetz and half a dozen other Socialists. Lunn will appoint heads for a score of the most important offices in the city. Here again is power in the hands of men who know how to use it in the interest of the workers. Here is a city where will no longer be heard the echo of the resounding whack of the policeman's club on the skull of Henry Dubb.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"We're all going to be blown up—we are." So cries the powder trust—also "Help!—U. S. A.—the American people—Help!"

Well—what if they are?

It would be but a case of getting a taste of their own patent medicines, which they so cleverly compound for their Christian Allies to doctor their comrades of Germany.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The poor Mexicans are starving. I know, because the Standard Oil thorugh its well-lubricated newspapers says so. We must send an army over the border and stop their rioting. We must protect our (the Standard Oil's) property. We must feed them—(bullets)—but (secretly) we must starve them back into the servility and slavery from which they are now revolting.

Watch capitalism with its generous benevolence step forward this coming yuletide and spread its share of Christmas giving. As a forerunner they have already given Great Britain a half billion dollar war loan. They have sent hundreds of tons of ammunition to the Allies. Even the starving Belgians have received their share—and another share is promised right away.

Oh! We here at home? No, they haven't forgotten us, either. Just the other day they gave us a nice little factory fire and burned a number of the "inmates" with it. That will give some of us unemployed a job when they build a new factory.

And then again, on account of the war they have given us a nice assortment of high prices. (Somebody's got to pay for all this food they send abroad.)

Now what are they going to do Christmas? Maybe, if we're good, they might send a few regiments or so of us over to help the Allies. (Maybe, they might give us a nice war of our own.)

Capitalism is such a beautiful blessing. It makes the whole year a continual "merry" Christmas.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Spanked, figuratively, by the Llano General Assembly, a group of the younger and more ebullient set was not utterly crushed—not utterly. Four of the irrepressibles gathered where the moonlight flooded the broad front porch: with arms over each other's shoulders, eyes turned upward and with a beautiful barbershop chord sang:

"In Heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no 'sembly there!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

If you think the French Socialists have followed the renegade Briand you have been deceived. In a speech recently made by Renaudel, a Socialist deputy, the declaration was openly made that France should annex no part of the enemy country. This utterance was met by cheers from the Socialists and howls of protest from others. Just what territory the French hope to annex would be difficult to imagine inasmuch as the red breeches have scarcely disfigured any landscape beyond the borders of their own patrie.

At the recruiting stand: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Martha, the celebrated Salome dancer, will favor us with some of her favorite—"

"Those volunteering for the front kindly step this way—"

"Men, I am sacrificing everything for the cause—I have allowed women to work in my factory in order to let the men go to the front."

"God on High is with us. Last night seventy souls were wiped out in a brutal and murderous assault by a Zeppelin. Step up, boys, and sign for the front. Let us pray!"

"Are you married, my good man? No? You will find a war bride over there on the right. The priest will marry you."

"The Celtic sisters will now favor us with a song and dance. You men, back there—step up closer!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Zeppelin Heinie—"What's doing' today, Sub?"

Submarine Semival — "Nothin' much. One liner with 350 women and children is all. How's it with you?"

Zeppelin Heini—"Pretty rotten. One little college, one glue factory—oh, yes—and a hospital—only two thousand in it, though."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Sizzling and hot comes the war news from the "front" these days. Wonderful skill and tireless zeal is shown by the war correspondent, who never sleeps and never abandons his post. How the world thrilled over its morning postum and sausage when it read in Los Angeles Tribune under caption "Zeppelin Inspection" the following amazing item:

> LONDON, Nov. 17.—Stately butler to aristocratic master in London's west end: "A Zeppelin's passing hover, sir—if you wish to hinspect it, sir." The Zep was hurriedly "hinspected."

Then on the turn over page we find more startling news that should have been headed "Important If True!"

> PARIS, Nov. 17.—A wounded soldier fell from a tramcar at the Quai des Tuileries and the wheels passed over one leg, producing splinters, but no blood. He had lost his real leg in the battle of the Marne.

You will surely get your penny's worth any morning you invest.

—E. d'O.

Ballots Will Educate

William E. Bohn

IN the public schools we are spending more money on the education of girls than on that of boys. One of two things is true. Either the educated female is a good product partly wasted, or she is a poor product and our money is wasted.

As a matter of fact, she is a good product. But she is not as good as she might be. Give the girls the prospect of active participation in our political life and a wide range of studies will gain new meaning for more than half our pupils. They will learn more without the expenditure of an additional dollar. And what they learn will gain in meaning. The girl graduate will leave school a fitter person because she has seen from the start a reason for intelligent citizenship.

* * *

Oily Junior

The continuous, unwarranted assaults on young Mr. Rockefeller bring to mind the brutality of the public a few years ago, at the time of the Tarbell articles. To paraphrase an utterance of that day:

"John D.
Jr. he
Is catching it
From A to Z,
'Till he must think,
In this turmoil
That hell is heated
With Standard Oil."

Sta'ement of ownership, management and circulation, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of

THE WESTERN COMRADE,

published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for October 1, 1915:

Managing editor, Job Harriman, 923 Higgins building.

Editor, Frank E. Wolfe, 923 Higgins building.

Business manager, Frank E. Wolfe, 923 Higgins building.

Publisher, Job Harriman, 923 Higgins building.

Owner, Job Harriman, 923 Higgins building.

Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders holding one per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

JOB HARRIMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1915.

A. A. JAMES,

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

(My commission expires July 20, 1916.)

Pictures for Propaganda

Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Cut Your Fuel Bill and Get More Heat

By burning air and oil in your cook stove, heater, range, boiler or furnace.

Who would think of running an automobile on coal or wood? Yet hundreds of thousands of people today are using coal and wood to cook with.

If the railroads of today should take off their oil-burning locomotives and replace them with the old style soft coal engines, the inefficiency of the old engines would cause a great deal of dissatisfaction.

Why do you continue to use the old inefficient methods for heating and cooking?

Burn Air and Oil

The I. N. L. oil burner forms a gas that burns with an extreme heat. The cost of fuel is extremely low, ranging from three cents per gallon and up.

The installation is also simple, and the principle of operation is understood at sight.

For further particulars and price list of burners address

Llano del Rio Company

Mail Order Department

923 HIGGINS BLDG. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Territory open for live agents

Knit Underwear

Cheapest Because It Wears Best

Women's

Union Suits, low neck, knee length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... $1.25
Union Suits, half low neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... 1.25
Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44 ..... .35
Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46 ..... 1.50
Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½ ..... .30
Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½ ... .50

Men's

Undershirts, light weight, cream, sizes 34 to 44 .. $ .75
Undershirts, light weight, black, sizes 34 to 44 .. 1.00
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... .75
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... 1.00
Shirts and Drawers, double fleeced, grey, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.25
Shirts and Drawers, Egyptian cotton, ecru, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.50

Men's Hose

Extra wearing value, black, sizes 9 to 11½ ..... $ .25
Heavy weight, black, sizes 9 to 11½, 3 pairs 1.00

Girls'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 30 ... $ .50
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 30 ..... 1.00
Hose, black, tan or white, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25

Children's

Taped unions, answering purpose of a waist, sizes 20 to 28 ..... $ .65
Same as above, only better grade, sizes 20 to 28 1.05

Boys'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 32 ... $ .60
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 32 ..... .90
Sportsman's hose for boys, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25 to .40

Pure Wool Goods

Made by Wool Growers' Co-operative Mills Direct From Sheep's Back to Your Back

Black and Grey Mackinaw Coat, length 25 inches, sizes 36 to 44 ..... $8.00
Trousers, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes $4.00
Shirts, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes 3.00

Blankets

White or grey, 70x82 in., weight 5 lbs. $7.85
Grey, 70x82 in., weight 7½ lbs. 9.90

Llano del Rio Community

(Mail Order Department)

923 Higgins Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

(Make all checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Company)

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

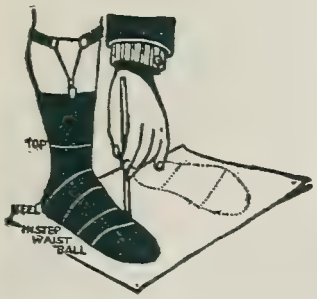
IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	3.00

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.



Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wanted: 100 Men!

Steady Employment for Life

A FEW months ago the advertisement in this space called for 1000 men. Nine hundred have responded. Not all of them have arrived at Llano, but there are several hundred there and all the absent members are eager to come and they are flocking there by the score every month. The remaining memberships are being rapidly subscribed and in a short time they will all be taken. Are you going to be among the fortunate thousand members and join the several thousands of comrades who are working out the problem that has vexed humanity for ages? Are you not tired of the struggle under the murderous competitive system? Thousands are going down every month under foreclosures and other capitalist methods of expropriation. Are you not ready to join a group of workers and be one of the pioneers in working out this great problem that has confronted humanity throughout the ages.

Members of Llano Colony on an Outing

The community is extending its holdings of land and water, live stock, farm implements and machinery. It grows in numbers and in financial strength. It grows in power because of solidarity and comradeship.

A complete new, modern sawmill plant has been added to the colony property. This comes in, as does our other machinery, free and clear of debt. Our greatest task now is to clear more and more land and get in crops.

Only about 100 memberships remain. The initial fee will be raised to $1000 in a few weeks. If you want to join this great cooperative community you will have to act promptly. Don't delay an hour. Send us information about yourself and ask for an application blank. Read the stories about the colony in this magazine. Prompt and decisive action at this hour may mean a turning point in your life that will lead to happiness and safety during your old age.

"Modern society conducts its affairs under circumstances which create and maintain an ever increasing burden on all humanity. Man sustained in youth by the illusion that ability or good fortune will ultimately reward him with happiness through material success, learns sooner or later, that no peace can be his until the unmoral conditions of commercialism and industrial competition are removed."—From the Community Constitution.

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

Membership Department

924 Higgins Building — Los Angeles, California

December, 1915 Ten Cents

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

The Western Comrade

In This Issue—Clara Cushman, A. F. Gannon, Frank E. Wolfe, G. E. Bolton, Frank H. Ware, Edmund Brumbaugh, J. L. Engdahl, John Dequer, R. K. Williams, Joseph D. Cannon

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established by Job Harriman to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 700 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate, which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern sawmill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling crops.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

No more commissions will be paid for the sale of memberships or stock in the Llano del Rio Community. Every installment member should be a worker to secure new members.

About 120 acres of garden was planted this year. The results have been most gratifying.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Base-ball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and over 900 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock. Each pays cash $1000 for 1000 shares.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1000 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day from the $4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated credits may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony. Ask about our monthly payment installment membership.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 924 Higgins building, Los Angeles, California.

CONTENTS

Page

Trend of the Hour 5
By Frank E. Wolfe.

Socialism Strikes Millville 9
By Clara Cushman.

In the Name of Christ—Amen! 11
By Frank H. Ware.

Solid Ivory 12
By A. F. Gannon.

Rescue the Desorientes 13
By G. E. Bolton.

Among the Immortals 14
By Edmund Brumbaugh.

One Big Union 14
By J. L. Engdahl.

Llano del Rio 15
By John Dequer.

Llano Colonists Are Undaunted by Storm 18
By R. K. Williams.

The Wonders of Llano 22
By Joseph D. Cannon.

Cartoonist Joins Community 26

Random Shots 28

CARTOONS

The Cross of Honor ..... Frontispiece

"Liquid Fire" 6

Christmas Eve 7

The Malthusian Miff 8

An Afterthought 16

Ivan's Christmas Wish 28

Their Christmas Present

THE CROSS OF HONOR

Patriotism, fathered by bourgeoise greed and hypocrisy, mothered by proletarian ignorance and gullability, brings nothing but poverty and misery to the working class.

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action · Co-operation · Direct Action

VOL. III · LOS ANGELES, CAL., DECEMBER, 1915 · NUMBER 8

Scene Taken from Top of Silo of Llano del Rio's Temporary Homes

TREND OF THE HOUR

By Frank E. Wolfe

HERE comes the "Landsturm" for American cities. The "citizen police" will soon be in our midst. There is a widespread movement to establish a force that can quickly be armed and set to the task of quelling riots "in time of great disaster"—presumably such as the Standard Oil strike in Bayonne, and other labor disturbances. Fine idea.

Chicago plans a force of 20,000 of these volunteer police "reservists." Here is a suggestion: If they organize the landstrum in your village, be among the first to volunteer. Get on the inside. Get your instructions—and a gun. Show that you are on the side of law and order. Remember West Virginia, Calumet, Ludlow, Lawrence, Patterson and Bayonne. Get on the inside!

✣ ✣ ✣

THE Landsturm will shine in Chicago. The regular force sometimes is inadequate. A great strain falls upon the uniformed body.

I once caused much disturbance and a call for reinforcements when I objected to the fine artistic touch of patrolmen Jerry O'Connor and Dan Callaghan, who shattered sequence, continuity and sense when they cut five connecting scenes and six indispensible titles from a motion picture I exhibited there. "Nothing but the blood of the lamb" was deleted because the word "blood" cannot go on the screen in Chicago motion picture theaters.

A citizen reservist phalanx was called and Dan and Jerry were reversed by a vote of 39 to 0—one noble Roman refrained from voting because "while the story clearly was within the bounds of free speech, it was calculated to arouse class feeling between capital and labor." Here was vindication and encouragement from a high source.

✣ ✣ ✣

THEY say the Landsturm will make for a "cleaner, safer and better Chicago." Here's hoping it will be cleaner than when the uniformed police—the river district harness bulls—clubbed my camera man away when we tried to get one motion picture of scores of Chicago citizenry scrabbling in garbage barrels and eating refuse from back doors of fish, fruit and meat stalls.

NEVER has there been more concerted teamwork than that of the American press, under the persuasive powers of the shipping trust, in its assaults on the LaFollette Seamen's Law. This measure was calculated to give to seamen on ships flying the American flag the same rights of personal liberty and the same recognition of their citizen's rights as are granted to other working men. It was adopted by Congress and before it went into effect it was nullified by the interpretations and special suspensions and dispensations of various officials—all without warrant of law or justice.

"LIQUID FIRE"

"Hello! Potsdam? Thanked your dear old God yet for your newest success?"

—Drawn by Louis Raemaekers

The fact that the measure improves the safety of life at sea has made no impression on those editors who have followed their line of inspired propaganda against the measure. If you want to know the real cause of the opposition to the measure, apply your own interpretation through the law of economic determination. The shipping trust wants to destroy a law that says it must have American officers and crews that speak the same language of the officers. In the Pacific, Japanese ships pay their Orientals about one-sixth the wages necessary for subsistence of American workers.

A thousand sophistries are sprung by the pornographic press. It were futile to review them.

Secretary of Labor Wilson calls the campaign against the measure a conspiracy and he has abundant proof. Gerald Henderson, editor of the Harvard Law Review sums up the case most cogently: "It is many a year since this country has seen a propaganda as skillful, as extensive, and seemingly as irresistible as that which has been conducted against the LaFollette Seamen's law.

The average citizen who reads the newspapers glances at the cartoons, hears political speeches, and discusses the affairs of the nation with his neighbor has come to associate the law subconsciously with every form of political stupidity and moral obliquity."

The law will be repealed or so amended that profits will not be impaired. Protection of the workers will be annulled and, while there may be some semblance of safety provisions permitted to remain, the measure, after Congress gets through with it, will be innocuous and labor will have an empty husk. There will be no such fluke in the present Congress. Conservatism and reactionaryism will rule. Labor measures will find short shrift. Labor will get what it merits from the imbecile system which it supports.

✤ ✤ ✤

JOE HILL was murdered in cold blood by the people of Utah. Joe Hill alive was as harmless as the average preacher of the doctrine of discontent with the system of wage slavery. Joe Hill shot to death becomes a martyr and his power grows a thousand fold. Utah is, for the hour, the victor. Lamartine summed this case most clearly:

"THE MURDERER HAS BUT ONE HOUR; THE VICTIM HAS ETERNITY."

HENRY FORD and a strange crew strangely recruited have gone to sea sailing for nowhere to do something, no man knows what. Some say he is going to stop Christians from murdering each other and that he hopes to achieve this marvel on or about the birthday of Christ. If Henry hopes to civilize the modern disciple of Christ he will have to get closer than the average distance of the radio wave. He will have to get right up to the firing line, and there will find chaplain and priest in frock and skirt, praying to God, on his natal day, to guide and direct the shrapnel "that is now before us and about to be thrown" so that it may strew death and destruction in the village where the agents of the Christian king or czar may direct. Henry will find sounds and sights and smells, the horror of which he could not have found even in the warrens of the poor of Detroit. He will find the agents of the various dieties invoking blessings from the sky on the poisonous gasses about to be poured into the trenches where they pray there may be most strangulation, suffering and death.

Henry is hastening from our shores to bring about a "general strike" on the battlefields of Europe. May we interrupt our thought a moment to observe that it would be "a norful joke" if someone should start a general strike in Henry"s factory? Not that he doesn't pay miraculously high wages. Not that. Suppose someone should agitate for freedom to belong to a labor union or freedom to be a member of the Socialist Party! Suppose the poor fish that make and assemble the tin flivvers should decide to be men? But what's the use! General strikes don't breed among catfish. Back to Henry and his fellow pacificators:

They sail at an inopportune hour. Why not stay here and pacificate the preparationists (Christian crew) and the anti-preparationists (pagans and Socialists)? Presently our patriotic preparationist will be manufacturing shells for home consumption. The next year will mark an era of high tariff legislation and the manufacture of every impelment of murder from the bayonet to the latest pattern of riot guns for street and strike use. We shall spend hundreds of millions to satisfy the needs of "preparedness." Then we shall select an enemy. This will be a peacefully inclined nation, but we can soon goad them into action. The poison press is already at that. Next we will go into the business of breeding an international hatred and suspicion. This will make our selected enemy start on a career of preparation. Then we will have greater reason to manufacture more guns and more munitions, more fortifications and more killers. Our "foe" will be spurred on to greater effort and we shall be forced to build more ships.

Simple little merry-go-round, isn't it? Where will it end? That's easy. Every Frankenstein monster destroys its creator. Preparedness will lead us where it has led the nations of Europe.

Ford will get no official recognition. He will return disappointed. The fighting will continue.

CHRISTMAS EVE

"Ah, Santa Claus; no fooling now! For us, tobacco; for the Germans, cholera."

—Le Rire, Paris

THIS mythical or actual foreign foe will prove a most admirable stalking horse for those who believe with Taft that we need many guns and a large standing army to keep down possible riots during wide-spread labor troubles.

To quote the fat one:

> In a nation of 100,000,000 there are liable to be riots, mobs and insurrections which cannot be regulated except by the presence of an army.

Regulated is good! The regulation at Ludlow was most effective and satisfactory to preparationist Rockefeller. If you want to get to the real meat of the matter, read William Jennings Bryan's utterances:

> Now, a new power has arisen in the land and demands control of the taxing power. It is the preparers of preparedness — the battleship builders and the manufacturers of munitions. They have been making enormous profits supplying the belligerent nations with fighting material, but the European war must end some time . . . and what will these concerns do for watermelon-like dividends? There is only one way to insure their continued prosperity—they must lash this country into a state of chronic fear, and then coin the fear into dollars. They already have their subsidized organs setting up a false standard of national honor—the duelist's standard; they are glorifying brute force. They are transplanting upon American soil the European tree of hatred which is bearing its bloody fruit across the Atlantic.

The Malthusian Miff

—Drawn by M. A. Kempf

✤ ✤ ✤

ARISE, Malthus, and come from your burial cave. Vindication and confirmation are toward Prof. Joseph F. Johnson of the New York University, who has turned the trick. Johnson declares that oppressive taxes, wars, poverty and numerous other ills are due to an excessive number of babies in the world. He wants matrimony discouraged and courtship abolished. Reason: The humans of the world are reproducing their kind faster than they can supply raiment and food.

He wants the stork's wings cropped, and would make midwifery a crime. Every prospective parent or candidate for parenthood should be forced to prove in advance, to the "authorities," that he is capable of supporting a child. The professor attributes the European war to the free and unrestrained course of Eros in Germany. Babes bred in love must go for "kannonenfutter."

To quote Johnson:

> The birth rate in Germany, for instance, grew so rapidly that the nation could not support its population. Colonies were formed and they grew. The products of these colonies had to have an outlet. Hence, conquest.

Babies born to the poor mean more taxes on the rich, says this most erudite one!

"Regulate childbirth and you will have bared one of the principal causes of taxation trouble."

Is the N. Y. U. a hookworm college? Johnson should not be allowed to evaporate and die of dry rot in New York. Here is a great interpreter. His equal probably has not been heard since John went forth crying in the wilderness. He should crawl from his cavern and join his neighbors, old Ezry Skinclothes and Samuel Stonehatchet, in a dinosaur hunt on the palezoic plains of Plattsburg.

Socialism Strikes Millville

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

WHEN Martha Simpson, the wife of the hardware merchant, said we ought to invite the wife of the bricklayer, who is working on the new Odd Fellow's Building, to join the Millville Ladies' Improvement Society, I knew that in the name of the morals of our fair city it was time for me to speak.

"Ladies," I says, "I'm a Christian woman, my husband paying fifty dollars a year out of his own pocket to keep up the minister, so I don't like to knock anybody, but it's my duty to tell you that woman is—is," I choked on the word—"a Socialist."

Widow Steele, who was sitting next to Mrs. Dr. Bromley, said: "What's Socialist?"

Mrs. Dr. Bromley shuddered. She's a perfect lady if there ever was one. "Don't ask me," she says, "I'm a respectable married woman."

"So am I," I says, "but it's our duty to know a little about them, just like we know about the devil, so's we can keep out of his path. I've investigated Socialists in the Los Angeles Sunday Times, and they're a menace to the country. They haven't any money and they go around dynamiting rich people——"

"Something like Black Handers——" Mrs. Hodkinson whose husband runs a dairy, says.

"I guess so. And they're Atheists——"

Mrs. Hawkins, the wife of the Methodist minister (our minister isn't married or I wouldn't have said that about fifty dollars), dropped the dress she was making for her fifth baby, and says in her soft voice:

"Dear, dear, what's this world coming to?"

"Socialists——" I whispered the rest.

"Well, well," Widow Steel says, "Ain't that turrible? You wouldn't think it, and her with them innocent brown eyes."

"A woman of your age, Lucy Steele," I says, "ought to know it's the innocent looking ones that sometimes do the wickedest things." Lucy's a good-hearted woman, but she doesn't know much. I am a graduate of the Immanuel Baptist Institute of Brown County, Indiana, and taught school in Texas two years.

Then Martha Simpson spoke up. "Well, I don't believe that little mite of a woman would dynamite a flea, and I don't believe the rest, either."

Martha's that way. You can't argue with her. I opened my mouth to speak and just then Fannie Martin, who thinks she knows it all just because her husband owns the Beetgrowers' Bank, and because she has a sister she visits in the city, began to talk. She said it didn't make any difference if Mrs. Bricklayer (as that is her husband's trade, and it's my duty to be charitable), if Mrs. Bricklayer was a Socialist; that nowadays it was the style in ladies' clubs to take members in, no matter what they believed or what their husbands did, just so they had the price, and we didn't want to be countrified and old-fashioned.

"When you find a bomb under your husband's bank some fine morning," I says, "you may feel different."

"My sister never said anything about them using dynamite," she says, "but I'll write and ask her to make sure. My sister says that George Bernard Shaw is all the rage now in the ladies' clubs, and she says he's a Socialist. She never said he was a dynamiter."

Now when Fannie Martin says a thing is the style the other ladies are going to do it if they have to risk tons of dynamite or even their immortal souls. My soul comes first with me, and safety **next**, instead of "Safety First." I'll never risk either for the sake of being in style, although I'm just as stylish as Fannie, for that matter, only not so flashy. And I'm strong against anarchy, being the wife of Justice of the Peace T. M. Parker, who is also our city undertaker, stationer and furniture dealer. I knew it wouldn't do any good to say anything more, but I wanted to feel that I had done my Christian duty.

"Yes," I says, I know about this man Shaw. He wrote that awful play. I wouldn't name it for a million, but the initials are 'Mrs. W. P.' "

Fannie giggled and says, "How do you know so much about it?"

"Well," I says, "as I'm censor for the Main Street nickelodeon, I always read the dramatic page of our metropolitan paper and there was a synopsis of the play in that.. I read it before I knew what it was. There ought to be a law against allowing such things in the paper to make ladies blush and corrupt our innocent young. And," I says, looking straight at Fannie, "anyway, I never sent for the book and don't keep it hid on the top shelf of the pantry behind the raspberry jam."

You should have seen Fannie's face! Her hired girl told Mrs. Brown, the postmistress, and she told me. I guess you know Fannie by this time!

Mrs. Attorney Peterson, who is very intellectual, then said that because one Socialist used dynamite and wrote wicked books, it didn't follow that all Socialists were wicked any more than that all the French race were bad just because Zola and Dumas wrote wicked

French novels. "I believe in being broadminded," she says.

Mrs. Druggist Perkins, meaning her husband is a druggist, who always takes the opposite side to everything I say because we don't agree about predestination, said she was in favor of being broadminded, too, and inviting Mrs. Bricklayer to join our society. She said we could make sure of her morals by asking her to show us her marriage certificate. "As our town is growing so cosmopolitan, two brick buildings now under course of erection, and undesirable citizens liable to become residencers at any time, I believe we might be broadminded and still protect the fair name of our society by requesting every new member to show her marriage certificate. If Mrs. Bricklayer knows it is our custom, her feelings will not be hurt."

Well, everybody thought that would be a fine idea, excepting three ladies; first, myself, who said after all marriage certificates didn't tell everything, you had to notice the size of the first child, and anyway they better remember "Safety Next" and think of the dynamite; second, Fannie, who said she didn't think they ever did that up at Los Angeles; and third, Mrs. Dr. Hendley, who said even married ladies were unrefined sometimes, and that ought to go in the motion as an amendment.

Well, when the society was called to order and the motion put, of course it carried, thanks to Fannie and her style. And as luck would have it I'm on the invitation committee with Widow Steele, of all people in the world. It was our duty to call on Mrs. Bricklayer and ask her to join.

Her little girl came to the door, a very respectable looking child, I'll admit. I believe in giving the devil his due. While she went to find her mother I had a minute to investigate. I could see that Widow Steele wasn't going to be any help. I peeked under the sofa, but it had been swept clean, then I glanced around the room. The carpets and chairs were too expensive for a bricklayer's wife. I understand that's the way Socialists are, they squander their own money, and then expect thrifty people like me and the Judge to divide up with them. But there wasn't a sign of a lace curtain at the windows and not a single piece of fancy work in the room, just a lot of books and some ugly wild sunflowers in a bowl, and a picture of a man with whiskers all over his face and another of a statue without any clothes on, but quite respectable, as he was a man, all doubled up with his chin in his hands. I was about to say to myself, "Awfully poor taste, but respectable," when my eye caught the row of books. The titles were mostly outlandish foreign ones, mostly Russian looking and French and Dago, and you know what awful morals those foreigners have! Suddenly I gasped. I caught the name of Gorky, and I guess you know about him; then of Shaw, and there in plain view—not even hidden on the pantry shelf, mind you—was "Mrs. W. P." I was still red from the shock of that when I looked at the table and there, face down and open so that the title fairly glared at you, was that unspeakable book that they've been playing at a Los Angeles theater! "D. G.!". "D. G." right in the same room with that innocent child!

I heard Mrs. Bricklayer coming and tried to pull myself together. She had on gloves and said she's been digging in the garden. Digging in the garden! Wasn't that the way they buried dynamite? I made up my mind it was policy to keep on the good side of her.

She came to us with both hands out. "I'm so glad to see you! I've been so lonely since I came to the country."

"Country indeed!" I thought. "And with two brick buildings going up, and five hundred innabitants!" But I didn't say it. I musn't take chances. I gave her the invitation and she said she'd love to join, that she was the president of their club in Berkeley. I asked what club, and she said the Woman's Socialist League. The way she said it you'd have thought she was talking about the Foreign Missionary Society!

Just then we heard a step on the porch and she said her husband had come home from work and she went out to meet him and brought him in and introduced him. He walked up to us and shook hands as coolly as if **he** had been the Justice of the Peace instead of a common workingman. Then he excused himself to take off his working clothes. I told Mrs. Bricklayer as delicately as I could about our rule for new members. I even smiled, but I was trembling inside and saying "Safety Next." She looked kind of surprised for a minute, then her eyes began to shine and she gave a kind of gasp, and said very softly: "Yes. I see. I see. I'll try to find it."

She'd "try to find it!" I thought of that little brown frame over the head of the bed in the spare room where my own certificate shed its sacred light over our home for so many years, and I shuddered.

Mrs. Bricklayer went to the desk and began rummaging through the drawers. Finally she called to her husband, her voice kind of trembly: "John! John! Do you know where our marriage certificate is?"

"What?" he roared in the rudest way.

She went into the bedroom to explain. When she came back her eyes were shining more than ever, and I heard a queer splutter in the bedroom. I hoped he wasn't lighting a fuse. I had a notion to run, but thought it would be poor policy.

"He doesn't know where he put it," she began to

(Continued on Page 23)

In the Name of Christ—Amen!

By FRANK H. WARE

IS dusk in a little village. The birds in the tree tops twitter their soft, happy notes and the calm of night echoes the noise of droning insects—soon the peaceful noises of the night are drowned by the steady "tramp, tramp" of multitudinous feet marching and the ceaseless creaking of heavy wheels.

Away on the far horizon lights flare redly and are followed later by the dull but distinct booming of cannon. Back of a near-by hill artillery breaks forth with a deafening roar. The shouts of drivers come louder and more frequent in their fevered haste and the even tramping sounds double-time as sharp orders rang out.

Then comes a "whee-ee-ee," and overhead with flash and shriek a blinding greenish-white shower shell bursts, lighting up the village and countryside—the marching columns of soldiers, the horse-drawn cannon with their cursing drivers, and the upturned pallid faces of helpless humans.

More shells follow and the townspeople flee in panic. Here and there in the dust lie the forms of men, women and children—many writhing in agony of wounds—others silent and motionless.

In the center of the village a little group of women and children huddle on the steps of a church. Trembling in fear, but with bowed heads, they listen to the prayers of a priest.

"Our Father!"

A bursting shell lights his upraised face and closed eyes.

"Hear our prayer and protect us——"

A woman screams and crumples to the roadway.

"On this, the dawn of the day of Thy blessed nativity——"

The little white hospital with its red cross flag blown by the storm of battle bursts into flames.

"Deliver unto the enemy a crushing defeat——"

The steeple splinters and falls.

"And punish them with an everlasting hell——"

A shell bursts among them, killing many.

"In the name of Christ—Amen!"

Solid Ivory

By A. F. GANNON

ED LYNCH was a ribbon raveler, at twelve per, in Bunk's Big Bazar on Broadway. O. Henry was not within his ken, and the only Stevenson of note in his mental card-index was the guy who put the first locomotive over. He could tell you all about Ty Cobb and "Confession" Jack O'Brien, but the worth-while subtilties were beyond him. That summarizes Ed.

Myrtle was nineteen, and Corpulent Cortez (or whoever it was on a peak in Darien) had nothing on her insofar as a large and romantic outlook was concerned.

She worked in the Macerator Laundry on Los Angeles street and, thanks to a pickle-and-pie-proof liver, penny dances and Robert Chambers' novels, lived mostly in the rosy region of romance.

They met on the top of a beach-bound bus one Sunday evening, whither Myrtle hied after finishing the latest emotion-raker from the dictaphone of her favorite fictioner.

She liked Ed's concave shoulders, the aroma of his "dago" cigarettes and the cut of his jib. In Ed's estimation, Myrtle was all to the mustard. Myrtle felt sure that Christy never got by with anything niftier.

Picture shows, Burbank matinees and China-cafe feeds followed with dizzying rapidity, Ed. proposed. Myrtle disposed. No one opposed.

Myrtle dreamed at her mangle for a few secret, saccharine months before the first tilt.

Ed had two tickets for a show. Myrtle was to work late in the week-end rush. They were to meet at a down-town corner and go from there to the theatre. No Ed awaited when Myrtle arrived. She sauntered with the throng to the next block, wondering what had detained him and already reveling in the delights of music, song and laughter that were to be hers that evening at the widely touted comedy they were to attend.

She stopped for a moment on the curb near the corner. Suddenly she felt like screaming. Ed, chatting gaily with the blond girl on his arm, was crossing toward her through the traffic. She clinched her fists and controlled herself as she distinctly heard him say to the girl as they parted just behind her in the crowd:

"Good night, kid. See y' later."

Ed hurried toward their rendezvous. Myrtle was a bit late. Ed jokingly chaffed her, saying that he had waited half an hour.

Ed was in high glee at the slap-stick work of the low comedian. Myrtle was glum.

"Work hard t' day, kid?" solicitously inquired Ed.

"Yes," admitted Myrtle, dangerously close to tears.

"Too bad y' didn't like the show, Myrt. We'll go home after this act," said Ed in a tone of kindliness personified.

Myrtle gritted her teeth.

At home the storm burst. Ed, a badly abused and misunderstood man, went out and got drunk.

Followed many drab months of bickering. Ed didn't measure up to Myrtle's Chamberesque ideal.

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair" was Ed's unexpressed opinion after some months of connubial juxtaposition.

A moist, sticky baby could not heal the breach. Aiken tried to bridge it at its largest end and form the usual triangle.

Aiken was the manager of the Macerator Laundry, the possessor of a poly-lunged gasoline guzzler, a harveyized conscience and a penchant for sympathy with pretty married women whose home life was not all that it should be.

Robert Chambers and "Confession" Jack O'Brien were too much for Ed junior, so he just naturally faded, and in a fit of colic, shuffled off. Ed senior openly sought solace in his slender blond co-worker. Myrtle was divorced.

By the simple process of continually rebuffing Aiken and his advances, Myrtle lost her job.

Coming out of a Broadway cabaret late one night, she met Ed and his affinity, face to face:

"My, what a mush!" said Myrtle to her companion—meaning the affinity, of course. The blond winced. Myrtle was instantly suffused with happiness. Her escort, well dressed gentleman that he was, made no comment, but Chamberesquely ushered her to a waiting taxi.

"Here," if we were in on the E. P. Roe, we would say "the author lays down his pen." As it is we will hurry to the mark that makes the printer seek the end rule. If you are disappointed we can but offer regrets. If you sought a real story-writer's story we are sorry, but you share the blame.

You see, this is not a regular story—just a little cross-section of that delectable or dispicable thing called life.

Rescue the Desorientes

By G. E. BOLTON

WILLIAM C. OWEN, who thinks so far ahead of and writes so far above his readers that he gets and holds (and possibly wants) but a limited audience, has summarized the situation of the various labor and so-called radical movements in America.

In the English section of the Mexican (Spanish) anarchist semanal revolucionario "Regeneracion" this keen writer points out the political downfall of trade unionists in San Francisco, and declares that in Los Angeles, Socialism has been absorbed by "progressivism" and that the National Socialist Party is harping on the efficiency shown by militarism in Germany. (This to bolster up the theory of the desirability of state ownership and management.)

The writer declares the I. W. W. a busted balloon. As for the American Federation of Labor, he says it is "worsted invariably in its half-hearted conflicts with capital, and sinks more deeply into the mud of a despairing conservatism."

This, too, before Gompers saved the day for the munition makers, militarists and martinets at the San Francisco convention, where two Socialist delegates attempted to work through a resolution against the preparedness conspiracy and the attempt to add collective murder to the high school curriculum.

Those who know Gompers and those who surround him should, however, have as little difficulty in predicting.

Next, this brilliant Anarchist takes a sharp rap at Anarchists. He apparently agrees with Jean Grave, whom he accredits with being the leading spokesman of the European group, when he writes that "at this actual hour they are disorganized and more and more 'desorientes'." (Lacking in plan—drifting without destination or knowledge of direction.)

Let us quote Owen here: "Yes, indeed. A movement that does not understand that its basis is the free individual; that does not understand that freedom implies abstention from invasion and battle to death against the invader—such a movement has exactly the strength and consistency of a rope of sand."

Owen became a Nationalist at the outbreak of the European war. English birth and breeding came to the surface and he shows the greatest bitterness against all things Teutonic—hates the "invader."

The writer declares that the future belongs to Anarchism, for "man unquestionably is destined to be free. But it will be an Anarchism founded on principle and not the sensational hodge-podge that has of late, under the driving of greedy notoriety hunters, usurped the name." (Is this a slap at Emma and her phalanx of worshipping, volunteer publicity agents?)

"The clouds are breaking and the great contest of the future, that between freedom and authority, is taking visible shape."

This is most encouraging and I, for one, am inclined to agree that the clouds are breaking. A time of world-wide upheaval is nearing, but we have too many times seized the rope only to find it sand.

William C. Owen has spent an active life. For years he has been a rebel against all that restrains the liberty of man. His stern, uncompromising character many times has forced him outside the fold. A profound student, a clear thinker, a masterly writer, we see no reason why he should not make a serious attempt to orient American radicalism.

He knows Stirner, Godwin and Tolstoi (the spontanistics). He has made deep study of Proudhon, Bakunine, Kropotkin and Tucker (federalistics).

Why not try it, Yokefellow Owen? Here we are, desoriente—drifting. Where is there a concrete plan? Will you give us an affirmation? Can you not make clear to some of the more dense of us—many of whom are groping but honestly want to know? We are not seeking a royal road to knowledge, but there is a short cut that will keep the neophyte out of the morass of confusion.

Why not a book that will do this for us?

Permit us a classification: Owen would decline to be labelled or tagged, but here is a hazard—he is indoministic, spontanistic and revolutionary insurgent. Negative to every doctrine of the state.

There has been nothing in common as to the basis of most of the teachers of anarchism. Most of them recognize as the supreme law of human procedure merely a natural law. They do not tell us what takes place, and how to accelerate its movement, but merely follow the genetic procedure of telling us what will take place. Shall we follow the altruistic Godwin or the egoistic Stirner?

Many who have known Owen and followed his writings will join this serious suggestion. Will he abandon his plan of "je ne propose rien, je ne suppose rien, j'expose" and provide a compass and a rudder to the American desorientes?

Among the Immortals

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

JOSEPH HILLSTROM—or Joe Hill, as he was called by his comrades—sleeps under the sod, his body pierced by the bullets of an enraged plutocracy. The heart that throbbed with love for his fellows is still. The brain that grew great with the wisdom of social protest is at rest. The hands that guided the pencil or brush, placing on paper or canvas their owner's visions of truth and beauty are folded forever. Yesterday, Joe Hill was but one of us, struggling like us, as best he knew how, for justice, for liberty, for civilization. Today he has left us behind, has attained an eminence for which few have the strength. He is among the immortals. Socrates, Spartacus, Jesus, Bruno, Savonarola, Wat Tyler, Elijah Lovejoy, John Brown and a host of other dauntless ones whom this same hard path have trod and who have died for the truth, are keeping him company.

We, who are trying to build a better social order, mourn for our martyred comrade. We know he was no murderer. We know he was no robber. We know that he abhorred both murder and robbery with all the stength of his artist's soul. His was a holy ideal, and idealists are not criminals.

Murder has been done, but Joe Hill is the victim and not the culprit. His murderers may rejoice, sustained as they are by the heartfelt approval of the enemies and robbers of the working class, but their rejoicing will be turned to chagrin and lasting defeat be the sequel to their temporary triumph. Longing for Liberty cannot be confined by iron bars or shot to death even in the name of "law and order" and the sacred constitution! It is bound to break forth again and again, and to grow stronger and stronger, until tyranny is made to flee before it. Force cannot restrain it long; fraud cannot deceive it; all the money in the world cannot corrupt it; and half-way measures will fail to satisfy.

The martyrdom of November 19 was a shameful thing. We wish from the bottom of our hearts that it had not been. But it could not be prevented. Capitalism controlled. This martyrdom, therefore, is no discouragement; rather is it the reverse. It is even an inspiration, a call to greater devotion. Thinking of it, we are lifted aloft; a determination springs up within us to drive from the earth the system that made it possible.

One Big Union

By J. L. ENGDAHL

WE are told in a seven-line cablegram that a combination of 1,500,000 workingmen has been effected in Great Britain by the adoption of a draft constitution linking together the National Union of Railway Men, the Transport Workers' Federation and the Miners' Federation.

This amalgamation plan got under way before the war started and the fact that action has now been taken shows that the British workers have not been entirely submerged by the European conflagration.

Germany has demonstrated to the world the value of organization and the socialization of industry, both in peace and in war. It required the war to drive home this lesson to other nations, especially England. It does not look as if this lesson had as yet been learned by the peoples of the United States. The sessions of the next Congress will tell the story.

But we submit that the industrial solidarity being shown by the workers of Great Britain, in uniting into one solid phalanx the railway men, the miners and the transport workers, should be immediately copied by the organized workers of the United States.

The United Mine Workers of America and the Western Federation of Miners have been endeavoring to amalgamate for years. Of course, they are now united in the Mining Department of the American Federation of Labor, but this is a loose organization. There are half a dozen brotherhoods claiming jurisdiction over the workers in the operating departments of the nation's railroads. Nearly a dozen more organizations claim jurisdiction over the men in the railroad shop trades, these being loosely organized into the Railway Department of the A. F. of L. The International Seamen's Union, with the Lake Seamen's Union, sees no reason for amalgamating with the Longshoremen's Union. This goes to show how far the American worker is behind his British brother in unity of effort. Perhaps we shall need another Harriman strike, another Colorado, another struggle on the Great Lakes, the Atlantic or the Pacific, before the value of solidarity has been taught the workers. In the meantime, watch the big labor combine in Great Britain.

Llano del Rio

By JOHN DEQUER

THIS will be a short and sweet description of the Llano del Rio Colony, just as I found it. It is not Socialism—you cannot build heaven in hell. It is a business enterprise, conducted on business principles, for practical results. The colony is not concerned with individual ideals, but with ways and means to get food, clothing and shelter. When these are secure, then, if you are idealistic, your ideals can grow.

The colony is not a full and perfect democracy. There is only one place in which democracy is complete—that is in the choice of directors. These directors have to do with the business of the corporation and appoint superintendents, managers, etc. They take your application, admit you to a working contract, and if your influence is detrimental to the good of the enterprise, they discharge you. This may sound unidealistic, but it is in accord with the law of the state, and we must be in accord with it if we wish to succeed. The recall of the directors, held in the hands of the stockholders, safeguards the abuse of this power.

Workers returning from the fields at the end of a sunny December day. Community photographs take on a new, artistic touch under the hands of Comrade Kempf.

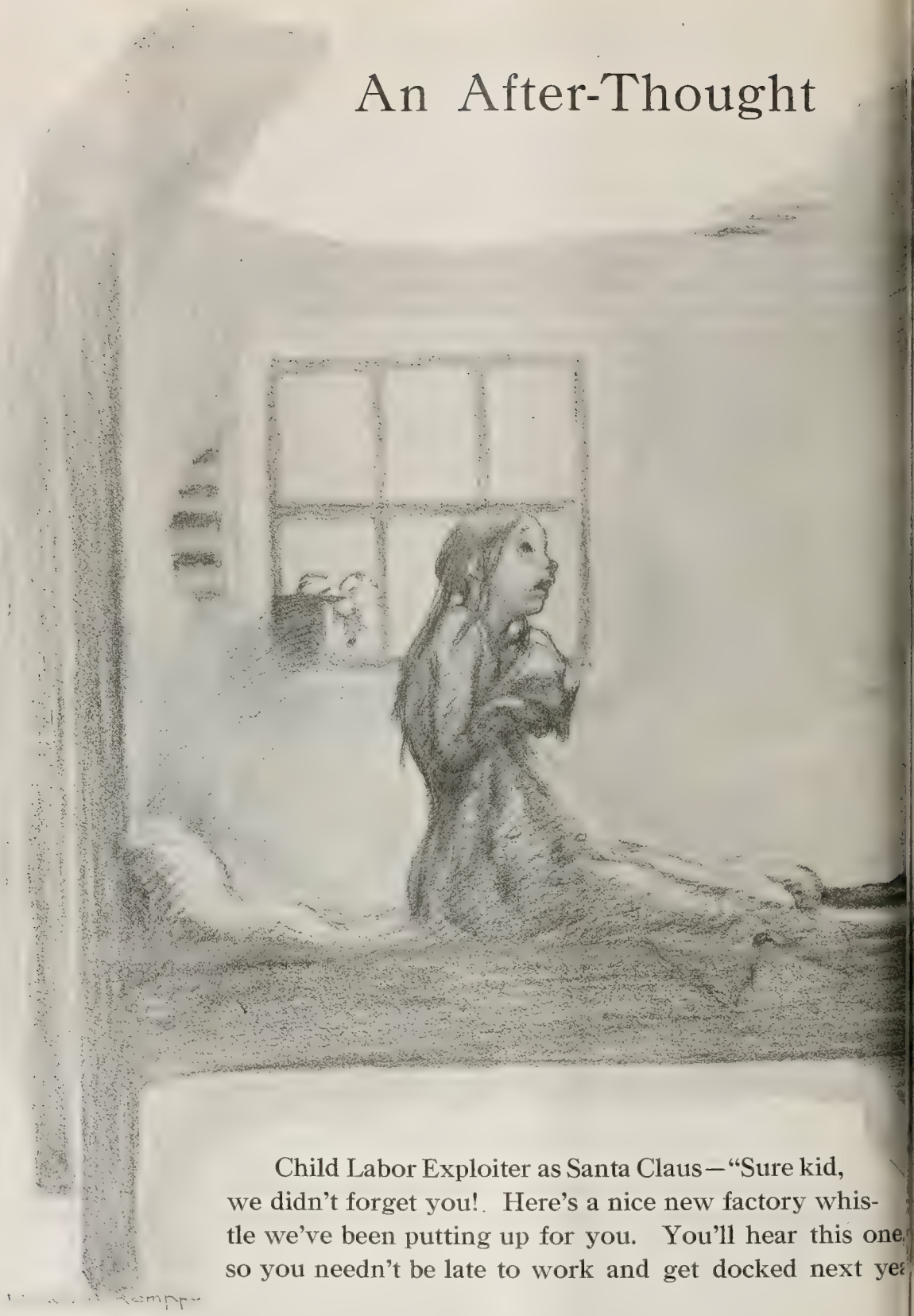
The law of the state favors corporations organized on business lines. That is: governed by directors elected by stockholders. When you pay in your initial payment you take out stock. This makes you a stockholder and the directors are responsible, under the law, for the investment. They are legally bound to work for your interest as a stockholder. This is your relation to the company. You can hold stock and not go to the colony at all. And I dare say that is a safe investment—far safer than anything I know of.

Bradstreet shows that when a man goes into business there are ninety-five out of a hundred chances against him. Llano has at least ninety-five out of every hundred chances to win. To become a stockholder in itself is desirable. When you have paid in your $1000 initial payment fee, you get a working contract, and you take up your residence at the colony and become an employe in the company in which you are a stockholder. You have then first right as a stockholder—that is, a part owner of the corporation—and next you are a worker for the corporation of which you are an employe. The law therefore covers you twice as an owner and a worker. A little thought will make it plain; the state law deals with corporations who hire help. The stockholders work not—they are interested through the investment. Laborers are supposed to be hired and fired by the directors or the "agents." Thus it is that the Llano del Rio Colony is organized to comply with the law; but the work is done by the owners (stockholders), under a working contract. The worker-owner is under a board of directors. And the board of directors is responsible under the law and subject to recall by the stockholders.

The colony does not aim to set up a new form of government over its working members; where there is no law there is no transgression, from which we take it that where laws are multiplied transgression follows. Now, the State of California has five thousand laws which we are bound to obey, in the colony or out. That is quite enough—it is not the aim of the community to add to this burden. The best we can do is to build an industrial village where the conditions of employment shall be just, the products equitably shared; where sanitary and hygienic factors get due consideration, and where socially created wealth will ultimately redound to the benefit of all. Therefore, when you come to Llano, come to go to work with your comrades, and not to make rules and regulations. He who goes to Llano goes to raise alfalfa, chickens, wheat, rabbits, potatoes, beef, garden truck, for the common weal of all. If you have legislative ambitions, go into politics and get elected to the state house. Llano is a corporation under the laws of capitalism, where the owners are the workers, and receive

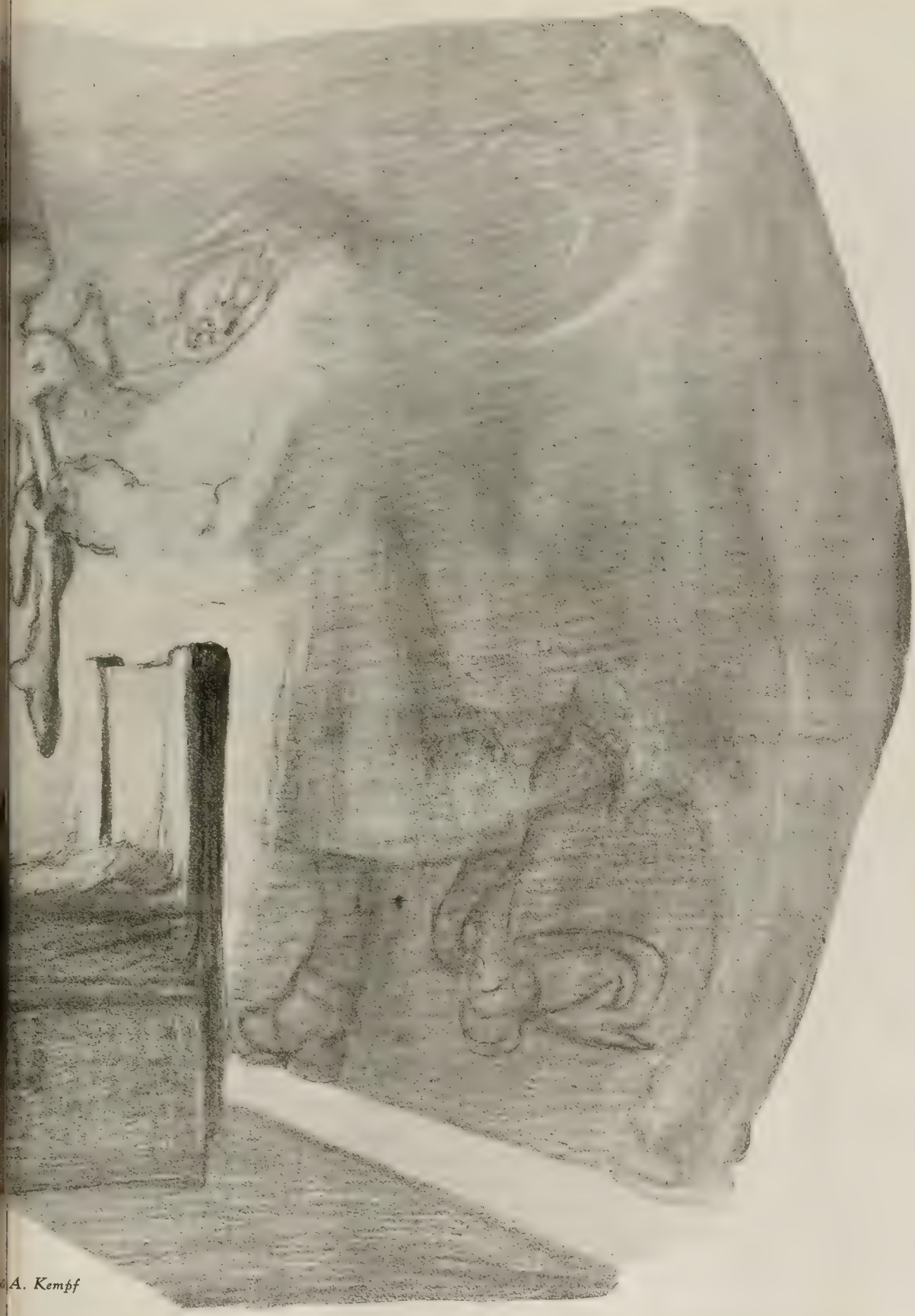
(Continued on Page 25)

An After-Thought



Child Labor Exploiter as Santa Claus—"Sure kid, we didn't forget you! Here's a nice new factory whistle we've been putting up for you. You'll hear this one, so you needn't be late to work and get docked next yea

—Drawn for The Western C



A. Kempf

Llano Colonists Are

By R. K.

"NOT since the big wind," is an expression that henceforth will have some meaning at the Llano del Rio Community. Friday, night, December 3, was an eventful one in the history of the colony. The gale that swept the entire Pacific coast and wrought such havoc everywhere did not spare Llano and the southwest. The storm swept down on us with a fury never before experienced in this valley. Our adobe houses stood like granite and not one of the completed structures was damaged by wind or rain. Two dozen of the tent houses were blown down and a few of them were whipped to ribbons.

Storming in the Mountains; Sunshine on the Llano. Picture Shows the

At about 10:30 o'clock at night a great black cloud formed in a boot-shape which hovered for a long time over the city. The toe lost particles of clouds from time to time and swirled off into the mountain range behind. For more than half an hour before the wind storm broke a roar could be heard in the foothills resembling the sound of a giant cataract.

The wind was almost continuous until after 2 o'clock Saturday morning, viciously wiping out tents and tearing off the heavy porch of the hotel. The noise of the wind and the sounds of household goods careening drunkenly about the streets lent a sort of terror hard to describe.

As tent after tent collapsed or was swept from its moorings the people gathered in the hotel or in the adobe homes of friends and waited for a cessation of the tempest.

Tent houses were twisted and torn and blown from foundations, but fortunately not a person was injured, although many had narrow escapes from flying debris. The adobe homes stood up with rock solidity, showing that even a four-inch wall, as these adobes are, can withstand very vigorous wind and rain storms. It is understood that the adobes so far built are of a temporary nature and should permanent buildings be erected of this material, thicker walls would obtain.

There was little confusion and but slight apprehension among the inhabitants. Mutual assistance was given in the darkness and it was not long before the homeless families were made partially comfortable for the balance of the night.

When daylight dawned a scene of wreckage was everywhere visible. Furniture, washpans, beds, bedding and wearing apparel were blown about indiscriminately and lodged here and there against the fences. Bedding in the municipal or transient tents was thoroughly drenched, but thanks to a hot sun, quickly dried on the fence. Men and women turned out without waiting for suggestions and helped one another in a truly harmonious way. More than 100 men, women and children were homeless, but were more or less comfortably housed within two or three hours after daylight and the work of rebuilding tents and fallen frames began. A roof was quickly placed on the unfinished office building and beds placed within which was quickly filled by people. Work of repairing the hotel was started soon after breakfast and before noon all the damage to the roof proper was repaired, although the porch itself was not replaced. Probably the porch would have stood up against the blast had the beams been anchored to the big stone supports.

Only necessary work on the ranch was done during the two succeeding days as the housing force devoted all energies to reinstating a normal condition. Work

Undaunted by Storm

WILLIAMS

New Dairy Barns, Silo, Rabbitry, and a Portion of the Poultry Department.

of repair is still going on and will continue until complete and the repair work on the tents and the new tents will be of a more substantial nature. More braces will be placed and the frames strengthened in every way.

However, there is consolation in the fact that the wind and rain was general up and down the mountainous coast region. Much harder winds blew to the north and more copious rains fell to the south. The trouble is, we were not prepared for such a shaking up of the elements and gives a salutory lesson that more substantial buildings are necessary. As a matter of fact, had we been sheltered within solid wooden buildings or adobe none of the disagreeable features attendant upon this incident would be ours. As it is, considerable time has been lost and some setback in the field work will be evidenced.

Notwithstanding the general disruption of the even tenor of our way, the calamitous weather did not affect or dampen the spirit of the colonists to have fun. The usual Saturday night dance was held and nearly all of the homeless people esconced in temporary quarters danced about the spacious dance hall with the usual vim. After all, depression and happiness is a state of mind.

It would require more than a windstorm to daunt the bold hearts of the Llano colonists who bore the hardships with true pioneer spirit.

Snow covers the mountains south of Llano and gladdens the eye and feelings, as we are warm and comfortable down here, while we know it is cold up there. Much of the snow that fell Friday night and Saturday morning on the low foothills has vanished under the sun and even now a difference in the vegetation can be seen and some change in the water supply is slightly visible. The snow in the Sierra Madres south of us supplies very largely and regulates the Big Rock flow. More snow will fall in the mighty gashes during the winter and when the warm sun of spring gets around to us, the condensed waters will contribute toward making these lands among the most productive to be found anywhere in all great, fertile California.

The garden season is practically over and work is now under way clearing and preparing lands for next spring's planting near the Tighlman place, although the number of acres may be increased.

Near the first of the year planting of fruit trees will begin on a little more than two hundred acres. The orchard will contain nearly all varieties of fruit trees, such as pear, apple, peach, olive, etc.

Clearing is going on at the present time on sections 34 and 35. It will not be long until clearing work on these 1280 acres will have been finished.

Two hundred acres of alfalfa will be planted in the spring close to the source of water supply. A good deal of the land is now cleared and the remainder will be cleared, plowed and worked in time for spring planting.

It is planned to move the hennery up to the west end of Tighlman's and build substantial adobe chicken, brooder and incubator houses and fix the place up in a thoroughly up-to-date manner. The chickens will have as much alfalfa to run on as thought desirable and will be sheltered from the west winds by the foothills and the tall row of trees that extend to the north of the place.

The boiler for the steam laundry is now being placed

Llano Lads, Imbued With Cooperative Spirit, Building Their Adobe "Clubhouse."

and soon the machinery to do washing for the colony will be established and our troubles in this direction will be at an end. A new industrial field opens with the opening of the doors of the wash house. Doubtless a bid will be made for business in the surrounding towns of the valley.

The bakery has introduced an oil burning system displacing the cumbersome and costly wood fire, so that now two bakings of 135 loaves can be had at a cost of 40 cents outlay. At present the bread consumption averages 250 loaves daily. Of course, there are many colonists who bake bread in their own homes.

The orchestra has been requested and acceded to the request that music be furnished at evening meals at least three times a week. The work of the orchestra has been much improved and enlarged by the addition of several artists. Mr. Copley is always looking for talent and a hearty invitation is extended to anyone who can play.

While music at meals does not take the place of food substantials it adds materially to the zest of eating and takes one away from the meaner things of the physical world. This sort of thing should receive all possible encouragement.

W. H. Peterson has opened a studio in which he teaches many different kinds of instruments, specializing on the violin. Comrade Peterson has had considerable experience along these lines and is eminently qualified to teach orchestral instruments. He is busy with pupils most of the time and puts in considerably more than eight hours per day. The colony is enriched by the presence of Mr. Peterson. In addition to the above accomplishments he is an expert rabbit breeder and spends a part of the day helping Manager Kilmer at the rabbitry.

We are working toward a better organization all the time. Things generally are taking on a more substantial character of solidarity. As time goes on a new knowledge of identity of interest manifests itself. A new and stronger understanding of our mission out here on this prolific plain becomes visible. The cobwebs of mystery are disappearing and impractical ideals are being left behind. Soon the knowledge will become common that our interests here are identical and when that is thoroughly understood life will broaden for us all.

The reason for the existence of the Llano del Rio Corporation is so plain and apparent that it is mystifying, for as a rule we are always looking for something that does not exist.

People come to us filled with vagaries. Where they get them it is hard to determine. Newcomers arrived here filled with idealism and notions of a weird form of democracy that are utterly out of place in an institution dealing with things and practicalities. It must be insisted that if this colony is to exist we must follow the well tried and wrought out formulas of corporations organized under capitalism. We cannot hope to win in the desperate fight for competence if we deviate from the plans that have proven success in the outside world. Those who imagine, as some of our newcomers do, that a complete revolution of the methods of getting must immediately obtain upon arrival here, are due for a shock. We are not attempting an Utopian phantasmagoria, but are constantly dealing with things of life, nature and harness and horses, plows, wood cutting and the building of homes. In order to succeed, and we are succeeding beyond what the founders of this institution had hoped for, as the present city and development that is to be found here can show, we must follow out the lines laid down by organized capitalism and use the same tools that it is fighting and struggling with.

Will it ever be believed that most of our benefits arise from the method of getting a living? This question becomes more real when we are on the ground working out this problem. It is an aphorism that our ethics and morals flow from our economic condition. Feed the inner man and bring to him machinery of pro-

duction suited to his use and he will by natural process evolve into a society suited to his needs. We are, first of all, trying to solve the question of food supply. Last year we raised almost seventy per cent of what we consumed. Next year we will do very much better than that. We have within our grasp opportunities never hoped for by the working class of any country. We have a principality in the making, but to assure many doubting ones, the first duty here is not to set up a government with which to guide ourselves. The laws of California have taken care of that. The reason for saying this is that arguments have taken place on this very point. Many people living in and around Marietta have asked this question. Some of our Washington and Idaho friends do not yet seem to understand that we are a business concern, incorporated under the laws of this state; that a board of managers stands between the body politic and the state; that the board of directors is responsible for the actions of the individual in the colony and should defalcation of mismanagement arise, they and not the colonists would be stripped to make good the debts of the corporation; that power of hiring and discharging lies with the board and should a change be desired in this respect the only course to follow would be to repeal a state law and recall the board. To take the power of discharge from the board's hands would be a bid for anarchy and chaos.

Looking Across Swimming Pool Toward Solarium and Colony Tent Houses

An organized, central control is absolutely necessary in the present stage of evolution toward Socialism. The scintillating rays of national or world Socialism are but dimly seen over the eastern horizon. As long as the grind of the wheels of the juggernaught causes tears and groans and robs infants of their true heritage no institution surrounded by the competitive system will long succeed in its fight if other than capitalistic means be used.

Once more, this corporation differs from the Western Union, Standard Oil or the Southern Pacific in this respect only: that the profits of this concern goes to the stockholders with working contracts actually working, and that their food, shelter and clothing are assured. We might make apologies for some of our food, the lack of more comfortable shelter and the paucity of our clothing, yet when one considers that when the end of the month rolls by there are no bills to meet, no worries over the landlord bothering you, there are compensations. And, anyway, we all came here, or should have, with the understanding that there is a certain amount of pioneering to do, and should it become nauseous or irksome the same old blighted world of struggling competition is open and the soft handed and faint hearted should seek its kindness.

This is a very human place. We are composed of men and women of radical thought along every line of human endeavor. To amalgamate these is the disideratum. One of the most difficult things for a person to do is to stand in the other fellow's place and see how he would feel had a certain thing been done. Those that attempt to always give more than they expect to receive come closest to the proper way of thinking.

Before closing permit us to revert a moment to the necessity of having an organized control, the power of discharge to protect the collectivity against the individuals. When an organization of men band together to accomplish something for their own benefit, or to more strongly build a labor craft into a more formidable rival of the entrenched interests, hirelings come among them. This can certainly be looked for. The ancient fights against tyranny for hundreds and thousands of years lost the fight because of the spy. Spartacus, Dreimakos, and others of the elder world, and Jesus lost the fight and life because of the treachery of the hired spy. Labor organizations the world over today are filled with them. Why should we be exempt from this form of disruption? We are doing something. We are freeing those who join us from the terrors of the struggle and pointing a lesson to the world. Hence, we look for the disrupter and spy. History warrants it, experience and safety demand it.

The Wonders of Llano

By JOSEPH D. CANNON

THE writer of the following article has spent a lifetime in the Labor and Socialist Movements. He is known in every state in the Union and loved by his comrades everywhere, and admired by the industrial overlords from whom he has wrested many victories for the workers. As he was a delegate to the Western Federation of Miners to the recent A. F. of L. convention at San Francisco, Comrade Cannon decided to visit the Llano del Rio Co-operative Community. This story was written shortly after several days' sojourn at Llano.—Editor's note.

PICTURE if you can a scene of bustling activity where the mere onlooker seems so certainly out of place, and where the motive is not one of profit making or wealth accumulation for a few favored individuals—where greed is not the master, at the crack of whose whip the toilers, in fear for their food, clothing and shelter, spring to new and overtaxing efforts—and what you will see in Llano, Llano del Rio, in the sunny Antelope Valley of Southern California.

It is the colony of which you have probably heard more or less, and where co-operation is the motive of the workers—and all are owners as well as workers.

Here a marvel is being wrought, while the scoffer, unaware of the project's assured success, continues to direct his now stingless darts.

A desert is being turned into a garden, and a soil which bore naught but cactus, sage and chaparral is resounding to the call of the husbandmen with teeming crops of great variety.

Four men and a horse, on a then desert waste, eighteen months ago, with nothing but a vision to urge them on, have already shown how well founded was their faith; for now there are more than six hundred souls, men, women and children, in the colony at Llano. Sixty to seventy horses are there instead of one—and these are not sufficient for the work that is there for them to do.

Over one hundred head of Jersey and Holstein cows make up the dairy herd, and this number is increasing rapidly.

Of chickens there seemed many hundreds, all of fancy stock, from which great returns will be sure to accrue.

The rabbitry is far from being the least interesting merit in the colony's growing prospects.

Right now, in December, eighty per cent of the workers are employed in clearing ground and planting crops, mostly grain, which will be followed by alfalfa. Next spring one hundred and twenty-five acres will be put into garden truck, all for home consumption.

Already the colony has its own nursery; and great orchards are being set out. Pears do wonderfully well; and soon "Llano Pears" shall be one of the fancy staples in the grocery world. But peaches, apples, grapes and some other fruits are giving great promise, and as rapidly as it can be done new ground is being broken and new and varied orchards, as well as other crops, being put in.

There is water sufficient to irrigate not less than twenty thousand acres, with probabilities of enough more being conserved to increase that acreage by fifty per cent. The colony at present has not that much land, but its holdings are steadily being increased and it will ultimately have all for which it can develop water. There are two sources for the supply. One is a tunnel a mile or so in length, from which runs a constant stream of nearly ice cold, pure water, enough to supply the domestic requirements of the colony for all time.

The other is the flow from the ever-melting snows of the mountains. This will not only irrigate their lands, but it will light and heat their homes and shops, turn the wheels of their power machines and eventually transport them and their goods to and from market.

For conservation they have a splendid dam site, and for power plants they have many advantageous locations where the mountain stream will generate their electricity.

With but little difference in labor cost the colonists have the choice of granite, gray sandstone, concrete or brick, all on their own ground, from which to select their building material. Ground is about to be broken for a $5000 school, which will be the first building on the permanent town site of Llano.

But speaking of schools: the children from two years and up are in school. The Montessori method is in most successful operation and the graded schools are doing splendid work. Last but not least is the night schools at which the workers are given the advantage of lecture courses not usually heard outside of colleges, and at which there are always many students. In addition to this there is a public library which is growing in size and worth, and in which there are always large numbers of readers.

There are many more interesting features. The machine shop, the cabinet shop, the building department, and many others too numerous to list, but all of which are so worth while.

It is not the intent of the colony to sell milk from its great dairy herds, but butter and cheese. Pelts

will not be sold merely as hides, but as shoes, gloves, belts or other finished products. The hares will produce not only meat for the colonists, but the most attractive furs. No article as far as it can be arranged will be produced to sell just as arw material, but as finished product.

Already more has been achieved in eighteen months than the four wise men with the horse thought possible in ten years—and as yet the colony is in swaddling clothes. Watch it when it really begins to move; when its orchards are bearing in full and its herds doing more than merely increasing.

Llano will be modern. It has its struggles to win, and opposition to overcome, but it is in a position to do these. It is increasing in value and it can speak right now in dollars and cents most convincingly. Its lands and waters are easily worth $150,000. Its herds and machinery just as much. And this—all of this—belongs to the men who are doing the work. Every toiler is working for the benefit of the colony, and the colony is the reward of every toiler.

Llano will demonstrate that co-operation is a greater success than even the advocates of co-operation heretofore claimed.

Socialism Strikes Millville

(Continued from Page 10)

explain, and I says to myself, "Just as I thought!" when the man shouted at her again:

"Oh, I remember now, honey. Look in that book on Rhode Island Red Hens!"

I almost fainted.

She got the book out of a drawer and run through the leaves till she found the paper. It didn't even have a ribbon tied around it, with pretty verses, like is the style now-a days—just a plain slip. I looked at the date carefully and it seemed all right, but the little girl might be small for her age. Mrs. Bricklayer had her hand on her face and her back turned, and the Widow Steele says to her, "Don't cry. We don't aim to hurt your feelin's. It's just the rules of the club, and I'm ashamed of myself." The widow's good hearted, but as I said, she hasn't much sense. She didn't realize the very sofa she was sitting on might be stuffed with some deadly powder.

Mrs. Bricklayer says, no indeed, she wasn't crying, and she'd be delighted to come to the club. I grabbed the widow's arm and hurried out as fast as I could.

I didn't speak until we had turned the corner.

"Safe!" I says, then. "Safe, thank God!"

"Safe?" says the widow. "Wha' da ya mean? Quit pinchin' my arm!"

"Didn't you notice?"

"Notice what?"

"The books!" She just stared.

"Her digging in the garden?"

"What of it? Don't we all dig in the garden?"

"But the gloves! Aren't gloves non-conductors or something?"

The widow stared in her stupid way. "What yu talkin' about?"

"And the sputter in the bedroom? Those people are menaces! And did you notice how her eyes shone when she heard that man coming up the steps?"

"Huh?"

"And the way he looked at her? And called her 'honey?' and did—you—see—what—he—did?"

"What?"

I whispered it. "Kissed her!"

At last even Martha, stupid and uneducated as she is, saw.

"And they been married seven years! For the land sakes!"

"Seven years!" I says, "Mark my words, Lucy Steele, certificate or no certificate, there's something irregular about that family! And heaven help me! I've just thought of something else!"

"I sat right down on a dusty stump in my best dress, I was so weak. My husband, the Judge, has always been attractive to ladies. What if that woman should set her cap for him? I rocked and sobbed.

"What's the matter with yu? Ge up!" the widow kept saying.

"Oh, Lucy Steele! Lucy Steele!" was all I could say. "You ought to be glad your husband's safe buried!"

The Mexican People

Their Struggle for Freedom

By
L. Gutierrez de Lara
and
Edgcumb Pinchon

Each new battle of the bloody revolution in Mexico makes this book the more valuable. It is the most remarkable as well as the most intelligent interpretation of underlying motives.

Every one should have this book in his library.

We are fast closing out our remaining copies of "The Mexican People." If you hurry you can get in on the combination offer of The Western Comrade and this book for only $1.75.

Address The Western Comrade, Circulation Manager, 923 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every **professional man and woman**, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

"The Sexual Question"

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price $5.50. **Now sent prepaid for $1.60.** This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

General Dealers in Books. Sent on Mail Order

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Dawson's Dermal Cream

Prevents wrinkles, softens and beautifies skin. Removes freckles, tan, moth patches and all discolorations. Greatest beautifier of the age.

One Ounce Jar 60c Postpaid

Prepared By DR. ELIZABETH DAWSON Llano, Calif.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS

Dentist

306 South Broadway

Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

News From the Front

BE prepared for a thriller. Here's the latest from the front and is good for "top right, with eight-col. scarehead, (blood-red ink please, Mr. Pressman)" for any high-minded, yellow-fevered newspaper: The Kaiser has a (or the) zellegewebentzuendung. Is this a form of bacteria? If it is, beware!

Now everyone knows that most maladies are caused from over-indulgence in microbes. But even then, the microbes could all be placed on the point of a needle and not one microbe would get stuck. Now take a needle-point full of these germ distributors into your system and within a few weeks' time wake up some morning with a zellegewebentzuendung inside of you. Shades of a dinosaur!

Take a trip back into the eocene age when microbes were the size of your employer's home and went around at regular periods distributing their Palezoic germs. Suppose you were located on a high cliff and one fine day received a visit from a few of these nice big germs. Then after a few hundred years went by you woke up one day with a coryphodonia inside of you?

While your shuddering get down on your knees and fervently thank your employer's god that you are dog-gone glad you're living in the enlightened age of Christianity and that no matter what happens you can never wake up with anything worse inside you than a zellegewebentzuendung.—F. H. W.

Prosperous 1915

HAS the 1915 prosperity bubble broken? Thousands of business houses in the United States, many long established, harkened to the prosperity call, only to find it a siren blowing their death knell. This song of prosperity sounds like a cheap piano without a sounding-board. It gives forth an unharmonious, grating, tin-like noise that shows up its falsity when the first note is struck. Now that 1916 is upon us, will capitalism still delude the people with its falseness? Will we go through another year of bunko without waking?

So far as we can see, the only ones who are "blessed" with prosperity are munition manufacturers.

Llano del Rio

(Continued from Page 15)

their own as they produce it. The wage basis is set for a figuring base, as well as to comply with legal requirements.

The company figures itself in debt to you at the rate of four dollars a day and when it begins to pay out you will have yours forthcoming—and it will pay out, as we have the climate, soil and water to do it.

The land is easily cleared and leveled, and the water is available. By putting in a dam in a nearby stream a lake will be formed of 7000 acres area, holding more than ten feet of water over the greater part of its area. This lake will enhance the value of the property millions of dollars and will cause the desert to look like the map of Ireland. The only danger is that too many cooks will spoil the broth. Discipline is essential to success. Still the colony is not undemocratic. They have their assembly where the rank and file discuss the problems. The managers' meetings every evening are open to the membership. Good ideas are at all times welcome.

The social life, even now, is a treat. The short work day gives opportunity for recreation. Music and song are heard even in these pioneering days. There are no restrictions in the colony that are not found in the rest of the world. It is the aim of the board to give as large a measure of freedom to the individual as possible and still be consistant to the welfare of the community.

The colony is a work proposition in a workaday world, and aims at turning the product socially created to the social enjoyment of the community, according to the rule "each according to his deeds."

When you come, comrades (and you will come sooner or later), do not expect to enter another world, for, if you do, you will be disappointed; but come to co-operate in the struggle against capitalism exploitation of the individual, by bending together for mutual good, in such a way that the law cannot destroy us—and we cannot destroy each other.

Read the Gateway to Freedom carefully, in the light of what I have written you. Remember it was written by men large in the faith, and is, in minor points, strong—yes, perhaps overdrawn—but not in the possibilities—they are not overdrawn in any of the literature.

If you intend to join, comrades, now is the time to take out an installment membership, at least. Get in, I advise you; for if you can only pay part of the money, it is my conviction that the time is near when men will give the premium to get Llano stock and a chance to enter the colony.

Do not think I have been swept off my feet. No, not I! After calm investigation I drew my own conclusions; saw it all, and am now telling you, comrades, realizing that should I lie or misrepresent I would justly lose my place as an efficient agitator in the cause we love. I, therefore, say again that I am convinced from a business standpoint, Llano is safe. Safe as anything under capitalism can be.

Let us review the possibilities:

Here is the Antelope Valley, in fact a part of the great Mojave desert, stretching away as far as the eyes can see—land that has lain dormant for ages, because it was not watered. The colony has means at its disposal to put water on the land.

Once this rich plain—which in its dry state is valueless—is touched by water and the plow, a veritable gold mine of virgin strength is tapped. This land will yield its wealth of fruit and grain, of beef, wool. A glance at the trees already grown, and at the growing alfalfa; multiply that by the extent of the desert, and the possibilities of the water and there opens before your eyes a vision of plenty and growth that baffles the imagination.

I realize we are easily baffled. We look at everything from the individualistic standpoint. But when you multiply the individual's power by 1000 and equip them with machinery of production, such as science has placed at our command,

Your Combings

made into switches for one dollar, postpaid.

Work guaranteed.

MRS. E. TURNWALL
Llano, Cal.

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.50 (the price of Pearson's alone) to

The Western Comrade
923 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Our Greatest Offer!

Here is a combination offer of The American Socialist, official organ of the National Socialist Party, the famous "1914 National Campaign Book" and The Western Comrade that not one reader of The Western Comrade can afford to let slip by.

The American Socialist for one year is	$ .50
The 1914 Campaign Book	.50
The Western Comrade for one year is	1.00
Total	$2.00

We will make you a combination of the above for just $1.35

Take advantage of this offer now!

Address: Circulation Manager
THE WESTERN COMRADE
923 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

"The Great Working Class Daily"

THE

MILWAUKEE LEADER

"Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain"

Editor—Victor L. Berger.
Assistants—James Howe, A. M. Simons, Osmore Smith, Thomas S. Andrews.

The Leader is published in America's stronghold of Socialism. It is the greatest English Socialist Daily in the world. It is a Modern Metropolitan Daily, containing the latest news.

Among its distinctive features are:

SOCIALIST NEWS PAGE, LABOR NEWS PAGE, SPORTING PAGE, MAGAZINE SECTION, WOMAN'S PAGE, EDITORIAL PAGE.

The price of The Leader is 25c per month; $3.00 per year.

Combination offer with

The WESTERN COMRADE

Both for one year for $3.00 (the price of the Milwaukee Leader alone).

Address:
Circulation Department
923 Higgins Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

the horizon of possibilities widens and widens.

Aside from the soil, the water and the co-operation of many men and women, there is the factor of climate. A week before Christmas and the cottonwood still has its foliage. The grass is still green and summer birds are singing in the meadow. The long season is another advantage. The comparatively small cost of shelter and the natural advantages of a high and dry climate on health and well being, are further considerations.

I have spoken much of Llano while on the platform of the Socialist Party. I then had a few misconceptions, but these soon passed away when I saw the colony in reality. I found that to construct a world after our hearts' desire may not be the world of our comrades' dreams; and to put our notions into vogue will not work here. Llano is no dream world. It is a job. It is employment. It depends upon the strong in heart and the steadfast in faith for victory. It has its hardships now, but we will love it for the price we paid. We are here on the frontier battling with the god of the desert on one hand, and with the monster Mammon on the other.

The influx of new members is great. They devour what was produced last year. Last year the older members were new and had to be accustomed to their tasks. This year they start in a full acquaintance with the problem and each other.

They have wrought wonders in a year. What they will yet do I cannot say and make my meaning clear. You should see for yourselves, comrades, all of you to whom I have spoken of this great work in the field of co-operation. You should come and investigate—not a Utopia—but a business proposition for collective benefit.

Cartoonist Joins Colony

THE large and steadily growing Western Comrade family has cause for congratulation on the fact that Matthew A. Kempf of New York has joined the Llano del Rio Colony and the staff of the magazine. Comrade Kempf is an artist and a cartoonist whose work has won him fame in the East where he has been known through his masterful drawings published in various magazines. Some of the Western Comrade readers are familiar with M. A. Kempf's drawings published in the Masses.

Several months ago one of his drawings occupied the two center pages of that magazine and the picture created a vast amount of favorable comment in all manner of publications in the East. New York daily newspapers as well as scores of other publications reprinted the cartoon. The drawing depicted grisly death on horseback beckoning the United States to join the carnage. The treatment of the ghastly winrows of the slain, the grim darkling of the night sky made doubly gruesome by the burning homes formed a composition that was most compelling. The picture alone was enough to have brought any artist into the forefront of successful cartoonists. Since that time a number of Comrade Kempf's drawings have appeared in the Western Comrade. Now the artist and his wife have journeyed from New York to California to become members of the Llano del Rio Community.

Comrade Kempf will take up as much outdoor work as he will be permitted to do. He will illustrate articles for the Western Comrade and will teach art classes in the Llano schools, where he expects to develop a large amount of latent talent.

The colony is steadily gathering persons of great ability and in this latest recruit to the community the present and absent members are alike to be felicitated.

With more enrollments in the new art classes at Llano the educational average will be increased. When the population of the community was slightly over 600 there were 260 persons enrolled in the various schools and educational departments. This included all ages from the 2-year-olds in the Montessori school up to some of the 50-year-olds in the night schools.

Marked for Death

By Hortense Flexner

HE had a woodland look—half-startled, gay—
As if his eyes, light-thirsty, had not learned
To wake accustomed on earth's joyous day.
A child, whose merriment and wonder burned
In harmless flame, even his uniform
Was but a lie to hide his wind-wild grace,
Whose limbs were rounded youth, too supple, warm,
To hold the measure of the street-made pace,
Music and marching—colors in the sky—
The crowded station, then the train—farewell!
For all he had the glance, exultant, shy,
That seemed to marvel, "More to see—to tell!"
Yet with his breathing moved, hid by his coat,
A NUMBERED, METAL DISK, STRAPPED ROUND HIS THROAT!

Watch Congress!

HERE comes the good little Public at this late day accusing the German Socialist deputies with failing of steadfast adherence to principle such as has recently been shown by one Democrat congressman who has opposed militarist plans, and laying at the door of those members the fratricidal war in Europe. All right, let's watch this Democratic congress. Let's also keep an eye on the lonely Socialist congressman. Here we will get a lot of "steadfast adherence to principle," the principle of capitalist greed and grab. It will not be rivers and harbors pork—but it will be pork.

Into Our Pocketbook

EXPENDITURES of the National Government were high enough last year, but this year there will be a call for about $160,000,000 increase. If Myer London asks for that peace appropriation he is likely to make himself heard even if all the millions finally go for destruction of life. A Socialist congressman wont be smothered even during preparationist madness.

Pictures for Propaganda

Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Cut Your Fuel Bill and Get More Heat

By burning air and oil in your cook stove, heater, range, boiler or furnace.

Who would think of running an automobile on coal or wood? Yet hundreds of thousands of people today are using coal and wood to cook with.

If the railroads of today should take off their oil-burning locomotives and replace them with the old style soft coal engines, the inefficiency of the old engines would cause a great deal of dissatisfaction.

Why do you continue to use the old inefficient methods for heating and cooking?

Burn Air and Oil

The I. N. L. oil burner forms a gas that burns with an extreme heat. The cost of fuel is extremely low, ranging from three cents per gallon and up.

The installation is also simple, and the principle of operation is understood at sight.

For further particulars and price list of burners address

Llano del Rio Company

Mail Order Department

923 HIGGINS BLDG. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Territory open for live agents

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III December, 1915 No. 8

Random Shots

"DO you believe Joe Hill was guilty?" asked an argumentist who squeezed a dozen books on Scientific Socialism beneath his elbow and braced himself for wordy combat.

The question and the bracing was characteristic of the type.

The answer:

"Guilty of what? I don't even know with what he was charged but I do know the people of the State of Utah are guilty of a brutal and cold-blooded murder. Their deed of blood and horror was studied, premeditated, and was committed after long, cooling time. No more bestial or sickening scene has been enacted in a so-called civilized state in a century. This studied barbarity is infinitely worse than the burning of negroes in Texas or lynchings in bloody Georgia. The people of Utah are as murderous in their instincts as the people of California, and both are guilty as hell!"

* * *

MANY letters have reached this office during the past month wherein readers have expressed opinions regarding the article by G. E. Bolton entitled "Murderers, You and I," in our November issue. Only a few have disagreed with the writer, and those by way of disavowing that they are murderers and decrying the writer's final declaration of hate. The article seems to have had the effect of arousing California readers to the realization that we are all made murderers, willingly or unwillingly, by laws that cause "the people of the state" to strangle human beings.

* * *

MAY we be permitted to suggest to some of our dogmatic and hypercritical brethren, who mistake motion for progress, that a dead fish can float down stream, but it takes a live one to swim up.

IVAN'S CHRISTMAS WISH

"You may share your heart with others, dearest,—but not your gold."

The characters represent Russia and France

—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

THE ignominious defeat of the Allies in the Dardanelles is Germany's greatest victory. German guns, in German designed fortresses, German officers and doubtless many German fighting men are responsible for the great victory.

Britain has paid a heavy toll in life and treasure and her Egyptian holdings are in danger. Starving Germany seems to be a costly procedure.

* * *

ASSASINATION on the scaffold is the worst form of assassination because there it is invested with the approval of society.—Revolutionists' Handbook.

IN the stampede brought about by the preparationist conspirators we seem about to be presented the indubitable proof that we are under what Burke called "the hoofs of the swinish multitude." Shaw says "what the people are in the pit and gallery, they also are in the polling booth." What the people read, so do they think. To-day in this great "democracy" the people are reading—the daily press. Burke's statement will vary with the square—the ratio being the per cent of people reading and believing the capitalist daily newspapers of America. We are in a position to know the number is dishearteningly large.

BEFORE you read the following lines be warned that they were taken from a speech by one of England's ablest statesmen, a profound thinker with a clearness of vision that lifts him far above his associates. Lord Roseberry, a Liberal in the broad sense, who has in this case no motive other than that of the good of humanity, said in a recent public gathering:

"I know nothing more disheartening than the announcement recently made that the United States—the one great country left in the world free from the hideous, bloody burden of war—is about to embark upon the building of a huge armada destined to be equal or second to our own. It means that the burden will continue upon the other nations, and be increased exactly in proportion to the fleet of the United States. I confess that it is a disheartening prospect that the United States, so remote from the European conflict, should voluntarily in these days take up the burden, which, after this war, will be found to have broken, or almost broken, our backs."

The conspiracy of the American armament trust will not only prove a terrific burden on the workers of our country, but will place a still greater burden upon the people of other nations.

* * *

"OVER there the dollar alone rules, and all diplomacy is a pestilential swamp; decency is an infrequent guest, with scorn grinning ever over its shoulder; the entrepreneur is a rogue, the official a purchasable puppet, the lady a cold-cream-covered lady-peacock."

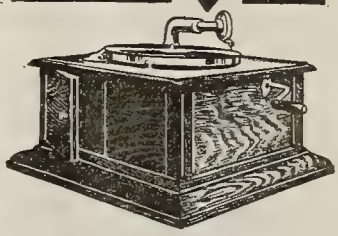
A foreign writer has just said this about the United States. We won't tell you who it was because we must all remain neutral. It's simply awful the impression some of these presumptious and envious outsiders get of us!

* * *

NOTHING can stop reactionary protectionists from forcing a revision to the high tariff of the good old days. No longer will the need to trot out that tatterdemalion "pauper labor of Europe." They have a better scarecrow in the war, and as a result it will be an easy year at Washington—and there will be much pork.

We do with Talking Machines what Ford did with Autos

YOU ASK WHY THIS BEAUTIFUL, LARGE SIZE TALKING MACHINE SELLS FOR ONLY $10



If you have never been willing to spend $25 for a talking machine this is your chance. The MUSIGRAPH is as large, good-looking, right-sounding as machines selling for $25.

How do we do it? Here's the answer: Gigantic profits have been made from $25 machines because of patent right monopoly. Millions have gone for advertising $25 machines, and these millions came back from the public. The attempt is to make $25 the standard price. It's too much.

Size 15½ inches at base: 8½ high. Ask for oak or mahogany finish. Nickel plated, reversible, tonearm and reproducer, playing Edison, Victor, Columbia and other disc records, 10 and 12 inches. Worm gear motor. Threaded winding shaft. Plays 2 ten-inch records with one winding—Tone controlling door. Neat and solidly made.

The trust price game is broken. Here is a machine which gives perfect satisfaction (guaranteed) for only **$10.** It will fill your home with dancing, good music, fun and happiness. **Money back if it isn't as represented.** MUSIGRAPHS are selling by the thousands. People who can afford it buy showy autos, but common-sense people gladly ride Fords—both get over the ground. Same way with talking machines, only the MUSIGRAPH looks and works like the high-priced instruments.

WHAT BETTER CHRISTMAS GIFT CAN YOU THINK OF? Musigraphs play any standard disc record, high-priced or even the little five and ten cent records. Hurry your order to make sure of Christmas delivery.

We are advertising these big bargain machines through our customers—one MUSIGRAPH in use sells a **dozen more.**

One cash payment is our plan. So to-day, **to insure Christmas delivery,** send $10, by P. O. money order, check, draft, express order or postage stamps. All we ask is that you tell your neighbors how to get a MUSIGRAPH for **only $10.**

GUARANTEE.
This machine is as represented, both as to materials and workmanship, for a period of one year. If the MUSIGRAPH is not as represented send it back immediately and
Get your money back.

Address **MUSIGRAPH,** Dept. 224
Distributors Advertising Service (Inc.)
142 West 23rd Street, New York City

The Social-Democrat

State paper of the Socialist Party of California, 75 cents a year.

For $1.35 we will send you the Social-Democrat and the Western Comrade both for one year. This is a combination you can hardly overlook.

Address:

The Western Comrade

923 Higgins Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

Knit Underwear

Cheapest Because It Wears Best

Women's

Union Suits, low neck, knee length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... $1.25
Union Suits, half low neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length, sizes 32 to 44 ..... 1.25
Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44 ..... .35
Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46 ..... 1.50
Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½ ..... .30
Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½ ... .50

Men's

Undershirts, light weight, cream, sizes 34 to 44 .. $ .75
Undershirts, light weight, black, sizes 34 to 44 .. 1.00
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... .75
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44 .... 1.00
Shirts and Drawers, double fleeced, grey, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.25
Shirts and Drawers, Egyptian cotton, ecru, sizes 30 to 44 ..... 1.50

Men's Hose

Extra wearing value, black, sizes 9 to 11½ ..... $ .25
Heavy weight, black, sizes 9 to 11½, 3 pairs 1.00

Girls'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 30 ... $ .50
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 30 ..... 1.00
Hose, black, tan or white, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25

Children's

Taped unions, answering purpose of a waist, sizes 20 to 28 ..... $ .65
Same as above, only better grade, sizes 20 to 28 1.05

Boys'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 32 ... $ .60
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 32 ..... .90
Sportsman's hose for boys, sizes 6 to 10½ ..... .25 to .40

Pure Wool Goods

Made by Wool Growers' Co-operative Mills Direct From Sheep's Back to Your Back

Black and Grey Mackinaw Coat, length 25 inches, sizes 36 to 44 ..... $8.00
Trousers, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes $4.00
Shirts, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes 3.00

Blankets

White or grey, 70x82 in., weight 5 lbs. $7.85
Grey, 70x82 in., weight 7½ lbs. 9.90

Llano del Rio Community

(Mail Order Department)

923 Higgins Bldg. **Los Angeles, Cal.**

(Make all checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Company)

ELKSKIN BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

IDEAL FOOTWEAR

For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	3.00

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.

Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company

922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Colony Memberships For Sale

Llano del Rio Community

ANNOUNCEMENT is hereby made that about seventy-five vacancies will be made in installment memberships when that many cancellations are forced by failure to make payments. This is caused in nearly every instance by illness, death or disemployment of absent comrades or members of their family. This is not a large number considering the thousand memberships. It leaves the colony with about 150 memberships for sale. Many of our absent members have taken the short cut, closed out their business affairs, shipped their goods and joined the colonists. This has caused a rather unexpected rush and again congested the transportation department and put the builders behind, but it all clears rapidly. We want workers. Need an additional civil engineer, a photo engraver, a physician, a dentist and about one hundred farmers of experience. The Northwest holds this hundred and we hope to recruit them there. Men and women who have experienced pioneering in the Northwest make excellent colonists. They are always welcome at Llano. We are adding to our land holdings, our machinery, our livestock and implements. We are clearing land and preparing hundreds of acres for planting. Continuous employment is assured to all who join us. If you are tired of the fight in the competitive world come to Llano and help work out this great problem of cooperation. Read the statements on page two of this magazine; read the stories about the colony. Write for the free booklet entitled "The Gateway to Freedom," ask for an application blank and you will be in a fair way to take the step that may be the turning point in your life. If you have the pioneer spirit and are a co-operator at heart and you can qualify by showing a clean record for sobriety, industry and honesty you will be welcomed by hundreds of your comrades who are living happily at the Llano del Rio community, Los Angeles County, California.

"Billy" Young Riding Herd at Llano

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

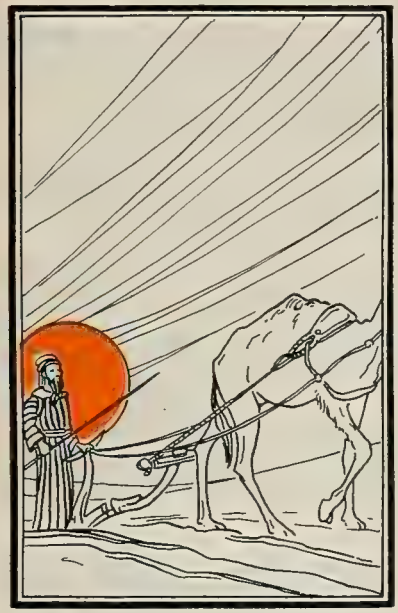
Membership Department

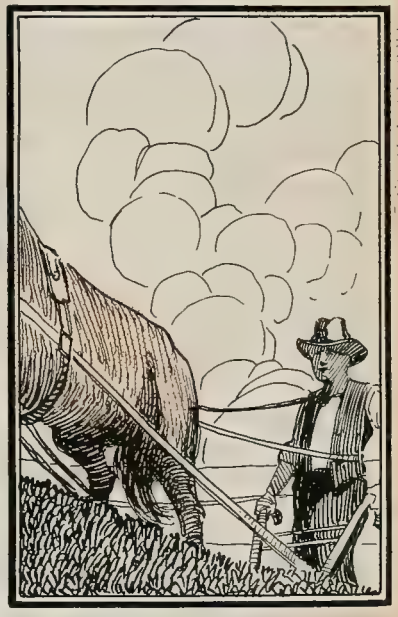
924 Higgins Building **Los Angeles, California**

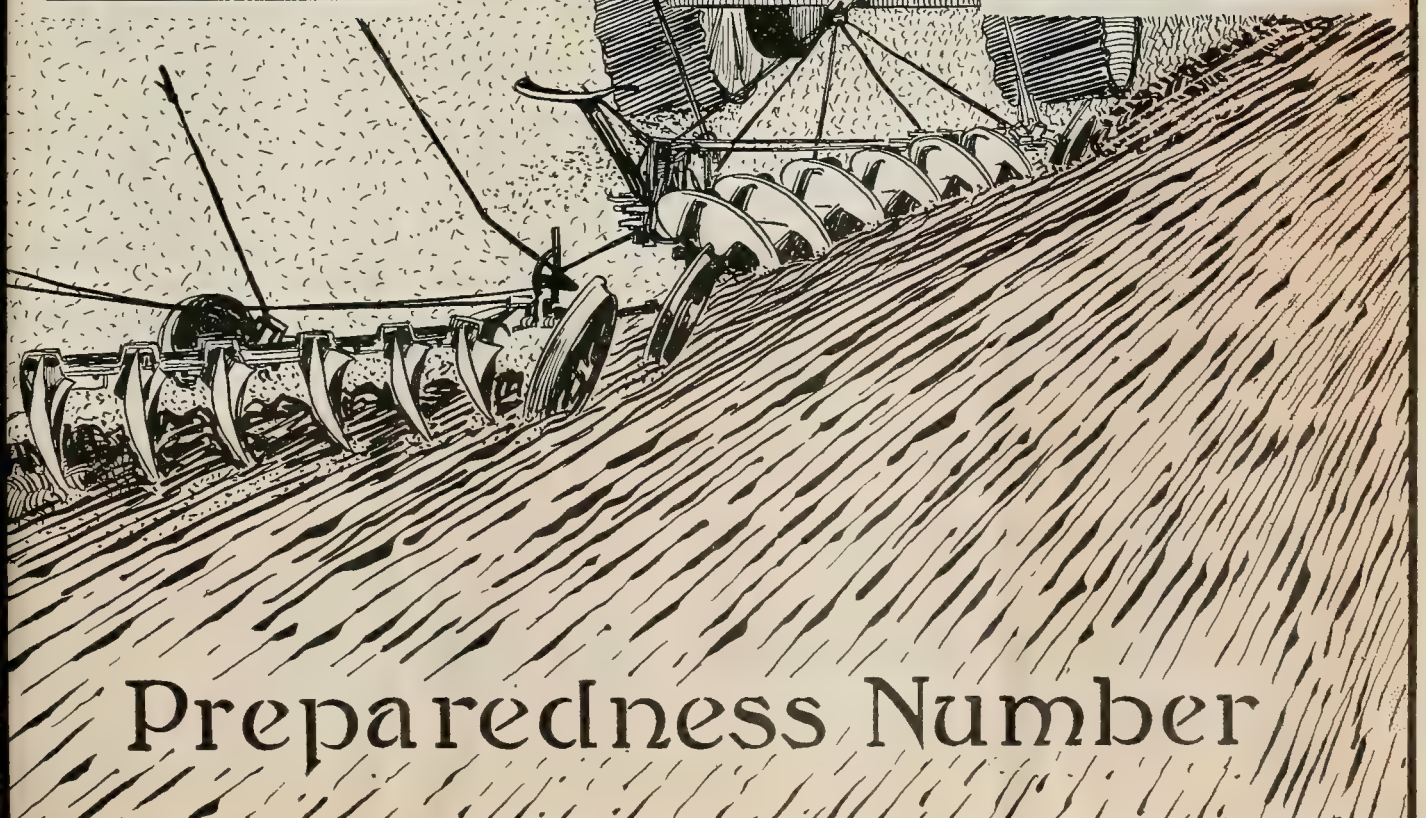
The WESTERN COMRADE

January - 1916

Five Cents







Preparedness Number

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established by Job Harriman to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 700 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate, which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern sawmill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling crops.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

About 120 acres of garden was planted this year. The results have been most gratifying.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and most of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is $2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock. Each pays cash $1000 for 1000 shares.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1000 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day from the $4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining $3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated credits may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade ($ .50 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony. Ask about our monthly payment installment membership.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 526 California Building, Los Angeles, California.

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial Comment By Frank E. Wolfe.	5
When Slavery Will End By Adelaide Maydwell.	9
Socialists and Preparedness	10
Preparedness at Llano By R. K. Williams.	13
Theory and Socialism By John Dequer.	19
Humpety Dumpety (Poem) By Ernest R. Wooster.	22
Do Unto Others	23
Safety Next By Clara R. Cushman.	24
Look, You Kings! (Poem) By Harvey E. Westgate.	29

ILLUSTRATIONS

Preparing the Worker	Frontispiece
Out of the Basket	6
The Triumphant Gladiator	7
Hulling Strawberries in a Louisiana Cannery	9
Preparedness Takes Men from Constructive Labor	10
Deprivation and Exposure for Patriots; Joy for Capitalists	11
Making Brick at Llano	14
Turning Brick	15
Preparedness	16
The New and Old Methods of Scraping Land at Llano	18
Proposed School for Llano	19
Calves Feeding	20
Dairy Herd on Way to Be Milked	21

Preparing the Worker

"Prepare yourselves to shoot yourselves, you damned fools; there's profit and safety in it for us."—That is what the capitalists would say to the working class if they, the capitalists, said what they really think and want.

—Drawn for Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action — Co-operation — Direct Action

VOL. III — LOS ANGELES, CAL., JANUARY, 1916 — NUMBER 9

Picturesque Scene Below Damsite, Showing Big Rock Creek and Road to Llano.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

By Frank E. Wolfe

SAFETY first was a great idea, a great catch word and almost a war cry. It was almost as good as "swat the fly," "back to the land" and other nifty little sayings invented by clever press agents. Out of it has grown what bids fair to be a great institution, "the safety expert."

The American Landsturm is commanded by a safety expert, in fact he already is here. We have the daily papers for it. The safety expert was in command of the gunmen of East Youngstown, when a lot of misguided strikers sought to picket at the gates of a steel mill. The safety experts ordered the gunmen to fire, and at the first volley twenty victims fell. Among them were some women who were so far away they could not hear the war cry "Safety First" and seek cover. In fact they did not even know there was a safety expert with his platoon of assistants in that vicinity.

Of course it was announced as a battle, and the proof lies in the fact that twenty persons were shot. That makes it a battle for the daily press. The fact that there were no safety experts or gunmen injured would lead some of the more critical to label it a massacre.

✤ ✤ ✤

THERE is something encouraging in the speed with which the strikers at East Youngstown learned a lesson. Once they had faced a storm of bullets, while they were closely massed in the streets, they had had enough. Instead of throwing bricks at the gunmen, and inviting more slaughter, they dispersed and within a brief time went at it in a different manner.

One is almost persuaded to believe that some genius in their midst made a discovery and whispered to them of the potentiality of a box of matches and a bottle of benzine. At any rate they no longer faced the armed thugs or endangered their lives.

This was a group of "ignorant foreigners," but their action in Youngstown has made a profound impression on the working class. We are for political action. We are opposed to all acts of violence, and snug as it may sound, we deeply deplore the action at Youngstown. It was bad to destroy property and regrettable that the mill owners saw fit to shoot down twenty human beings. In spite of this we can't help thinking it was well for the workers abandon mass action in the vicinity of the mills.

✤ ✤ ✤

THE Youngstown steel mill workers were men imported from Europe and mercilessly exploited from the hour of their landing. They were beaten, cheated and swindled at every turn. They were brutally fleeced and worked to a point of beastiality in the mills. At their first sign of protest their masters unhesitatingly shot them down like dogs.

Blindly, possibly stupidly, they met direct action with direct action—they of a character that could not make but the masters pause.

✤ ✤ ✤

DESPITE the silence and suppression of the British Government in all affairs in India. There is a growing belief of an imminent danger of a tremendous revolt of the Hindus. This is not entirely based upon reports of such incidents as the deposition of Nawab, Sultan Ul Mulki, the Nizam of Hyderbad, or other influential Indian princes, but is rather based on continuous stories coming through other channels of sporadic mutinies and widespread unrest.

Germany with her world-wide spy system pretends to have information which indicates that British rule in India is doomed; and, with or without foundation, claims the disaffection spreads, to other British holdings. They hint darkly at a possible uprising that will lead to complete revolution in Egypt; and they point with considerable justification to colonial misrule in that country where industrial and economic conditions have long been a disgrace to Great Britain.

According to the plans of the Anglo-Japanese treaty the Nipponese are pledged to come to the rescue should Great Britain's possessions become imperiled. The indications are the central powers will supply the peril and involve the Far East in the struggle.

Out of the Basket

—New York Sun.

✤ ✤ ✤

THE most amusing interview with Henry Ford immediately following his return was that in which he disclosed the fact that he had discovered the economic waste of war in that it daily destroyed a large number of productive workers. Henry knows of but one yardstick by which to measure working men—the number of automobiles they could make and assemble in one day. He says they are destroying human life that could turn out 5000 Fords a day of say—ten hours. This is a fact known to millions of "failures" but it cost a great "success" hundreds of thousands of dollars and an opera bouffe trip to Scandahoovia to find out.

AS a spifflicator of straw men, T. R. has no living equal. His chief occupation today is to quote extensively from what nobody has said, and to proceed in his own fearful and wonderful way to utterly demolish the illogical utterances that never have been uttered.

The pacifists—if there really is such a creature—gets "his" as regularly as Teddy gets his modicum of hot blood and raw bones for breakfast. If his press agents can get enough of his dope into the daily newspapers he hopes to crowd down stage enough to get the Republican nomination at the coming Chicago convention.

✤ ✤ ✤

IT is estimated that Turkey has 100,000 Christions (Armenians) held in involuntary servitude. Their method of enslaving these men was direct and with at least a measure of candor. They were ostensibly recruited in large numbers to serve in the Turkish army—gathered in large camps but never were given guns. That would have been unwise. Without any unnecessary delay these recruits were put to work on military details and so cruel has been their treatment that they are perishing by thousands. Barbarous!

✤ ✤ ✤

IT is not estimated how many are prepared for involuntary servitude in England—the number is known. The official figures are 761,875. Of these 49,808 are married and 312,067 are single. These men enlisted under the Derby plan, and all hoped for active service in the field. Workers in British mills and mines, and dwellers of the London slums were, in thousands of instances, willing to go out to the camps and the fields to fight and, if need be, die like men in the open.

The Triumphant Gladiator

—New York World.

Now the disclosure is made. Conscription will come quickly and there will be no more subterfuge. These men were "starred" as "unfit" for "active service as soldiers under arms, but will be used as munition workers OR IN OTHER FIELDS."

✤ ✤ ✤

THE officials admit that 428,853 men of military age were rejected for "medical" reasons. Politely put. Lack of proper nutrition before birth and during their life would come nearer the truth. Now that there are several hundred thousand able-bodied workers available for service under military orders British labor will face a quick sharp campaign of conscription and under this other hundreds of thousands of workers will be drafted for the factories, fields, coal mines, trams, docks and railways. Simple and direct as the Osmanlis. The only difference is, in Turkey it is Mohammedan enslaving Christian; in England it is Christian enslaving Christian.

In France the employers broke up a general railway strike by directing their government to call the army to the colors, then ordered the soldier engineers, firemen, switchmen, trainmen and other

soldier-railway workers to their tasks under martial law.

"In England under the "defense of the realm," with a few hundred thousand more soldier-dockers, carters, tram men, railway men and miners under conscription, Organized Labor will be at the mercy of rapacious capitalism.

In America we of the working class do things better—or do we?

One large body of Organized Labor already is shouting for preparedness. Nowhere do we hear the voice of indignant protest against these war measures advocated by the munitions makers and their legislative puppets at Washington.

California has the distinction of having two strong advocates of military servitude. The plan is to build national highways with soldiery.

At first blush the plan looks alluring in that it proposes to put soldiers to work. (The only instance I know where professional killers did actual valuable work was when the Hessians paved Duke street, Alexandria, Va., with cobble stones which remain there to this hour, a hubblety, jolty reminder of this solitary instance.)

But the highway soldiery plan would not so work out. Rather it would transform decent workingmen into vicious loafers that live unnatural lives in military camps. This would mean automobile roads for the rich tourists, and a conscript army that would preclude any possibility of a successful strike in any large industry in America. Labor is relying on leaders who are at this hour hobnobbing with the militarists and munitionists at Washington.

✤ ✤ ✤

LOS ANGELES is a highly moral city, truly a city of angels and saints—a city with the lid on. There is no segregated district, no red lights blink cheerily in any chosen section of the city, and from every pulpit you can get fulsome and gratuitous accounts of our purity. Envious outsiders speak sluringly of "whited sepulchers." The difference between Los Angeles and other cities is simply that we do things differently.

Before me lies the class-ad section of an evening paper, and in one column I count printed solicitations from twenty-seven houses of prostitution. In this highly moral and educational daily I learn that "Lucy" has moved from the old stand on Spring street to a better location on Hill; and that "Vivian" is with her. I see that "LaBelle" is at the same old stand where the French method is still in use. I am able to locate "Maude," "Margarite" and "Ina," and I learn that "Victoria Ballou, formerly of Louisville, Ky.," is an operator giving massage and sweats in our midst. This illuminating page also conveys the gratifying intelligence that a respectable dentist establishment has been opened on premises where, until recently, a notorious house of assignation and prostitution has been operated by the knowledge and consent of its owner—a merchant prince, who has led a "most exemplary life."

The municipality has for a long time rented its property in Temple Block where at least one saloon has flourished. This by consent of the City Council. With this shining example before them the Board of Education doubtless has few qualms of conscience when it reads the class-ad section and sees that its own "waffle alley," sometimes known as Mercantile Place, is becoming a popular resort for the "bath and massage parlor."

The annual rental of "waffle alley" is $25,000 a year. Critical persons have said it was worth four times that amount, but the Board of Education goes calmly on in its superior way. The casual stroller through Mercantile Place is assailed by the delectable odors of hot waffles, and less pleasant odors from the dog-and-monkey stores that line the way. Here the cry of the cockatoo and the shriek of the chimpanzee are mingled with the tintinabulation of tuneless pianos in the song shops. Upstairs over this municipal menagerie "Maud" and "Clara" and others of "formerly of's" and "new operators," await the unwary, unwashed and unsweated males, who for a great part arrive from Milpetas, Sheboygan and Skowhegan. Alas, for the erstwhile glories of "Waffle Alley;" It is awful—too waffle.

When Slavery Will End

By ADELAIDE MAYDWELL

THE National Child Labor Committee has just managed extensive observance of Child Labor day. This committee announces that 9000 organizations, including churches and synagogues, recognized the day.

But why? Why have a Child Labor Day? Surely America is agreed that child labor is not consistent with her ideals. The National Child Labor Committee, realizing that these questions will be asked, has issued the following explanatory statement: "Child Labor Day is a reminder. We have a strong sentiment in this country against the exploitation of children, but, perhaps for the very reason that our sentiment is strong—so strong as to make it hard to believe child labor can exist in America—we have never taken the decisive steps to end once for all the labor of children.

Tots Hulling Strawberries in a Louisiana Cannery

"If a 14-year age limit in factories and 16-year limit in mines were enforced throughout the country more than 50,000 children would immediately be eliminated from industry. That is, more than 50,000 children are at work in the United States contrary to the primary standards of child labor legislation. If the eight-hour day and no night work in factories were the law for children under 16, another 100,000 children would be affected. There are still states in the Union where children 9 or 10 years old may be found at work in the mills. There are still states where the child of 12 may work eleven hours a day. There are still states where the education of a child under 14 is not compulsory. The census of 1910 found 1,990,225 children between 10 and 16 at work in this country.

"It is because these things are so and we in America are apt to forget them, that we ask our friends to observe Child Labor Day and remind the country that child labor in the United States is a live, pressing issue. Each year a new lot of children go to work. Each year a new lot leave school too soon, go to work too blindly, work too long hours. Will the citizens of the United States never take concerted action against this waste of children?"

The committee is made up of good men and women who are actuated by the highest possible motives. They are doing excellent work. They are making exhaustive investigations and continuously are bringing to light the terrible conditions that exist in the industrial districts. They are pressing issues for the amelioration of these conditions, and so urgent has been the demand that in many states there have been laws passed for the protection of the child slaves in factories, mills and mines. With this the Socialists have no quarrel. The achievement is in every way valuable. The effort is worthy.

We do say that we have little patience with simple palliatives. We always wish our friends were proceeding with a little more understanding of the real, underlying cause of child slavery. Of course there are many in the work who are true Socialists and who understand thoroughly.

The committee does well to point out the fact that the economic interests of capitalism demand the childhood of 1,990,225 of the coming generation. It does well to show that 100,000 American children have no protection against the avarice of the captains of industry who work them long hours and violate the rules of humanity by working them during the night.

Child slavery will continue in some form as long as wage slavery continues. It is true that shortening the hours of toil and improving safety and sanitary conditions are all in the nature of the working class conquests. But it is also true there will be no victory until all who toil are liberated from the galling chains of the capitalist system.

Preparedness takes men from useful, productive labor and puts them to do useless, wasteful and destructive tasks.

Socialists and

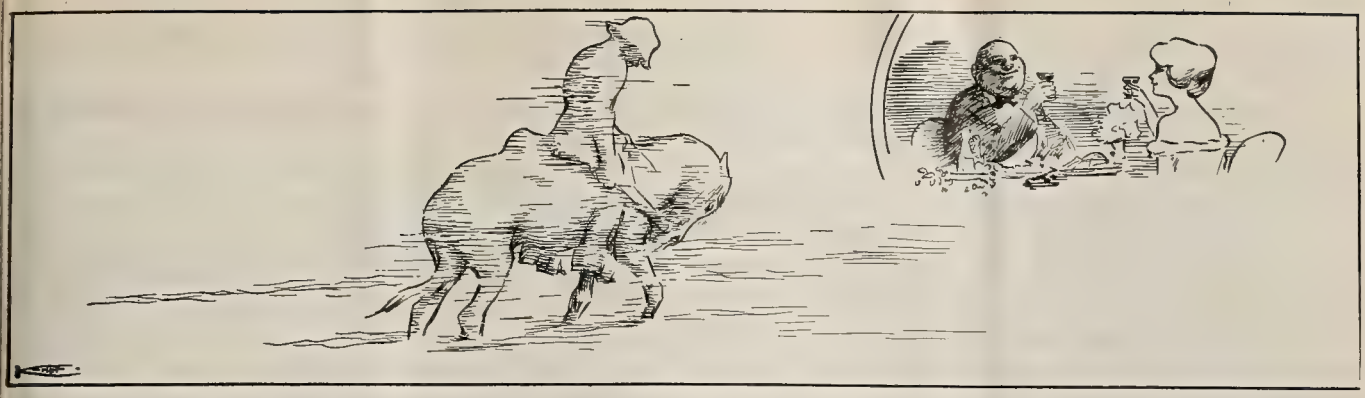
THE Socialist Party must soon take a positive stand on its position as to preparedness. This is admitted by all who have given this problem any thought. Among the leading Socialist writers, opinion is divided. Charles Edward Russell is out flat-footed for preparedness. This has shocked many of the revolutionary followers of that highly popular leader. Joshua Wanhope, editorial head writer for the New York Call, admits he is at sea and asks helplessly for the answer. L. B. Boudin, whom Wanhope invites to supply the answer, takes up the challenge and writes for the New Review critical analysis of the position of Socialists of America. Boudin, in his article, says he tries to throw some light on the subject and find a position that is at least consistent without leading straight into the preparedness camp. In taking up the position of Russell he says:

"What is the argument that Russell advanced in favor of preparedness that has so discomfited us? If we examine the Russell argument closely we shall find that it consists of two basic positions: (1) That war is inevitable; that it is of the very essence of capitalism to breed wars,—it is the nature of the beast. (2) That in the event of war it is the duty of Socialists to stick to their nation, or at least defend it when it is attacked. Both doctrines are supposed to be 'accepted Socialist theory,' and the first one particularly revolutionary. When the two are put together, there is no escape except in preparedness,—or in the clouds. But if either one of them should prove incorrect, the force of the Russell argument is broken, and we may perhaps find the solution of which Wanhope despaired. How about them, then? Can either of them be safely attacked by a Socialist? And if so, which?

"My answer to this question is: neither of these two doctrines is true, at least not in the current or 'accepted' sense, in the sense in which it is used in the discussion on war and preparedness. This may sound startling, particularly so as to the alleged revolutionary doctrine that capitalism—competition—of necessity breeds war. And authority may be quoted against me, as well as the fact that they are 'universally accepted' among Socialists. I will concede that they are generally 'accepted,' but I categorically deny that either of them is either true or revolutionary.

"The fact is that capitalism as such is neither warlike nor pacific, or, rather, sometimes warlike and sometimes pacific, depending entirely on the stage of development and surrounding circumstances. The salient point which is important for us here is that there is no inevitability about war, such as is supposed to flow from the very existence of the competitive system. History proves conclusively that a highly developed competitive society can get along very nicely—and very profitably to the capitalists—without war. I have discussed this matter at some length in my book, 'Socialism and War,' where I have attempted to back up my assertion with some proof by a reference to historical events, and I shall refer the reader to that book for the proof.

"According to Wanhope—and he evidently expresses the 'accepted' view of the subject—the purpose of war is plunder; and the danger to any nation therefore naturally increases with its wealth—with the increase of the amount of plunder which it offers to a conqueror. 'If,' says he, 'a nation weak in armaments happens to be wealthy, it is a fair mark for more powerfully armed neighbors.' As we are a wealthy nation, and expect to be even wealthier after the European conflict is over, some other nation, probably the winner of the present war, 'will fasten a quarrel upon us so that it may plunder us through force,' if we should remain unprepared to meet it in a passage at arms.



Preparedness means deprivation, exposure, hunger, disease for the patriots—profits, comfort, joy for the capitalists.

Preparedness

"If the major premises of this syllogism be correct, the situation would be indeed hopeless. It is evident that nothing that the working class of this country could do, no 'policy' it could adopt, could in any way prevent our well-armed and plunder-hungry 'neighbors' from looting us.

"Fortunately, for these blessed United States of ours, and for the working class of this country, Wanhope's pivotal assumption is utterly untrue. Modern wars are not undertaken for the purpose of plundering the conquered territories, but for the purpose of developing them capitalistically. It is therefore not the 'wealthy'—capitalistically highly developed—countries that are the 'fair mark' of the rapacious imperialists, but the 'poor'—capitalistically undeveloped—countries. China is a much more desirable object of attack for the prospective imperialistic conqueror than the United States. If we are ever attacked, it will not be due to the allurements which our wealth will offer to the greediness of some modern conquistadore, but to the uses to which we shall be putting our surplus-wealth—to our own 'developing' and 'civilizing' enterprises, which may come into conflict with the 'enterprising genius' and 'civilizing mission' of some good 'neighbor' of ours, far away from our own shores. * * *

"Our interest in war is not limited to the desire to prevent or terminate it as speedily as possible—it goes beyond that. We must see to it that the temporary struggle between two nations should not be turned into a permanent national struggle by the conquest by one of the combatants of any territory wholly or predominantly inhabited by the 'nationals' of the other combatants. If, therefore, 'our' nation should be threatened with conquest it is our duty to defend it. But it is our duty as Socialists, not as national patriots. It is our duty not because our nation is threatened with such fate, but because a nation is threatened. And in so far as it lies in our power we must do likewise by any other nation.

"The consideration of 'our duty to our nation' in connection with the real dangers threatening it, must, therefore, lead us to the following conclusion: What we are really interested in defending is not threatened, and what is threatened we are not interested in defending. The only difficulty that remains is that our ruling class may pursue such a policy with respect to the matters fraught with dangers of war, as to incidentally endanger what we are interested in defending. This difficulty can be met by the working class of this country formulating, and consistently adhering to, a foreign policy of its own. An outline of such a policy will be presented in 'our next'."

Joshua Wanhope, in the New York Call, tries to show the contrast in handling the subject of war appropriations between the United States and Germany. He makes an admission, however, that "perhaps they 'do not do these things better in Germany,' but at least they do them differently." His article follows in part:

"The Executive Committee of the German Socialist Party has severely censured Vorwaerts for supporting the position of the twenty Socialist Party members of the Reichstag who voted against the war credits in such positive language that Vorwaerts declares it will create 'embitterments and party dissensions.' That paper also protests against 'being read out of the party' and claims the Executive Committee has no right to do it; that the question at issue must be settled by a party convention.

"This, then, is how the matter stands: The Executive Committee of the German Socialist Party, according to Vorwaerts, aims to read out of the party any member who votes against war credits and appropriations and any newspaper that supports them, declaring such conduct 'un-Socialistic.'

"And over here the membership of the Socialist

Party has declared by referendum that it will expel any Socialist representative member who votes for war credits and appropriations.

"Where are we at, anyhow? Is it good Socialism to vote for war credits in Germany and utterly opposed to Socialism to vote for them here, or vice versa?

"If it is permissible in Germany and not permissable here; if circumstances alter cases, then, assuredly it is a policy. If the German Socialists are to be allowed to plead necessity, then shall we be allowed to plead it, if, in the opinion of the majority, the time ever comes when it is necessary to do so, as it has come to the majority of German Socialists?

"Editorially, the Call supports the policy, or principle—call it either name you will—of the party membership here. There are good and sufficient reasons for its support, regardless of the question of policy or principle. It is a position that is amply justified by existing conditions. But, nevertheless, upon those who insist upon its being an immutable, essential principle of Socialism rests the responsibility for any future 'embitterment and party dissension,' as Vorwarts calls it, that may arise from such insistence. The fact, too, that the 'embitterment and party dissension' in Germany that the Vorwaerts foresees is based on exactly the reverse position that we have here should determine us to go slow and carefully consider. We cannot logically commend or excuse the action of the party majority in Germany and at the same time logically condemn and denounce the views of such Socialists as Ghent and Russell and those who agree with them, unless we admit that the whole controversy is over a policy and not a principle. And let no one suppose that those comrades are too dense to perceive the contradiction and press it upon us. They will assuredly point out that 'reading out of the party' is a double-edged sword that cuts both ways—one way in Germany and the opposite way here. And trouble lies in the fact that they cannot be refused; that matters are actually shaping themselves as they say. Vorwaerts declares that a party convention dealing with this crucial question is needed in Germany, and the suggestion that it is also needed here may not be altogether out of place. It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to hold one in Germany now, but no such difficulty exists here. * * *"

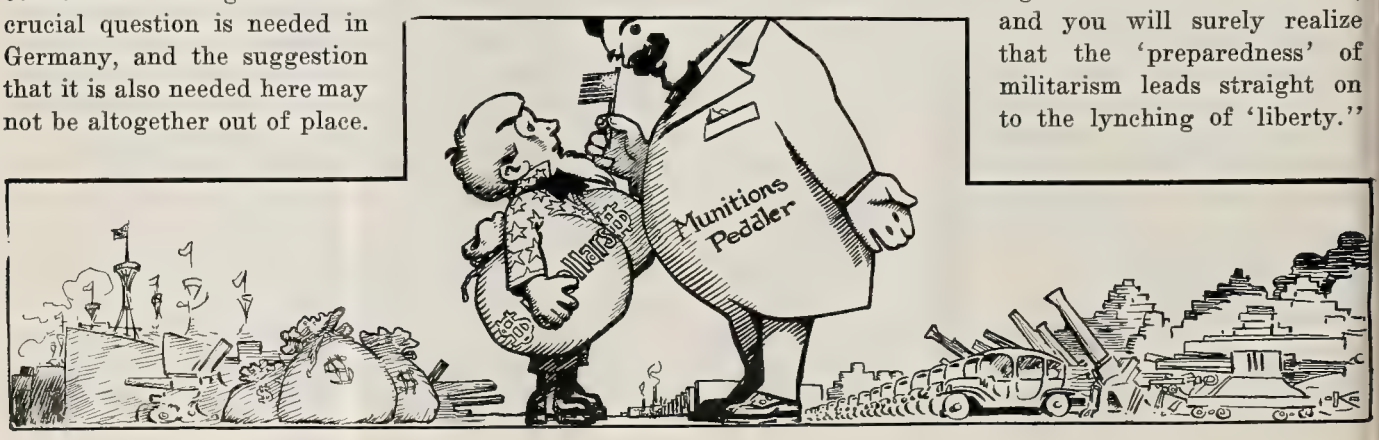
In contradiction to the German policy, Eugene V. Debs says:

"As a Socialist I can very sincerely regret that any Socialist in Europe should have voted one dollar toward a war appropriation. Of course even at this distance we can appreciate that these men, our brothers in the warring countries, stood in the midst of tremendous pressure. But it would have been better if they had chosen to stand like a stone wall in the midst of just such pressure and told their countrymen that not one dollar would they vote for war purposes. To my mind they should have maintained their international standing."

With the slogan of "Refuse to Be Confused," George R. Kirkpatrick writes a stinging article in the New York Call:

"As long as the working class can be confused and tricked into the pitiful attitude and condition of political infant and intellectual suckling, it will be flattered, crushed and robbed in times of peace, and will be flattered, bled and robbed in times of war. In the present war, and in the 'next war,' and in the class war, the only thing the capitalist class sincerely fears is a working class too cunning to fight for a civilization which the workers are shrewdly kept too ignorant and busy to keenly, deeply and comfortably enjoy—a working class too cunning to bleed itself into pale-faced stupidity, licking the boot that kicks it, while it yawps patriotism and wallows in its own ignorance and poverty, from which ignorance and poverty the working class can never escape while the ruling class is 'prepared.' * * *

"Look at Europe and learn what 'preparedness' prepares for. Look at Colorado and Calumet and West Virginia and learn what 'preparedness' prepares for. Look, also, with very special care, at the unholy brutality and cunning of the assassins of the sacred rights of freedom discussion, and you will surely realize that the 'preparedness' of militarism leads straight on to the lynching of 'liberty.'"



Preparedness at Llano

By R. K. WILLIAMS

PREPAREDNESS at Llano is taking on a substantial form. The recent heavy fall of snow wet the ground to a considerable depth, thus helping to prepare the land for spring planting. Nature herself is conspiring to prepare proper conditions here for ideal living. Practically since the first of the year, in common with other portions of California, Llano has been subjected to a variety of weather. Beginning on New Year's Day more than ten inches of snow fell and filled the mighty gashes in the mountains many feet deep. Following the snow came a three days' rain, thoroughly soaking the ground to a depth of several feet. At the tail end of the rain snow again came and the foothills were covered with flakes, which was refreshing and encouraging to the colonists located in the plain below.

The tent city sturdily stood the heavy snow and rainfall and not a great deal of inconvenience was occasioned. There was some wetting of bedding and the like, but on the whole the tents and adobes stood the unusual soaking, very well, indeed.

Two or three of the unfinished adobes, that were wholly exposed to the incessant snow and the following drenching rain, melted down in part. On account of the uncertainty of the weather, probably these will not be erected. The laundry building, quite a commodious structure, was partly wrecked, but no damage done to the machinery or the boiler that was already installed. The building was ready for the roof, and had the roofing arrived ten hours sooner the loss of the walls would have been avoided. Immediately work will begin on fixing up the place and shortly the laundry will be in actual operation.

Pruning in the orchards has been completed. The trees now present a shapely look and will bear according to orders, so to speak. Stones in the Bixby orchard have been raked up in piles and are being hauled to the various low places in the fields, in the roads and along the ditches, where many of them have been used for the cobbling of the irrigating ditches. Water from the Big Rock is allowed to run over the land at the present time in order to store moisture in the soil.

On January 10 and 11, the University of California held an institute at Llano. Three well-known speakers from the college extension course delivered lectures to a big and interested audience—for nearly all of the audience were farmers or near farmers.

In the afternoon of the tenth, Dr. Bryant spoke on the raising of hogs. He covered the ground thoroughly and gave some very valuable suggestions. As soon as practicable, they will be put into effect. He judged several of the stock and reported favorably on the breed and their condition.

Following Dr. Bryant, Dr. Cady spoke at considerable length on hog cholera, its origin, symptoms and treatment. The doctor described the system of immunization and told how virus was produced that would in a large measure prevent hog cholera. Dr. Cady said that hogs suffering from this dread scourge must be segregated, as the excreta from the diseased animal carried the infection.

In the evening Dr. Bryant again spoke on the relation of the university to the people and described at interesting length the methods employed in its agricultural experiment stations. His talk brought the people closer to this great, helpful organization. Dr. Bryant left the next day for the north.

On January 11, Prof. Thomas Forsythe Hunt, dean of the College of Agriculture at Berkeley, came and after going over the ranch gave a most instructive and interesting lecture on horticulture and its allied parts.

Mr. Hunt was much impressed, indeed, with the growth of Llano and assured the colonists that the help of the university was always available. He said that under the conditions ruling here, he did not feel that there could be much more done than there had, and that the method used was practically in accordance with the best judgment received from experi-

Crew Making Adobe Brick at Llano del Rio Community

mentation at the various stations throughout the State. Assuring us of a desire for further intimacy with us and our project, he departed the next day for the north.

The colony has been much enriched by the presence of these practical men, who are in constant close touch with the various experiments going on throughout the western part of the United States. The Llanoites appreciated the efforts made in coming here. H. L. Dawson of the horticultural department was instrumental in bringing the institute to fruition. A more diversified and larger institute is promised for next year.

W. E. Foore, who came more than 600 miles to demonstrate his ability as a tanner of hides, by using his own process, has more than made good. His work is little less than wonderful. The manner in which it was done, the shortness of time required and the quality of leather turned out cannot be excelled. The results of his work are on exhibition and afford a most pleasing sight. Rabbit hides were tanned to the softness, almost, of a handkerchief; calf, cow, bull and horse hides also were tanned. It now remains to develop an industry worthy of attention in this department.

Comrade Wright of Fresno arrived in the colony and following him come his looms. Wright is a carpet rug weaver. He makes rugs of all descriptions and soon the click of his loom will be heard in the colony.

Work on the ranch has been somewhat retarded, owing to the inclemency of the weather. However, when weather conditions permitted, the thirty horsepower caterpillar was put to work hauling three Fresno scrapers of unusual size, leveling land. Its work was most efficient and did a fine job on the Hubbard place. It takes four men to handle the caterpillar and attendant scrapers which are attached. The work done is highly efficient and does away with a great deal of horse power, and the use of a whip is not necessary. Feed the thing plenty of distillate and it is an ever-ready slave.

In addition to the farming requirements the caterpillar is being used to haul freight from Palmdale. It easily hauls fifteen tons, loaded on trailers. The roads between here and Palmdale are well packed, except in the wash of the Big Rock, and good time can be made.

The Hart-Parr tractor has been brought in from clearing operations and is being carefully overhauled. It soon will be put to other work in the fields and in its stead a donkey engine will be placed.

New arrivals at the rabbitry keep the census taker busy with pencil and tablet. Quite a number of tanned hides repose in the rabbit playroom, and many uses can be found for these. Muffs, coats, gloves and finishings for ladies' clothes can be made from these hides.

About eighty-five cows are being milked daily. The young stock and dry cows are now on the Hubbard place, grazing. The milk has fallen off somewhat and the butter has declined about fifty pounds per week. The creamery is making 360 pounds of butter weekly.

Visitors and regular paid-up members continue to

arrive so that the hotel and housing conditions generally are constantly overtaxed. Great efforts are being made to arrange tent homes for incoming regular members. Transportation has held this phase back somewhat. Since the last appearance of this magazine over 275 visitors registered at the hotel. The dining-room seats between 130 and 150 regular diners, now. As fast as possible, families are being shifted to their own places from the hotel, thus relieving to a large extent the onus of food preparation in the kitchen.

The sanitary condition of the colony is good. The sanitary department is working out some excellent ideas that in a large measure obviates the necessity of piping the place for water. Drops are being made in the domestic ditches so that boxes to store the water are not necessary. The running water falling into a drop is always fresh. Toilets of an improved nature, and sanitary in every feature, are rapidly being installed.

A new girl arrived at the Gherling home on January 8 and made happy the hearts of father and mother. Dr. Dequer, with nurses, officiated at the momentous event.

Work rapidly is progressing at the lime kiln. The kiln is to be up to date and built most solidly. A cable stretched across the canyon carries the basket to the top of the kiln and an automatic lock dumps the contents straight into the fiery pit beneath. A mountain of quicklime rock and hydraulic lime is close by. Enough lime is in sight to last fifty years. In fact, this colony could blast and dig for ages at the lime formation without sounding its depths or exhausting its supply. Quite a camp is to be established at Bobs Gap, where the kiln is located, and a regular force of men will be kept there.

A weekly newspaper has been started in Llano. It is read from the platform on Sunday nights and affords instruction, entertainment and amusement to the colonists. A big audience always assembles for its reading. This method of purveying the news will be continued until the presses and printing paraphernalia, now in Los Angeles, are brought here and power is furnished. A big field is presented at Llano and contributions are requested from everyone and considered before being read. The starters of the enterprise are proud of their efforts, and confidently predict the growth of the Llano Weekly until it reaches all the installment members of the colony and receives a circulation among radicals throughout the State. To A. A. Stewart belongs the honor, or dishonor, as the case may be, of actually starting the newspaper. With him as colaborers are J. J. Leslie and Robert K. Williams. The present staff will be greatly augmented in the near future, and especially when the printing outfit arrives. Artist Kempf is doing Trojan service for the paper and has hopes, indeed, for its future.

Despite adverse criticism, most of which has been based upon misinformation and a lack of understanding of the things we are trying to do here, the colonists are going on serenely with their work. There is little nervousness over the outcome of the co-operative proposition. Parctical farmers—men who have

(Continued on Page 26)

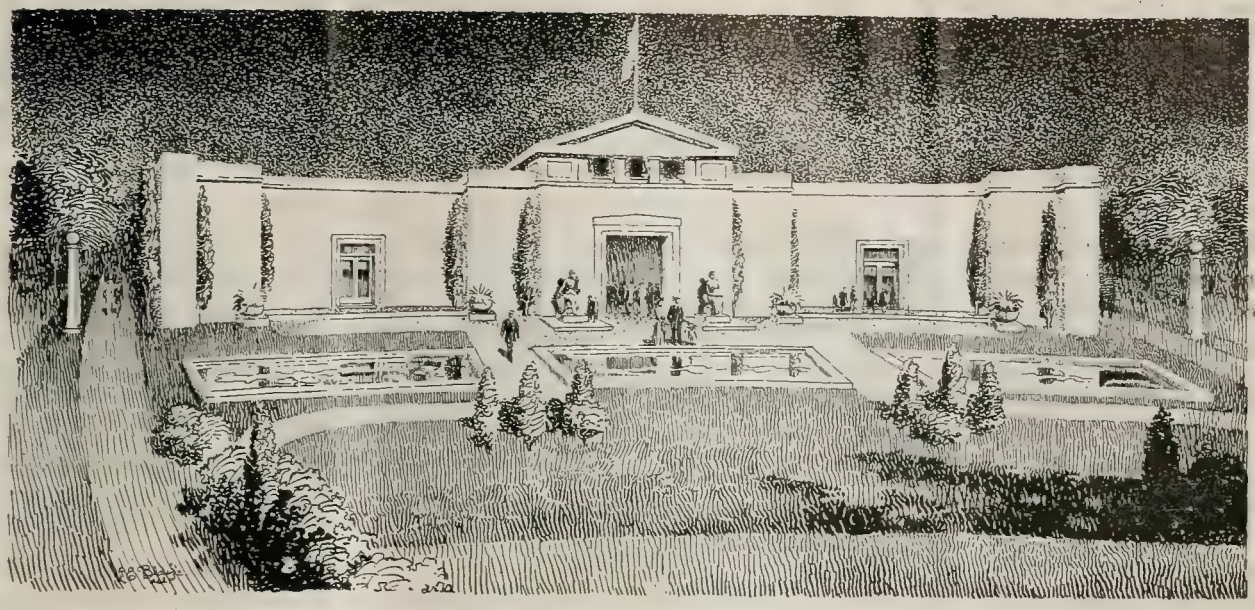
Men in Foreground "Turning" Brick in Sun Drying Process.

PREPA

EDNESS

Drawn for The Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

The New Method vs the Old. Formerly four horses and one man were used in leveling and scraping the land at Llano. Today four men with three unusually large scrapers attached to a caterpillar, scrape and level the land with incredible speed. Instead of the whip is used a throttle. This tractor is capable of hauling fifteen tons of freight loaded on trailers. It is also a true co-operator, in that it does not eat except when working. The above scenes were taken within a stones throw of the community's new townsite.



Architects' Drawing of Proposed School to Be Erected on New Townsite at Llano.

Theory and Socialism

By JOHN DEQUER

THE artistic skill needed to copy fruits and flowers is surely of a different degree from that required for human portraiture. The artist is no less an artist if he excells in one or the other. It is simply a question of which subject his mind and hand lend themselves with greater facility. It is evident that the painter of fruits must be familiar with the shades and colors and conditions of his subjects, as much so as the artist of portraits must know how to transcribe human emotion into light and shade.

What is true of the artist is true of mankind in general, especially when we consider them as organized for the furtherance of their ideals. In this aspect humanity teaches us new and wonderful lessons. It becomes clearly apparent that intellectual conviction and the understanding of economic theories learned from books, does not make a man an adaptable unit in a collective effort. No more so than the acquisition of artists' technique makes one an artist.

A person may paint fruit so that birds may want to eat it but that does not prove him a master. It only shows that birds are not good judges of art. Nor does the ability to pass an examination in Marx's economics mean that that person will co-operate or can co-operate with his fellows in the solution of present-day problems in a present-day world under present-day laws with present-day tools used for collective benefit. He may find himself hopelessly out of place were he to attempt it. As the painter of flowers may fail to portray faces with accuracy, so the teacher of Socialism often fails in his attempt to co-operate. Again let me emphasize that theoretical knowledge is sometimes difficultly applied to actual practice.

On the other hand, we find the man who knows but little of the theory of scientific Socialism who cares not about the forces that move the scroll of history, and he also has the vision, he only sees it in a different way. Our theorist sees a commonwealth brought about by economic forces necessitating the downfall of capitalism and the triumph of the revolutionary proletariat over the capitalist state in a final all-powerful industrial awakening of the wage-worker. It is his vision, his flower picture. It is artistic, it contains much truth. Uultimately he may be right; Socialism may come that way, but it is not in sight.

The problem of life begins with breakfast and ends with death. Our theorists oftentimes secretly or openly rejoice at the poverty rampant in the world, for is that not a sure sign of the coming day of the god economic coercion? I have no quarrel with him on account of his views. It is his picture of life. But I wish to consider other comrades, such as we have at Llano, many of whom know nothing about the scientific concept of society in a scientific way. No more so than the flower painter adequately understands the por-

trayal of human emotion. To those who have a vision and see it and labor to make it real, they see the vast reaches of the drab grey desert stretched before their eyes; they see the silver threads of streamlets gushing from the distant mountain sides and they know from past experience that by uniting their forces they can turn the drab grey of the desert into wide reaches of emerald fields.

With the eye of their Socialist faith they see the future grain ripen to a golden glory and meadow dotted with perfumed hay. They know by their collective labor they can cause their poverty to grow less and their wealth to increase. They hear the music of the bees amongst the clover. They see the lambkins play in distant meadows, fruit trees laden with blossoms; the promise of a harvest to be. They see themselves build houses and tenant them; their children happy, free, educated along broad and liberal lines.

Some of the Calves at Feeding Time

Their vision is not in distant times to come, but now; not for their grandchildren, but for their own—the children that are, as well as those that are to be. They take their comrades by the hand and say: "Come, let us pluck down 'the vision hung in air,' and cause it to dwell amongst us a glorious reality. Today, as far as in us lies, let us enjoy the vision concretely ourselves." Are they less seers of the final truth than the others? No, they co-operate now for present material well being and let others speculate while they do it. They may repudiate the materialism of the economist, but they apply themselves materially.

The economically sound comrade will deride them as idealistic dreamers, but he only applies himself idealistically. We should not smile, life is full of such contradictions. In the case of the true co-operator his metaphysics is a delusion. With a socalled scientific Socialist his materialism is a sham and no sincere mind finds pleasure in shams. Herein lies the weakness of our social propaganda.

Oftentimes our scitntificos, our industrial comrades, would say, "But you have to starve them to it; hunger will drive them—hit them in the tummy." But these are destructive ideas. You can form a mob in that way, but not a new social order. We have enough of vicious and hungry faces now; enough spiritual dross, stupidity and intellectual degeneracy in the human world in which we move; more than enough insipidity from lack of soul culture in both men and women upon whom sloth and ignorance, twin daughters of that old hag poverty, have laid their heavy hands.

"We must not continue to breed them. We must rear a noble race," says the co-operator. Give our children an education and environment that shall recognize the subduing power of love, the tenderness of sympathy, the fullness of joy, the wideness of hope, the strength of self-reliance, the heroism of devotion, the power of the intellect: the lessons of self-restraint with poise that comes from a constant purpose in life and we shall behold a generation dedicated and devoted to the social ideal. Not "after thrones have crumbled and kings are dust," but now, justice the portion of their children and mine. Children fed, clothed, sheltered and taught under social action and social discipline and the discipline democratically controlled.

Not all artists are geniuses, so not all co-operators are perfect. To succeed we must have plan and purpose to our system and a true co-operator recognizes these facts. There is no place for violent or mad men in co-operation. Their logical place is in the individualistic world.

As mankind look upon sculptor for form alone, so many of my comrades look upon Socialism for speech alone. They form a kind of a mutual criticism association which has a tendency to become narrow, bigoted, parading forms of broadmindedness but lacking the substance. We have in our locals too often become economic puritans. We have given a sectarian character to our propaganda that reminds one of our puritan forefathers who whitewashed everything about their churches until it seemed that whitewash was an article of their faith.

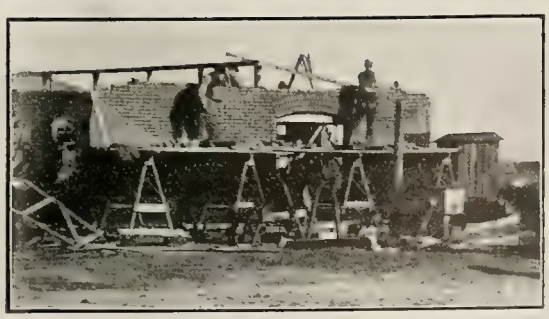
The austere sameness got on the nerves of the younger generations and they reacted against puritanism in religion. Today we have the same spirit developing in the Socialist Movement. I meet many good

Herd of Holsteins and Jerseys on Way to Dairy Barn to Be Milked.

comrades who are irreligious puritanical. Mankind in mass cares but little for abstract doctrines. They do not delight in over-doses of intellectualism. They would rather hoe a desert into bloom. That is why I find it easier to get a thousand dollars from a comrade, who has it, for practical purposes, than twenty-five cents as dues for a debating society, oftentimes miscalled a local. He would rather help build an industrial enterprise than to intellectually understand why the worker does not pay taxes or whether he is robbed as a producer or a consumer.

To build his own house or till his own field and tend his own flock with his comrades—that to him is religion, worship and love. If the actual sight of co-operation does not inspire you with zest for its extension, do not join it; it is not for you. For Llano is located in the desert and to him who can see her possibilities she holds out great rewards, but it is knowledge of agriculture and business that gives one the grasp of the possibilities. Her strength is hidden in the undeveloped character of her resources. Her faults are apparent to all. That in itself is a blessing, for it causes a man with a weak heart for the battle to retire and enlists chiefly the willing, the understanding and the strong.

They who do not come for the Four Dollar wages alone, nor the eight-hour day, nor the freedom from bill collectors, but they who come to realize the ideal as they see it and are willing not only to talk but to work for its realization in bringing the vision down to earth, come because realization is not lost but is enlivened and beautified in the material creation.



Construction Work on Laundry

Each achievement in our co-operative community is an ideal realized in part or in full as the achievement is perfect or imperfect. Of course there are a few human imperfections. That is natural. Even Raphael's great masterpiece, "The Transfiguration," is marred in its matchless beauty by the introduction of a monk, but at Llano, as in the picture, the eye quickly leaves the discordant features for the lovelier vision. We forget the flaws in detail as we behold the masterpiece of mountains, plains and sky—the work of that artist, Nature.

We overlook human bickerings as we stand enraptured before human achievement. The desert, the terror of the individual, becomes the co-operators' promised land. But there is no use for me to try to describe it; all I can do is to paraphrase a famous writer. Were I to paint a picture of Llano's possibilities I should require the grace of a Raphael, the color of a Titian and the variety of a Turner. I would need an audience of true co-operators, then I might harmonize them all into a vision of a movement that presages the coming of a better age.

Humpety Dumpety

By ERNEST WOOSTER

DONE into ragtime verse by a scab member of the Irrational Union of "near potes." All rules of the union regarding meter, rhyme, etc., disregarded.

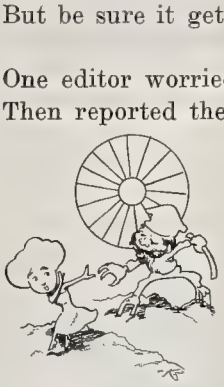
HUMPETY DUMPETY
Sat on the wall,
This Humpety Dumpety fat,
Guileless and smirking he sat—
He blinked both his eyes in the greatest surprise
The first time he heard of the Half Billion prize;
Then took on a patriot's look as disguise
As he waked the whole country with clarion call.
"It's time we prepared for the nation's defense;
Our position such a number of dangers presents;
Look at Europe and learn,
You'll a lesson discern—
You see Uncle Sam has just put some deep dents
In the world's foreign trade—
My Lord what a raid!
On their business we made,
But I'm sorely afraid
That we've gone just a little, just a wee bit too far;
Let's prepare for defense—but of course not for war.
Thus Humpety Dumpety patriot true
Said "Come, rally boys to the red, white and blue.
An army and navy far greater we need—
'PREPAREDNESS' now let that be our creed."
(And you never would guess 'twas inordinate greed
But just listen close and you'll pick up a clue.)

Then Humpety Dumpety smole his fat face—
This Humpety Dumpety did—
As off from the wall he slid.
He called to his crew, to his tried men and true,
And whispered his orders—they knew what to do—
For he'd had them in training for quite a long while:
"Army League! Navy League; On, my men, onward!
"Here's a fat prize just ripe to be squandered.
"Hypnotize our preaching men,
"Compromise each author's pen,
"Subsidize the papers then
Have reputations laundered."

Nobly they did their work, and well—
Money they spent and the editors fell—
Then Humpety tolled the Liberty Bell—
And it told the land as 'twas tolled to tell:
"Prepare for war! Prepare quick and well!"

Old Humpety Dumpety demands some return.
(He's as suave and as crafty as ever you'll meet—
Humpety lives on a wall, but that wall is Wall Street.)
"My land, boys, you're slow; I should think you would know
It is time you produced—I have paid you the dough.
Though I don't mind expense you have sure got to earn.
Now frame a good lie
Of a cursed foreign spy—
Make it clever and sly,
But be sure it gets by."

One editor worried and puzzled and frowned,
Then reported the Japanese hanging around.

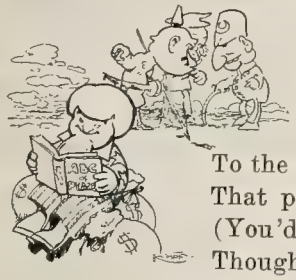


But this was old stuff—his readers, he found,
Wouldn't look, wouldn't read, and wouldn't believe
And showed they saw through the intent to deceive.
"But ha!" quoth the scribe, "I'll show how the Jap
Is just getting ready to change our whole map.
If we do not wake up from our 'dream of peace' nap
He will take our fair land and our girls, understand;
Great sums he'll demand—
Oh, yes, it's all planned."
And the editor spread on full many a page
The lie with intent to create such a rage
That the whole West would say:
"Let us arm right away"—
Thus did the editor earn his fair wage.

But Humpety Dumpety cried for some more.
"Where's the paper I leased
Back here in the East?
Now lookee here, Bob, get this thru your knob:
You have got to produce or you lose your fat job.
That Jap Story won't do—it is too far away,
But you've got to come through—Mexico, did you say?
You've used that old bluff
Till you've worn it threadbare
And the South needs that stuff
So just leave it right there.
But I've told you enough—
Now invent a good scare."

The editor pondered, chagrined and perplexed.
"Will Canada do?" he hazarded next.
But Humpety snorted contempt for his pains
And mumbled something about "sawdust for brains."

Old Humpety Dumpety croaked from the wall:
"Must you always be shown?
Is your head just pure bone?
Now I've been well impressed with that story out West.
You must do just as well, so now do your best."
And the editor squirmed and gave heed to the call.
"A fiction I'll tell now, while Europe's embroiled,
Of how it was planned we'd be easily despoiled."
So he told in dispatches
Of another fell plot,
And it really outmatches
The Jap yarn a whole lot.
So he told (for the gold) of Europe's plot bold—
A preposterous lie, but a story that sold.
The consummate liar
Sent his story by wire
How the Powers conspire
To chisel and carve our weak nation to bits;



Calculated, it was, to scare us to fits.
The lie was the same, he had just changed the name.
'Twas a gory old story he managed to frame.
Though the inventor obscure is unknown to fame,
Old Humpety paid well when he put in a claim.

Now Old Humpety Dumpety can drop his fat grin.
He has won his desires.
He has started the fires.
He has opened the door to this new god of war.
Soon thirsting and bursting we'll be to shed gore,
And we're puffed up with pride till we're sure we can win.
Prince Profit's the king—
He rules the whole thing,
And a war he will bring
Just so long as we cling
To the imbecile notion, as they do 'cross the ocean,
That preparing for war means insuring for peace.
(You'd expect you'd find better sense among geese.)
Though Europe prepared and got into a fuss
They say it will work just the opposite with us.
Old Humpety has told us—he knows what is good,
So we'll vote the Half Billion as good children should.

Do Unto Others

TELL Lincoln Steffense that the Golden Rule is dead——

Sympathy, helpfulness, patience, hope, the Golden Rule—the formula for brotherhood—are dead; as many years ago befell the great god Pan—the Lord of Life—before that man, conscious of his reason and his will, took hold and meed.

If brotherhood is dead, how shall we guide our lives? By greed and violence alone? Or did he mean to confine the hope of the ages to the few—his little circle of the elect—who should take refuge from the evils of the day in a strong unity and purpose to stand together for a higher plane of living.

For the few—how familiar the situation. How inevitable for every active group to stand for itself against all comers. Whether it be a group bound by some creed, or by some bond of common occupation, the refrain is always the same. "Damn the sinner; damn the public; damn the capitalist."

The Frenchman with his gift of words expressed it many years ago in a brief sentence: "To understand everything is to forgive everything." The countless theories and exclusive organizations which have divided and still divide men are all various forms of misunderstanding. The sectarian is trained to believe that the man who does not accept his teaching is wicked. The environment of the aristocrat reeks with the idea that the "proletariat" is a misguided and ignorant mass which must be controlled for its own good, and is just as honestly convinced in this judgment as our comrade who brushes aside the capitalist as heartless, soulless, blind destroyer of his brethren.

Until every human being recognizes the brother in every other human being, whether degraded and blinded by money, or by ignorance; by too much indulgence, or by too little opportunity, no abiding constructive work can be done. Hate is a poison which destroys all life. Nothing permanent can be established until it is eliminated. All forms of hate are forms of blindness. When you let in the light—when you establish the Golden Rule—you establish the joy of life.—A Constant Associate.

Safety Next

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

WHEN Mrs. Hampson Elder, the Presidentress of the Millville Ladies American Literary Society, says: "Is there any new business to come before our society today?" I got up.

"Mrs. President," I says, and Ladies, "I want to make a motion to change the name of our society."

Everybody gasped.

Mrs. Hodgkinson says: "I think it's a beautiful name."

"It's so genteel," Mrs. Dr. Bromley murmured.

" 'S too long. Always thought so," says the Widow Steele.

She's a good-hearted woman, but such a cross to our society. She's so unliterary. On "Favorite Author" day she read Mrs. Rorer's recipe on how to make mince meat, and at our last meeting she brought a sack of string beans and strung them all the time Mrs. Attorney Peterson was reading her paper on "Is American Literature Decadencing?"

"I'm against it," Mrs. Druggist Perkins says. She is always against everything I say, just because we don't agree on predestination. A narrow-minded woman, I call her, to believe everybody that doesn't belong to her church is going to hell! Now I think you're on the safe side no matter what church you belong to, unless, of course, it's the Catholic or Unitarian.

"Mrs. President," I says, "have I got the floor, or have I not?"

Mrs. Elder (I forgot to mention that her husband runs the Palace Hotel) rapped for order with the sawed-off croquet mallet that the Ladies' Home Journal sent her a prize of a dollar for, when she wrote about using the mallet for a gavel, and Mr. Bok sent her a letter congratulating her. He said it proved that lack of money made geniuses.

"Order, ladies;" she says, rapping on the photograph album so's she wouldn't scratch Mrs. Hidgkinson's red cherry table. "Mrs. Judge Parker has the floor!"

"Ladies," I says, "we must not only change the name of our society, but we must drop the study of American literchoor——" Up popped Fannie Martin, the pert thing, before I could finish.

"That's just what I been telling you. My sister in Los Angeles says that name sounds awfully countrified. She says literary societies are back numbers, especially if you don't study anything but American litertoor. If we want to do the really swell thing we ought to study the problems of our community."

"What problems?" says the widow Steele. "We ain't got no problems."

"Why," Fannie says, "like—like———"

You should have seen those women fall over themselves to help Fannie out. Just because her husband owns the Beet Growers' Bank!

"How to make our husbands go to church," says Mrs. Dinwiddle, whose husband raises celery.

"And quit using tobacco——"

"And throwin' horseshoes on the Lord's day."

And Mrs. Attorney Peterson, who is very intellectual, says: "While it is indeed deplorable to see our husbands so lax in those qualities of—of—so lax, we have even deeper problems than those to grapple. Have you forgotten the wave of crime that recently swept our fair city?"

"Shucks!" says the widow Steele.

Shucks nothing!" snapped Martha Simpson. "Didn't I have two custard pies took right out of the pantry window where I set them to cool?"

"And a ham out of my smokehouse," says Mrs. Hodgkinson.

"And a bucket of milk off my back porch," says Mrs. Dr. Bromley.

"Not to mention," says Mrs. At. Peterson, "the pair—a piece of my husband's most intimate wearing apparel from my clothes line evidently with criminal intent. And the criminal still at large preying upon society!"

Preparedness

By A. F. GANNON

Profits for plethoric knaves;
Rifles for revolting slaves;
Ease for apopletic plutes;
Pittance for their sweaty brutes.
Arms to quell them if they rise;
Rot to promise (in the skies);
Egress to a toilless sphere
Death will grant—if they're "good" here!
Noxious nonsense? Jot and tit—
Every single bit of it!
Sophists spout the stinking mess;
Such is real "preparedness."

"We need stricter laws," says Mrs. Constable McCoy.

Mrs. Mayberry Crump began to get excited. Her husband ran for constable against Milt. McCoy, who beat him on account of being a Progressive.

"It's Johnson's crazy reform laws that's ruining the country," Mrs. Crump says. "My husband says so. Why I just read in the paper about a man being arrested for selling watered stock! I call that cruelty to animals, to make the poor things go without water just because it makes them weigh a little heavier."

"Cruelty or not," says Mrs. McCoy, "we got to uphold the majesty of the law."

"Mrs. President," I says, "I been waitin' a long time. Have I the floor or have I not?"

Mrs. Elder rapped with the mallet. "Order, ladies! Mrs. Judge Parker has the floor."

"What I want to say is, that it ain't because it's stylish that I'm making this motion. If I'm a back number for studying American literchoor instead of dangerous, immoral, foreign stuff, all right, I'm willing to be a back number. The Stars and Stripes are good enough for me!"

Here I got the Chataqua salute, like we'd read about, from nearly all the ladies.

"No, it ain't because I want to be stylish that I make this motion, but it's on account of my immortal soul and Safety Next, which you know is my motto. (Applause.)

"Ladies, that noble champion of purity, Mr. Anthony Comstock, is gone. Vice may now rampant freely through the pages of American literchoor, just like it rampants across the great Atlantic in those wicked foreign countries. How then, ladies, how can we protect ourselves from the icy hand of vice which will now sieze in its burning grip our literchoor? (Applause.)

"Ladies, there is just one way. Just one."

"What? What?" they all asked at once.

"Ladies," I says, "we must drop the study of literchoor, until the Lord in his infinite mercy sends us another Comstock."

"It's the only ladylike thing to do," murmured Mrs. Dr. Bromley.

"Ladies," I went on, "when we recollect that sinful books crept into our community unbeknownst to us, even while Mr. Comstock was working night and day to keep our nation pure, what will it be now that he is gone? And our art! All our art will now be without—"

"Don't!" says Mrs. Dr. Bromley, faintly. She can't stand anything indelicate.

"No, I won't," I says. "But I make a motion that we drop the study of literchoor and study something that isn't so dangerous."

The motion carried unanimously because for once Fannie and I agreed, Fannie because she wanted to be stylish and myself because I am a captainess in the Army of the Lord.

"But I'd like to ask," Fanny says, "what sinful books Mrs. Judge Parker is talking about? I don't know of any sinful books creeping in."

"Then I'll tell you," I says, "that poetry book you recommended as being so stylish."

"Oh," Fannie says, tossing her head, "you mean 'Leaves of Grass.' I don't care. My sister says lots of nice ladies read it." But she got red as a beet just the same. She remembered how Mrs. Dr. Bromley read one line and screamed.

"Grass ain't got no leaves anyway," says the widow Steele. "Shucks!"

"And you haven't forgotten 'The Jungle,'" I says in a whisper. They all looked like they wanted to crawl under their chairs. The way it was, Tommy Elder's school teacher told Mrs. Elder that "The Jungle Book" would be a nice book for Tommy's Christmas present, but she got mixed up and got another book called "The Jungle" and hung it on the Methodist Christmas tree for Tommy. She started to read it to him and had a nervous chill. But the devil was lurking in that book, she just couldn't stop reading till she'd finished. Then she gave it to Mrs. Hodgkinson and she gave it to Mrs. Peterson, and so on till every lady in town had read it, except Mrs. Hawkins, the wife of the Methodist minister—even Mrs. Dr. Bromley, sensitive as she is. And we all promised we'd never tell anybody, and I guess that will be held against us on the great Judgement day.

Mrs. Attorney Peterson got up.

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.00 to

The Western Comrade
526 CALIFORNIA BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Your Combings

made into switches for one dollar, postpaid.

Work guaranteed.

MRS. E. TURNWALL
Llano, Cal.

Our Greatest Offer!

Here is a combination offer of The American Socialist, official organ of the National Socialist Party, the famous "1914 National Campaign Book" and The Western Comrade that not one reader of The Western Comrade can afford to let slip by.

The American Socialist for one year is	$ .50
The 1914 Campaign Book.	.50
The Western Comrade for one year is	.50
Total	$1.50

We will make you a combination of the above for just $1.00

Take advantage of this offer now!

Address: Circulation Manager
THE WESTERN COMRADE
526 California Bldg.
Los Angeles. Cal.

"The Great Working Class Daily"

THE

MILWAUKEE LEADER

"Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain"

Editor—Victor L. Berger.
Assistants—James Howe, A. M. Simons, Osmore Smith, Thomas S. Andrews.

The Leader is published in America's stronghold of Socialism. It is the greatest English Socialist Daily in the world. It is a Modern Metropolitan Daily, containing the latest news.

Among its distinctive features are:

SOCIALIST NEWS PAGE, LABOR NEWS PAGE, SPORTING PAGE, MAGAZINE SECTION, WOMAN'S PAGE, EDITORIAL PAGE.

The price of The Leader is 25c per month; $3.00 per year.

Combination offer with

The WESTERN COMRADE

Both for one year for $2.25.

Address:
Circulation Department
526 California Bldg.
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Madame President,"—she says it's more culture to say "madame," but I won't say it because it's what those wicked Frenchmen say —"Madame President, I make a motion that we call our society the 'Millville Ladies' Improvement Society,' that being inclusive enough to embrace whatever the name includes."

"What's that you say?" asked the widow.

Mrs. Peterson scorned to reply.

"But," says Martha Simpson, "people might think from that name that it was us that needed the improving instead of us doing the improving."

"Maybe we do," I says, looking straight at Fannie, and would you believe it? That chit was looking straight back at me!

"Yes, maybe we do," she says in her nastiest way.

Then I glanced around and everybody was looking at everybody else, thinking that the other lady needed the improving.

All except Mrs. Hawkins, the wife of the Methodist minister. She is going to have—I mean to say, a little stranger is coming to bless her home, the fifth. The Reverend Mr. Hawkins says every new baby—I mean stranger—brings him one step nearer to the Great Throne. Mrs. Reverend Hawkins says in her soft, husky voice—she always has a cold—she says:

"Dear sisters, I want to confess that I need improving. I am a wicked sinner."

"You!" everybody says.

"Yes," she says, her eyes filling with tears. "This morning I sinned against my husband and God."

She always has a bright pink spot on each cheek bone, but now her face got pink all over.

"I was getting breakfast and the smell of the fried potatoes made me kind of sick, and Lucy had hold of my apron pulling it, and little Andrew kept calling 'Ma! Ma!' And just then my husband says: 'Mary, can't you keep those children quiet? I am trying to commune with God.' Well the Evil Spirit seemed to walk right into my heart and put words of evil into my mouth, and I said, "You let God wait, Andrew Hawkins, and go fasten the back of little Andrew's suspenders!' "

Her lips trembled and she began to cough like she always does when she's excited.

"Andrew hasn't spoken to me since. And I ask you, dear sisters, tonight when you say your prayers, to ask God to forgive me and make Andrew forgive me, and make me a better wife and mother."

We all said we would, all but the widow Steele. She said: "Huh! Huh! Huh!" just like a cross old dog. She has no polish.

"I rise to a point of order," I says, "Mrs. Attorney Peterson's motion hasn't been seconded."

"I second the motion," says Fannie."

We voted and the motion carried. Then we adjourned to meet the next week at Mrs. Mayberry Crump's. I am chairman of the program committee for next time. Mrs. Attorney Peterson and myself will have a debate, "Resolved, That Anthony Comstock Has Done More Good for the World Than Billy Sunday." I have the affirmative. We will open with the song, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight? Down in the Licensed Saloon." Mrs. Dinwiddle sings the soprano and Mrs. Sampson Elder the alto. All ladies are invited.

Preparedness at Llano

(Continued from Page 15)

made their living from the soil—are still strongly of the opinion that the future is brighter here than elsewhere in the country. Of course, to men who have been receiving cash payments for their labor each week, or monthly, find it a hardship to not receive the envelope regularly. However, they are coming to understand the motives actuating us here and adapting themselves to the conditions. In fact, that is all that is required here. Conditions control and the man and woman who can adapt themselves find little difficulty in getting along. It is unfortunate that it is beyond the pen possibility of a word painter to exactly tell the truth. What is rhyme to one is

blank verse to another. It takes a vision to see this thing, as it requires vision of any farmer that goes into the wilderness or the arid plains and hopes to build a farm. The picture is there before he starts for his home. It may take a long time to realize that ambition and many circumlocutions twist out of form the ideals and hopes, but if the mind remains adaptable, backed up with energetic work and enthusiasm, it's pretty hard to beat that man.

Misconceptions often arise over the inattentive reading of an article. Somewhere, somehow, someone said that when the silo was finished a searchlight would be placed thereon that could sweep the great Antelope Valley and the ranging mountains for a hundred miles. A prospect complained bitterly that misinformation was being purveyed because he did not find the searchlight. He had misread the story.

It might be boresome to reiterate that the Llano del Rio is an agricultural proposition primarily. It is from that that we expect to get our living. From the success along agricultural lines will come our industries. They will come as soon as conditions, remember, permit. We will have a clothes factory, a tanning establishment, a shoemaking establishment of magnitude and a big printing plant. These will come all right, but they are not here now. Anyone can see that it is but a question of men and material until these things are realized. There is no discouragement in this fact. Often men think they can do things when they cannot. Experimentation often proves a reasonable theory wrong.

The writer of this remembers that when the truth about Llano was told to him he felt disappointed. He had pictures of something entirely different. Not that he was told wrongly, but long mulling over dreams had builded a city and peopled it with phantasm. He was almost mad to have that dream shattered and be brought back to earth by a friend who had carefully gone over the lands here and reported that with hard work and attention to details the people here would live in good homes, would have leisure and could travel from the excess products. He found

(Continued on Page 29)

Pictures for Propaganda

Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street. **Los Angeles, California**

Comrades, Get Back to the Land!

Splendid opportunities for homeseekers in former Uintah Indian Reservation, Northeastern Utah. Cheap land, fertile soil, good climate, Socialist community. Government offering unusual chance to settlers. Learn all about it by sending for sample copy of The Dawn, Socialist magazine. Write

Dawn Land & Colony Company

Myton, Utah

Announcement!

The Western Comrade takes pleasure in announcing to its readers the reduction in price on its yearly subscription rate from one dollar to fifty cents. Clubs of four or more will be accepted at twenty-five cents for each subscription. Single copies five cents each.

For a short time only we will furnish the following combination of Pearson's Magazine, the National Rip-Saw and The Western Comrade one year for $1.25.

Send your remittance today to

THE WESTERN COMRADE

526 California Building **Los Angeles, California**

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

526 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year
In Clubs of Four Twenty-five Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III January, 1916 No. 9

"TO Arms! Capitalists, Parsons, Politicians, Landlords, Editors, and Other Stay-at-Home Patriots. Your Country Needs You in the Trenches! Workers, Follow Your Masters!"

FOR printing and distributing posters with this startling call to arms, the courts of Aukland, N. Z., fined Tom Barker $250. The startling thing about this is that Tom escaped the "squirrel house." Anyone who would get the impression that this bunch would go to war would be a fair subject for the "booby hatch."

It was a victory for the laborite. While his little poster did not get much circulation, every newspaper in Australia played it up big—and Tom's bright idea got across everywhere with a terrific wallop.

* * *

IT seems a pity that the powder towns are placed in such isolated spots. It might be great if they could be operated in close proximity to some of the resorts of millionaire munition makers. A recent explosion in one of these humanitarian institutions sent up a cloud of chlorine gas which quickly spread and descended and nearly asphyxiated the entire population of the settlement.

* * *

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has placed his stamp of approval on Billy Sunday and says he wishes all of the working people could hear the evangelist preach. That's easy. The foundation is rich enough to finance Billy and send him on a tour of the Rockefeller interests. We would suggest that he get first action at Ludlow.

* * *

THE recruiting department of the Seventy-first Infantry, N. G. N. Y., is advertising for young men with red blood in their veins. They have used about 70,000,000 gallons of this product for fertilizer in Europe.

THE press agents of capitalism are now informing their befuddled readers that "unknown persons in Berlin are quietly advising Americans to leave for home, stating that the crisis between Germany and the United States is growing acute and that a diplomatic break, with resumption of submarine activities is certain, according to advices received here today."

This is only one of their little wrath arousing scares which will become an every day occurrence in the near future. The patriotic public will read—and believe—and then our masters' dream, "preparedness," quickly will be realized.

* * *

RIBBON counter Johnnies who compose the Illinois navy are proud possessors of the hulk of the Eastland, erstwhile profit-making excursion boat. This "battleship," as the militiamen already are calling it, starts in with a grand record as a killer. In the noble work of destroying human life the Eastland has a handicap of 800 to its credit.

* * *

A LOS ANGELES chicken picked a hundred dollar diamond from the cravat of a poultry show judge and swallowed it. We have known chickens with a fondness for diamonds, and judges with fondness for chicken, but the judges didn't eat the chickens, nor the chickens swallow the diamonds.

* * *

A BOILER maker of Wood River, Ill., by dint of thrift and frugality, saved enough tobacco tags to furnish a four room house. The piano cost him 750,000 tags, but the tireless one made the grade. Oh, that we had the words and the space to drive this lesson of persistence and providence home to our young readers.

* * *

LITTLE DOROTHY had to stay after school again and when she reached home her mother asked her why the teacher kept her in.

"Just because I talked in sewing," answered Dorothy, carelessly, "but," and her eyes flashed as she said, "I didn't talk half as much as teacher did!"

SOCIALISTS have always argued that the Government is unable now and always will be unable to bust the Standard Oil trust or any other trust. The trusts are the natural result of industrial evolution. Socialism demands that the oil industry be socialized and democratized; that is, that this huge flood of profits be wiped out, that the products of the Standard Oil Company be produced for the benefit of those using these products and not as a means of building huge fortunes for tyrannical money czars. When the people get control of the Government at Washington they will also get control of the oil trust. It will be interesting to note how the old parties will again solve this trust problem in this year's presidential campaign.

* * *

EVERY true poet is inspired. Prophesy? No—just understanding, interpretation. Two verses from Whittier, half a century ago:

"Love is lost and faith is dying;
With the brute the man is sold;
And the dropping blood of Labor
Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,
There the battle's groan of pain;
And in silence, smooth-faced Mammon
Reaping men like grain."

* * *

THE MASSES has a prize press pearl each month. May we offer them one from Los Angeles Tribune and highly commend it for the blue ribbon. Undoubtedly it was written by one of the little brothers of Saint Swithin:

> Let us get right down to the bottom of that Youngstown rioting, and if any "undesirable aliens" are found to be concerned in it send them back to their native land without delay.

* * *

"AFTER a long and earnest discussion," this from Indianapolis, "the United Mine Workers of America, in convention here today, defeated a resolution to amend the constitution of the organization so as to exclude from its membership National Guardsmen and the state constabulary."

Just a plain case of being duped into a suicide pact.

Preparedness at Llano

(Continued from Page 27)

more freedom from financial worry could be secured here than elsewhere, but (and the but was big) first it had to be gotten out of the ground. Though the sandstone hospital, with its greenrooms, red-tiled floor and hurrying doctors and nurses flitting to and fro, and millionaire patients handing us $100 weekly for our good water, food and attention, failed to materialize when he arrived, yet like the first protozoa washed out of the ocean's ooze and adapted himself to his environment, the writer remembered his humble brother of the Cambrian fens and tried to adapt himself to conditions.

A splendid opportunity is offered here for the man that is tired of the struggle in the competitive world, providing that he understands that capitalism is still the dominant thing, and that he has to adapt himself to the conditions imposed by that iron-heeled monster. We are going ahead and have absolutely no fears of the future.

Look, You Kings!

By Harvey E. Westgate

LOOK, you kings, from your scarlet thrones,
Look, you kings, at the bleaching bones;
See the graves of the men who have died,
Hundreds of thousands placed side by side.
Yea, look, and listen, and mark the date,
Behold the love that is turning to hate,
And know full well what will be your fate.
Look, you kings!

Look, you kings, at the crimson flood,
Look, you kings, at the rivers of blood;
Hear the cries of millions of men,
Think of what is, and what might have been.
Yea, look; and ponder, and mark you well,
That from the trenches of shot and shell,
Guns will soon turn and blow you to hell.
Look, you kings!

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every professional man and woman, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

"The Sexual Question"

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price $5.50. **Now sent prepaid for $1.60.** This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

General Dealers in Books, Sent on Mail Order

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Dawson's Dermal Cream

Prevents wrinkles, softens and beautifies skin. Removes freckles, tan, moth patches and all discolorations. Greatest beautifier of the age.

One Ounce Jar 60c Postpaid

Prepared By DR. ELIZABETH DAWSON Llano, Calif.

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619
A. J. STEVENS
Dentist
306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Knit Underwear

Cheapest Because It Wears Best

Women's

Union Suits, low neck, knee length, sizes 32 to 44.....$1.25
Union Suits, half low neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length, sizes 32 to 44..... 1.25
Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44..... .35
Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46..... 1.50
Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½..... .30
Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½... .50

Men's

Undershirts, light weight, cream, sizes 34 to 44..$ .75
Undershirts, light weight, black, sizes 34 to 44.. 1.00
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44.... .75
Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44.... 1.00
Shirts and Drawers, double fleeced, grey, sizes 30 to 44..... 1.25
Shirts and Drawers, Egyptian cotton, ecru, sizes 30 to 44..... 1.50

Men's Hose

Extra wearing value, black, sizes 9 to 11½.....$ .25
Heavy weight, black, sizes 9 to 11½, 3 pairs.... 1.00

Girls'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 30...$ .50
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 30..... 1.00
Hose, black, tan or white, sizes 6 to 10½..... .25

Children's

Taped unions, answering purpose of a waist, sizes 20 to 28.....$ .65
Same as above, only better grade, sizes 20 to 28 1.05

Boys'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 32...$ .60
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 32..... .90
Sportsman's hose for boys, sizes 6 to 10½..... .25 to .40

Pure Wool Goods

Made by Wool Growers' Co-operative Mills
Direct From Sheep's Back to Your Back

Black and Grey Mackinaw Coat, length 25 inches, sizes 36 to 44.....$8.00
Trousers, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes....$4.00
Shirts, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes..... 3.00

Blankets

White or grey, 70x82 in., weight 5 lbs.....$7.85
Grey, 70x82 in., weight 7½ lbs..... 9.90

Llano del Rio Community

(Mail Order Department)

526 California Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

(Make all checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Company)

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	3.00

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.

Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
526 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gateway to Freedom

LLANO DEL RIO Colonists have made a wonderful demonstration of success in their effort to put a great theory into practise. Here a group of theorists with practical ideas back of them have established a community founded on equality and justice and have made greater progress in a year and a half than their most cheerful optimist could have hoped to achieve in several years. They have nearly 8000 acres of land, an abundance of pure mountain water and hundreds of head of live stock and a large amount of industrial machinery. They have established a town of 700 inhabitants and are growing rapidly. Their plans contemplate a beautiful city with homes for all their members. There are few memberships remaining unsold and these are being subscribed for every day. The price of memberships is $1000.

Are you tired of the struggle in the cut-throat competitive system? Have you fought long enough in the uneven and all but hopeless battle?

Are you not ready now to join forces with these comrades, the men and women who have gone into this co-operative movement with the determination of making a collective effort to reach the goal of freedom and happiness and to show the world the possibilities and desirability of co-operative action? Nearly all the desirable land in America has been seized. Almost all the water rights are held by the greedy corporations.

Here is almost the last remaining chance for an opportunity where the land is cheap and the water plentiful.

The colonists have secured an abundance of water and land, and can secure more land, as their control of the water gives them a commanding position in their district.

This land and water need but the application of human energy to develop a principality in the beautiful Antelope Valley. It may be the last opportunity of the sort ever given to the workers of America.

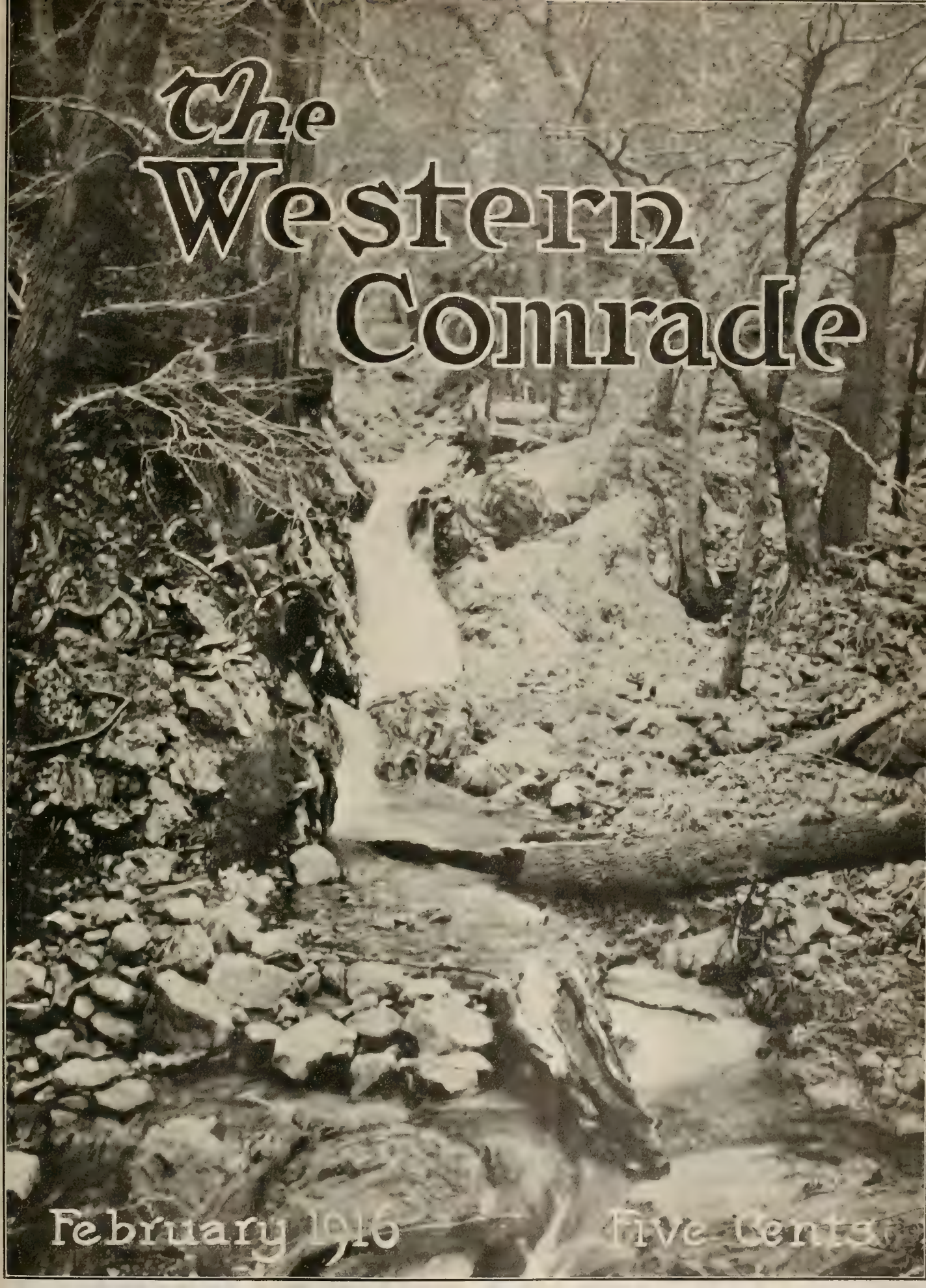
Write today and tell us your age and occupation and number of persons in your family. Ask for an application blank. Don't delay. The step you take today may be the opening to the gateway to your freedom.

Address your communication to

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

526 California Building **Los Angeles, California**

The Western Comrade



February 1916 — Five Cents

Information About the

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established in an attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

There are about 700 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate, which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern sawmill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a tannery, a rug and carpet weaving plant, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling the crops.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

About 120 acres of garden was planted last year. The results have been most gratifying.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about one hundred acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and most of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

CONTENTS

Page

Editorials 5
By Frank E. Wolfe.

Blessings of Ignorance 9
By Emanuel Julius.

A Millionaire's Vision (Poem) 11
By Wilby Heard.

Jolting the Jingoes 12
By Edmund R. Brumbaugh.

The Man Without a Country 12
By A. F. Gannon.

Through Eyes of Tomorrow 13
By Ernest S. Wooster.

Enthusiasm Rules Llano 18
By R. K. Williams.

Montessorians 22
By A. C. A.

On Big Rock Creek 23

Llano Musings 24
By John Dequer.

Wedding Bells 25
By Clara R. Cushman.

The Preparers (Poem) 26
By A. F. Gannon.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Peeping Into Paradise . . . . . Frontispiece

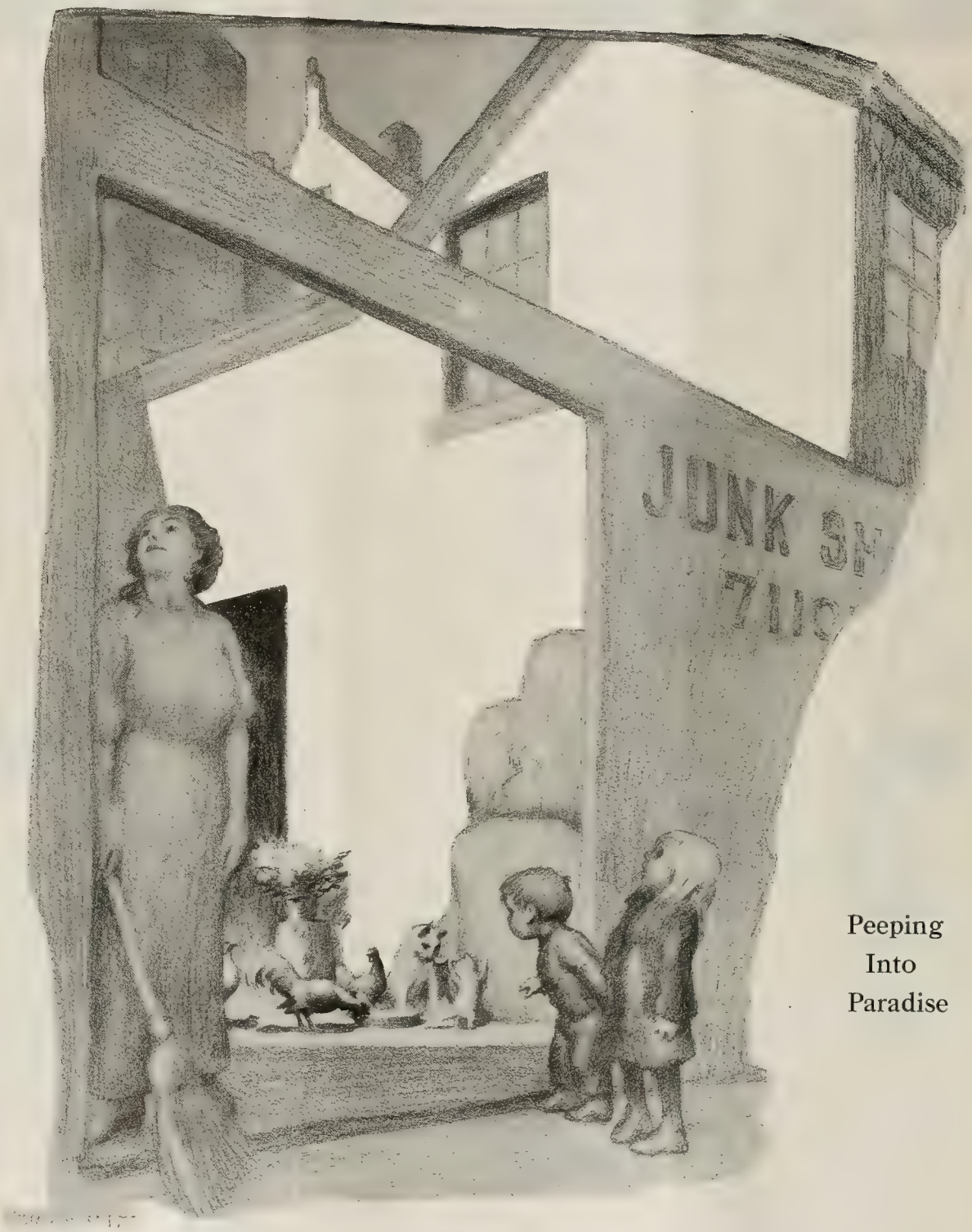
Uncle Samuels 6

Buying Labor 7

Some Day 8

The New "Sick Man" 11

Out of the Trenches 16



Peeping
Into
Paradise

—Drawn for the Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action — Co-operation — Direct Action

VOL. III — LOS ANGELES, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1916 — NUMBER 10

Big Rock Basin Looking South From the Dam Site

EDITORIALS

By Frank E. Wolfe

RAISING the price of gasoline was the greatest blunder ever made by the oil trust. It ran squarely against the great middle class—that strong bulwark of capitalism which has steadfastly withstood the arguments of the Socialists.

In California action has been started that indicates that an arousement would be easy if a leader would but spring up in the midst of the outraged mass of automobile owners who have seen the price of their motive fluid nearly doubled within a few weeks.

First a little municipal board of public utilities was appealed to. Then the mayor of Los Angeles. Then committees were appointed. An appeal was made to the State Railway Commission (state board of public utilities). In order to carry out the farce of regulation it will first be necessary to prove gasoline is a public utility. That should be easy, but it isn't. If gasoline is a public utility, so is lubricating oil; so is hard grease and spark plugs. Gasoline regulation is a ghastly joke. In the East the price is much higher. While Washington is paying twenty-three cents or more a gallon, the United States has not paid more than eleven cents. At eleven cents there are several cents a gallon profit.

In California there is greater production of crude oil than ever before in the history of the industry. By the new process, low gravity oil can be refined and gasoline produced at a lower rate than before. There has always been several hundred percent profit in gasoline. The oil lands of California were almost all stolen from the people. The Standard

Oil is brazenly drilling wells on lands that are in litigation and again they are showing their contempt for the "sovereign people."

To the Socialist reader the solution is obvious. But in hope that we catch the eye of the unawakened, we give the solution: RESTORATION TO THE PEOPLE OF THAT WHICH HAS BEEN CONFISCATED. THE COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP OF THIS AND ALL OTHER SOURCES OF LIFE.

✤ ✤ ✤

UXTRA! Uxtra! Horrors of war and an invasion of a peaceful laboring republic! The I. W. W. agitators are going to descend from the nail keg and do something. We have the assurance of the capitalist press that this is the case.

The industrial workers are to invade Lower California, a land populated by fierce banditti, helodermas and horned toads. The plan was for the I. W. W. to marshal a great army of blanket stiffs and scizzorbills, armed with the deadly bindlestick, marching with flat-wheel goosestep, into a seething maelstrom of de facto and other kinds of jefe politicos of Tijuana Baja.

Uncle Samuels

—The Passing Show, London

Federal officers have been ransacking the rooms of these embryonic invaders in Los Angeles and among the other deadly and damning evidence has been found a red-backed songbook containing these fateful words:

> "To arms! To arms! Ye brave!
> The avenging sword unsheath.
> March on, march on, all hearts resolve
> On victory or death."

These turrible words once more officially alarm the state. The previous occasion was when a special commissioner of the Governor discovered them during the San Diego free-speech fight. That this is the chorus of the French National anthem has not soaked through the brain of any policeman or special investigator. This situation almost parallels the discovery made by the brightest cub reporter on a Sacramento newspaper who discovered a plot on the part of five desperate characters who were about to march on Rock Island and seize the arsenal, if there be one there; thence march triumphantly to the capture of Chicago; thence on and on, all five of them, to the overthrow of the Government at Washington.

God bless the daily press. 'Tis not only the palladium and bulwark of our freedom, but it adds greatly to the gaiety of nations in the dull-drab depths of a dismal season.

✤ ✤ ✤

THE Socialist Party as organized in California is a wonderful institution. It has a state executive board, a state office, a state secretary and a state mimeograph. Combined, this is a mighty piece of enginery and presently, when it gets ready to move, it will spiflicate the capitalist system and send the decentralized fragments scattering through space.

Just at present, however, its mimeograph-secretary is busy in much weightier matters. Having cleared the decks, if not the atmosphere, by conducting opera bouffe heresy trials, the inky-blinky institution reels out monthly if not weekly circular letters "to the Locals and Branches." Most of these are prefaced by the stereotyped phrases, "we are

constantly receiving inquiries concerning the Llano colony." This is the straw-man method and smacks of the system of writing letters to oneself and answering them in the weekly organ.

To quote one line: "The Socialist Party has not now nor never has had the remotest connection, either directly or indirectly, with this colony." To this we always say heartily, "Amen and amen!"

The Socialist Party of California under the guidance of the S. E. B. and its mimeographer has wrought in so masterly a manner that the dwindling membership is at the vanishing point. The largest, most thriving and wide-awake local in the state is located at the colony. There are a number of locals where our comrades, with splendid spirit, are striving to be constructive in building up membership and spreading propaganda. In this their success is measured by their independence of assistance from the state headquarters. There are more Socialists in California at this hour than ever before in the history of the movement. We have on the platform now more great speakers than we have ever had before. Greater interest is taken state wide than at any time since the movement began to grow on the Pacific Coast. This is not by aid of the state management, but in spite of its piffling and childish methods.

Lloyd George: "Haven't you any patriotism?"
British Labor: "Aye, I sells it."

New York Evening Sun

The Llano del Rio Colony, with its 700 members, is proud of the fact that its founder is a man who has spent a long life in the service of the Socialist Movement. The community is glad that its membership is solidly Socialists. It is proud of the wonderful success that it is achieving and rejoices that it has not "the remotest connection either directly or indirectly" with a morbund group centered around a mimeograph.

✣ ✣ ✣

THIS magazine recently published an appeal for one of the leading anarchist writers of America to write a book which would orient students who seek knowledge on just what the philosophy of anarchy may be. One is reminded of the necessity of some such work where they consider the diverse attitudes of William C. Owen and Alex. Berkman. Owen has been raging about the invasion of Belgium and declaring that workers of all nations should ever stand ready to repel invaders. Berkman, in his new magazine, the Blast, bitterly assails Congressman Meyer London because he said that Socialists would defend the country if it were invaded.

Whatever the criticism may be, London unquestionably spoke the truth. No matter how high-flown our sentiments or declarations may be, history and the facts are with London. We may say to capitalism, "Why should we defend your country?" But in the stress of invasion, where the homes of the workers, their wives and children in jeopardy, Socialists of America would find themselves in the same attitude as Socialists of Belgium and France.

Capitalism produces the burglar; but does not prevent the worker from defending his family and his possessions. Our much criticised, scientific analysis, and our interpretation of motives do not prevent us from being human. It may be true that

the so-called danger of invasion is a nightmare of jingo imagination, but that is beside the question.

London's answer was correct. What the Socialists aim to do and what they must do is to so educate the workers of all countries to the point where there can be no invasion; and where there is no invasion there can be no war.

✤ ✤ ✤

CLEVELAND Moffett in writing a senseless serial for McClure's, illuminates a dull-drab page by a happy selection of a Socialist pledge. The article purports to describe a war in 1922 during which America is invaded. No credit is given to Kirkpatrick, but the writer indicates his belief that American Socialists will not all be reconciled to the suppositious war. See what the readers of McClure's Magazine get:

> "It's some big coup they are planning for tonight," she said. "We must wait here."
>
> So we waited and, presently, along Wabash avenue, with crashing bands and a roar of angry voices, came an anti-militarist Socialist parade with floats and banners presenting firebrand sentiments that called forth jeers and hisses from crowds along the sidewalks or again enthusiastic cheers from other crowds of contrary mind.
>
> "You see there's going to be trouble," trembled the girl, clutching my arm. "Read that!"
>
> A huge float was rolling past bearing this pledge in great red letters:
>
> "I refuse to kill your father. I refuse to slay your mother's son. I refuse to plunge a bayonet into the breast of your sweetheart's brother. I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my stained fists in the folds of any flag. I refuse to be flattered into hell's nightmare by a class of well-fed snobs, crooks and cowards who despise our class socially, rob our class economically and betray our class politically."
>
> At this the hostile crowds roared their approval and disapproval. Also at another float that paraded these words:
>
> "What is war? For working-class wives—heartache. For working-class mothers—loneliness. For working-class children — orphanage. For peace—defeat. For death—a harvest. For nations—debts. For bankers—bonds, interest. For preachers on both sides—ferocious prayers for victory. For big manufacturers—business profits. For 'Thou Shalt Not Kill'—boisterous laughter. For Christ—contempt."
>
> I saw that my companion was deeply moved.
>
> "It's all true—what they say, isn't it?" she murmured.
>
> "Yes, it's true, but—we can't change the world, we can't give up our country, our independence."

Some Day—When They Beat Their Spears Into Pruning Hooks

—Chicago Daily News

This is splendid propaganda, and it will reach myriad of the desirable ones, as not all McClure's readers are of the Bourgeoise.

✤ ✤ ✤

PORK—and more pork! Los Angeles wants her hams and bacon—from the National barrel. The method is through the old gag of establishing a navy, away back up in the mud flats. There is no reason in the world why Los Angeles, which has no harbor, should not have a navy yard at its harbor.

We respectfully submit that our bottom soil, and the bottom is near the top, in the inner harbor is just as suitable for a navy yard as the slimy ooze that surrounds the Mare Island institution where no battleship can ever wend its way.

Our city council is reported as having voted unanimously in favor of a resolution for the establishment of this navy yard. We are for pork, whether it is for a Nigger Slough naval base, or for dredging a navigable channel in Mescal Creek.

✤ ✤ ✤

THEY are setting the stage again. Newspapers are preparing the public for their daily thrill between oats and eggs when they detail horrible acts and deeds of Dave Caplan. The deputy district attorney, who attends to the building of barriers and setting the guards, has let it leak to the court house reporters that he expects dangerous characters to crowd the courtroom. Of course there will be no effort to create an atmosphere.

Blessings of Ignorance

By EMANUEL JULIUS

PERSONS who read what goes by the name of criticism in the newspapers and magazines will certainly agree with Goldsmith that "error is ever talkative." While it is true that a little knowledge is a risky thing, it also is true that much knowledge is still more dangerous.

I have in mind a young man who got a job as dramatic editor on one of the afternoon papers. He was a nice chap, with all the ignorance that one could gather in a small Pennsylvania city. He was not a thinker, but he was a delightful dancer. He was not a high-brow, but he was an expert on high-brow drinks.

After six months of cub reporting in New York, he suddenly found himself in charge of the dramatic column. It happened that he knew nothing of the stage, of plays, of acting. Little did he dream that it was because of his ignorance that he was given what many people consider an important position.

He was a hard worker, however, and could write columns a day, when necessary. This young man had a few vague impressions. One was that Shaw was insincere. Another was that Shaw is not a creator of plays, but a clever writer of conversation. He often remarkable that "Shaw mistakes talk for drama." Frequently, he referred to Shaw as "the inimitable."

In other words, he had all the requisites of a writer of dramatic reviews. And he made good. By consistently ridiculing the good and praising the bad, he got himself a reputation. Ibsen was pessimistic. Strindberg was misanthropic. Hauptmann was depressing. Maeterlinck was not a clear thinker. Brieux was a propagandist. Gorki lacked humor. Andreyev was sardonic. And so on, with many etcetras. On the other hand, Charles Klein was a thinker who possessed the dramatic instinct. George Cohan would someday write the great American play. Margaret Mayo was a great humorist who could hand Rabelais cards and spades. Charles Rann Kennedy was a profound philosopher. Belasco was a superman. And so on, with many etcetras.

This fascinating youth had a genius for being wrong. Being very busy and always hopping about—now at the theater, now at the office—he had no time to think—which was a fortunate thing. But, youth is erratic and will always do strange things—and this youth was no exception. Shelley, somewhere in his Letters, says "that all of us, who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes of our youth."

This boy started to unlearn too soon. This dramatic critic did something quite unprofessional. He began to study the drama, its history, its philosophy, its technique. He read many plays and much good criticism. Instead of slamming Shaw, he began to discuss Shaw's philosophy. "Androcles and the Lion," when produced by Granville Barker last winter, was reviewed with something that approximated intelligence. Emanuel Reicher's interpretation of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman" received sincere commendation. Lord Dusany's one-act "The Glittering Gate" was given high praise. And he held his job, too, which was considered quite remarkable.

Then he went up to Forty-second street to see a foolish war play—and he wrote a review that must have embarrassed its author. "The White Feather," "The Fallen Idol," "Experience," "It Pays to Advertise," and other typical Broadway productions were treated with passionate scorn. What was the result? I could put it gently by saying he was "requested to resign," or he was "let out." I won't. He was fired. He was bounced. He was canned. This boy had made a great mistake. He had tried to be intelligent, to show some knowledge while working on an afternoon paper. Not that he was fired for praising the good. No; even that can be endured. The trouble with young men is that when they enthuse over the meritorious there is danger that they will frown on the meritricious. The managers, the press agents, the advertising men—all poured down one fine afternoon and demanded the young man's discharge. He was told that he wasn't constructive. "Destructive critisicm has had its day!" he was informed.

The moral, of course, is obvious—knowledge is a dangerous thing. Had that youth remained ignorant and continued to look on mediocre persons as the great artists of the drama, he would not have been separated from a good-paying position. Knowledge is a distressing thing. It is not easy for an intelligent person to write; but ignorance, as already mentioned, is talkative—and gets the bacon.

When a man has a desire for facts, he is hampered, thus making it difficult for him to keep the pace. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," we learn from the Book of Ecclesiastes. This takes on a new meaning when applied by my young friend who made good as a dramatic critic because he was delightfully ignorant and lost out when he became interested in that truth which, as Berkeley exclaimed, is the cry of all, but the game of few. Truth is a torch, but I must

not fail to add that a torch can burn one's fingers. Men write best who know least.

"A man," Schopenhauer tells us in his Counsels and Maxims, "must be still a greenhorn in the ways of the world, if he imagines that he can make himself popular in society by exhibiting intelligence and discernment. With the immense majority of people, such qualities excite hatred and resentment, which are rendered all the harder to bear by the fact that people are obliged to suppress—even to themselves—the real reason of their anger."

It is very easy for the master minds of the newspapers—dramatic, literary and art writers—to give the impression that there is profound knowledge behind their vaporings. One of the best tricks is to resort to names and titles—piling them on thick. For instance, let us suppose a reviewer is speaking of a novel. Let me show, somewhat extravagantly, how he strings things out:

"Mr. Humpetty Klinketty's novel, which is after the manner of August Stringberg's 'Confession of a Fool,' at times suggests George Moore's 'Memoirs of My Dead Life' and Max Stirner's 'The Ego and His Own.' For psychological insight, he ranks with Fyodor Dostoevsky. The characterization is equal to that of Gustave Flaubert in his justly famed 'Madame Bovary.' And yet, the simplicity of Turgenef's 'Smoke' is there. He has the humor (minus the vulgarisms) of an O. Henry. In all, Mr. Humpetty Klinketty seems to be a composite of Lafcadio Hearn, Mark Twain, Benjamin De Casseres, Maxim Gorki, Victor Hugo, James Huneker, Maurice Maeterlinck, George Gissing, Walt Whitman, Frederick Nietzsche, Henry George, Richard Wagner, Karl Marx, Peter Kropotkin, Elisee Reclus, Remy de Gourmont, Emma Goldman and Anthony Comstock."

This trick never fails. Resort to it three or four times and you get a reputation for being a critic of profound knowledge and wide reading.

So much for the dramatic and literary critics. Now a moment with the art critics. Readers will, of course, remember the awful how-do-you-do when the Mona Lisa was discovered. We patient sufferers had to endure an awful amount of senseless piffle about Leonardo da Vinci's picture. Really, Mona Lisa just bores me. Her face, to me, is plainly stupid. To think of all the years the painter spent in "getting" that smile! And when he got it, lo and behold, what a smirk! And yet, this woman has caused art critics to rid themselves of heaps of bunk. I sincerely believe the following by Kane S. Smith, of the University of London, takes the bacon: "The painting is one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted, the embodiment of all evil the painter could imagine put into the most attractive form he could devise. It is an exquisite piece of painting, but if you look at it long enough to get into its atmosphere I think you will be glad to escape from its influence." Is that not a feast of piffle?

Reporters are not supposed to be interested in news. They must search for "features." A dog may bite a man—possibly it will get two lines. A wise reporter takes that story, gives it a twist and has the man retaliate by biting the dog—and it gets a column. The noted lover of animals, Miss Lind-af Hageby, was interviewed by a number of New York reporters. She answered their questions to the best of her ability, but later claimed that the reporters paid little attention to her answers. "Have dogs souls?" she was asked. The woman said she believed they have souls; and here is what the papers printed: "Miss Lind-af Hageby says kippered herrings have souls and warns the American people not to eat them in case the herrings' souls come back to haunt people." All of which makes an unhappy combination of poor English and a weak and wobbly lie.

Only the other day, I met a woman who writes "feature" articles six times a week. She supplies a daily interview with the great and the near great. If she works hard for about 20 years more, she may become as famous as Dorothy Dix. She is always on the alert for copy and greets everyone with "What's startling?"

" 'Others,' " I averred, "ought to make a good article. Here is a magazine of interesting freaks—they write the new verse—imagist stuff."

"I don't know a thing about it——"

"Tut!" I interrupted; "all the more reason why you will write a readable story."

"I will need to know something about it in order to get through the introductory paragraphs."

"Very little. Don't overtax yourself by studying the subject."

She agreed.

"Facts do hamper me," said the woman.

She spent a long time studying her subject—oh, at least two hours, and wrote her story.

When I met her again, she said:

"I didn't like my story. All the interesting things I had planned to say I found out, afterwards, to be untrue, so I had to stick to facts. If I hadn't spent so much time on that story I'd have done better work, even though a few would have thought it foolish. I shall certainly profit by that mistake. In the future I shall place more reliance on my own ability."

And there you are. We'll close the services with this little hymn:

"From ignorance our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the wise."

The New "Sick Man" Soon Will Follow His Victims

—Drawn for the Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

A Millionaire's Vision

By WILBY HEARD

MY God! 'tis false, yes, every thing I see;
'Tis false, my God, it dare, it cannot be—
And still, alas, I know too well 'tis true,
These are but part of all the souls I slew.
These arms, these legs, these skulls about me here,
These crippled forms and faces pale and sere.
These babies with little mouths agape for air;
These girls who stroll the streets a public ware.
These all are but the fruits of my demands,
These ruins all are the blightings of my hands.
For me and mine have each of these been slain,
That I might LIVE these all have died in pain.
The blood and marrow of each nerve and bone,
Each heart throb, sorrow, agony and groan;
They all have gone to form my mighty throne.

But bosh—All this is nothing but a dream,
I, too, am part of Life's e'er gushing stream.
'Twas ever thus, and thus 'twill ever be,
A thousand slaves that one at least be free.
If these must die then so it was decreed.
God's will be done—be it to sport or bleed.
'Tis not for me to mourn or mope their lot,
No more than they to envy what I've got.
Good God, be this all false, or be it true,
I leave it all, I leave it all to you.
I know but this, be things as e'er they may,
If one but robs enough he need not pay.
Away—such scenes I will henceforth decline;
Thank God for what he does for me and mine—
Waiter—bring here another flask of wine.

Jolting the Jingoes

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

AN editor's brain is an amazing organ. It may be the source of much wisdom, a teacher of truth unparalleled, and again it may be a queer, distorted, helpless thing, performing antics enough to make men and angels weep and laugh by turns. The latter sad state is illustrated by a recent editorial in Senator Hitchcock's Omaha World-Herald.

According to the editorial in question, ideas and not armaments are the cause of war. The trouble is in the minds of the people. Therefore, the pernicious propaganda of the "pacifists" must cease, and every man throw up his hat for "preparedness," while the ladies wave their handkerchiefs.

Of course, I have taken considerable liberty with the language of the editorial, but in no particular has its meaning been misrepresented. The editorial was evidently intended as an answer to arguments of the "pacifists," yet it was no answer. Ideas are all-important as makers of good or evil; the most ardent "pacifist" will admit that; and, in fact, the entire peace propaganda is conducted with a view to counteracting the subtile, ingenious, extremely false ideas with which professed peace-loving militarists are poisoning the minds of the people.

It were a waste of time to argue whether ideas or armaments were the cause of war. If A puts strychnine in B's soup, and B dies, what causes B's death? Is it the strychnine in the soup or the murderous intent in the mind of A? Obviously, neither is the sole cause. Both are contributing factors. In the same way, if universal miseducation leads to increased armaments, and increased armaments lead to war, as they always do, what is the cause of the war? It is miseducation or increased armaments? Obviously, neither is the sole cause. Both are contributing factors.

This is no time for jingoes to smile and sneer at the opposition. They had better be preparing to surrender gracefully. Their position is as hideous as the hell it would make, and earnest, enlightened public opinion will never tolerate it. Whether dubbed "pacifists," "mollycoddles," or any other name that reactionary malice may devise, the active, real peace-loving people of the nation propose to persist in their propaganda until men who dare to speak for war or the means of war will be universally regarded as the mental prostitutes that they are, and those who don military uniforms and offer themselves for murder in the name of patriotism will be considered the scum of the earth, undeserving of association with decent, intelligent people.

The working, producing masses have no real interest in war except to keep out of it, and no interest in preparation for war except to oppose it and prevent it if possible. In the first place, this country is no more in danger of invasion than it is of a collision with Halley's comet. Furthermore, the large part of the people would lose very little if some other nation would come over and swallow us up. It makes no difference to them what piece of bunting floats over their heads or what the band plays on the Fourth of July. Flags are no substitute for food, and patriotic songs fail to remove for a fraction of a second the sting and blight of the poverty to which the masses are doomed every day of their lives. In this stage of the world's development a country that cannot keep out of war is unfit to save.

The triumph of peace is sure, but it may be postponed, and war precede it, even in our own land. If it does, and the workers are forced to fight, those who are wise will turn their guns against the corrupters of public sentiment instead of against their brother workers who have accidently been born across an imaginary boundary line.

The jingoes will squirm if they chance to read this. Some I know would be jolted into hysterics. But jolting the jingoes these days is a very pleasant occupation. It is only a small part of what is coming to them.

In this day of awakening no sane person would dream of trying to incite war and to pursuade workers of one land to join in collective, wholesale murder of other workers. These truths are finding greater acceptance among the workers each day.

The Man Without a Country

By A. F. GANNON

HE holds all equal;
Truth, raw material;
Reason, a tool;
War, insanity;
Crime, an effect;
Ignorance, eradicable;
Hunger, unnecessary;
Wealth, an excresence;
Health, natural;
Art, expression;
Culture, fruition;
Labor, requisite;
Co-operation, the way;
Love, paramount.

Large Tractor "Railing" Land. This Crew of Two Clear Fifteen Acres a Day by This Method

Through Eyes of Tomorrow

By ERNEST S. WOOSTER

THE mid-forenoon May sun shone with an ardor that make even native Californians seek the shadows, and it glistened from the solid sandstone and granite sides of the great cluster of buildings of the Universal University with dazzling brightness. It was the year 1965.

The U. U. (commonly called the "Double You") occupied a low promontory in a little sheltered cove that cuddled up against the gaunt reaches of the snow-capped Sierra Madres in the extreme southern part of the Antelope Valley. Stretching in three directions are fertile fields and fruitful orchards, but there are many who tell of days when it was all a yucca-studded waste.

In its inception the U. U. was just an advanced high school, teaching as best it could the "higher education." In 1917 it occupied one tiny room with just one instructor and less than half a dozen students. How it grew till it became the greatest university of the west is a story as unique and refreshing as any that ever waited for historian to narrate. As much by accident as design its course was shaped. When it had not yet outgrown its first single room, there came one day a lusty young man, trudging on foot as he had done for many days. He came demanding that he be permitted to work for his education. And he would accept no refusal as final nor did any rebuff dampen his ardor or thwart his determination.

His success inspired others; within a year twenty young men and women had applied and been accepted, with scores of applications on file. It became a problem requiring immediate solution. The problem was solved by establishing industries which employed the students at useful work and paid their expenses with something to spare. It was the only school of this kind in the world.

It must be mentioned here that the U. U. was first established as an educational institution solely for the youth of the Llano del Rio Colony, the pioneer of those co-operative enterprises that were the phenomenon of the decade from 1920 to 1930 and which allied themselves under the name of The Associated Colonies during the thirties and became a power in the political and industrial movements of this country for many years. Of course the U. U. became the source of education for the ambitious persons of all the colonies, but

this was not to happen for ten years after the system of admitting industrial students was introduced, and after student-industries had become a part of the U. U. providing work for all.

But on this particular invigorating morning the history classes were in session. This was a morning study; in the afternoon these students would be seen in the various industries, though but a few hours amply sufficed to satisfy all needs. In the lecture room of Prof. Warren, instructor in Economic History, a class of young men and women listened with absorbed interest. Nor was it the forced attention simulated by classes of a generation previous in schools throughout the world. And neither were the attentive students of that type formerly associated with studiousness — the pale, spectacled anemic specimens who shut themselves off from all but study. Prof. Warren had the physique of an athletic director, while the young men and women might have been chosen for physical perfection. This physical perfection was due to the system of the U. U. first established with the Montessori school in 1915.

The instructor was speaking.

"We now take up the most interesting developments of the Commercial period. You remember how the wage system superseded the slave and self system. Now it, too, began to present acute problems, and early in the present century they began to be more or less generally recognized, though but few persons were able to trace them from cause to effect. Clearly Capitalism was breaking down and radical measures were necessary to save it. You recall that we have already learned how this became one of the ever-menacing problems and how it reached its first generally critical stage in 1914 when the first world war broke out. Possibly many of you can remember when the Peace Pact was signed."

"Mi ne scias la jaron," spoke a youthful student.

She used the universal tongue, Esperanto. This had been a feature of the Colony Schools everywhere from the very first, and was usually preferred by the younger people because of the greater lucidity with which ideas were expressed; it was a sort of shorthand of language to them. Frequently questions propounded by the instructors in English brought answers in Esperanto; its use came as naturally to these young men and women as English. Her remark was, "I know not the year."

A Colony Surveying Crew at Work

"The date is immaterial," resumed Prof. Warren. "We need not definitely say which year it was. This point is not so important—history is concerned by epochs and events, not bounded by precise years.

"It will be difficult for you to conceive of the appalling chaos of those times, even before the war began. While your motion picture history course has shown you the people of the times, their way of living, etc., yet you can not get the psychology of it all by means of films. Imagine each little independent nation with its army, its president or potentates, its law-making bodies, its functionaries of all kinds, but most of them useless. Each country was a world unto itself; it cared nothing for the rest of the Earth except to profit from it in some manner. Nationalism was taught instead of patriotism as you know it. Of course, you can look back now and say, 'How absurd not to have a world senate,' but it must be remembered that individualism was the trait that ruled the actions and thoughts of our grandfathers. Co-operation was the dream food of cranks; practical men dominated.

"So enamored of this theory were they, so egotistical, so cocksure, that the most significant incidents made not the slightest dent in their self-esteem. This is best illustrated by the awakening of China. After lying dormant for centuries, outstripped by the upstart nations of the west, it had, almost at a bound, leaped from a despotic government to that of a republic. China seemed to have gathered strength from this thousand-year nap and the stored-up energy of her people transformed her from a slumberland to a land teeming with activity and industry. It's half-billion people made the chrysalis emerge a great giant whose resourcefulness amazed the world.

"But this happened mostly while the European nations were slaughtering their best men, and when they had adjusted their quarrels after twenty million men were killed, China was a new menace. Following in the path of commercial enterprise hewed by the western world, for-

eign trade became the Chinese ambition and Chinese-marked goods were to be seen in every market; the Chinese flag was in every port.

"Now this was one of the most potent factors in healing the hates engendered by the war. The spectre of the Yellow man haunted them all. German tolerated Briton, Frenchman planned with Austria, Russian conversed with Bulgar. The common danger was a bludgeon forcing them together. The Chinese flag followed Chinese goods; the Chinese army was drilled to protect the Chinese flag. Though at first dominated by the Japanese, the Chinese soon shook loose and took the initiative. The idea of an Oriental Confederacy grew—India, Siam, Japan, the Philippines—with China the whip hand. This was the first form of the new Asiatic association. Soon envious eyes were cast on Siberia, and it became Russia's constant dread that a new "scourge of God" should lead a Yellow Horde from the East.

An Irrigation Ditch Near the Townsite

"All Europe felt this fear of the new-born East. Russia, Germany, France, England, Italy, Austria, the Balkans—impotent alone, mutually jealous, each hiding her weakness—forgot their grievances in the face of this hideous wraith and hurried to form the Union of Europe. No nation could long remain neutral. Turkey and Egypt joined with Persia in the short-lived Asiatic Entente, but it soon broke up, with Egypt a member of the Union of Europe and the others aligning themselves with the East.

"Even before this, fear had begun to gnaw at the Americas. Brazil had become a competitor of the United States. During the war Canada had entered largely into the world's trade, and the Dominion was being exploited as a commercial nation. Mexico had become an export country. But their jealousy of one another was overshadowed by fear of the Orient. Out of this timorousness grew the Pan-American Union, taking in the Western Hemisphere.

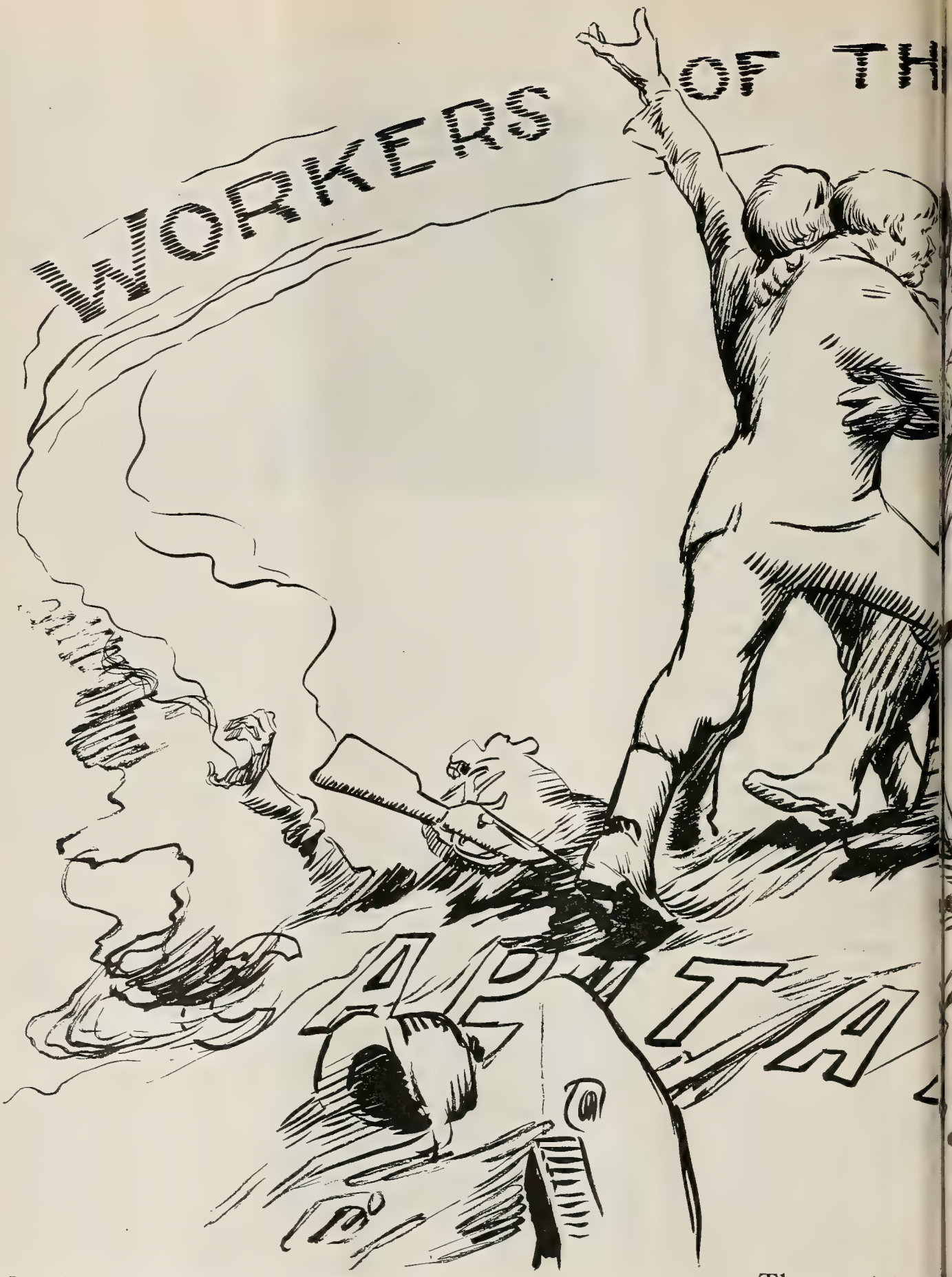
"Australia and New Zealand, with Africa, joined the Union of Europe. The latter became the joint property of all the nations of this combination.

"Now the growth of the Oriental Confederation must necessarily lead to certain sequences. Applying the law of evolution, which you know so well, it meant that an aggressive move would be made to capture the world's markets, backing this up with army and navy. It means that Europe must arm again, and this time on a vaster scale; as teacher for the East she had but herself to blame that the lesson had been so well learned.

"In the United States whether to arm or not to arm became the all-absorbing question. The Pacifists had grown in strength, drawing lessons from the European conflict. But, on the other hand the Preparedists pointed out that it was an age when war was almost unavoidable, and must, therefore, be prepared for.

"Now again I must direct your attention to the Profiteers who ruled every nation. Many were kind-hearted men who abhorred war, yet they were foremost in competing for foreign trade; they stole the markets of the fighting nations of Europe, thus treading the road that led directly to trouble. In the election of 1916 the question was fought along the lines of Shall We Prepare? Being better organized and with a greater incentive—here again you will note the working of the law of Economic Determinism—the Pre-Preparedists were able to win, and the neucleus of the Pan-American Armada was established.

"Note that the seeds of war were sown side by side with the seeds of peace. The worn-out nations of Europe had learned their bitter lesson. They were ready for lasting peace. But with the three great World Associations formed to compete for trade it meant that war must eventually ensue; such gigantic preparations could not be left idle long. The world lay divided into three armed camps, and the best energies of all were turned to the building of newer and more hideous death-dealing devices. Huge fortunes were constantly offered as prizes to stimulate inventive genius. The ingenuity of the greatest constructive minds were, grimly enough, turned to building destructive engines. But before dismissing you I want to emphasize this point: While it was an age of individualism, the co-operative spirit was already infiltrating everywhere. Yet the people of those days failed to see it; it was another significant phase of the Evolution they so little understood, and refused to heed."



—Drawn for the Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

The next tren

be abandoned

Plowing Lines for Tree Planting

Enthusiasm

By R. K.

STALWART workers at the Llano del Rio Colony are showing greater activity, enthusiasm and hope than ever before since the inception of the enterprise. Attacks on us by capitalist newspapers and disturbers have drawn the comrades closer together and their solidarity makes for still better co-operation. Everybody has a shoulder to the wheel of progress. The colonists laugh through assembly meetings and there has been no bickerings of late. Men and women are singing at their work. With the spirit that prevails there is nothing that can prevent the colony making unbounded success.

The splendid showing in the annual financial report has put heart into the weakest. Letters of encouragement and appreciation come from absent members all over the country. The progress of the enterprise in all departments is at the highest mark.

The spring planting season is here. Preparations are being made and work is being done to take advantage of the season's call. Every one here realizes that in order to make Llano grow and the desert to bloom as the rose, a vast amount of labor must be expended.

The weather has been unusually mild for the past three weeks, or practically since the first of February. Indeed, it is hard to realize that it is winter. The days have been warm and the nights pleasantly cool and so propitious has been the weather that vegetation has begun to bud and carpet the hills and valleys hereabout. The big tractor is steadily clearing land.

The caterpiller engine has been doing yeoman service almost twenty-four hours of the day. During the day leveling and clearing the land has been going on and when the night falls plows are put behind it and work is continued throughout the night with three shifts of men. It is surprising what enormous amount of work this little thing will do, which, by the way, is a 30-horsepower affair. It does the work of at least twelve horses and has the advantage of consuming nothing when standing still. Its diet consists mainly of distillate and oil.

The plowing and leveling on the Hubbard place, which is south of the ditch, is almost completed. But little remains to be done to make it ready for seeding. Seeding has been going on for some time and that work will be continued until the whole of the land lying between the upper and lower ditches is one solid mass of alfalfa and barley.

One hundred and sixty acres is now being prepared under direction of O. W. Luton, of the agricultural de-

Digging Holes for Pear Orchard

Rules Llano

WILLIAMS

partment, just back of the Tighlman ranch and north of the lower ditch. This will be put into barley and alfalfa. This piece of land is very near the intake and irrigation, therefore, will be very easy.

To the north of the land in question, P. A. Knobbs, of the garden department, is plowing and preparing for a big garden. It is not quite certain just how many acres at this time, but the land being worked on now is fully forty acres. The location of the garden tract is in a most favored locality.

The high line ditch, meaning that a new survey has been made in order to see how far up the hillside, back of the permanent townsite the water can be carried, is being widened at the bottom to five feet. The upper and lower ditches will prove quite an advantage as can be seen at a glance.

Organization is better than ever before. There is less confusion and the managers' meetings, which are held nightly, are being solidly attended and much interest is manifested. Twenty-five managers and foremen take seats about the long table in the new office building, and the room is already grown too small. At least 75 to 100 interested onlookers attend the meetings to see how things are being done and what is in prospect. Complete order prevails and the session is over in an hour or less and the notes made by the stenographer graphically tell the story of the doings day by day on the ranch.

It may be interesting to know that the managers' meeting of the Llano farm is unique in a way. Every successful organization in the country has adopted and is using some such method of keeping its men in touch with the affairs of the ranch, work is arranged, teams apportioned, men assigned and machinery disposed of for the next day's work. All matters pertaining to the ranch is brought up at these meetings and usually settled very quickly. The thing that is unusual is the fact that it is not a parliamentary body, no motions being made, hence nothing to reconsider and no red tape to dispense with. Every day sees the utility of the managers' meeting and as the days go by its effectiveness will grow.

Llano is now connected with the outside world by telephone. F. O. Harper is completing arrangements to connect by phones the dairy, horse corral and the Tighlman ranch. Much travel about the ranch has been eliminated and Los Angeles is but a minute away now.

For the week ending February 19, Copley's poultry department turned into the commissary 128 dozen eggs. The work of enlarging the chicken ranch is under way.

Five thousand holes have been dug under Horti-

culturist Dawson on the east quarter section. The work of hole digging will soon be over, and the work of inserting the trees started.

Joseph Bowers of the dairy department reports for the week ending Feb. 19, that he is receiving 135 gallons of milk daily and that there is no sickness in the herd.

C. H. Scott of the building department reports that work has started on the industrial building at the new town site. Materials are being hauled there now. The roof on the laundry building is completed. Much repair work has been done by this department during the past three weeks. Work has been caught up and from now on efforts will be directed on the new townsite, which is located about two miles from the present site of Llano.

The hog department has grown somewhat and now more than twenty pens are available for the little and big porkers.

Tanning is regularly going forward and the leather turned out is of exceptional quality. All rabbit hides are being tanned now and the finished product is as pliable as cloth. A good quality of razor strops are being made at the tannery. One hundred and seventy-six rabbit hides were turned into the tannery last week. The tannery is providing all the leather used at the new shoe shop and the harness shop.

Ray Proebstel, the surveyor, is continuing work on the townsite and has two blocks wholly completed, as well as the new industrial site. It won't be long now until a substantial building will command a view of the great valley to the north. Architect William Braun is busily engaged in making drawings for the city and he has completed dozens of different designs for the interiors of the new homes. The lines he has so far drawn are very beautiful.

A drying house has been constructed at the brickyard and only the roof is lacking to have the brick-making machines busy at work. When the covering is made weather will have no effect on the brick industry.

Ending February 19, the rabbitry turned in some interesting figures. There were weaned 168 rabbits; 64 litters were born; 255 pounds of rabbits killed and 176 hides turned to the tannery. Summer shades are being made for the corral and the land about the rabbitry is being fenced preparatory to planting vegetables for the rabbits.

The lime kiln at Bobs Gap is progressing well. March 1 will see the kiln in active operation and probably will be second to none as a burner of lime rock. Lime is badly needed and as a matter of fact is the only thing required to make work on the new townsite rush.

J. J. Leslie with a crew of two men and a tractor, cleared 73 acres of land last week and burned the brush. This acreage has been railed twice.

F. J. Wright, the expert rug maker from Fresno, has completed up to Feb. 19, seven rag rugs and one burlap rug. He is using but one of his looms, as he has not sufficient space. Much interest is being manifested by all the colonists as immediate returns from rags can be seen. As soon as the laundry building is enlarged this manufactory will be placed therein and greater efficiency will be shown.

The managers of the various departments hand weekly a report to be read Sunday evenings, which proves of great interest. This innovation has proved a success and now everyone that cares to hear and know what has been done has this opportunity. These reports have opened the eyes of many people, as it is impossible for one person to keep fully informed on what is taking place at all times over such a vast acreage. It takes quite a number of men to run the ranch at Llano.

One of the most delightful and instructive visits that the writer had in a long time was to the Montesorri school, conducted by Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown, with able assistants, recently. He happened in just as dinner was being served and watched with great interest the little tots line up in Cafeteria style for their portions. It was amusing and pleasing to see with what care they tiptoed to their seats at the little low tables and then sat back waiting for all to be served. Thirty-three children of tender age ranged themselves about the tables with as much or more decorum than grown people. The way they helped each other was truly a delight. With all possible courtesy little boys helped little girls to this thing or that and the solicitude shown was truly affecting. Not a loud or boisterous word was spoken, and the table manners displayed by the little guests were amazing. The table was set and the chairs were arranged by the children, and, too, without a word of instruction. Everything was in perfect order. Each plate had the cutlery neatly laid beside it, with not the slightest variation in distance. The spoons in a box were all laid one within the other. The knives and forks were arranged in the same manner by the children assigned to this work. Mrs. Brown said that children loved order and that given proper incentive they were as dainty and as particular as the most fastidious housewife.

The mothers and fathers of these children are proud of this Montessori school. Children are being taught manners, relationship and social ethics that will be a living standard and by the time they graduate from this delightful home they will be ready to take their place in new environments with perfect aplomb.

Part of the Colony's Garden Ready for Planting

EVERY big movement to emancipate suffering mankind has had to bear with persecutions, villifications and misrepresentations. This can be explained on two grounds: ignorance, which begets intolerance, and on the patent thing called Economic Determinism.

A few weeks ago the State Corporation Commissioner made a report, if not taken from a disgruntled member, at least echoed the sentiments once heard on the floor of the Assembly hall. The report caused some consternation in the hearts of people who are friendly to the cooperative idea and of this greatest of all cooperative efforts. Persons who were not able to discriminate were stampeded.

There was a great deal in the report that was literally true and that, of course, will not hurt anyone. There was more than a generous amount of innuendo of things gone wrong that indeed does put in an improper light the true situation at Llano. There is no objection to the financial situation of the colony being made public. There is no mystery and never has been about this phase of the company. If a person did not understand, it was because he did not go to the proper place in which to find out.

The principal difficulty with most people is that they think a thing and learn to believe it. It does not matter what the truth is. They will act as quickly on an untruth and be as earnest about it as if they were truly following on the paths of rectitude. One will find people that take a man's word and then act as though the man should not be investigated. Many persons do not think for themselves. They are waiting for a leader and when that leader comes they listen attentively for awhile and thinking they have absorbed all of the leader's thought, begin to form a new cult, a new religion or a new colony, as the case may be.

There is one essential difference between Llano and the rest of the world. In Llano a new psychology is in the making. People as a rule change twice and later a third time—sometimes wrong, mostly to the right way of thinking. To make this clear, an example will be cited of a man, a seemingly sensible, capable, money-making man and a Socialist.

For weeks and months this man dreamed of the colony at Llano del Rio. He was living in the northern part of the state of California. His business was good, but he had no heart in it. He wanted to get to that "dream city" and help lay the marble slabs and

(Continued on Page 27)

Montessorians

By A. C. A.

A VISIT to the Montessori school at Llano, California.

It had been raining for a week or more, and the roads were as bad as desert roads can be, though that is not bad at all from the point of view of a dweller in a clay district; still as I looked around the immaculate school and watched the crowd of children trooping towards the door, I sighed with a housekeeper's prevision of disaster.

But the crowd was intercepted and diverted; something happened at the back door, and when they filed in from that direction the "real estate" had been eliminated, and each showed, as they passed, a clean handkerchief. When school opened some of these children had not made acquaintance with that important article. In those cases the handkerchiefs were lent them, but they must be brought to school clean each morning. Ultimately they all acquired both the handkerchiefs and the habit of using them.

On this day the usual routine had been altered. The Guide to Wisdom had been absent at story telling time, so the more energetic kiddies attacked the piled tables and benches and unpacking them according to some law which had previously been impressed upon them, set them carefully in their places. It was delightful to see very little tots studying the angle between the bench and the table with an eye to correct alignment and an inner conviction to its importance; just the expression that I had seen on the face of an artist stepping back from his easel to get the effect of the whole.

Then some of them began taking off the chintz covers which had been wrapped around the stands of shelves on which their toys were stored. These covers had been adjusted carefully by them the night before, the angles laid smooth and pinned tight, and now they were to be taken off in just the right way. It took two children to handle the cloth, possibly 10x6, and one boy of six found himself alone and called a companion to his aid. Billie's attention, however, was attracted elsewhere, and seeing the child's dilemma an assistant Guide took a hand. But Billie, looking around suddenly, observed what was going on, and took the end of the cloth from the assistant with dignified and repressed indignation. Was not this the children's house? Were not they alone responsible for its management? What business had the assistant Guide with his shelf cover? In so many movements the reason for which they had been trained to understand, that dragging inconvenience had been reduced to accurates compactness, and put in its place—like the Guide, who stood back smiling.

By this time most of the children had provided themselves with a toy. Sometimes half a dozen would occupy themselves with one engaging problem. They would even let a Guide play it with them, discovering thus many strange things. I sat down by a boy who had a box of cylinders he was pondering over. He took one up solemnly and demonstrated to me that it had something which might have been sand inside. "Soft," he said. Then he shook another cylinder: it sounded like small stones. "Loud," he said. It was a test of hearing. He was going to try to put them in the box in the order of their gradation of sound. The variation I soon discovered was quite minute.

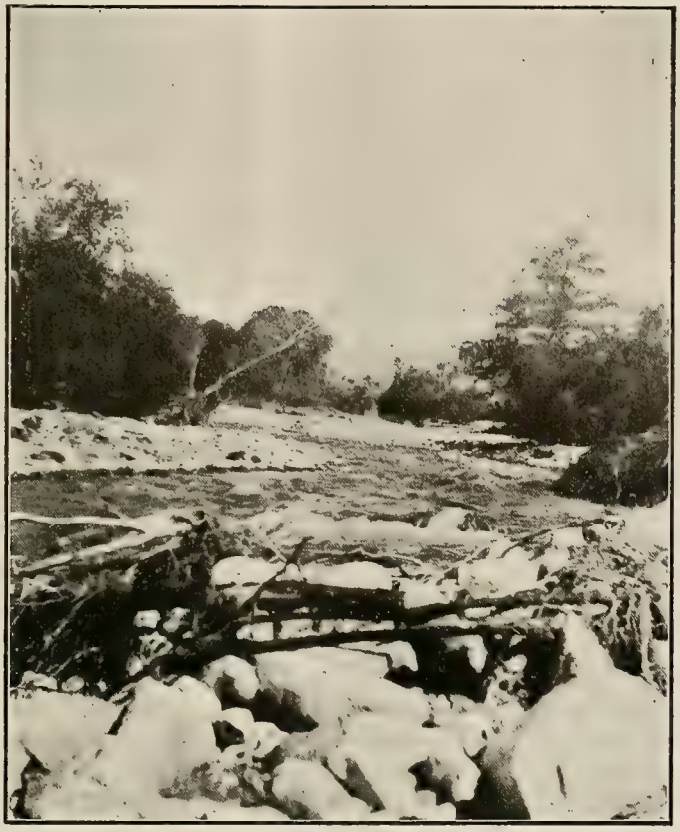
But the Guide to Wisdom was beckoning me, "Just see how beautifully Cecil plays this game," she said. I sat down by Cecil. He had a frame with two pieces of cloth tacked to it, each of which had six strings attached to its edge; the game being to tie six bows, right. Ah! there was the rub. Can you tell me out of hand how many motions are involved in tying a bow? Cecil knows.

Bu there was a more interesting feature to this case. No child in this, his own house, is obliged to do anything. He just falls naturally into doing something because there are so many interesting things to do. But Cecil had stood around idle and aimless for three months. With all the others busy around him he alone had stood aloof, until this toy had claimed him for its own. The day before he had tied those bows steadily for two hours. Today he appeared inclined to repeat the feat. He had learned to do one thing perfectly; how entrancing! Soon he would make new conquests.

I had to go away for a little while. When I came back the table had been set, still by the children. One little tot was filling all the glasses with water. The pitcher was small, but still he had to hold it with both hands, and he was filling each glass just full enough, not too full, and not a drop fell on the table. In the kitchen four babies were standing on a bench by the table (their heads would have been about on a level with it if they had been on the floor), buttering toast, which other tots were toasting on the stove. It took a great deal of toast for twenty or thirty children, but they did it all themselves.

There are great things planned for the Llano schools, but it is not difficult to have faith in their realization after even a brief investigation of this Great Beginning.

On Big Rock Creek



This stream, which is the main source of supply for the Llano del Rio Community, reaches torrential proportions during the winter months. It is the plan to conserve all this immense run off and use it to irrigate additional vast tracts of the colony lands.

Big Rock Canyon is ever popular with the colonists and many impormptu picnics are enjoyed by them.

Llano Musings

By JOHN DEQUER

CHEER up, brave hearts of the Llano, and fear not though the storms of the desert shake your tents, or the ignorance of the mentally misnourished cause you discomfort, or if petty tyranny by a more petty official endeavors to destroy you—for you shall win!

Persecutions, calumnies, criticisms and opposition are powerless in the face of loyal co-operative effort. The sneer and the criticism of the vicious, and the ignorant without and within your ranks will strengthen your resolve to succeed. It will act as fuel for the fire of your ideal.

If co-operation is wrong in principle, you will fail; and the better you co-operate the quicker you will fall. But if it is right, then the storms will only cull out the chaff and reveal the real and golden grain. This is true in every walk of life; in art, in politics, in science. Every new idea will rouse against itself an inevitable storm of opposition by those who are unaccustomed or unadapted to such a new idea. Bruno, Voltaire, Galileo, Paine, Ingersoll and Marx, all great minds in science and philosophy, have had the venomous arrows of ignorance and bigotry driven at their hearts by those who in logic ought to have been their friends. We must expect to get it from within as well as from without. But that which comes from within is the more painful and bitter. Still we must eject it from our system if we would be well. Against that which assails us from without we can be on our guard. The collectivity must defend itself against all foes.

The problem of the Llano is and will be primarily a problem of collective production for collective use. To do that we need collective, harmonious action because upon the harmonious action of the individuals in the organization depends the efficiency of the work; and upon the efficiency with which the work is done depends the results. All that is needed is men and women who are interested in causing their enterprise to grow and develop as a source of communal wealth. And those who want to make it anything else than a source of wealth and comfort are seeing spooks.

Llano is run by the living and for the living, and when the dead arrive we will find them a resting place. We care not whether a man worships the ghosts of the past or of the future. We are neither a church or a seance room. We only band together to produce and enjoy material things in a material world, in a material way, and you can have your spirits in a bottle, in the sky or in a cabinet, so long as they do not interfere with your efficient co-operation while you are on the job.

We are organized for useful deeds—not to advance certain creeds. There are people whose minds are so metaphysical that they will live on faith six hours between each meal, but at meal time they are on earth four square. Now I have no quarrel with their metaphysics, because "meta" means "beyond," "physic," we all understand, and when we are beyond that, generally speaking, we are quite useless to ourselves and everyone else.

Llano is not a dream world of fairy rose gardens and Arcadian ideals. It is a job of reclaiming the Mojave desert and making it a fit habitation. The Mojave is real. The job is real, and requires loyal red blooded co-operators to raise it to its highest possibilities, and we have them; great, noble, wholehearted souls with faith in the land and each other. These are the bearers of the new ideal and idea to combine their small resources into a corporation for mutual benefit. They will succeed though they have to fight all the forces of ignorant scepticism from without and all the chimerical idealism from within. The realists face reality in a real way, meeting conditions in a practical way, and sticking with determined energy to the course they have chosen. They will reap a reward of plenty and peace, and that at no distant day.

To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow, to quary and to build, to eat and to dress, to laugh and to sing, to learn and to love; all this is being done more fully as the days go by.

Does not the Socialist party aim at all these things? Yes, on a greater and grander scale. Socialism is building the great temple of humanity in which some day the race shall dwell. But while the temple is being builded why should we sit naked under the stars when we can organize with our comrades and build a house and have our needs supplied? Llano cares for the now; Socialism builds for the morrow.

The fact is that many people are not adaptable to anything new. They stray upon the stage of life suffering mental photophobia. They fear the light, hence they endeavor to stay in darkness. These cannot be saved and, like an inflamed vermiform appendix, must be eliminated or they destroy the body. This is cruel as Jaweh, but needful as bread.

These people are not bad; they are often very sincere. But sincerity means little. No one ever disputes the sincerity of a rattle snake—only do not get friendly with him on that account. Sincerity is fine

(Continued on Page 31)

Wedding Bells

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

IT is the custom in Millville to prefix the names of the married ladies with the occupations of their respective husbands. Mrs. Judge T. M. Parker, whose husband is Justice of the Peace, city undertaker, stationer and furniture dealer, once explained it in this way:

"When you say Mrs. Martin, or Mrs. Perkins, or Mrs. Hawkins, or Mrs. Barnes, you don't tell much; but when you say Mrs. Banker Martin or Mrs. Druggist Perkins or Reverend Mrs. Hawkins, or Mrs. Bricklayer Barnes, you tell a lot." Then she added:

"And if I had my way we'd all say Mrs. Episcopal Banker Martin and Mrs. Presbyterian Druggist Perkins, and Mrs. Reverend Methodist Hawkins, and Mrs. Socialist Bricklayer Barnes. In that way we'd tell everything right away and save our breaths." Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker prided herself on being practical.

But this isn't a story of Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker. It's a story of her eighteen-year-old daughter Nellie, who with great pomp and rejoicing had just become Mrs. Beetgrower Preston and was living in her brand new cottage just at the edge of town, adjoining the old Thornton place upon which the Bricklayer Socialist Barneses had recently moved. Mrs. Bricklayer Socialist Barnes also figures in the story as villainness or good fairy, depending upon your point of view.

Mrs. Bricklayer Socialist Barnes was running a little one-wheeled hand plow over the east section of her back yard. Her face was very red and upon it was an expression of mingled joy and despair. It was her first experience at backyard, intensified ranching, or any other kind for that matter. But not for a moment did she falter.

"Five feet one in her stockings and every inch a fighter," her husband often said of her proudly.

She thought of that, and gripped the plow handle anew. She hated a coward or a quitter! Then she dropped the handle, turned quite pale, screamed and tried to climb a peach tree. "Oh, I almost stepped on it."

"It" was a very large, very horny, horned toad. It scuttled across the plowed ground and disappeared in a friendly bush.

Five-Feet-One returned to her plow, giggling sheepishly. "I guess it's because the nasty thing's big, fierce ancestors used to chase mine," she mused. "How some instincts do stick."

When the plowing was at length accomplished and she had gone over the bed with a rake, she sat down in the spring sunshine on the warm, moist sod to read the directions on the paper packets of vegetable seeds. Mrs. Socialist Bricklayer Barnes might know how the little reptile of her recent experience happened to be her steenth cousin; she might know something of how world bodies met, united and propagated; and why, when a laborer has worked four hours he ought to begin looking for his hat and coat; but she distinctly did not know whether you planted lettuce and radish seeds a half inch in the ground or two feet. But she meant to find out.

"Cover with one-fourth inch fine soil firmly pressed down," she read, and rose to obey directions.

Her hand touched the dark, moist clods. It gave her a delicious sensation. Never in all her life before had she felt new turned sod. Suddenly she sat up alertly, her eyes blazing. Almost, almost she felt the warm earth throb!

"I belive it's true!" she whispered. "True! It's alive. All matter lives and breathes! There's no such a thing as dead matter!"

She got down on her knees and laid her ear close to the sod. Breathless, she listened. Did she only imagine it, that soft stirring, like her sleeping baby's breath, or did she really hear it? It was spring!

She forgot where she was, forgot her nearness to the road until a figure came between the horizon and her rapt eyes. It was Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker on her way to visit her newly married daughter.

Mrs. Socialist Bricklayer Barnes again had cause to giggle sheepishly, as she assumed a position in keeping with the scheme of the universe and the usages of polite society.

"Good morning, Mrs. Parker," she called cheerfully.

"Good morning," Mrs. Parker replied, not pausing for a moment, but even hastening her steps.

Mrs. S. B. looked after her thoughtfully. "I don't seem to get acquainted very fast. I suppose she thinks I'm crazy, standing on my head like that."

Mrs. B. J. hurried pantingly on, not being built on hurrying lines. She was musing, too, or cogitating, let us say, as the word seemed to suit better her proportions.

"I must write to the Los Angeles Times and find what it means when Socialists stand on their ears. Some free love ceremony, I'll be bound. I'm scared to have Nellie live down here by such people."

Not realizing that she was a menace, Mrs. Brick-

layer Barnes went on with her planting. She was commencing with the radishes when she heard the soft thud of running steps behind her, and turning saw Nellie, the new bride. She had on a little blue cap and kimona, daintily embroidered with a thousand careful stitches and who knows how many thousand girlish dreams. Her eyes were red and swollen and she spoke in short gasps. She must have run all the way across the beet field.

"Oh hide me, hide me! Don't let mamma find me!"

Mrs. Socialist Bricklayer Barnes cast aside her seeds.

"Of course I will. I'd like to rescue a good many young girls from their mammas. Come in quick."

She seized the girl's hand and led her into the house. "Now," she said, sitting down in front of the little bride, quite like a doctor in consultation, "tell me all about it."

"Oh I knew you'd help me. Mamma says you don't believe in marriage, and I don't either. Oh, how I hate it."

Mrs. S. B.'s eyes grew big. "I not believe in marriage!"

"Yes, she says it's true because you keep your certificate in a book on chickens. She found out the day she came to see you."

"Oh," said Mrs. S. B., smiling at some recollection, "The scrap of paper—Let's not talk about me, let's talk about you. You don't want to be married. Tell me why."

Crimson floods swept the girl's face. "I can't," she whispered.

"Oh yes you can. Come! Don't you love your husband? I'm sure you did before you married him. I used to watch you go by together."

Nellie stole a look at her face. She did not seem in the least horrified. She had the same kind of a smile that she had when she was talking about the weather. Very low the little bride began.

"I thought I loved him, but I don't now. I hate him."

"Why?"

"I know the secret."

"What secret?"

"The married woman's secret." Lower and lower.

"Yes? What's that?"

"You know," she whispered. "It's that men are beasts."

Mrs. S. B. frowned and clinched her hands. Five feet one she was, and every inch a fighter. "Has your husband abused you?"

Nellie shook her head. "No, but I know."

"Yes? How do you know, my dear?"

"After mamma and every one had left, he said: 'Thank God they've gone at last! Now you're all mine!' Then he kissed me and—and—oh, I can't tell the rest! He never kissed me like that before. And then I knew. And whenever he comes near me I begin to shake. I can't help it. He has moved out into the tank house."

"Why, the poor boy!"

The girl rose, wringing her hands. "Oh, what shall I do? I can't go back! I can't! And I can't tell mamma. She'd say, 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' And she'd make me go back. And she knew, too! Knew and wouldn't tell me! Just let me walk right into a trap. That's the way they treat girls—they set traps for girls—the men do—and the women sit back and let us walk right into them! Even your own mother."

She poured out all her disillusion, her pent-up grief and fear.

"And I know why they do it, too. Oh, I figured

(Continued on Page 30)

The Preparers

By A. F. GANNON

THEY grace the velvet depths of Profit's pulpits
And bid the burdened meekly bear their yoke;
Denouncing those brave spirits as "low culprits"
Who flount the masters and the slaves provoke.

They ply perfervid pens in prostitution
(Without the spur that speeds the strumpet's shame),
Whose genius could enkindle revolution
In souls yet stranger to the sacred flame.

They prate of "peace" and, in the guise of playing,
Inculcate murder in the mind of youth;
And slyly gild the gory art of slaying
Till each child spurns the native gold of ruth.

They glibly dwell upon the nation's "mission,"
And cry: "To arms!" on the pretext of peace,
Until the stupid mass, swayed by attrition,
Conceives the thought bred in it's brain obese.

And ye who sit supine amid the splendor
Of high ideals or a love of self,
Betimes shall waken or be forced to render
Your blood and manhood to these pimps of pelf!

Enthusiasm Rules Llano

(Continued from Page 21)

bring to fruition the hope of the ages. Plato saw it and described it well; St. Simon saw it also and tried it; Robert Owen lived it for a time; Oneida was the mecca for years; Ruskin saw devotees pour in; East Aurora builded great and solid; Zion City contained zealots of an idea. These and other great emancipatory efforts filled the mind of the man in question. Nothing but auroras, tinted and alluring, held his attention. He would talk to none that were not in sympathy with him and his ideas. He constructed homes, cities, palaces, estates—in fact air castles, and strange to say, for these dreams he ever got ready and receptive audiences too.

At last fortune favored him and he got away from business long enough to run to the colony and "look it over," as the saying goes. The only thing that charmed him was the homes of next year, the views of the towering, sky-piercing crests, snow covered and bewildering in sun and moonshine, the fast automobile ride, the redolent odors of exhaling spring, the drizzle of the night, all of which were invigorating. He did not see a thing that he came to see. The great plain to the north and east with its long undulations dissolving in the distance; changing colors, lights and shadows. These were the things he saw and appreciated.

The things the man did not see, nor could he see if he had tried, was the land, water, adobe houses, little, not palaces; tents, ungainly barns, long and short horn cattle; plebeian rabbits; fluffy chickens and the season's dependability. He joined.

The man in question later returned bag and baggage. He was filled with enthusiasm at first. He was going to have that city whether or no. The electric lights must bloom on each yucca tree and a long line of lights would adorn the Madre hills from the Big Rock to the Mescal, a distance of twelve miles. The Santa Fe, thirty-five miles away, winding its way through the jagged hills to the south, must run into a shaft of light from a giant searchlight placed upon the dream tower hundreds of feet in height. Los Angeles ninety miles away must be startled and entertained nightly by the weird reflections in the heavens of the wonders of Llano. These simple things were to be but a few of the achievements that he had come to the colony to perform.

For a couple of weeks he "lazed" around awaiting some sort of move in this direction and was immeasurably pained to see none. He, however, noticed men being taken in autos to work at the lime kiln, to the Hubbard place, to the Tighlman ranch and to the land at Mescal. He observed men with picks and shovels and hoes going into the fields and orchards. He saw men driving wagons filled with lumber, bags, and hay. He noticed the dairy cows turned into this field and into that and later saw them driven to the long barn and he saw the ugly sight of milkers milking the cows and yet later, he saw the butter on the tables and milk there too, and he saw the churn at work and wrappers busy putting it up in pound packages. He went to the comissary and saw men and women buying things and taking them home. Most astonishing of all, he heard preparations for work here and there. Work! Work! What a shock. This city of his was not to be built by work but by genii hands.

This man wandered about in a daze for a month and finally made the discovery that work is the basis of everything; that if a dream city is to be built the masons must be there; big wagons must haul the brick and stone and sand and lime. The carpenters must saw and hammer and the landscape man must bend his back and sweat over every flower or bush; that aching muscles must be the reward of this thing to be. Astonishing discovery!

With the discovery came a new incentive to work at something worth while. The dreams, like a shimmering drapery, dropped off and lay in the distant land of fox fire. A new psychology had been

(Continued on Page 29)

If you think the war in Europe has shattered Socialism, read L. B. Boudin's famous book,

"Socialism and War"

and let this eminent author, who is one of the foremost in the Socialist ranks, put you right. Socialism is NOT shattered. It is NOT even dented.

As a matter of fact, it is only upon applying the magic touch of Socialist interpretation that the war reveals its fundamental causes, meaning and consequences. Instead of destroying Socialist theory, the war has vindicated it.

In the course of a very suggestive historical analysis, Boudin divides the life history of capitalist society into three epochs—two of them warlike and one peaceful. In the era when capitalism is just emerging out of feudalism it wages a series of bloody wars for the extension of territory. The second epoch is the pacific period of capitalist internal development. Having secured access to the sea, having formed the nation and secured its own dominance within the nation, the capitalist class enters upon an era of peace in order to develop its resources and power at home.

The third epoch, the present one in which imperialism plays a dominant part, is essentially warlike; and its essential economic characteristic is the exportation of capital, principally in the form of iron and steel. The leading industrial nations of the world, no longer having a market at home which can be industrialized by the purchase and introduction of industrial means of production, the nations strive to secure control of undeveloped countries which can be "developed" in the sense of being industrially revolutionized.

After the general consideration of the economics and ideology of the war, Boudin, in the chapter on the "Immediate Causes of the War and the Stakes Involved," goes deep into the complicated mass of international relations that brought about the war.

After this very interesting analysis of the war, Boudin takes up the attitude of the Socialists.

He also applies the class struggle theory to the race problem, and shows how truly reactionary are the race theories of imperialism, and how progressive the Socialist theory of the same subject is. Boudin develops a theory of nationalism, internationalism, war and peace, which is truly Marxian in conception and Socialistic in outlook.

Send $1.10 to The Western Comrade, 520 California Building, Los Angeles, Cal., and we will promptly have the book forwarded to you, postpaid.

Llano Rug Works

Rugs from old carpets. Rag rugs a specialty. Room size rugs as well as small sizes at Los Angeles prices. We pay freight both ways. Write for information or ship direct to **Rug Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Calif.**

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

526 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year
In Clubs of Four Twenty-five Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor
Frank H. Ware, Associate Editor

Vol. III February, 1916 No. 10

WASHINGTON sends out a telegram that Germany has offered Nicaragua more money than the United States for the Nicaraguan canal route, which, according to some senators, is an argument in favor of an immediate ratification of the pending treaty, and to others believe there is an ulterior purpose behind it. Watch for the wave of preparedness talk now.

* * *

AUSTRALIA is in a state of unrest. The Socialist party there has taken a position against the war and has vigorously fought enlistment. Miss Pankhurst, who recently spoke at Melbourne on "Shall Men Enlist?" was interrupted by soldiers who were sent to the meeting for the purpose of breaking it up. They almost succeeded in precipitating a riot, but finally Miss Pankhurst concluded her speech.

* * *

INDUSTRIAL affairs in Australia are in turmoil. At Broken Hill in New South Wales thousands of miners are on strike. In the same state coke workers are also on strike for higher wages. The effect of the strike will probably be far-reaching as New Castle steel works in England depend on this supply. Reports say that other industries are affected and great signs of general uneasiness. Conscription may be resorted to.

* * *

ENGLAND has called again for her single men to join the army. This proclamation will have the effect of enrolling all single men of military age who have not been exempted. This really means conscription. Eighteen-year-old boys are now being pressed into the service. The value of murder training of the Boy Scouts will now be demonstrated.

Startlers

Sorrow ripens the soul.—AUGUST RODIN.

All that cats think is evil.—HILLAIRE BELLOC.

My reputation will take care of itself.—WOODROW WILSON.

Our navy is too weak to be a bully.—REAR ADMIRAL STANFORD.

The greatest bonehead I ever saw accused me of being one.—GEORGE PICKETT.

I promise the House at some future time to be a great deal better.—MEYER LONDON.

Firm refusal unavailing, I have been forced to submit to the people's will.—YUAN SHIH-KAI.

I don't believe in Woman Suffrage and I haven't any respect for women who dabble in such trash.—HETTY GREEN.

Be not dumb driven slaves in the army of destruction, be heroes in the army of reconstruction.—HELEN KELLER.

Any man who will sabotage when he's working for himself hasn't got sense enough to be an I. W. W.—GEORGE GIBBONS.

In marriage man finds not his mate but his housemate. It is fortunate for the system that the married man soon loses all desire for his mate in captivity.—MARION COX.

We know that hundreds of comrades have joined the Llano Colony and we would not knowingly do aught to in any sense jeopardize their interests. — THOMAS W. WILLIAMS.

The mind will not develop unless the brain is rested with enjoyment and relief from all care, and enjoys an intense excitement when such excitement results only in pleasure.—JOB HARRIMAN.

I have no country to fight for; my country is the earth; I am a citizen of the world. I would not violate my principles for God, much less for a crazy kaiser, a savage czar, a degenerate king, or a gang of pot-bellied parasites.—EUGENE V. DEBS.

Oh, our women, they are sublime!—GEN. JOFFRE.

Call me anything but Colonel.—WM. HOWARD TAFT.

I know positively that a food trust is being organized.—GIFFORD PINCHOT.

Ignorance is the only soil in which tyranny can fatten.—THOMAS DIXON.

I would be sorry to see an immense standing army organized in this country.—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

This war began in secret diplomacy. It will end in secret conferences by diplomatists. — JANE ADDAMS.

Don't elect me Assembly chairman for life. Make it a shorter term—you may want to can me.—A. A. STEWART.

Doping soldiers with ether, rum or other spirits before the attack has been largely resorted to.—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

If we have war you'll see that young fighting officers of the army want to be in my command.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Means of communication between this country and England continue bad. The king's advisors believed that making W. W. Astor a peer would be pleasing to Americans.—HOWARD BRUBAKER.

In Mexico there has been no case of wanton looting of American property by Mexicans in comparison with the wanton looting of Mexican property by Americans.—JOHN KENNETH TURNER.

Great artists paint for money. Great authors are chained to the publisher's ideals of best sellers. Physicians must bow to the prejudices of their patients. Surgeons but too often operate for the gold that is found in the appendix. The legal mind becomes the trickster for nefarious business. The legislator attaches himself to interests needing protection. The minister of Christ avoids offensive allusion to the business crimes which his parishioners are committing.—JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

Enthusiasm at Llano

(Continued from Page 27)

created: a new point of view appeared and now that man is strong for practical things, things of solidity, things made to stand. Concrete ideas take the place of the dreamy abstract. He does not entirely abandon dreams, however. But dreams are secondary now with him.

Llano is no dream city, but with active, willing cooperation on the part of the men and women and children too, the ideal of the ancients and the hope of the present will be realized. Cooperation means working together; to realize an identity of interest, and when a person is assigned to a job, for instance the building a tent, imagine the tent is to be yours and build it as if for yourself. Realize that winds blow, that rain falls, that snow quietly and softly falls, but lays heavy. The tent is the property of the builder. With this idea in mind, the cows will be stripped clean, the butter will be made sweet and sanitary, the horses shod properly and the machine with which the workman is engaged will be kept in a high state of repair. Fortunes, leisure, ideals, ethics, morals flow from the recognition of the identity of interest. Work, conscientious and loved, wrought the wonders of the world, builded the monuments that have come down through corroding time, painted the canvas with heaven-inspiring images and carved the Parian marble into word-begging forms.

The Llano that lays at the feet of the Sierra Madre is as fertile as any land can be desired. The waters that tumble down from a 6500-foot evelation run summer and winter and can feed the thirsty soil and build innumerable crops. The land is here. The water is here. From a practical level-headed point of view, from the viewpoint of a class-conscious man or woman, who continually talk of the soil and the water as being the requisites of life and deplore the fact that it is now 75 per cent controlled by the lords of capital, ought to fare magnificently here and enjoy the new world in the making.

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every professional man and woman, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

"The Sexual Question"

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price $5.50. **Now sent prepaid for $1.60.** This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

General Dealers in Books, Sent on Mail Order

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

A TEMPTING OFFER

Hundreds of subscriptions are pouring into the circulation department of the Western Comrade through combination offers. This month we have several new ones added to the list. Would you like to get

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW

with the Western Comrade at a reduction? Just send seventy-five cents to the circulation department of the WESTERN COMRADE, 526 California Building, Los Angeles, Cal., and be placed on the mailing list of both magazines for one year.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS

Dentist

306 South Broadway

Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Women's Magazines

The Western Comrade has arranged several good combination offers for the benefit of its women readers. Among them are:

Today's magazine and McCall's, both with the Western Comrade for one year for $1.25. This includes a free May Manton pattern and a free McCall pattern.

Another tempting offer is Today's and Housewife and the Western Comrade. These three can be had in combination for one year for $1.00.

Still another offer includes several magazines. It is Today's, Woman's World, Home Life, People's Popular Monthly and the Western Comrade all for one year for $1.50.

All checks or money orders should be made to the

WESTERN COMRADE

526 California Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Our Greatest Offer!

Here is a combination offer of The American Socialist, official organ of the National Socialist Party, the famous "1914 National Campaign Book" and The Western Comrade that not one reader of The Western Comrade can afford to let slip by.

The American Socialist for one year is	$ .50
The 1914 Campaign Book.	.50
The Western Comrade for one year is	.50
Total	$1.50

We will make you a combination of the above for just $1.00

Take advantage of this offer now!

Address: Circulation Manager
THE WESTERN COMRADE
526 California Bldg.
Los Angeles. Cal.

Wedding Bells

(Continued from Page 26)

the whole thing out while I sat over there wishing I could die. Nobody would tell me, so I figured it out. They won't tell because if girls knew what beasts men are they would never marry and then there wouldn't be any babies born into the world."

Here was a situation! What a perfectly ghastly idea!

"They won't even tell us about the babies for fear we'd be afraid to get married. But we have some sense and we find out better for ourselves. When mamma told me she found me in the river bed I knew it was a lie. I think she might have told me the truth about that. It's so wo-onderful. And it never would have stopped me. I'd suffer anything to—to— it isn't the pain—it's the ——" She covered her face.

"The what, then?"

"The shame," she whispered. "Oh, if the secret had been anything but that—anything—anything; I could have stood it! And I thought Jimmie was so good. If he is bad, how horrible other men must be!"

Mrs. S. B. smiled at that. She began to see her way more clearly.

"Mamma did try to warn me. I ought to give her credit for that. She told me I'd find Jimmie wasn't the angel I thought him, but women that knew which side their bread was buttered on learned to put up with men. And while Mrs. Martin was pinning on my veil she whispered, 'If Jimmie gets stingy with you, girlie, you come to me. I'll teach you how to coax open his pocket book.'"

Five-Feet-One fairly shrunk in her chair. So that was what marriage meant to them!

"I didn't know what they meant then. But I do now. I'd starve first."

Five-Feet-One plunged into her task. She shook her head doubtfully.

"I'm very much afraid Jimmie won't forgive you."

"Forgive me!"

"Yes, for your cruelty. How could you make such a stupid mistake? He is nothing like you think. You misunderstood him, that's all."

"You mean I got the secret wrong?"

"Ridiculously wrong."

"Won't you tell me?"

Mrs. S. B. reflected. Could she undo years of perverted teachings in a few minutes? No, her task lay with the boy. He, at least, knew himself. The girl knew neither herself nor him.

"No, I shan't tell you. A girl who has thought such evil things of her husband ought to be punished, don't you think so?"

"I—I suppose so. But—"timidly—"do I need to be so afraid?"

"Not at all, only as we tremble before all of nature's secrets. It's a secret, yes—a mystery deep and delicate and lovely, but it's a good secret—a bringer of joy when two persons love each other and treat it as the fragile thing it is. So don't worry any more about it, my dear."

Nellie's face grew radiant. "Why, it must have something to do with my dream."

"Maybe it has. What was your dream?"

"I used to try to dream of Jimmie, but I never could. But when I'd try and try, sometimes I'd have another dream almost as lovely. But it's a hard dream to tell. At first it seemed to be a color but not a color I had ever seen, then it would turn to hundreds of dream colors that would seem to wrap all about me. And I would try to tell them they were smothering me. I couldn't stand their brightness, and I would wake all breathless and trembling. Has that something to do with the secret?"

Mrs. S. B. smiled.

"Yes, a great many stainless girls like you only dream of the secret at first. By and by you may dream while you're awake. Now I'm going to find Jimmie and ask him to forgive you. You wait here."

She found him at the barn entrance pretending to mend a set of harness, but the harness had dropped to the ground and his hand was under his dejected, sullen lips.

She walked up to him and the scene that followed was in plain view of the horrified eyes of Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker who sat at the window fretting over the inexplicable absence of her daughter. "Where's Nellie?" she had asked her new son-in-law, and he had sullenly answered, "I dunno," and not another word could she get out of him.

"What business has that woman with Jimmie?" This to herself as she peeped through the curtains.

"That Woman" was evidently doing all the talking. Jimmie merely registered emotions. First indifference, then surprise, then confusion, then horror, then a desire to run. At this point "that woman" laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Oh, the creature," groaned Mrs. Judge, "and her ten years older if she's a day! Oh, where's Nellie?"

Jimmie reached for a handkerchief and mopped his forehead and sat down again. Mrs. S. B. sat down beside him talking very fast and smiling a great deal. This one-sided conversation proceeded while Jimmie mopped his forehead. Gradually he lost his self-consciousness and absorbed her words with an eager anxiety. Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker sat by the window and looked and wheezed and groaned. It was all too clear that that Socialist woman was busy at the festive free-love pastime so popular with all Socialists. She was trying to break up Nellie's home.

"Poor, poor Nellie! Oh, you wretch!" The last was for Jimmie. He had taken Mrs. S. B.'s hand and after pumping it up and down was holding it and squeezing it. Such goings on! And him only married two days! It was at this point that she considered looking for Nellie's dead remains in the cellar.

She saw them start across the beet field, saw Mrs. Socialist Barnes stop in her new plowed patch, saw Jimmie take the three bottom steps at a jump, only to stop on the fourth and mop his forehead before making a final dash for the door.

And the Menace? What did she do? Did she start planting vegetables like a sensible, respectable woman? No. She stood absolutely idle for a few minutes, then knelt down and placed her ear against the earth as if to listen.

"Oh, oh! It's a free-love rite just like I thought. She's waitin' for the devil to tell her what to do next!"

With a loud groan she began her search for Nellie. And she looked first in the empty trunk in the cellar.

Llano Musings

(Continued from Page 24)

when it tends to preserve the whole; when it does not, beware! A sincere enemy is a dangerous one, and anything organized for the advantage of the poor will get sincere opposition, even from the poor themselves, who too often are not ready to fight with nature, but seek either alms from the rich or advantage over each other. That lamentable large element unconsciously seeks to destroy itself through their unorganizable nature and from my experience with them I rejoice in their success, for that which is unorganizable is useless to the further progress of man. That which will organize is the yeast of the new age. To the organizable I say, "Combine to serve yourself." And to the unadaptable to organization I say, "Good-bye."

Take heart, comrades of the Llano. You are on the right track for self-preservation through your organized efforts. You can afford to be patient—to eliminate that which you can not consolidate, and you need not worry about your waste. It is sad that not all will join heartily, but we may be glad that so many of us are able and willing to combine. We may rejoice in the work so far accomplished and it will cheer us on to greater efforts for our collective good.

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.00 to

The Western Comrade
526 CALIFORNIA BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Your Combings

made into switches for one dollar, postpaid.

Work guaranteed.

MRS. E. TURNWALL
Llano, Cal.

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

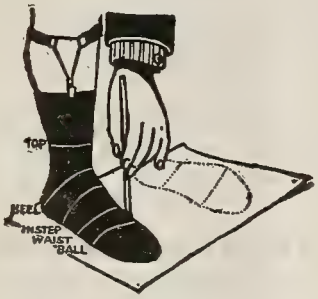
IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	3.00

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pair of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.



Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
526 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Western Comrade

Allan L Benson

March 1916 Five Cents

Information About the

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established in an attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

There are about 700 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate, which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern sawmill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a tannery, a rug and carpet weaving plant, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling the crops.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

About 120 acres of garden was planted last year. This year the garden is being enlarged to more than twice this size.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about one hundred acres of young pear trees. Twenty-six thousand apple and pear trees are being set out.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and most of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

CONTENTS

Page

Facts and Comment 5
By Job Harriman.

Labor Conscription 8
By Frank E. Wolfe.

Westfield 9
By John Dequer.

Boosting Better Babies 11
By Edmund R. Brumbaugh.

Fighting Militarism 12
By Max Sherover.

The Town of Amis 13
By Wilby Heard.

Improvements at Llano 15
By R. K. Williams.

The Children's House 21
By Prudence Stokes Brown.

Two Poems of the Llano 23
By Alberta Leslie and Isabel Scott McGauhey.

The Cause of Crime 24
By Clara R. Cushman.

Child of Arcady (Poem) 25
By Marguerite Head.

Preparedness 26
By Gray Harriman.

Invasion (Poem) 29
By Frank H. Ware.

CARTOONS

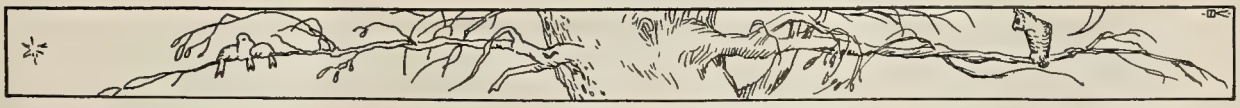
God, Punish Mexico! . . . . . Frontispiece

Patriotism 8

Still Hovering 10

Our Three Great Patriots 16

The Hunter and His Dog 22



God, Punish Mexico!

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by Dudley Logan.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action — Co-operation — Direct Action

VOL. III — LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH, 1916 — NUMBER 11

Facts and Comment

By Job Harriman

THE Presidential campaign is on. What will be the issue? Who will be the candidates? One candidate will stand for peace, but boasts national honor, the glory of the flag and patriotism. Dignity of American citizenship will furnish an open door through which to march an army.

Allan L. Benson will stand for peace.

Roosevelt or Root will, under cover of peace, stand for war.

The interests want war, and conquest.

The people want peace.

It is from the energy of the people that the interests coin cash. The larger the territory and the population the greater is the opportunity for greed.

How vast the chasm between the people and the interests! The one is inspired by the effections; the other by the mailed fist. The one is interested in humanity; the other in the accumulation of fortunes. The one is guided by the heart; the other by the strength of his sword, and the magnitude of his army. The efforts of the one are rewarded with beautiful meadows, fields of corn and gardens of roses; while the efforts of the other result in reeking gore.

The opportunity to snatch a fortune without earning it is crushing the human heart and leading the race to the pit.

❖ ❖ ❖

PREPAREDNESS! This is the brain throb of the hour. The world war is on. The United States is at last drawn into the vortex. Wall street has world interests and they must be advanced and protected.

Is war wrong? Shall the weak say to the strong, "Your war is wrong"? Until the weak are able to control the strong, war will not be wrong. "The King can do no wrong," because there is no power to punish him.

The few, whose forces are organized and mobilized are strong.

The many, whose forces are unorganized and scattered, are weak. The weak are drawn into the vortex of war; organized and made strong, by the strong, for the strong, while the remainder of the many are unorganized and weak—for the weak.

They stand alone, helpless and defenseless, ready and ofttimes willing to be led to the slaughter. They are the food that war feeds upon; but, though they die 'mid shot and shell, they cannot say war is wrong, for they are organized and made strong to protect the interests of the strong. Were it necessary to protect the interests of the strong, the many would be disorganized and scattered to the four corners to cry in the wilderness for the weak. "He that hath eyes to see, let him see."

❖ ❖ ❖

IS Roosevelt retreating or Root progressing? Or are they both standing where they have always stood, and pretending to be what they are not?

Roosevelt's new booklet is nothing more or less than a campaign document; while Root's document is nothing more nor less than a campaign booklet.

Both are ultra-conservative, both condemn Wilson's peace policy; one shrouds it in billingsgate, while the other names it "waiting watchfulness."

The policies of each, though differently worded, will equally well serve the interest and blind the general public while they are led to slaughter.

Slaughter is not a metaphor, nowadays. It is the real thing. It means shot and shell and trench for the poor voter who, by the cry of patriotism, is urged on to the bloody battle. What care they if the interests be served? Roosevelt will—perhaps—go to the war. Root will not even—perhaps.

They are not headed for the field of battle, where victories are won with musketry and sword.

They are headed for the Chicago convention, where victories are won by word of mouth and where they are safe from being even scorched by the shafts of hot air that will be spouted there.

What is the difference between these wordy champions? One is a "Bull Moose." The other is a "Moose Bull."

"Choose ye whom ye will serve!"

WHAT chance has the rat against the cat? What chance has Mexico against the United States? Are not the feeling of mice and men the same when war is on? Does not the blood of the victim urge the victor to further carnage? Will the helplessness of our sister republic arouse our sympathies or cause us to demand unconditional surrender? What did we do in the Mexican War in 1848? Did we show a heart of compassion or of steel? Was not Taylor elected upon a war issue? What were the real rights in the premises? Were the rights not couched in the superior force of our arms? Did the heart aches of the Mexican people save to them their territory?

What is the real cause of the present conflict? Does it not lie back of the raid on Columbus? Did Villa hope to conquer 90,000,000 people with 4000 men? Is he a maniac? Or is he inspired by interests that would profit by absorbing Mexico? Was not Harry Chandler, with his criminal associates, indicted by the United States grand jury for conspiring to incite war between the United States and Mexico? Is not the Los Angeles Times one of the mouthpieces of Wall street? Are not their interests in Mexico identical?

Who is financing Villa? Is it not Wall street and its interests? Was it not for this reason that Wilson supported Carranza? Do not the Wall street interests, the corporations and trusts, dominate our public affairs? If we conquer Mexico would they not then control affairs in that country? Would their profits not swell with the increase of territory? Are not their properties in Mexico worth hundreds of millions? If we take Mexico, would not the value of their property multiply into billions? Have they not been cruel to their poor Mexican employes?

Do they not know the hatred and contempt in which they are held by all Mexicans? Have they not by their conduct aroused in Mexico this same feeling against the United States? Did they not know that the Mexican people could not understand that an invading army was pursuing only one man? Did they not know that these people would resist that army and desert any power that consented to such invasion? Did they not know that this would weaken Carranza and temporarily strengthen Villa? Did they not know that this would result in war between the two countries? Did they not use their own power in Congress to force Wilson to take this step? Are they not now opposing reciprocity with Carranza? Are they not unwilling to grant the same privileges to Mexico that we are taking? Are not the great Republican dailies supporting them in their policy? Have they not already created a revolt in Congress against Wilson's policy? Does this not mean war with Mexico? What chance has Mexico against the United States? What chance have the commercial and industrial interests of Mexico against those of the United States? Greed for gold is the cause of war. The magnitude of the war is determined by the opportunities to gratify the greed.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHY not arm the people? Are these guardians of our welfare afraid of the people? Would it not require less taxes for each man to support his own rifle, than it would to support an idle soldier with a rifle? Would there not be more armed men if all had rifles than if only an army of soldiers had rifles? Would it be possible for any world force to invade this country if all had rifles? Would not peace be secured if all had arms? Twenty million armed men! What would that mean? It would mean peace even in these days of war. We could stay securely at home at our work and let the dogs of war in foreign lands bay on.

But the people are not the Government. The Government is a very different institution. The large interests of this country constitute the Government. They own our public press, our news service, our transportation, our ships, our banks, our oil, our coal, our steel, our law, our—everything, almost, is theirs. They want an army of soldiers to protect what is—theirs (?).

The soldiers will protect what is theirs, while they fear that the armed people will protect what is ours.

Are not the soldiers a force for conquest? Are we not now beginning the conquest of Mexico? Will not what is theirs be increased by conquest? Will not ours be taken away? If they need us can

they not call us by conscription to protect what is theirs?

Is not every soldier an added burden to our taxation? Would not an armed people be self-supporting?

Why not arm the people? What? Why not?

Will Bull Moose and Moose Bull please answer.

❖ ❖ ❖

TEN million armed troops, marshalled by the allies, are operating in every theater of war. It is now proposed to mobilize them all upon the Kaiser's troops; to drive them into Germany and then to utterly extinguish the German race. What a thought! What a funeral! What carnage! What rivers of blood! Has hell broke loose?

This is the ripe fruit of the greed of the millionaire. How many, many millions of men, women and children have been silently ground to death in the stores and mills and factories of the merchant and industrial kings! How many human lives are consumed to build a palace! How many lives of little children must be sacrificed that a daughter of the rich may be bedecked with diamonds! How many have starved that the idle might dwell in palaces and dine on wine and sweet meats!

The merchant and industrial princes of the world are striving to turn the resources of the world into their coffers.

Shall these resources be turned into the coffers of the allies or of the Germans and Austrians? This is the question.

For this question 6,000,000 men have paid the death penalty during the war; 8,000,000 more have been captured or wounded. How many millions were killed and wounded by the industrial hardships before the war, can never be known.

Eliminate the possibility of profits and the war would end at once. A community of interests begets good fellowship; a conflict of interests brings war. War follows in the trail of the profit system as inevitably as the night follows the day.

Have we not tried the profit system long enough? How many millions more of our first-born shall be laid upon the altar as a sacrifice to greed? Greed is a child of the profit system. Once it is born, it makes a graveyard of the human heart and buries therein every noble sentiment and tender impulse. It is the possibility of profit, of returns without rendering an equivalent, that has crushed the world's heart and developed a world war.

Suppose the allies extinguish the German race, will they not go on merchandising and laying the foundation for future wars of greater magnitude? Who next shall be exterminated? The most efficient, of course. This greed is an obstacle to the world's progress, view it as you will.

There is but one solution. The abolition of individual ownership and the profit system and the substitution of collective ownership and co-operation. With this change the world war would end, the German would clasp hands with the ally across the channel and the Rhine, the human heart would ascend to the throne and the world would be governed by love and goodwill toward men.

❖ ❖ ❖

A SPLENDID editorial in the March Rip-Saw, from the pen of Eugene V. Debs, unveils the horrible tragedies constantly arising in the industries of our great cities. He quotes the following from a report made by a commission appointed by the Governor of Maryland:

"Much attention is given to social conditions in factories, stores and office buildings, and many instances are given of immorality forced upon girls by their employers or their superiors at their places of employment; the penalty of refusal being the loss of position."

We wish to call the attention of the Rip-Saw to the fact that the Llano del Rio Colony has 750 inhabitants; that we are now two years old; and that such conditions as are mentioned in the above quoted report are now, and forever will be absolutely impossible in Llano del Rio Colony. The reason that such horrors are impossible is that the employes of the company are the stockholders, and could, and would, discharge the Board of Directors if any such crimes were ever mentioned, much less indulged in. Do you think that an investment in the Llano del Rio Colony is really a gamble? May not some good come out of Nazareth?

Labor Conscription

By FRANK E. WOLFE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT says that the frequent recurrence of strikes throughout the country is one of the gravest signs of unpreparedness and that even graver are the evidences of unrest which do not culminate in strikes. In other words, until labor can be so curbed, tamed and rendered impotent to rebel, militarism and munitions cannot be sure of their safety. An insidious plan for labor conscription!

This is an important and valuable suggestion to capitalism in America. In England they neglected to do this before the war began and it was most difficult to accomplish, and, indeed, has not yet been fully achieved there.

Roosevelt's plan is to establish a Federal Industrial Commission "to deal with labor and management" (whatever this management may mean). He says this commission must "remedy the situation, not by more palliatives, but by genuinely effective action," and he continues that the commission must be a permanent body consisting of far-sighted men of real independence and broad sympathies which are as far removed from silly sentimentality as from hard arrogance and lack of consideration for others."

This is Theodore's old method of clever and adroit straddling. It is his way of saying that fire is hot, water is wet and ice is cold.

There is much less cleverness, however, in his bold packings of the jury even before the venire is drawn. Observe whom he puts in the box for labor to look to for adjustment of disputes.

The qualifications for these five proposed commissioners are to be: "First, Ownership of Capital; second, The Management of the Industrial Process; third, Labor; fourth, The Relation of Industry to the Individual States; fifth, The Relation of Industry to the National Government—the last two including the relation of industry to the general public."

Patriotism

—The Masses

There you have it beautifully boiled down. The "Labor" mentioned will be, of course, some hand-picked and distinguished member of the "organized body." Distinguished because of his harmlessness. Some safe and sane dodderer. The whole commission would, in fact, be most safe—for capitalism. The next step would be for Congress to endow this precious bunch with plenary power in time of strife. This will put millions of "hands" in the munition works—and keep them there. This will keep the miners at work, despite wages, hours or surroundings. It will keep the railway workers on the job and bring an end to agitation for shorter hours and higher wages.

Capitalism has in Roosevelt a faithful mouthpiece to express its fear of the "quicksands of labor insecurity."

Westfield

By JOHN DEQUER

WESTFIELD is a little country postoffice in southern North Dakota, chiefly noted for its rolling hills and the religious inclinations of its people. The inhabitants are hard-working, little-thinking people with strong backs and plenty of whiskers. By some inexplicable freak of nature there arrived at the house of one of the most conservative, a bay baby to whom they gave the name of Ben. A little chubby fellow with a somewhat large head. That was his accident of birth. He had a head, and heads were unwelcome things in Westfield. It is difficult to say, however, who was most annoyed by the workings of that head in later years—the boy or the community. It surely cost him considerable physical punishment, but he in turn inflicted a good deal of mental anguish upon the faithful. But I am getting ahead of my story.

When Ben was but a few days old he was baptized—christened or whatever it was called—the preacher saying solemn words over him as he sprinkled water upon his face. Ben wailed a loud protest, they handed it to him. He was under the Covenant that gave him a through ticket to Paradise, if he had seen fit to use it. The ticket was O. K. as long as you asked no questions of the Conductor on whose train you had to die before you could reach your destination. But Ben could use his head for more than a hat rack. He had a great head which tipped him head foremost to Perdition.

Ben, from his very childhood, seemed to be headed for that abode of the dead, where, according to Westfield theology, we find all the highbrows, such as Galileo, Bruno, Capernicus, Dalton, Taplace, Paine, Ingersoll, Darwin, Huxley and Spencer. Westfielders did not go there they did not weigh enough mentally. Lightness of brain is a prerequisite to orthodox salvation.

Ben had a heavy handicap in his race for celestial glory. His head was too large to enter the Church. His mental stomach too weak to digest its theological hash.

Of course, he grew up among the devout and good. He could not help it; we have no democracy in the selection of parents.

Ben had a morbid fancy for the bones of dead horses, cows, sheep and so forth. Yes, even as a child of 7 or 8 years of age he would go out across the prairies and find a carcass and study it. Count the bones and note their position. Then he would come home all excited about his discoveries. He would ask his parents the names of the various parts, ossious structure of the beast. Things of which they were hopelessly ignorant. Hence the best way out was to give him a beating and prohibit him his pleasurable pastime of inspecting the remains of dead animals. Of course the real reason was that they did not care to confess ignorance of these subjects to their child.

Ben took the punishment like the Belgians. He had to. But instead of changing his habit of thought it simply sharpened the devils back in his brain—the question mark.

He was but 8 years old when he asked his father a question that caused the old man to marvel at the depravity of the child. It was just after he had been severely punished for reconstructing the skeleton of a dead hen, which he found in the weeds behind the barn. "Papa," said Ben, "why is it right to study a building which you build, and wrong to study a body that God builds? Is it bad to ask why God does things in a certain way, and good to ask it about man's work?"

"These bones are dirty!" explained the father!

"God's work dirty?" exclaimed Ben in some surprise. "Are you not afraid God will hear you?" And his eyes were wide as he asked the question.

The father wanted to hear no more, but applied the ointment of correction prayerfully—Ben doing the praying.

But punishment did not quench the fire of the boy's genius. He persisted to ask of Nature and of man the why of everything he saw and heard.

Then Ben made a discovery: A sheep has twenty-six bones in its back, seven in the neck, twelve in the ribs, five between ribs and hips, etc. So had the ox, the horse, the dog. They all had the same bones differently shaped, but in general outline they were the same. It was a great discovery. All animals were built on a common plan. This he could not fathom, and it was no use to ask his parents.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if I am made that way, too? How can I find out?"

"Ma, do they bury people very deep when they die?" he asked his mother.

"Yes, quite deep."

"Could I dig one of them up?"

"Now what do you want to do that for?"

"I want to count the bones in the back of a dead man."

"Child!" screamed the mother. "Are you insane?"

STILL HOVERING

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky.

"The dead man wouldn't care, would he, Ma? Would he?"

"No, but God would!"

"Why is God ashamed of the way he made us?"

Here again the conversation ended abruptly, to Ben's detriment. "Spare not the rod lest you develop reason," was a good way to phrase the Westfield faith.

Ben, however, had set his face resolutely toward the light. He had to know if we, too, were built inwardly like the other animals, but he dared not ask any more questions upon physiological or anatomical subjects, as his experience proved that such a course would awaken the beast and subdue the God in the mind and heart of his parents. They could force him to be quiet, but they could not stop the activity of his brain. He would look at, listen to, and learn from everything. An advertisement of an old periodical supplied him with a fairly good picture of the human skeleton. It was a joy to him. He compared bone for bone with the bones of all the animals of his acquaintance. Yes, it was true, as far as bones were concerned, all were very much alike.

He now began to puzzle over other things. He hung about the butcher's shambles like a bee about a blossom. He watched their every act. Yes, the cow had a liver, lungs, stomach, heart, kidney, bowels, brain, and in general it looked like those of the hog, dog, rabbit, horse, chicken, goose, mouse, squirrel. Yes, there was a close relationship between all in the physical sense. A spirit he could not find.

Next he studied the mental makeup of animals. A loud noise scared the horse, the sheep, the chickens, the cattle and Ma.

At meal time Pa came to dinner. At feeding time the pigs came to the trough; the cows to the stable. When thirsty all sought water. When angered all fought. When frightened all ran. Mentally they were all alike. Substantially, man was no exception. He was a brother to all that was.

Ben was bright in school. He had mastered writing and had become quite proficient at an early age. He used this gift to keep notes on what he saw and heard.

This range of observation was hunted and what he heard outside of farm routine was mostly sixteenth-century theology—which is more interesting to the student of morbid psychology than to a born naturalist. He was barely 11 years of age when he worked out, unaided, his idea of universal kinship. He had made startling progress on the road that led him to a conception of Cosmic unity. The thing that puzzled him was, why God had made things under so many forms, yet with so little difference. He was all on fire to know

(Continued on Page 30)

Boosting Better Babies

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

AS this article was being written, "Better Baby Week" was in full swing. A widespread, popular movement was behind it, bearing the endorsement of no less a person than the President of the United States, in addition to that of prominent people in many other fields of activity. The movement was indeed a worthy one. To brighten the lives and improve the chances of the little ones was a purpose second to none. Boosting better babies is much more worth while than raising blooded poodle dogs or passing the time away in fashionable dissipation at Newport or Palm Beach.

It might be well to point out, however, that substantial, permanent progress cannot be made along this line so long as an industrial system prevails which condemns a large portion of the people to live in utter poverty, causing thousands of baby lives to be snuffed out, while those which survive only do so to know all the toil and hardship and mental stress of modern wage slavery.

To bring a life into the world under the best of conditions imposes considerable responsibility. It means to build body and mind and character through a long, trying process. To raise a family without assurance of being able to support it properly is almost criminal. The agitation for birth-control, though called obscene and disgusting by prudes parading in masks of purity, is based on a solid foundation of facts. Here are a few of them:

The death rate of babies whose fathers earn less than $10 per week is 256 per thousand, while those whose fathers earn $25 or more per week die at the rate of only 84 per thousand.

The last of the family to go hungry are the children, yet in our largest cities from 12 to 20 per cent of the children are noticeably underfed and ill-nourished.

Over 30 per cent of the adult male workers, the fathers and potential fathers, earn less than $10 a week, nearly 75 per cent earn less than $15, and only about 10 per cent earn more than $20 a week.

Almost 75 per cent of the women workers in factories, stores and laundries work for less than $8 a week; 20 per cent earn less than $4 and nearly 50 per cent earn less than $6 per week.

These figures are based on a report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, none of whom are Socialists. Surely, with them in mind, it is not wrong to say that any "better baby" movement that is not merely sentimental must accept the truth that babies had better not be born into poverty and deprivation, and that to prevent their coming may be a Christ-like act.

Reason is not out of place in the most personal, sacred relations of life.

Interfering with Nature? Yes, to be sure.

Tampering with deeply implanted instincts? Certainly.

Shocked critics should remember, however, that normal conditions cannot exist under an industrial system that has become abnormal. The race had better die out than be a race of weaklings.

Motherhood is holy under all circumstances, but if it is to mean the propagation of vice and misery, then human life had better disappear from the planet, and the quicker the better.

But the race need not die out; human life need not disappear. The useful of the earth, the workers, using their collective power, can bring a better day to pass. Poverty is a widely prevalent, chronic disease, but it is curable.

A simple operation, merely cutting out capitalism, the vermiform appendix of the body, social, and normal conditions and perfect health will be made possible for all.

The problem of better babies is going to be solved. Some day every new human life will have an equal chance. Some day every child will be welcomed as a distinct accession to the community. Some day the arrival of the helpless little strangers will cease to be regarded as a misfortune because they bring only more hardship and self-denial; rather will they be the source of joy as deep and as lasting as the love of which they are or should be the fulfillment.

That day will be when Socialism comes to bless mankind. Stone by stone, the Socialists of today are building the wondrous structure. It is easy and popular to hinder the work. It is easy to scoff and call names and deny that which one knows nothing about. But the man or the woman who picks out the easiest things, who drifts with the current instead of rowing against it, lacks most of the qualities of real manhood or womanhood.

If the workers were as well organized as their masters, their families would never starve. With the wealth they create, their surroundings improved, the better baby problem would quickly take care of itself.

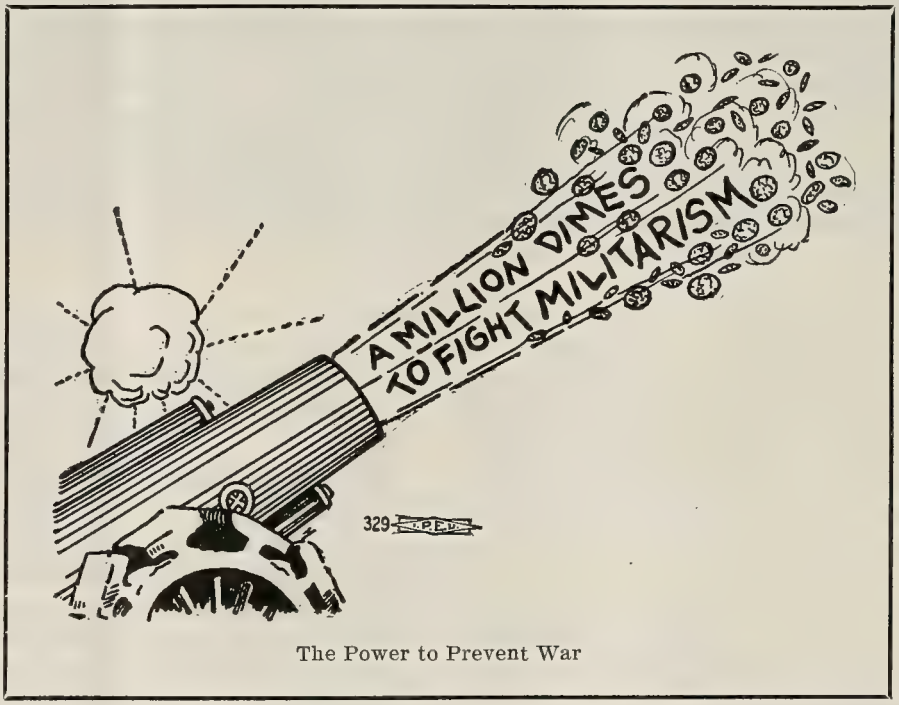
Who will be strong enough and brave enough to search for and find the truth and be builders?

Fighting Militarism

By MAX SHEROVER

ONE hundred and twenty thousand letters left Chicago in one day to go forth into that many working-class homes, urging the workers to stake their dimes against Wall street's millions in a great challenging fight on militarism and preparedness. The dimes sent in by the workers will be used in the coming campaign to cover the entire country with literature and speakers. No town, no matter what its size, will be left untouched by this campaign. It is to be the banner year in Socialist agitation and propaganda.

The plan, in brief, is this: Every person receiving a letter from the National Office of the Socialist Party is asked to send in a dime. There are also five letters, envelopes and coin cards enclosed, which are to be sent on to five friends or acquaintances, thus establishing an endless chain.



The Power to Prevent War

This is a critical year for the Socialist Movement in America and yet it presents one rare opportunity to reach the masses on an issue that the economic rulers of this country are trying to force down the people's throats. Preparedness, a cloak beneath which militarism is hidden, is their issue. Maddened by the taste of fabulous profits made out of war orders, they want to provide a home market for the instruments of hell, when the orders cease to come from Europe. If we fall for "preparedness," then this country is doomed to repeat the bloody tragedy that Europe is staging now. The future welfare of the people of this country is in the greatest danger, once Wall street succeeds in putting a preparedness program over on the people of this country. This is the issue, and our fight is on that. Our battle cry must be "Not a man and not a cent for war." But the people whose minds are daily being poisoned by the prostituted press must be reached, and we must reach them and open their eyes so that they may see the truth.

Resolve now to throw your dime, your time and your energy into this supreme battle of the hour. If you are not among the 120,000 whom the first letter reaches, then just place a dime in an envelope with your name and address and state that you want to become a link in the great chain. By return mail a set of five letters, envelopes and coin cards will be sent to you. You will send these letters on to your friends, and thus you will have helped in this great fight against the monster of militarism.

Workers, you have the power to prevent all wars. You have no enemy but the same enemy which the Mexican workers seek to overthrow. Use your power to prevent not only war with Mexico, but to prevent that preparation for war which leads to war. The yellow press is already attempting to create a war spirit to further the plans for military organization and armament.

President Wilson has surrendered to these interests in order to further his own political fortunes.

War with Mexico would mean re-election for Wilson, and the complete overthrow of the program of the Mexican workers for their emancipation from the legal robberies of American and foreign capitalists.

The jingoes are organized, the anti-militarists are divided. Therefore, only the jingoes' voice is heard. Your dime against Wall street's millions can accomplish wonders.

Send your dime now to the National Office, Socialist Party, 803 West Marison Street, Chicago. Send it now. Don't postpone it for another day. The enemy is upon us. We must fight him to a finish.

The Town of Amis

By WILBY HEARD

THINGS are just the other end 'round in the little town of Amis,* and there is not the slightest doubt about it. Business is at a standstill; and even the church pews and pulpits are covered with dust. The town folk hardly speak to one another, and poor gossip has breathed its last. Everyone is minding his or her own affairs, and heaven knows what the end will be if faith be not soon restored, and conditions set normal again, at least as they were before the devil showed his hoofs in Amis.

A time there was when this little success-deserted village was a popular humdrum of prosperity. Business went booming along so that not a merchant but had his millionaire's dreams; not a mechanic but what saw himself—in mind, of course—living in ease with nothing to do but boss his workers (who must all have been outsiders) for according to their press, and they all had full trust in their press, the natives were all so well off that none had to bend to labor unless he wanted to, or was lazy.

So it was with no little surprise that the town of Amis awoke one fine Monday morning to find itself as the introducing paragraph of this story describes. What was the exact cause of this deadness no one knows if anyone will ever know. But it is quite natural to surmise that despite its suddenness it was a thing that grew, an evolution which had been slowly and silently enwrapping the town till it had it completely in its power. And though I do not guarantee what follows to be gospel, I state it just as it was handed to me, and it is up to the reader to believe or discard, according to the dictates of his or her own conscience.

Strange, is it not, what a vast difference the accent of a sentence, a word, or even a single syllable will sometimes make? A common phrase with the people of Amis for many years had been: "What's the matter with Amis!!!" And now when all was "Still as the night, and deep as the sea" the town patriots asked the same question but in a different tone, "What's the matter with Amis?" and none there was who dared venture a reply.

Thus it was, so at least the story goes, while the town was at its height of good fortune, while everything was advertised as a dream elysian, a traveler, a salesman on leaving the town, biblically shook the dust from off his feet at Amis. The curse took root, for the very Monday following is the fateful one, the one on which this tale wags. When the sun arose on Amis that Monday morning everybody found everything, from the business, ethical and moral standpoint, topsy-turvy. And as the day progressed such occurrences as follows kept on increasing and multiplying as the sands in the sea below and the stars in the blue heavens above. For instance, on picking up a newspaper one would read an ad something like this, over the firm name of Pluckal & Co., who were ever known for their unequaled bargains:

"To rid ourselves of our stock of last year's out-of date coats and suits; and at the same time to still further bulge our swelling coffers, we desire the public to call as early as possible and purchase these scab-made, under-paid-for, cheap-material, carelessly constructed garments at our unusually enormous prices. To make them appear as bargains we have changed the cards, almost doubling their ordinary prices, and advertise them as grand offers at a sum slightly above what they were sold for last season. Come early and help us clear out this rubbish."

Another, a soap concern, under a double column cut of an emaciated woman, sweating and toiling like a beast of burden, had this line in large type "SHE USES OUR SOAP," and then it went on to tell what its soaps, both laundry and toilet, were made of, how injurious they were to garment as well as skin. But not being in business for its health, it was happy to admit that the returns in profit from both departments were colossal.

Then they stated that this was due to the fact that the public at large were proud of being dupes, and judged all things by newspaper talk. A newspaper can do wonders with the gullible.

One of the editorials running for over a column and a half explained in detail why its news was always colored so as to please certain captains of industry. And also why they downed others. It gave the names of the individual millionaires who controlled that particular sheet, and how they managed to keep out of prison. It also showed what a mental pervert the editor had been up to then.

But all this was mere frivolity alongside what happened in the residential districts, in the aristocratic mansions and in the laborers' hovels. At the very first afternoon tea, the ladies began to tell their true opinions of one another, and soon the pretty, expensive china, and silverware commenced sailing about from head to head. Silk gowns became tea-stained, and a thousand other society events came to pass, while false hair were scattered throughout the parlors. Confusion reigned.

In the less fortunate sections, the back fences were

* Amis is Hebrew for Truth.

nearly torn down as the neighbors in rolled-up sleeves expressed themselves in accord with their actual feelings. Clothes were jerked from off the lines, and what could not be reached was honored with handsful of precious dirt.

And so things went on all week. But the shock of shocks came on Sunday when the few who did go to church returned and repeated what had been spoken from the pulpits.

The ministers had all told the truth, and made plain that they never had intended to, nor could practice what they preached, and they intended to lie about it no longer. The following extract from one of the sermons will suffice:

"Ye hypocrites, it is not from some Bible text that I shall prate to you today; but from the depths of mine own heart.

"Ye know full well that your gathering here Sunday after Sunday has not been and is not because ye fear your God, nor is it because ye crave to satisfy your spiritual desire. Ye would be among the first to cast stones at him who would seek to do the right.

"For eight tedious years have I come here before ye and spoken to ye on things neither I nor ye believed or cared about. Ye came not to gather wisdom nor examples of righteousness. Ye congregated not to learn but to heed that I speak not contrary to your interests.

"Your measly contributions were cast with false gladness, for after all ye felt that it boosted your trade. Aware of this I called for greater donations, knowing that therefrom oozes my salary. I pleaded for a magnificent cathedral, for the grander the church the more could I permit my orthodox chest to swell with holy pride.

"I hold this job for what is in it. I have been serving ye with fifty-two bargains year in, year out; and save for the trade it hath brought you, in real bargain style have ye paid for them. Ye never meant a single word of what ye told me, and I returned it all in your own coin. At this very moment my heart is beating wild, my brain is in a whirl of excitement, for I am seeking hard for a scheme whereby I can make ye increase my income.

"Every time you kiss the cross, I could swear I see a silver dollar in its stead. And I know that with you as with me, every time we speak of setting a higher mark, it is the dollar mark we mean. Pharisees, why deceive ourselves any longer? If these buildings we gather in weekly, yea, verily **weakly,** be the temples they are pretended to be, let us obtain whips and drive ourselves out from their midst.

"Ye women that ogle about from pew to pew, ye women, ye come here to meditate upon, and to conjure up new gossip about your neighbors—" When the minister got that far, the congregations had passed the first surprise. In slang—pardon it—one would say, they had just got their second wind, and so each drew forth handkerchiefs, rolled them up into balls and fired them at the man behind the pulpit. But the pulpiteers kept their places undismayed. For it seems they realized that the congregations being made up mainly of women, their aims would be as their attitude had been up to then. Only one was really hit and that was because he shifted places while the "contributions" were coming in.

So things continued, and the truth spread through Amis like wildfire. On the walls of many a home this motto was put up, "We Love Our Neighbors' as Our Own." Stores became placarded with such signs as these: "A Pleased Customer Means a Steady Sucker." "When We Smile at You We Don't Mean It; It's Because We Consider You an Easy-Mark." "If We Don't Get a Chance to Do You, Someone Else Will."

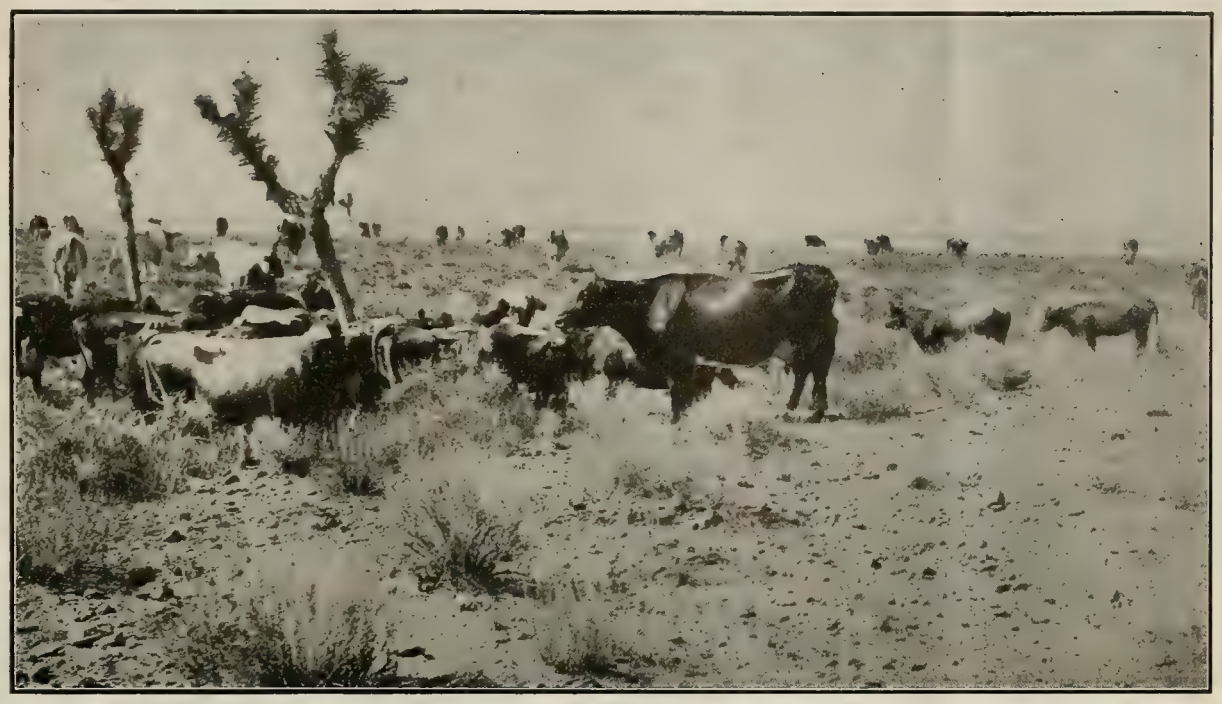
The car companies put up little framed signs reading: "A ride is worth two cents, we charge five because we own the lawmakers, so whatcher goen' ter do?" Facing this on the opposite wall another read: "The straps are here for a triple purpose. For passengers to hang onto, also as a reminder of what would be used on them should they kick, and to help our riders hold the rickety roofs down in windy weather."

One large Manufacturing concern came out with blazing signs: "Our profits are great, but we must have more. The goods you get from us are faulty. We are partly to blame for this in that we have poor machinery. The rest is the fault of the help, mostly children, who are underpaid, underfed and overworked."

But the real eruption, the actual earthquake, came when the politicians in Amis began to make speeches which contained grains of logic. This seemed more than modern mind could bear. Then it was that a numbness settled on Amis, and all business came to the aforesaid standstill. The pious people agreed that the Devil had taken full possession of their town and that it only verified the prophesies that the world was soon to come to an end.

And that is why, because of this wave of truth sweeping Amis, that all the lawyers moved out to other cities, the doctors burned their prescription pads; and the pharmacists cast forth their patent medicines and took to selling postage stamps and postals without complaint.

And oddest of all is the claim that despite this strange phenomenon which took possession of the citizens, there is not one willing to rechange the new for the old. How long the Devil will continue to rule Amis no man knows.



Part of the Llano Community's dairy herd, which furnishes milk for the use of the Colonists.

Improvements at Llano

By R. K. WILLIAMS

MAGNIFICENT weather has blessed the Antelope Valley for the past thirty days and more. Vegetation on all sides is springing up so that now a carpet of green, intermingled with colors of flowers, stretch on every hand.

The trees have forgotten that there might be a chill in the air and have put forth their blossoms; indeed, prospects bid fair for no more frost this season. Very little harm could come if frost does visit us.

With the coming of spring, man here has put forth new efforts and the results of his work are visible on all sides. During the past ten days more than 18,000 trees have been set out. The quarter section east of the hotel, now green with barley and wheat, has through it trees planted in straight rows. There are 16,000 trees in this piece of land, 1250 being apple trees, the remainder being pears.

Volunteer tree hole diggers, to the number of fifty, left for Mescal two Sundays ago and dug 2650 holes; within a day or two 5500 holes were dug there. This section of orchard is to be devoted to peaches and plums.

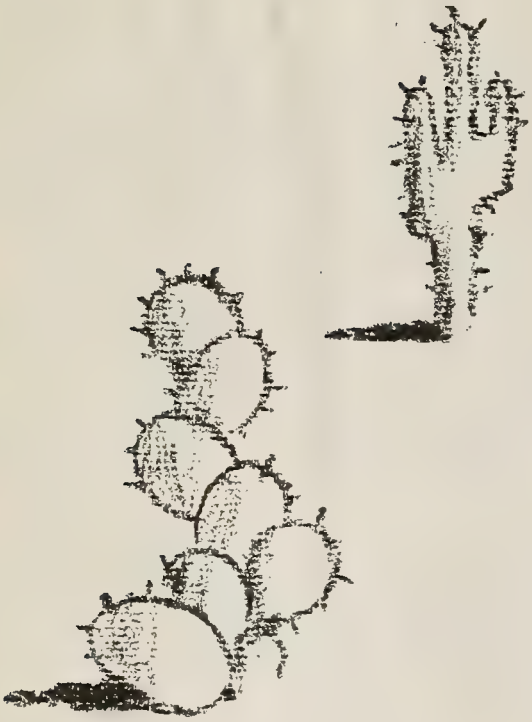
The men of Llano planted 10,800 trees in two days of eight hours each. This is considered pretty good and rapid work. To make the work more complete, we were favored with clouds during the warmest part of the day and Sunday a gentle but persistent rain fell, so that the ground received a soaking to the depth of several inches.

As a result of the fine downpour the alfalfa has sprung into new life and its dark green rests the tired eye. Some of the alfalfa is almost ready to cut.

The irrigation department has been busy for some time past making laterals in the 375 acres of alfalfa, so that now the irrigation system for the old stands is fine.

The ditch from the upper intake has been enlarged to a five-foot width at the bottom. It runs to the west end of the Hubbard place, and surveys have been made to the new townsite that will carry the water along at a considerably higher level.

The Montessori school is running without a hitch and with an average attendance of forty little tots. Great results are being obtained there. Visitors to the colony seldom fail to call on Mrs. Brown and her corps of assistants and watch the school in active operation.



Our Three

t Patriots

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by Dudley Logan

The Tractor Clearing Everything in Its Path

Not much attempt is made to teach the children in the accepted sense of the word, but to set an example, which they readily follow. "Children," says Mrs. Brown, "like obedience just the same as grown folks. They like to feel some quiet, strong person—a person who knows—about them. They absorb strength and grow reliant because of such sustaining help."

On account of the increase in the number of attendants in the grammar grades and the difficulty of getting to the Hubbard ranch school, a new building has been erected in the colony, just east of the hotel, and only awaits window frames and a few other finishing touches to make it available for school use. This will relieve the congestion very materially and add to the comfort of the teachers and pupils alike.

The work that is being carried on by Mr. George T. Pickett, our most efficient physical culture and playground director, of the grammar grades, is rapidly developing the same character of efficiency as that already established in the Montessori school.

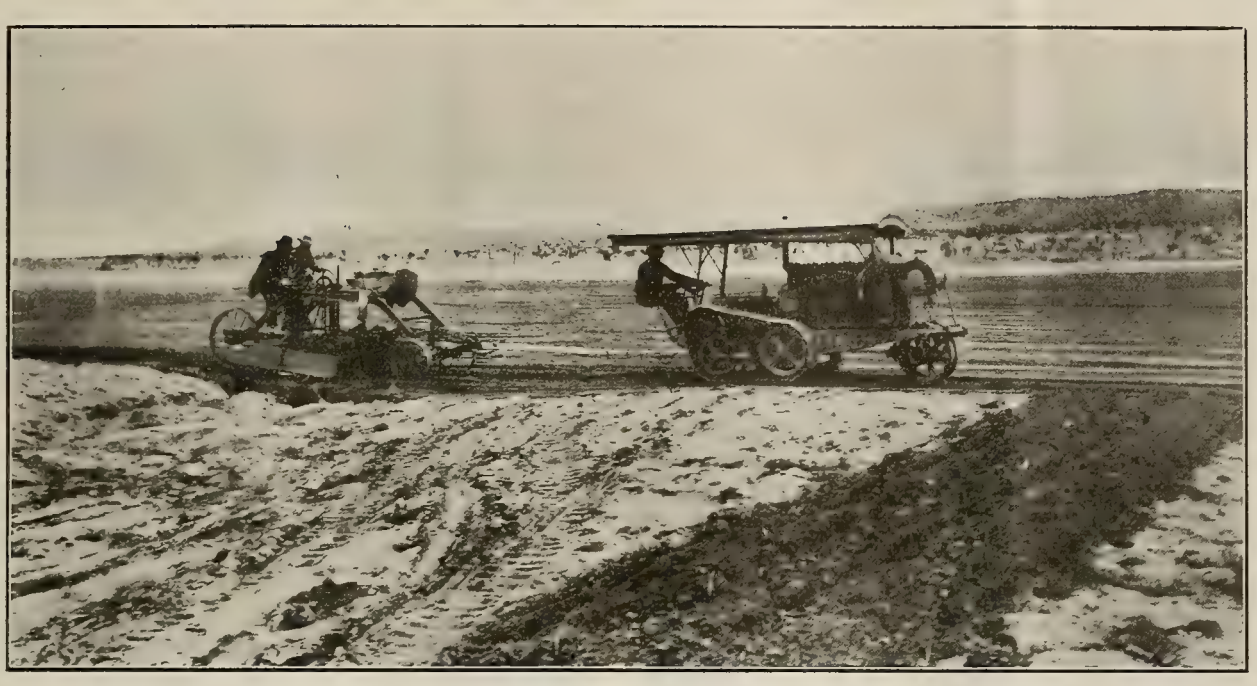
Mr. Pickett takes charge of the children at certain periods of the day when regular academic work is finished and besides instructing them in physical culture, ball playing and dancing, he directs their gardening, tree planting and building. In the latter three lines the children under his direction have accomplished a great deal.

With the influx of new people comes musical ability, so that the orchestra and band is receiving additions. The orchestra has seven pieces now, with good prospects for several more before long. A brass band was started a few weeks ago, and at the present time there are ten registered players, with instruments, although the total number of men available for band music is between 25 and 30. The music that the band has so far rendered is of a good class, as the bandmen were experienced, and only lacked playing together to smooth down a bit.

The choral society is getting along nicely, with about 30 members. It meets every Wednesday evening. A quartet has been formed which rendered its first public effort Sunday to a well pleased audience.

The Thursday night dancing classes, for children, are well attended and the deportment is exceptional. George Pickett is assisted by an able corps of interested mothers and others. Seventy to ninety couples of little ones, and young men and ladies, grace the floor regularly.

The Saturday night dances, in which the children do not participate, is growing in popularity. Wide interest is manifested and couples from a distance of thirty miles, as well as from Los Angeles, attend just to try out their new styles of dancing. Many excellent dancers have been developed, and accompanied by the fine orchestra, nothing but the best and most refined will be tolerated.



Leveling and scraping with caterpillar tractor.

Sunday evening entertainment consists in having the Llano Weekly read, which details the doings of the ranch for the week, and speculates on what is to be done for the coming week. It mentions all other news that is available or interesting, and it is hoped that this phase of Sunday night's entertainment will continue until the actual operation of a printing press is one of the colony's industries. Of course, when the press is here, the paper will be enlarged and will not only cater to the ranch, but will have a wider field in which to work. Speakers, recitations, singing and music usually fill up the evening.

A new rip saw has been placed in the planing mill. The planing mill is exceptionally complete now and will grow more so as time goes on.

The machine shop today is in better shape than in the colony's life. The trucks and automobiles have been kept in repair and running so far as humanly possible. There has been one or two trucks running daily for weeks past, and more freight has been moved than was thought possible a short while ago. System has been introduced in the machine shop.

The cabinet shop is going ahead as usual, making handsome things for use in the colony.

The harness shop is now located at the horse corral. An expert harness maker is in charge. Work of repair is going on at all times.

The shoe shop is now in a better condition than at any time since the department was organized. The first pair of shoes made from colony leather and made within the colony, was completed last week. This is but a forerunner of what will be done in the future. The repairing of the colonists' shoes goes right along and in this respect the shoe shop is in good shape.

The wireless plant is at a standstill at present, although everything is in readiness to communicate with the outside world with the exception of a little more battery and a man thoroughly conversant with that mode of communication.

A new club house has been built for the women. It is handsomely decorated within and in which congregate the Arts and Crafts and Souvenir Clubs and new ideas worked out for the benefit of the colony. Souvenirs of the colony are kept on exhibition and for sale at the rooms.

The Parent-Teachers' Association hold regular weekly meetings and questions of great interest are discussed and acted upon. Many helpful suggestions for the care of the younger generation have been made, as well as making life easier for the grown-ups. In addition to the usual discussions, something of a literary or entertaining feature is presented at each meeting.

The baseball players are busy at every available moment. Many fierce battles have been fought between the High School and the Grammar School. Some

real stars are being developed here. A half dozen youngsters are in line for a brilliant future on the ball field right now. Strangers have spoken of this phase of the athletic life of the colony and probably Llano will be heard of in baseballdom sooner or later.

The swimming pool is at present dry in order to be cleaned out and somewhat enlarged for the coming season's sport. Many swimmers, women as well as men, have been developed and a place big enough for accommodation must be made.

The new concrete bridges about a mile west of town have been completed over the worst places in the wash of Big Rock. This improvement portends good roads the rest of the way to Palmdale and extending as far east as Victorville. Quicker time is now possible between here and Palmdale on account of the bridges. The prospect for a highway through here is exceedingly good. A concrete road from Saugus to Palmdale is now being constructed.

The road to Azusa through the south fork of Big Rock Canyon is now a possibility and it is being agitated on the southern end. If this road is put through one of the most picturesque roads in America shall have been opened. It presents a variety of rugged scenery found nowhere else in the western states. Old Baldy and North Baldy are at all times visible, towering nearly 10,000 feet in the air, while the whole range is from 6000 to 8000 feet. This road would pass through Llano.

The managers' meetings are better attended than at any time since they were formed. The office in which they are held is already too small to accommodate the crowd that wants to listen to the reports of the foremen and managers. It is here that the business of the ranch is conducted. Demands are made for men and teams, tools and other things necessary to carry on certain work. Every man about the long table, to the number of 25 and 30, is familiar with every detail on the ranch. This is practical democracy—because it works.

Llano is now a voting precinct. It will not be necessary for the Llanoites to go to Palmdale to cast their votes for the choice of president, vice-president, etc. A big vote will result because formerly it was impossible for all to leave here for the twenty-mile trip.

Names of school trustees are submitted to the county superintendent of schools who appoints them. This reply is made to a query from the east as to school trusteeship.

The streets and houses have been named and numbered, so that we now have Llano Boulevard, Avenue A, B, C, D, etc. This makes it quite convenient for enquirers, as the town is getting so big that it is not possible to carry all the locations in one's head without a distinguishing mark.

The spring rush is on. People are coming in every week, almost daily, so that the housing resources of the colony is taxed to the utmost. Promises are that a greater number will come earlier this year than any time since the starting of the colony.

The stork brought three arrivals this month. A little one was left at the home of Frank Will. Chester Page, Jr., was visited by a little girl who takes up permanent residence, and G. M. Fore's home was made the lodging place of a little boy. Dr. Mohn, the colony physician, officiated.

The following resolution was signed by 200 colonists and has been sent to the President of the United States.

LLANO, Cal., March 23, 1916.

Hon. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

Feeling that United States troops sent to Mexico by you means ultimate war, and of a particularly sanguinary character, and that the interests of the American people, as a whole, cannot be benefitted thereby, and that it is mainly for the protection of the property of capitalists of this and other countries, and that the alleged purpose, that of restoring order and protection of American lives is a subterfuge, we, the residents of Llano, Cal., in mass meeting assembled, hereto subscribe our names in protest against Mexican invasion by United States troops and ask that you withdraw those already there.

The men and women of Llano realize that if the American people were permitted to give a true expression by a personal vote on the question of going to war there would be an avalanche of Noes. The face of conscription, the insanity of armaments, the idiocy of preparedness is appreciated by this radical group of thinkers. The same sentiment is harbored by the common people the country over, but as a rule they do not know why. Few people want to be killed, and every soldier that enlists thinks that he wont be killed. Death to the strong and vigorous seems impossible.

If every community with similar population as Llano del Rio, did as well in protesting against going to war with Mexico, or any other country, the subterfuge of the munition and armament makers would soon become apparent.

Llano del Rio Colony is becoming famous. Ten thousand people is confidently predicted for this colony by 1918. These lands can support them and that number of men spells absolute freedom from economic worries and means education, leisure and travel. Everything points to this. New colonists are coming daily. Housing facilities are taxed, but each man brings a certain power with him—the power of adaptation and of helping himself. He usually brings his tent. This is a wise precaution and commendable in every way. The spirit of the colony is good and work is progressing finely. Green fields now greet and rest the eye on every hand and the workers are busy.

The Children's House

By PRUDENCE STOKES BROWN

AS a preface that I hope will shed light upon my effort to report from month to month the educational progress of the Llano del Rio Colony, I want to say that I shall attempt to give each month just enough of our theory of education to prove that we are working on a definite basis, and just enough practical illustration and pictured illustration to prove that the children are revealing in work and play the livableness of our theory.

Today in Llano where there are no large new school houses—where there are no substantial and permanent dwellings yet built—I claim a miracle in school management has already been wrought.

Right here in Llano—a colony not yet two years old—we can show you a school "that is life, a school that trains for life and secures and maintains opportunities to labor and to learn" for every child from two and a half years of age through to the first year of High School. This is no vain boast. We would rather show you than tell you of our school.

First let me tell you why we speak with such assurance of our school and why we feel that words are so inadequate to carry to a reader's mind the facts about the school: We have accepted as our authority the method of scientific pedagogy, so we are necessarily working in an experimental way. We have few theories to write or talk about. We are at present standing in the attitude of the scientist and are endeavoring to let our children teach themselves through the opportunity afforded by plenty of fresh air, plenty of land and water and plenty of indoor apparatus and books.

From Dr. Montessori's book on "Scientific Pedagogy" I must quote: "And indeed, what is a scientist? Not, certainly, he who knows how to manipulate all the instruments in the physical laboratory, or who in the laboratory of the chemist handles the various reactives with deftness and security, or who in biology knows how to make ready the specimens for the microscope. Indeed, it is often the case that an assistant has a greater dexterity in experimental technique than the master scientist himself. We give the name scientist to the type of man who has felt experiment to be a means guiding him to search out the deep truth of life, to lift a veil from its fascinating secrets, and who, in this pursuit, has felt arising within him a love for the mysteries of nature, so passionate as to annihilate the thought of himself. The scientist is not the clever manipulator of instruments, he is the worshipper of nature and he bears the external symbols of his passion as does the follower of some religious order.

"To this body of real scientists belong those who, like the Trappists of the Middle Ages, forgetting the world about them live only in the laboratory, careless often in matters of food and dress because they no longer think of themselves; those who, through years of unwearied use of the microscope, become blind; those who in their scientific ardor inoculate themselves with tuberculosis germs; those who handle the excrement of cholera patients in their eagerness to learn the vehicle through which the diseases are transmitted; and those who, knowing that a certain chemical preparation may be an explosive, still persist in testing their theories at the risk of their lives. This is the spirit of the men of science to whom nature freely reveals her secrets, crowning their labors with the glory of discovery."

We are receiving, daily, revelations of the ability of children to teach themselves, revelations of the child's love for quiet consecutive study; revelations of obedience to the inner life. Every day we feel more deeply under conviction that it is the business of the school board and the teacher to prepare the environment and furnish objects established on the scientific and experimental foundation and then be willing to **let** children react upon this environment and these objects in their own sweet way.

In the Montessori Department, "The Children's House and Garden," forty-five to fifty little children from two to six years of age, gather every morning at nine o'clock and remain until four in the afternoon. Here they learn through "ordered activity" to live a quiet, peaceful life. In this department they do not learn by being told to do things, but by being allowed to do things and by being shown how to do them correctly. Having shown the children by doing the deed and saying very little about it we observe and appreciate their practical application of the principles of ordered activity from the moving of a chair and the tying of a bow-knot to the deep silence of meditation and inner poise.

Illustrations from the Domestic Department, showing physical control developing:

Five-year-old Clyde having practiced under direction the exact method of carrying a small chair, is, many hours later, busying himself scrubbing the kitchen. He finds it necessary to move a chair; he comes to the Directress, gently takes her hand and says in a subdued tone, "Now you listen." She listens and he lifts, moves and replaces an adult dining chair so carefully and

THE HUNTER AND HIS DOG

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky.

silently that not the slightest sound is heard. Esther having been directed to place the spoons with all the handles one way, volunteers to fit them exactly and compactly together. This act being approved by the Directress, the neatly-placed spoons are shown to the entire group. By way of appreciation every child imitates the same manner of laying spoons away when washing and wiping them after a meal.

Illustration showing development of courtesy:

Six-year-old Harold attempts to wash a table. He provides himself with a tumbler of water, a small cloth and a piece of soap. He soon finds that his water supply is insufficient and his cloth and vessel both too small. Observing his look of distress the Directress steps near and addressing him in a quiet tone, says: "Would you like a pan of water and a larger cloth, Harold?" "Oh, yes! O, thank you, Mrs. Brown, thank you, thank you!" Thus revealing the spirit of true courtesy flowing from the very depths of his soul. Dr. Montessori says that "Scientific Pedagogy is a defense and a fortification of the inner life." We hope this illustration may prove the truth of her statement in a slight degree.

Illustration from which might be called the intellectual department:

Ralph, with the "Geometrical Insets," discovers that the right isosoles triangle is a half square. He announces it quietly to the Directress and then more quietly proceeds to prove his statement by placing the inset with its long edge against the long edge of the pictured plane. Ralph is educating himself. His inner intelligence is revealing itself through self-activity. He is learning early to think for himself.

An illustration from the restroom:

Two and one-half year old Mildred gets her own pillow and small cover and goes to her nap day after day, never having been told to do so; but certainly having been taught to do this by seeing others preparing her bed and other beds for the quiet rest which all the

(Continued on Page 28)

Two Poems of the Llano

EL RIO DEL LLANO

ON the pineclad hills that Sentinel
For aye the Sleeping Vale—
Mid the massive Rocks, whence its waters well,
A Dreamer sat and heard
The crystal laughter of that mountain stream
Voicing the thoughts that vague and formless stirred
In his own bosom, shaping his waking dream,
And this, the message that it bade him tell:
"To ye, men of the larger vision, come to beat
A pathway here, for those of weaker feet:
To pluck the brambles and to clear the way—
With stout heart labor; and without dismay
Ye shall not fail!

"Aimless to waste the brooklet runs
And yours, O toilers, are the hands must guide
To thirsty souls the waters limpid kiss;
Must coax the coy earth to cast aside
Her bristling armament, her quaker garb of sage,
For flower strewn raiment of a brighter hue.
To bare her bosom to the warm caress
Of Summer suns.
Lo! If your toil, not niggardly be lent,
With usuary 'twill be repaid to ye.
Her boundless treasure at your feet shall heap
While with each yielded harvest ye shall reap
The richer harvest of your Souls-content
And blest security"

As it glided, singing o'er its mossy stones
This lay, the Mountain Burn
Sang to the Dreamer, in silvery undertones:
"My dammed up waters in the days to be
Shall not alone assist the birth
Of harvest from the quickened earth,
But shall give ye light, and warmth—and turn
The mighty wheels of industry.
Shoulder to shoulder, then, knowing naught of fear!
Press on serene and read the cheer
Flashed daily from each guardian hill.

When morning walks upon the heights,
Or night, with her first pale star
Gleaming afar,
The weary toiler to repose invites,
Like signal fires, the rosy peaks
When the first or last ray on them breaks
From range to distant range—then still
Clear character'd in light, the message spells,
"We watch and all is well."

—Alberta J. Leslie.

THE NEW ERA

OH! Happiness, fair maid of heavenly birth;
Purer than gold, more boundless than the sea,
Come! Touch this load that binds me to the earth,
And raise my soul on wings of ecstacy.

Come! Open wide the portals of my heart
And let the light and freedom enter in.
And gloomy discontentment shall depart,
And every cumbering care, and thought of sin.

New Era, come! then I will go with thee
And show unhappy mortals more and more
Of Truth and Love and Life as it should be;
And thou on earth shall reign for evermore.

—Isabel Scott McGauhey.

The Cause of Crim

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

MRS. SAMPSON ELDER, president of our Millville Ladies' Improvement Society, had just got through the door into Mrs. Constable McCoy's parlor where we were holding our meeting, when the Widow Steele says to her:

"Land sakes, Cynthy, whatcha got Harold's tie on for?"

Sure enough she had! Harold's her little boy and the tie was the navy blue one his grandma hung on the Christmas tree for him. Only it was tied kind of different—two short loops and the ends hanging long—and she had on a waist made like her husband's shirts only the collar was turned over like Harold's. Cynthy Elder used to be a real dressy woman, too, but since she had that piece published in the Ladies' Journal about how she made a gavel out of a croquet mallet she's changed. She's got uppish and tries to dress like an authoress, and she's hung a picture of Mr. Bok in the parlor at the hotel which her husband runs opposite Eliza Crossing the Ice—meaning of course that she hung Mr. Bok opposite Eliza, not that Eliza has anything to do with running the hotel.

Cynthy got real red but she didn't answer, just rapped with her gavel and said the meeting would come to order, and we would open the program with a solo by Mrs. Banker Martin. Fannie has a new ukulele and she hinted to me, as chairlady of the program committee, that she wanted to be on the program, so I had to let her, although I approve neither of heathen instruments nor Fannie's frivolous songs. After the reading of the minutes, our president says:

"Ladies, we are now ready to take up the subject for this afternoon's discussion. As you know, crime has recently raised its hydra head in our midst. Esteemed members of our own club have been its victims. One lady lost two pies, another a ham, another a pail of milk, another some gentleman's wearing apparel off her clothesline. We ladies feel that the time is auspicious to discuss this momentous problem that we may arrive at some conclusion whereby—whereby we may arrive at some conclusion whereby we (she seemed to realize that something was wrong so she looked at her paper)—whereby we may arrive at some conclusion as to the cause and prevention of crime, thereby proving ourselves benefactors to our community and the human race. Many long hours since last we met have I sat at my desk with brooding forehead and revolving brain—"

"And black spots before your eyes," the widow interrupted in her rude way. "
know, Cynthy; you're billious."

I guess she meant well, but Cynthy looked dagge
at her. "I am in the best of health," she says. Th
she looked at her paper again and went on—"but
shall not state my conclusions until I have heard fro
others."

Mrs. Druggist Perkins spoke first. "Tain't mu
of a problem as I can see. It's just that people won
resist the whisperings of Satan and listen to the sti
small voice of the Lord."

"That's it," says Mrs. Reverend Hawkins. S
twisted and untwisted her fingers as she's got a hab
of doing, since her last baby went back to its home
heaven three days after it came. "That's it. Sata
stands at our shoulder and beckons to us and whispers.

"I didn't mean us," says Mrs. Druggist Perkins,
meant sinners."

Mrs. Hawkins started to speak, but didn't; just s
twisting her fingers. Then Fannie Martin says:

"I asked Will what he though made so many cri
inals, and he says if children were taught to put the
money in the bank instead of spending it all for canc
and such, crime would decrease fifty per cent. A
he says every child that wants to commence to sav
he'll give him a cute little bank for nothing, and he
keep the key himself so's nobody else can open it."

"I think," says Mrs. Dinwiddle, "that mothers a
to blame because children grow up criminals. Don
you remember that Gains' boy who was sent to t
Whittier reform school, how flat his head was on t
back? Well, I think it was because his mother let hi
lay on his back all the time when he was a baby, so
his head grew a funny shape and his brains didn't g
to spread out. I think that makes lots of criminals, a
there ought to be a law passed making mothers lay the
babies on their sides."

"That's just what's the matter already," says Mr
Mayberry Crump, getting excited. Milt. McCoy got h
husband's position as constable after last election.
asked my husband what made so many criminals and
said if he'd been constable we wouldn't have had th
wave of crime last fall; he'd have had the thief in ja
after Martha Simpson's pie went."

"My husband is as good a constable as there is
Southern California," says Mrs. McCoy, "and I won
hear him slandered. Didn't he watch through the crac
in Simpson's barn for two nights after the crime?"

"Shucks," says the widow, "it was just a couple
pies."

"That is not the point involved," says Mrs. A

orney Peterson, who is very intellectual. "It is not question of pie; it is not a question of how much or ow little the criminal acquired by his nefarious practices. In taking those pies from Mrs. Simpson's window he was not only wronging Mrs. Simpson, he was triking at the very foundations of our society, the ight of the individual to private property. He should e apprehended and summerarily punished."

"It ain't only man's law he's breakin' when he teals," says Mrs. Perkins. "What's worse, he's breakn' the eighth commandment."

Mrs. Peterson went on: "Too many criminals are llowed to escape from the clutches of the law even after they are apprehended. When you once get a criminal safely incasserated you ought to keep him incasserated."

"What we ought to do," says Mrs. McCoy, "is to commence with our children before they are born. My doctor book says you can make your baby be like anything you want just by thinking real hard about it before the baby's born. I wanted to have a musician in the family, so I played the piano all the time before Genevieve was born and by the time she was eight years old she was picking out pieces with one finger."

"Of course you know," says Mrs. Dr. Bromley, folding her hands in her lap and blushing, "that I have no children because the Doctor says my nature is too sensitive for maternal cares. But I do believe that the prevention of crime rests with our sex. We should make our homes beautiful and refined. We should uplift the opposite sex by the mere sanctity of our presence."

"Shucks," says the widow, "I don't think it uplifts a man to make him go out to the garridge every time he wants to smoke, like the Doctor has to."

Sometimes we think we can't endure the Widow in our society much longer. But Mrs. Dr. Bromley is a perfect lady. She pretended not to hear.

Cynthia arose, holding in her hand a paper that she'd written about the cause and was afraid she would forget. "No doubt you ladies know that in my recent literary career I have come in touch with one who has consecrated his life to the ladies of his country, that they might remain ladies, safely—safely—" she looked at her paper—"ensconsed midst her children in the sacred precincts of her home, far from base man's struggles in the mart."

"What's a 'mart?'" says the widow, but nobody paid any attention.

"I refer," Cynthy says, "to Mr. Bok of the Ladies' Journal."

"I like the 'Petite' patterns better, "I heard Fannie whisper to Mrs. Dinwiddle.

Cynthy frowned. "As you know, this great man whom we ladies all admire and love—" she blushed and says hastily—"of course, when I say love, I am speaking in a—a—"

"Platonic sense?" asks Mrs. Attorney Peterson, trying to help her out.

"Academical sense," says Cynthy, very dignified, not liking Mrs. Peterson to think she knew more than she (Cynthy) did. "Mr. Bok does not believe a true lady should mingle at the polls with the other sex. Her divine mission is to make the world beautiful and good by staying at home and raising her children to be God fearing men and women."

"Ain't that just what I said?" Martha Simpson snaps.

"Oft in recent days," Cynthy went on, "I have pondered whether we ladies of California are not wronging our sex and society by flying in the face of Mr. Bok's teachings. Should we not set a noble example to our sisters in other states by refraining to use the franchise, e'en though we have it? May it not e'en be true that the sterner sex has fled to crime and evil ways to drown their sorrow because ladies are no longer ladies, but are e'en becoming mere women, who struggle at the polls and e'en descend to standing on soap boxes in city streets exhorting low mobs, or marching about the country shouting 'Votes for women!' E'en that beautiful old fashioned expression that Mr. Bok loves so well, 'The ladies,' is falling into disrepute! Ah me! Men have lost their Guardian Angels! Mrs. McCoy, may I trouble you for a glass of water?"

After she sipped it with her right eye studying her paper, she says:

(Continued on Page 30)

Child of Arcady

By MARGUERITE HEAD

THROUGH fragrant fields of Arcady,
A happy little maid
Is skipping where the flowers bloom,
Secure and unafraid.

She has no fear of man nor beast,
For naught can harm her there;
Her laughter rings out, like silver bells
Upon the clear, pure air.

The factory can clamp no more
Her soul with iron bands;
No more can claim for aching toil
Her tiny, baby hands.

Sing, little child of Arcady,
In open-hearted glee!
For you have passed inside the gates
Where hills and woods are free.

Preparedness

By GRAY HARRIMAN

WE are told that the United States must prepare, and many advocates of preparedness paint vivid pictures of the horrors of war and of the great calamities that will befall the United States, owing to the fact of its unprepared condition. They raise their hands to the sky and, with imploring voices, beg of us to take our guns from the hearth stones, turn our pruning knives into sabres, and enter the mad dance of death that is being carried on in Europe.

These same advocates of preparedness do not tell us where they are going to stop. They do not give us a line of action to follow. They do not give us a positive enemy to face, but they tell us that we are on the verge of a conflict. With whom the conflict will be, they do not say.

The American citizen must understand the beat of the drum, the blare of the trumpet and the waving of flags, and carefully analyze the motives and the persons advocating this all important doctrine of preparedness. They must not only analyze the motives, but they must also see who are to be the ones that will benefit from such a policy.

The preparedness supporters do not tell us in glowing words of patriotism, that Dupont of the Dupont powder works is upon our national preparedness committee. They do not tell us upon the front pages of their hired journals that the Morgan interests are represented there, and again, they do not tell us that all of the munition manufacturers of the United States have their representatives upon our Board of National Safety and Preparedness. They do not tell us that they themselves are not going into the conflict. And they do not tell us in this present European conflict that practically every shot and shell fired at the heart of the German soldiers by the allies is being paid for by the allies to the great Krupp Manufacturing corporation. They do not tell us that every gun that is being used by the Turks at the Dardanelles was built and sold to the Turks by English manufacturers. And again, they do not tell us that one of the German torpedo boats which recently sank a French transport in the Mediterranean with 600 souls aboard was designed in the United States and built by an English shipbuilding concern.

But they do tell us in glowing words of patriotism that there has come a time when the manhood of the United States should willingly sacrifice themselves before the alter of Mars. They seem to have forgotten that civilization has been advancing since the days of feudalism, and that newer things, and truer things and larger patriotism have come. That is; that we want living men, and not dead heros.

In being subject to a foreign attack, they do not tell us from which angle the attack will appear. They do not tell us where an attacking country will be able to secure the requisites to carry an army either across the Pacific or the Atlantic. They do not tell us of any special reason why a foreign country would come over here; but just raise their voices and cry for a band of steel around our shores.

They do not remember that today we are correspondingly prepared in regard to England and Germany, as much as was England correspondingly prepared to meet Napoleon in the victorious struggle. Yet they forget that Napoleon was unable to control for forty-eight hours the wet ditch, and they would have some believe that there is today a power, or combination of powers, that could control our mudpuddles for a period of three or four months. They tell us in their yellow journals that we are after international commercial supremacy; that it means the economic upbuilding of our nation. They tell us that we must go into Mexico; that it means the opening of vast opportunities to the American citizens, but they neglect to tell us that practically all available and valued resources of Mexico are at present under the domination of American capital.

They neglect to tell us that if we did obtain commercial supremacy it would be as it has been in the past—under the absolute control of the big concerns. They do not tell us that sixty-seven thousand out of every one hundred thousand dollars raised for national revenue goes toward the payment of our former war debts, yet they advocate the largest navy in the world.

With many gesticulations and many troubled outcries, the weakness and inability and inefficiency of our present army and navy to cope with modern antagonists, are portrayed. We should have the largest navy of the world, they say, and we should have an army treble that of our present one. But do they say along what lines this is to be done? Do they say how the inefficiency and incompetency that now exists in our present military arrangements will be eradicated? Do they tell us how we are going to get better armor for our cruisers? Do they tell us how we are going to get better clothes and food for our soldiers? Do they tell us how we are going to eliminate the corruption among army officials? No, most assuredly they do not.

America wants to become the chief commercial power of the world. She also wants to become an all influential power from a military standpoint. Is preparedness along the lines of our former policy and along the lines of the European policy going to be the most efficient and the most advisable one for such a military nation to pursue?

Practically all military critics are agreed that the old type of battleship is on the junk pile and one and all agreed that the old forms of battalion fighting have become passe in the face of the rapid firing guns of modern times. They are also agreed that our great fortresses have become a thing of the past.

The causes of the European conflict are a host of nations, thickly congested, living under different governments, with different institutions, different ideals, different social relations and different economic conditions. They are full of traditions, hatred and animosities. They exist under a system of laws that are unjust and do not permit them to work out in their own way their own salvation. These various nations are divided, not according to their real natural characteristics, but according to geographical lines laid down by a few powerful plutarchs.

They are brought hourly in contact with each other, and above all of this each nation is armed to the teeth in order to be prepared for peace. One can readily see that there are a good many greviances and a good many hatreds that are natural to arise in the course of events.

That these armed camps and armed institutions to promote peace and brotherly love sometimes go up in smoke has been proven. What will be the result of this European conflict? There will be vast mobs of hungry people and bankrupt governments. There will be a race of mutilated men. There will be all posterity of Europe in bondage to pay off the debts incurred by this war which is not going to the nations themselves, but to the munition owners.

In the United States, we find German, Greek, French, Italian, English and Belgian people, all gathered here and living in communities and working their own salvation according to their own religions, ideals and institutions; all because they are permitted to function naturally under laws that are more liberal. Yet to insure peace among these foreign elements, that consist in our heterogeneous makeup, we do not arm each faction that we may prepare them to live in peace and harmony, but we do disarm them and give them laws through which they can work their own salvation.

As one can readily see from our geographical location and from our political institutions the causes which have resulted in the European conflict are not to be found as the reasons that the exponents of preparedness give us. Our geographical position forestalls the possibility of invasion. Our political, social and economic institutions are at variance with the idea of a possible conflict with Europe.

Two years ago the armies of Europe were the best equipped in the world. Europe also had the best commerce in the world and its resources were unlimited. At that time our enthusiasts over preparedness claimed our army could meet all such conditions as might arise. Today, when the armies of Europe are being destroyed, and nations becoming bankrupt, our preparedness friends claim we are in eminent danger from invasion.

They do not, in their patriotic and enthusiastic addresses, state the one well known, yet little acknowledged fact that every conflict of nations in modern times, has been settled, not by the bullet, or the dying soldier on the field of battle, but by a board of astute diplomats who have sat leisurely smoking around a mahogany table.

Can our enthusiasts over preparedness deny the victory Tallyrand gained for France was not far greater than that gained by the sword of Napoleon? Can they for a moment deny that Japan lost practically all for which she fought in her war with Russia? Yet they believe we should go on killing each other in order that merchant princes may reap prosperity and skilled diplomats may fully settle the real issues of the conflicts.

We do not for a moment acknowledge in this argument that we

What the War *Really* Means-

- WAR is a pitiless revealer of motives.
- The present war is a struggle for economic supremacy between the capitalist interests of various nations.
- But—*what are the deeper economic causes?* The "law of motion" driving the nations to slaughter?

SOCIALISM AND WAR

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx."

- This book tells you, in a popular but thoroughly scientific way.
- "Socialism and War" has attracted attention in Europe and America. Boudin is a great Marxian scholar. His explanation of the economic basis of Imperialism is superb.
- No scientific jargon — *a clear intelligible study of Socialism, Capitalism and War.*

Price $1.10, Postpaid

You can get this remarkable book in combination with the Western Comrade for $1.25.

Make all checks or money orders payable to

The Western Comrade
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Llano del Rio Colony is desirous of enlarging its Printing Press Dept.

WANTED
CYLINDER PRESS
LINOTYPE or Other Typesetting Machinery and
EQUIPMENT

Address: Printing Dept., WESTERN COMRADE, 924 Higgins Building Los Angeles, California

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year
In Clubs of Four Twenty-five Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor
Frank H. Ware, Associate Editor

Vol. III March, 1916 No. 11

Startlers

In case of war **perhaps** I would go.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

We Americans really consider other races than ours inferior.—JOHN REED.

Pardon me, there is no such thing as a "capitalistic system."—LESLIE M. SHAW.

Why should we wait for a Ford? Why not travel in our own car, cooperatively built and owned.—A. M. SIMONS.

Senators are so careful about the information sent to the people of the United States.—SENATOR REED of Missouri.

In spite of our panicky patriots, who are diligently sowing the gospel of fear, there is no real danger from war.—AMOS PINCHOT.

On subjects in which Americans are vitally interested it has been Roosevelt who has uttered the great American ideas. — WILLIS H. BOOTH.

There is much talk of prosperity sweeping through the land, but the prosperity which springs from rivers of blood and tears is not the prosperity that will benefit any nation.—RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

Military and naval records of the last year show that more than 50 per cent of the young men applying for enlistment last year were mentally, physically or morally unfit to serve in the army or navy.—OTTO McFEELY.

There is not a pharisee of high or low degree in the whole bourgeois aggregation of patriots who has the courage and honesty to tell the truth and to announce boldly and unequivocally that he stands for war.—EUGENE V. DEBS.

should throw away our arms. But we do maintain that the present system of our army and navy should be made efficient. That the graft and corruption, which results from the profits of the munition interests, should be eliminated by the government in taking over all industries and resources, including the steel industry, munition factories, railroads, telegraph and telephones.

Instead of an army of idlers in peace times an industrial army should be created and should be put to work developing natural resources, irrigating arid wastes, constructing highways, building canals and a host of other services that they could render the public. This would create an army of skilled artisans. It would make them well able to cope with any and all emergencies in time of war. It would also do away with our flooded labor conditions.

One hundred forty years ago the United States was called upon to take a stand which placed her at once far in advance of other nations toward the ultimate goal of civilization. It was a stand for democracy. We, as Americans, are proud our forefathers did what they could to establish a democracy and there has today come another such crisis when every American should take another such stand that will place the United States again foremost in the onward march of civilization. If we adopt a policy of preparedness, we would be going back toward a period of military feudalism. Such a policy must not be adopted, for then we could not, with any consistency, advance, when this war is over, a policy of international disarmament and the establishment of the United States of the World.

The Children's House

Continued from page 22

children take in the early afternoon. Mildred is instinctively responding to the inner demand for rest, which the average child fights untiringly. "Scientific Pedagogy" teaches: that it is **not** natural for children to be violently boisterous and unruly. "Scientific Pedagogy" reveals the fact: that children love to study and to learn; that they love to work as well as to play; that they are naturally very responsive and obedient to rational guidance, but that a false and arbitrary pedagogy which holds them to forced and unnatural obedience to unnatural methods develops the spirit of revolt under which they reveal a disrespect for themselves and their elders.

In Llano Del Rio Colony, I say we are experimenting not only with the little children from two and a half years of age to six, but we are extending the spirit and purpose of "Scientific Pedagogy" through the grades. Under a most efficient physical culture and play ground director the children are sweeping and dusting the school rooms, keeping the school yards in order, clearing ground of brush and stone for a garden, turning the soil with their own labor, planting the seed, caring for the horses that are accorded to their use, making bricks and planning and building a club house; they receive the money that is usually paid to a janitor, and with this money they purchase play ground apparatus and other necessary equipment. They are constructing their own swimming pool and are learning to swim and run and play ball as well as to work and study.

One evening in each week all the children of all the grades dance and learn to dance in the General Assembly Hall. On this occasion only the adult who chooses to teach a child to dance can have access to the floor. We find this a most successful method of drawing out the latent springs of unselfishness in the grown people and as grown people learn in exactly the same way as do the children, we feel that Llano is extending the "Scientific Pedagogy" to meet the needs of every one from the least to the largest.

There is no resident of Llano but sees and acknowledges that this method "will open up to the mind and heart the fields of excellence in human endeavor; that will be a training in the simple, lowly, kindly virtues of Justice and Brotherhood."

n v a s i o n

By FRANK H. WARE

TROOPS suffering from exposure;
Plodding along, weary and footsore—
Day by day through desert waste,
Hot and thirsty,
Living only on half rations—
Naught but the jangle of equipment
And the rattle of artillery
Over cacti, brush and rocks,
Mingled with the scuffling march
Break the silence.

With nauseous smell of sweating flesh
Fouling the air of their new-made camp;
Cool night, in somber silence,
Steals down and wraps itself
O'er their hot bodies.

'Midst power and wealth—and poverty—
Shrieking loud, "Revenge!"
Through organs kept and prostituted,
Fat-bellied masters slyly wink and say:
"Are not these troops, our troops?
Is not this war, our war?
Does not the land invaded now,
Belong to us?"

U p - t o - d a t e

SHADES of the European nightmare! The next day following the Columbus raid a cavalryman of San Diego, dressed in khaki and cartridge belt, stepped into line before a justice of the peace, and was married to the lady of his heart. With proud and pompous step (characteristic of the military Henry) he marched to the train on the following day, kissed his bride good-bye, and left her at the station glowing in the fact she was the first war bride. Who said our army is behind times?

W a r O r d e r s

A RECENT newspaper report said "700,000 rounds of ammunition left United States munition plants for Mexico. More will follow." It has.

This vast amount of munitions is **not** for the use of invading Americans, but for use **on** these Americans by Mexicans, under orders from American capital.

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every professional man and woman, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

"The Sexual Question"

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price $5.50. **Now sent prepaid for $1.60.** This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

General Dealers in Books, Sent on Mail Order

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

A TEMPTING OFFER

Hundreds of subscriptions are pouring into the circulation department of the Western Comrade through combination offers. This month we have several new ones added to the list. Would you like to get

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW

with the Western Comrade at a reduction? Just send seventy-five cents to the circulation department of the WESTERN COMRADE, 924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., and be placed on the mailing list of both magazines for one year.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS

Dentist

306 South Broadway

Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Women's Magazines

The Western Comrade has arranged several good combination offers for the benefit of its women readers. Among them are:

Today's magazine and McCall's, both with the Western Comrade for one year for $1.25. This includes a free May Manton pattern and a free McCall pattern.

Another tempting offer is Today's and Housewife and the Western Comrade. These three can be had in combination for one year for $1.00.

Still another offer includes several magazines. It is Today's, Woman's World, Home Life, People's Popular Monthly and the Western Comrade all for one year for $1.50.

All checks or money orders should be made to the

WESTERN COMRADE

924 Higgins Bldg.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Our Greatest Offer!

Here is a combination offer of The American Socialist, official organ of the National Socialist Party, the famous "1914 National Campaign Book" and The Western Comrade that not one reader of The Western Comrade can afford to let slip by.

The American Socialist for one year is	$ .50
The 1914 Campaign Book.	.50
The Western Comrade for one year is	.50
Total	$1.50

We will make you a combination of the above for just $1.00

Take advantage of this offer now!

Address: Circulation Manager
THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Bldg.
Los Angeles. Cal.

Westfield

Continued from page 1

why this was. So he resolved to ask the Rev. B. U. Stupid for his advice on the subject. To ask his parents made sitting uncomfortable.

So the next Saturday at his weekly lesson in Catechism, which he really despised, he ventured to ask the question: "Why is it, Dominie, that all animals have the same number of bones in their backs?"

"God made them that way."

"Couldn't God think of any different number?"

"O, yes."

"Then why didn't he? He even shaped them the same, only different in size. Then the legs and arms of man and cows are not much different, and even bats and gods are made just like us."

"Oh, no; we are very different. We carry our heads up, and the beast carries its head down."

"What about ducks and geese, and roosters and stallions. It looks to me that we are just animals walking on our hind legs, and havin our heads up just because we hav our forepaws off the ground."

"Who have you been talking t that told you this?" snapped th preacher. "That is infidelity. Don' let me hear it again. Who told yo these things, Ben? Tell me!"

"God," answered Ben. "Yo said God is in everything. Well, just learned these things from th things God made."

"No, you didn't," snapped th parson.

"Yes, I did. Nobody ever tol me a thing, only I was beat up fo asking questions on things that ar here by no fault of mine. If Goc don't want me to think, why didn' he make me without a head?"

"You are excused from the class Ben, until you are ready to tell wh has been telling you this nonsense."

And Ben went out, sorely puzzled.

He, however, resolved that i truth were infidelity, he would b an infidel.

The Cause of Crime

Continued from page 25

"Ladies, let us do our humble part to give back to the opposite sex the ideal woman of yesteryear. Next election instead of mingling at the polls, let us remain in the sanctuary of our homes; let us don our softest gowns, and with our babes gathered about us, our dainty embroidery in our hands, let us ask Mrs. Martin to take our photographs with her kodak, then I will collect them and forward them to the Ladies' Journal to publish, with the title, 'California Ladies Who Do Not Vote.'"

"Shucks, Cynthy," says the widow, "we'd look like idiots."

"My sister says some of the richest ladies in Los Angeles are suffragettes," says Fannie. "I think they're lots sweller than the antis."

I knew it was time for me to speak now or else hold my peace forever.

"Ladies," I says, "as wife of the judge and leading member of the Immanuel Baptist church, I think I may call myself a lady as much as any of you; but if God hadn't intended us ladies to go to the polls and vote he wouldn't have given us the chance. God has chosen we California ladies like he chose Moses of old to lead his children out of the wilderness of sin and crime which is swallowing in its greedy maw our great and glorious nation. Ladies, the real cause of crime is the three A's—Atheism, Alcohol and Anarchy! Behind every crime, ladies, if you want to find the criminal, look for one of the A's. Have you lost a pie? Look for an A. Did you lose a ham? One of the A's did it! A bucket of milk? One of the A's took it! A pair of gentleman's apparel? A again! Ladies, I mention no names, but the three A's are in our midst. Beware! Ladies, I say, beware! I thank you."

After I sat down the ladies just looked at me with their mouths open. Finally Mrs. Dinwiddle says: "Who do you mean?"

"I mention no names," I says. "Across the river is a heathen Jap rancher. Heathens are atheists. Maybe he took the things and maybe he didn't. Maybe it was one of the other A's.

"But we ain't got any alcoholics now, since Tim Barker was sent to

Patton. And we never had any of them terrible Anarchists, praise God."

"You don't have to get drunk to be an alcoholic," I says. "Anybody that would be seen carrying home a demijohn right in broad daylight like I saw that Dago that lives across the tracks, would do anything. He is an A. I don't say it's him, but I warn you!"

"Yes, but—"

"It might be the Dago and again it mightn't. Ladies, I mention no names. But beware. It might have been the last A!"

"Who ya' talking about?" says the widow.

"I mention no names," I says. "Being a Christian lady I mention no names. But I say, when you're investigating crime, always look for the three A's and you'll find the thief. Anybody that reads the Los Angeles Times ought to know that Socialists and Anarchists are the same thing."

"My gracious!" says Mrs. Perkins, "do you mean the Bricklayer Barnses?"

"I accuse no one," I says. "I'm just telling you the cause of crime. Beware, ladies, of nursing vipers in your bosoms."

"Shucks!" says the widow.

"They don't look like people who would steal," says Mrs. McCoy, "but you never can tell."

"Ladies," I says, "if you'd post yourselves on Socialists like I have by reading the Los Angeles Times, you'd know that nearly all the crimes committed up there are done by Socialists or I. W. W.'s, which is the same thing."

I unfolded my paper. "See right here today. Here's a piece headed, 'I. W. W. thug beats up lady.' And over here's another—'Street car bandits busy—probably Socialists.' Do you think such people would hesitate at stealing a pie?"

"There's a duchess or something over in England that's a Socialist, or Socialess," says Fannie. "What do you call them when they're ladies?"

"They're never ladies," says Mrs. Dr. Bromley, "they're all called Socialists."

"Or A's," says I. "Dear friend," I says, taking Mrs. Attorney Peterson's hand, "the pies and the milk and the ham are probably gone forever, but if you want your gentleman's apparel, dear friend, I accuse no one. But watch the A's."

"They are indeed a menace to society," says Mrs. Attorney Peterson, "if they carry their pernicious doctrines so far as to confiscate my noble husband's apparel. In my opinion they should all be incasserated."

"Amen!" says Mrs. McDermott.

The widow was about to say "shucks," so I moved that we adjourn.

After the War -- What?

AFTER the war, what? The end is not in sight for the great conflagration across the seas. Thousands are dying daily and preparations are feverishly going on to further slay thousands—and for what? The European nations are now on a paper basis. Billions upon billions of debts are piled up and will never be paid. Then what? Repudiation. That ugly word stares the bankers of the world in the face. The United States is on a gold standard. The fear of debt repudiation is more serious than the 16-to-1 doctrine. This is a real menace. What of the uncounted millions owed by Europe to American banking interests?

It does not matter much what happens in the financial world from now on. The world is facing universal bankruptcy. Indeed, the nations of the earth, as a whole, are totally bankrupt today. There is not a country that can pay its debts without becoming insolvent. If the gold standard is swept away and the golden metal reduced to a common commercial commodity, chaos will reign for the capitalist lords of the earth.

The labor and fighting of the world is now done collectively and the only thing that separates the mass from a free distribution of the results of labor and war, is the false standard of gold. Co-operation internationally has been advanced decades by the epoch-making catastrophe on the blood-soaked and historic soil of Europe.—R. K. W.

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.00 to

The Western Comrade
924 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Your Combings

made into switches for one dollar, postpaid.

Work guaranteed.

MRS. E. TURNWALL
Llano, Cal.

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

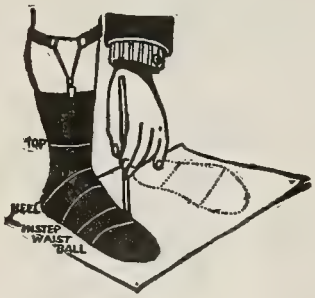
Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	3.00

IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pair of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.



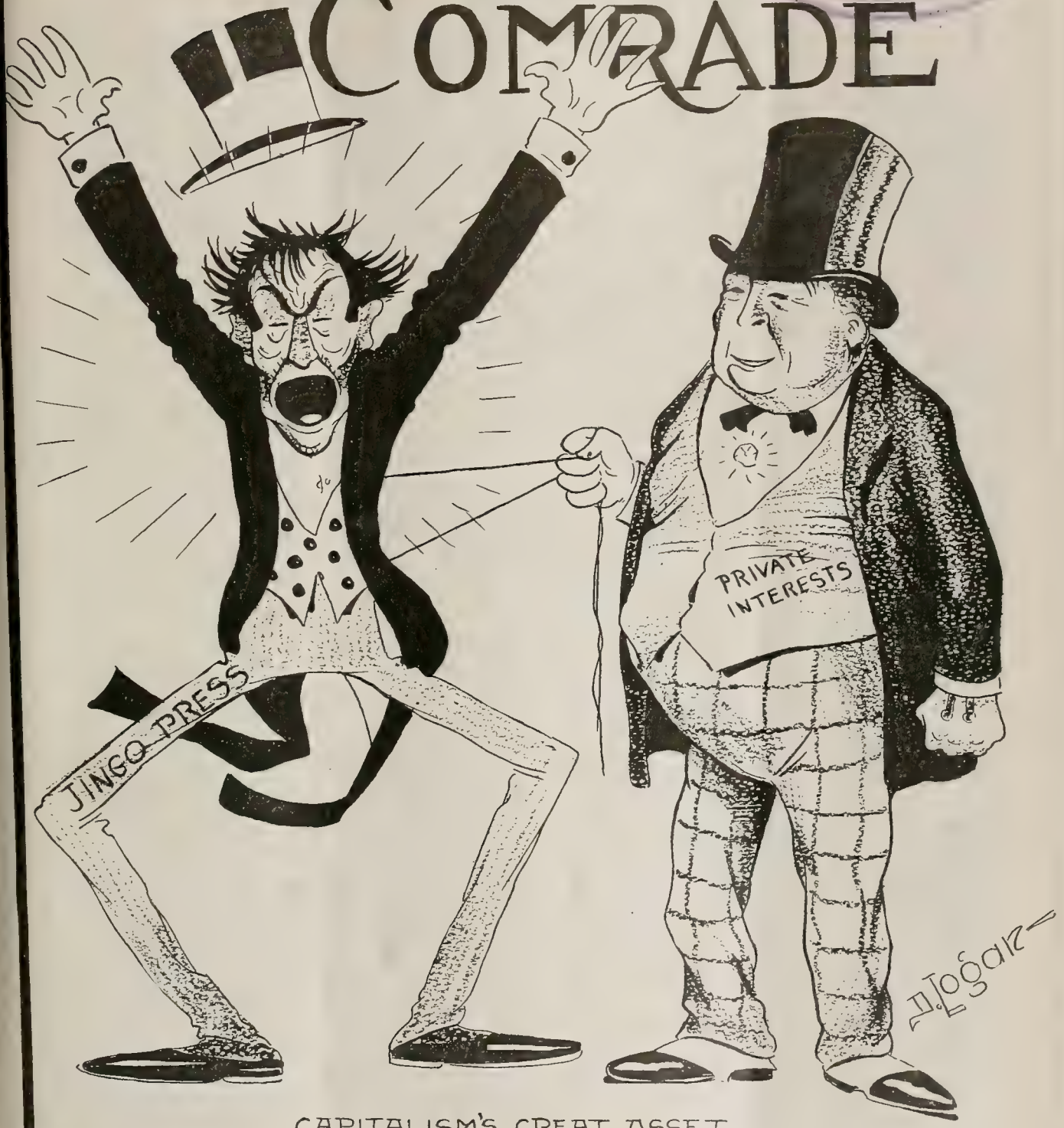
Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company

924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

The WESTERN COMRADE



CAPITALISM'S GREAT ASSET

April 1916 Five Cents

THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM

Through Co-operative Action

THE name of the Nevada Colony Corporation has been changed to the LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA. This has been done in order to conform to the name of the only colony enterprise in which we are interested—the LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY, situated in Los Angeles County, California.

We are not interested in any colonization enterprise in Nevada, or any other state outside of California. Another important change has been made in that we have decided to issue our former contracts instead of the one we offered as the Nevada Colony Corporation. This makes the terms of membership much easier on the members. Instead of asking $2,500 for memberships, we have decided to continue on the $2,000 basis. This requires the member to pay $1,000 as the initial fee, and to work out the remaining 1,000 shares at the Colony, at the rate of only one dollar per day instead of two dollars per day. Outstanding contracts will be changed to conform to this when requested.

Following is the plan to which we have returned: each share-holder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable from the surplus profits in the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will undertake to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

The LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY is interested in only one magazine—THE WESTERN COMRADE. This is an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the cause of co-operation and Socialism. It has been issued by the Colony since its inception. Job Harriman, founder of the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY, is the managing editor. THE WESTERN COMRADE is the only magazine that we guarantee will print stories in each issue covering the activities at the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY. The subscription price is fifty cents per year, clubs of four, twenty-five cents a year.

You are urged to read the following with great care. It will give you much information concerning a colony two years old, with a record of wonderful achievement and success.

WE have an abundance of sparkling water from mountain streams sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres where nature's bounty is limitless. We are conducting a great agricultural, horticultural, stockraising enterprise. We have a number of industrial plants operating and a number of others projected. We have nearly 800 residents at the new city of Llano and thousands of others are planning to make it their home in the future. There are excellent schools, among them a wonderful Montessori school which takes charge of the children at two years of age. Schools range from this to the high school.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make your final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

The climate is delightful, the soil fertile. the water pure and the social life grows more ideal as the colony increases in numbers.

Sound Financing Necessary

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder on their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed on sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome." The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the Colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Important Questions Answered

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits, like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications are not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix the races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern

Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock. poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

Declaration of Principles

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

'Constitution and By-Laws'

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed on this page of this magazine. The management of the Colony rests with the Board of Managers, a member of which is the superintendent. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the Board of Directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2500 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

Community Management

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution from the unwieldy, tedious and impracticable attempts that were made in the earlier months. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. The departments hold meetings of their own at times they select. At these smaller meetings ways and means are discussed to increase efficiency in the department. At the managers' meeting as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. THE LAST ACTION ON ANY MATTER SUPERCEDES ALL FORMER ACTION AND THIS STANDS UNTIL THE PLANS ARE CHANGED. The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as near as practicable. The Board of Directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

What Colonists Escape

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the ice bill, the coal bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the dentist's bill, the school book and school supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, the drain of street car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and begger (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the long lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the Colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk bill, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill and the other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The Colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To his. the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

The Directors of the company are: Job Harriman, president; Frank E. Wolfe, vice-president; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer; C. M. Cason, auditor; F. P. McMahon, vice-president; W. A. Engle, secretary; D. J. Wilson, vice-president; A. F. Snell and Emma J. Wolfe.

Address all communications and make all payments to the

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA, RENO NEVADA

Information About the

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established in an attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

There are about 700 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate, which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern sawmill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a tannery, a rug and carpet weaving plant, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling the crops.

The Llano Community recently purchased a part of the San Gabriel forest reserve from the United States government. It has been estimated that nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber can be obtained from this land.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

About 120 acres of garden was planted last year. This year the garden is being enlarged to more than twice this size.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about one hundred acres of young pear trees.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

A large lime kiln is now running, and there is enough lime in a nearby hill, owned by the colony, to build their proposed city.

More than 26,000 2-year-old fruit trees were set out this spring. These are, for the most part, pears, peaches and apples.

CONTENTS

Page

Editorials 7
By Job Harriman.

A Modern Movie 10
By Anthony Turano.

Turning the Trick (Poem) 11
By Ernest Wooster.

Justice and Not Bullets 12
By Edgcumb Pinchon.

The Needs of Llano 15
By Adelaide Maydwell.

Activities at Llano 18
By R. K. Williams.

The Montessori System 22
By Mildred G. Buxton.

Co-operation (Poem) 22
By John Dequer.

The Socialist Party 23
By Job Harriman.

The Dream Fulfilled (Poem) 23
By Marguerite Head.

The Great Struggle 25
By Edmund R. Brumbaugh.

CARTOONS

Labor's Crucifix . . . . . Frontispiece

Gasoline Fever Heat 8

In the Arena 13

The Brave Militia Protects Its Master 16

Labor's Crucifix

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by Dudley Logan

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action — Co-operation — Direct Action

VOL. III — LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL, 1916 — NUMBER 12

EDITORIALS

By Job Harriman

SOCIALISM! What is it? Is it a system of propaganda? Or is it a proposed system of production and distribution, and more?

The propaganda that merely attacks the present capitalist system and refuses to engage in actual constructive co-operative work, is a positive force against Socialism, under whatever name or flag such propaganda may sail.

Socialism cannot be learned from abstract theories alone. It cannot be learned in full from books. Neither teachers nor orators nor papers and magazines can tell the complete story. The philosophy of Socialism, when understood, is at best only a sign post indicating the direction in which we should travel. But the traveling is, indeed, a very different thing. When the exodus from Capitalism to Socialism begins, then begins the march of the multitude, with all their hopes and visions, their ideas and ideals, their virtues and vices, their memories and characteristics, their philosophies and their theories.

These must all be worked over and adjusted until the multitude actually grows fond of each other and dwell together as brothers and not as cannibals.

Socialism is more than a dogma or a philosophy or food and clothing. It is a system in which a new and different life shall be lived. Food, clothing and shelter, however abundantly, and equally, distributed, would be only a sounding brass and a tinkling symbol in the absence of a genuine and profound affection for our fellows. In order to develop this fellowship, we must do more than merely teach, we must begin to travel in that direction.

At Llano, the march has already begun. The medley, of ideals, characteristics, theories, etc., is playing its part. In some, the impressions made by capitalism are so deep that they can neither be eradicated nor adjusted. Sad as it is to us all, these unfortunate few go their way; while the remainder, inspired by a beautiful vision and an abiding hope, and sustained by a common interest and equal opportunity, are developing a spirit of congenial fellowship, as cheerful as the sunshine and as sweet as the honey and the honeycomb.

✣ ✣ ✣

ECONOMIC power. What is it? It is the tremendous volume of human energy that is stored in the enormous reservoir of real and personal property of the world. Generally speaking the value of the property is determined by the human energy required either to produce it, or to directly or indirectly improve it.

Figuratively speaking there is but little difference between a quantity of wheat in a man's stomach, and a lump of coal in a furnace. The one develops energy in the body; the other in the boiler. The desire to develop energy creates the demand; but the price, no artificial cause interfering, depends on the social energy spent in its production.

A bushel of wheat or a ton of coal will generate as much energy, and is, therefore, as great a social power, whether it be consumed by a producer or controlled by a gambler in the pit.

Power knows no mercy, nor justice, nor equity, nor sentiment. It is merely power. Whoever possesses it and controls it may command. Greed and ambition freed and grow upon power gotten by gambling in some form. All methods of gaining power without rendering an equivalent is a phrase of gambling. From this unconscionable struggle, to take something from others for nothing, springs a sordid and insatiable cupidity and ambition to hold and control one's fellows.

Every owner of property is, therefore, a little king or emperor, according as he may be named; and his kingdom or empire expands in proportion to the property he commands. Economic power, like all things, grows by what it feeds upon—namely, human energy, human lives. It is a cannibal and it makes a cannibal of most all who possess it.

We wonder if the users of automobiles do not feel the cannibal's claws and tusks, tearing their very flesh, as the oil trust raises the price of gasoline. Do they not spend their life's energy to get the cash to pay the price? Is not more blood sucked by every raise in price? Were you in prison, would you not give any price for a loaf of bread to save your life? So also will one pay the price, though out of jail.

Is the Standard Oil Company a cannibal? On March 25, 1916, the Standard Oil Company of Ohio declared a 100 per cent dividend. Still the price goes up, and the river of human blood swells as it pours down their brutal gurgling throats.

It is the wielding of enormous economic power that has converted the aristocracy of Europe into a band of cannibals and brought on that terrible war; and in time the wielding of enormous power by our aristocratic (?) cannibals will bring us to the trenches and the slaughter.

If the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch.

WHAT is the trouble with Roosevelt and his much boasted Panama Canal? It cost $400,000,000. Any day the Culebra Cut may be filled with 1,000,000 tons of dirt. Frequent landslides are not only making the canal impracticable for either commercial for war purposes, but, the engineers tell us, that mere maintenance "bids fair to call for $800,000,000 more, with no promise of permanent and continued use."

The picture jars the Bull Moose. He has turned it to the wall and is seeking new campaign material. All suggestions will be gratefully received.

✤ ✤ ✤

ROOSEVELT, Hughes or Root? Root is waning, Hughes is rising and Roosevelt is now in the lead. What a pill for the G. O. P. to swallow! Before they are through with him they will know they have taken something. Did he not divide them in 1912? Can he unite them now? Are Republicans mere sheep for this astute and unconscionable politician to lead to the slaughter?

Have they forgotten his 1912 campaign speeches? Did he not swear eternal vengence upon Root for delivering the Chicago convention to Taft? For this breach of political servitude were not Root and Taft and all their machine men mere "pot house politicians," "tools of Corporate greed," "rascals," "thieves," "liars," "crooks"? Did not an enraged Republican shoot him in the manuscript because he could no longer endure his billingsgate? Will the Republican party forget his vituperation, and bathe again in the poluted stream?

The Republican party is surely as wise as that "rare Nut Eating Bird" that let him go by, because he thought the Colonel was rotten.

Have they not spued him out of their mouths? Have they acquired the canine habit of swallowing him again? If the politicians have sunk to this level, can they also drag the rank and file with them to wallow in their polution?

Gasoline Fever Heat

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by Dudley Logan

IN the California Social-Democrat of April 8, the following editorial appeared:

The secular press conveys the "news" that an effort is being made to form a state labor party. It also announces that Job Harriman is the foremost advocate of this scheme. He is quoted as saying:

"The Socialist Party, as now organized, will never lead the way out of the wilderness. The hour has come when a larger and more vital movement must be born. I believe that movement must and will be born of Organized Labor."

As an individual Comrade Harriman has a perfect right to advocate any kind of politics he may elect. He can organize all kinds of political parties and formulate any kind of platform he desires, but as a member of the Socialist Party he can not do so and, at the same time, be loyal to his voluntary party pledge.

The Socialist Party has been exceedingly good to Job Harriman. When he was the candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles the comrades rallied to his support with a purpose and will unprecedented in American politics. The machinery of the party was practically at his disposal to do with as he pleased.

During all the years that he was active in the movement in Los Angeles his policies were in evidence more than any other. If the party as now organized is a failure, Job Harriman must share his responsibility for said failure.

The Socialist Party has no fight with Organized Labor and it would seem that the friends of both would not, at this time, force an issue which must necessarily array one group of labor against the other. Let us hope that Organized Labor will not fall for this suggestion regardless of the source from which it may come.

* * *

The Socialist Party of California is not the special preserve of any man or group of men. It is not the vehicle to further personal schemes or to serve individual ambition. It is not the tail to any man's kite.

The question of forming a State Labor Party was not even discussed at the State Building Trades convention, where the above statement was supposed to have been made. Job Harriman did not speak there. The substance of what he said appears on another page of this magazine and was prepared for this occasion.

No one knows better than the editor of the Social-Democrat what Harriman's position has been for years past, concerning the relation of the Socialist Party to the Labor movement. He knows that relation has never existed only in a small degree in 1911-12 in Los Angeles during the era of the greatest prosperity of the Los Angeles Socialist movement.

To suggest that not a general cause, but Harriman, personally, is responsible for the heavy falling off of

the Socialist Party membership, which has happened all over the United States, as well as in Los Angeles, is too ridiculous for further consideration. Let him discuss propositions and not personalities. Life is too short for petty quarrels.

✤ ✤ ✤

IT will be unwise for the Llano del Rio Colony to establish or to be connected, even remotely, with another colony, until Llano has been practically developed in its various branches. By such premature expansion, our Colony would not only be financially crippled but the thought and attention necessary to our highest social, educationel and economic development would be diverted and our purposes, to that extent, defeated.

So far is it from an easy task to establish a co-operative colony that most men, even radicals, pronounce it impossible. But the people of Llano know no impossibilities and whoever observes our development for any period of time, is forced to the conclusion that our future success is assured. We are far past the dead line, far beyond the point when any ordinary circumstances can disturb us. It would require a chain of circumstances, each vastly more difficult than any yet encountered, to cause even a serious apprehension—much less a failure. With careful business attention, coupled with the energy now exerted in every department, our future will be crowned with more brilliant attainments than any community on the American continent.

The International Controversy

President....The destruction of merchant marine must cease; an accounting, accompanied with satisfactory explanations will be made by you to us, forthwith.

Emperor ....We deny all moral responsibility for the destruction of merchant marines. We desire to maintain friendly relations and to open negotiations.

President....Your submarine operations are in direct violation of international law.

Emperor ....The law was written before the development of the "submarine," and hence does not apply.

President....The principle is the same.

Emperor ....Principles are modified as new facts develop.

President....Is the "submarine" a material fact?

Emperor ....Very material and very stern and so powerful that by its irresistible operations it is making new international law, later to be written and accepted.

President....Do you mean to persist in this wrongful violation?

Emperor ....Can Anything be wrong with an irresistible power?

President....Perhaps your submarine power is not irresistible.

Emperor ....That remains for the future to determine. We are dealing with the present. When a new and greater power develops, then another new law will follow.

President....Your conduct, sir, is inhuman.

Emperor ....Are not the necessities of war inhuman? Victory is the only consideration. Necessity knows no law. Have you seen with your mind's eye the 10,000,000 living men, and still more dead and wounded, along the trenches? Is not this inhuman? In this hour of stress humane impulses can play no part.

President....Not only lives, but commerce, also, is being destroyed.

Emperor ....Inhuman as we may be, we insist that it is better for humanity, to kill a few and sink a commissary and thus starve our enemies into submission, than to permit them to be fed and led by millions to the slaughter.

President....Sir, there are Americans on the merchant marine.

Emperor ....Is it more inhuman to kill an American, while on a pleasure trip, than a German, who is forced into the trenches? The commissary will eventuate in the final issue. It is, therefore, a necessary point of attack and humane impulses are secondary to the necessities of war.

President....But we are neutral.

Emperor ....Then stay at home; stay out of the muss and do not evade the real fact by trying to hang your hat on a musty, obsolete international law. Sir, there would be no issue over international law if the merchant kings of the United States were not trying to coin Europe's misfortunes into cash.

President....Nor would there be war in Europe, were it not for the ambition of the powers to dominate the world's commerce. Our diplomatic relations are at an end.

A Modern Movie

By ANTHONY TURANO

DOC WILSON'S frequent flops during his wonderful triple personality exhibition as President has convinced us that the only way to get an accurate account for the benefit of posterity is by use of the motion picture camera. The old time historical painter with his dull canvasses, has fallen back into dismal desuetude.

Nothing short of the sharpest shutter and quickest lens will catch and reflect with rectillinear rectitude the speedy gyrations of the Doc. The following scenario is stripped of technical persiflage for the benefit of the picture-going public.

The trinity of personality of this heavy lead player is puzzling, inexplicable—like all other trinities. One thing is easily discerned, and that is the remarkable synchrony between the stock fluctuations in Wall Street and the genuflexions of our Doc. As he bends to plutocracy, the pregnant hinges of the knee, melts in and melts out in this weird chiaroscuro.

Our hope is that this scrip may fall before the eye of some enterprising producer, who will seize the opportunity to earn the undying gratitude of a great people by preserving these flickering, fleeting flops:

REEL ONE (Prologue)

1914—Princeton. Professor Wilson down stage, close up views. Heavy curtains in background. Looks forward. Strong business with eyes uplifted as he proclaims prayer meetings. Soft stuff with folded hands. Title insert here asks for softening wrath of the Eternal God (Jaweh?)—"Give the world eternal peace." (This could be costumed with black gloves, a top hat and alpaca umbrella.)

End of reel one. Reel two will follow immediately.

REEL TWO

1915—Doc Wilson discovered in munition factory inspecting shrapnel. Munition barons, armor plate makers and other capitalists hovering in background whispering and rubbing hands. Guide takes Doc. to Chemistry department, demonstrates poisonous asphyxiating gasses, incendiary bombs, submarines. Doc rubs hands unctiously. Business of approving flammerwerfers and new knife bayonets and scientific evicerators.

Subtitle—"Of course we would not use these here, but it is alright to export them. We must not interfere with legitimate business."

Demonstrations of joy by munitions makers and Grabitalls, in the background. Wilson seeing what a hit he has made with the respectables in the background, makes long speeches. Emboldened, the Munitionists beckon to some one off stage.

Enter—a thousand militarists, each wearing a long cloak labelled with harmless tags "Preparation." They bear U. S. flags and wave them gaily.

All make way and a large group comes down the stage. They are the painted ladies of the press. (Here organist plays shivery music.) Ladies bow to old Dr. Grabitalls and waive their hands imperiously.

Ladies down stage, each with pornographic pen in hand. Grabitalls comes down stage, stands close behind Wilson, who is surrounded by the Lolans, who write while he speaks. He is interrupted by frequent cheers. Run cut-backs, melt-ins and melt-outs of heroic scenes on the battle fields.

Always Henry Dubb rescues the dear old flag just in time to dictate in his dying gasp, "It never struck the ground, mother, it never struck the ground."

End of reel two. Reel three starts immediately.

REEL THREE

Doc. discovered surrounded by oil kings, mining kings, cattle kings and other crowned heads of industry. All hold in their hands titles to land and mines given them by Diaz, Madero, Huerta and Carranza. The kings are sobbing. They talk tearfully. Melt out quickly to scene 57 where fierce but ragged bandit, sandlefooted and smoking villain's cigarette tears American flag to shreds with one hand and runs off some of Gen. Otis' cattle with the other.

Melt back to former scene. Wilson shocked. Others triumphant. Wilson speaks, but avoids words "Watchful waiting." Doc. gives eyes to camera. Strong business of reluctance. Enter all the ladies, each with a bundle of Uxtras. They dance to slow music, disclosing headlines which read: "American Citizens Brutally Butchered by Border Raiders!" "Land Taken from Americans!" "Mexicans Say Seized Mines are Merely Restored to Their People." "Pretext Considered Mere Piffle." Melt out to another scene.

Fierce Mexican cruelly taking gold mine from handsome American. (Here organist plays much tremelo stuff with grand crash box effect as Mexican hurls American into seething vat of chili con carne.)

Melt back to scene. Wilson down stage; eyes filled with horror. Registers determination. Grabitalls crowds forward flourishing Uxtras with Columbus, New Mexico, scare heads. Doc yields amid shouts acclaim. (Organist plays crescendo, andante stuff; strong crash, bang—like when the villain throws little Algie down the dumb waiter. Thanks.)

All leave stage but Doc, who sits on divan center.

Camera closes up. Doc. shows great weariness until all get off stage. Eyes register "Guess I did that about right." Melt out to scene of American soldiers consuming seven days on quick dash across the border. Show cavalryman in act of using saber to cut up enchiladas for his tired horses. Much cactus and sand.

Melt back to scene. Doc. does quick business showing satisfaction. Registers, with effect, "Guess that will get the votes."

Melt out Wilson standing very close to camera with his regular illustrated weekly bow, saying to the camera man: "Thank you." Melt in American flag. Organist plays "Star Spangled Banner." (If this does not get the audience, run a cut back showing our brave cavalrymen storming and taking trenches at the battle of "Huevos Pasados por Agua Caliente, No Muy Duro." Play the flag in colors and have the gentlemanly ushers start the applause.)

Turning the Trick

By ERNEST S. WOOSTER

It will be remembered by our readers that Humpety Dumpety first appeared in the January number, seated on a wall, "but that 'wall' was Wall Street," and started his campaign for "the half billion prize." He got it. But was he satisfied? See for yourself.

HUMPETY DUMPETY
sent in his checks
For value received,
The results he'd achieved;
And he ladeled out bright
minted gold by the pecks—
Smole his fat smile and quoth,
"Boys you did well:
Five hundred million, Now for a billion:
Your stuff got across—e'en the President fell.
I see profits ahead—
You brought home the ham.
Just one thing raised Ned—
And that's Uncle Sam
May make his own cannon and powder and shot;
Which would cut out our gains—so of course he must not."
Old Humpety seemed like a fat Santa Clause,
And the Boodle-boys gave him their hearty applause.
Then the movie boys heard
And their cameras stirred—
When a dollar bill beckons, all forgotten are laws.
The scenario men
And the ones who produce
Quoth: "O, see the Gold Egg.
Now, where is the Goose?"
And they followed the scent to where Humpety was.

And to Humpety they chorused:
"We'll put the whole land in a state of such scaredness
That the people will clamor for greater preparedness."
Then by subtly devising and wide advertising,
They caught the home folks in a way quite surprising.
"Watch! Watch! for our latest release!
Watch for the thriller, 'The War Cry of Peace.'"
"We want an army and navy so strong
We can lick the whole world, be no cause, right or wrong!"
Humpety chortled in triumphant glee:
"Me for the movies—the movies for me.
Give me a plot where they wave the old flag,
And I know I can get clear away with the gag."
As he signed the film check
He boasted, "By Heck,
At least I have got every card in the deck."

And in the meantime—
The loyal glad handers, patriotic grandstanders,
The "Of-course-we-will-fight-to-defend-our-great-land"-ers;
The clicking typewriters—
The clacking standpatters—
All the worthy word fighters,
And patriotic proud "Datters"
With artistry, sophistry, guzzle and gush—
With whispers and sob-stuff and reverent hush
Adopted a phrase
That shifted the gaze
Of the gullible public
Off from the ways
Of Humpety Dumpety
And turned it to praise.

And Humpety yelled, as he wrote a new draft,
"At last, boys, we win!" then he puffily laughed.
Spill on the printers' ink—
Run the film, don't mind the stink—
Make the simple voter think
The Ship of State is going to sink!
That menacing dangers surround on each side,
And the Germans and British have riddled our pride.
Now this is your slogan:
'PREPARING FOR PEACE!'
When we've got enough cannon
Our troubles will cease."

Then Humpety mourned:
"I spent gold for education
To prepare a peaceful nation
To arm itself for war.
I have paid for this tuition
So I could sell munition—
That's what I did it for.
Now if Uncle Sam should figure
That his bills are getting bigger—
Bigger than they ought to be—
He might build his own war rifles.
And his other war-time trifles,
And thus take the game away from me."

Justice and Not Bullets

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

CHARGED with having used the mails "to incite murder, arson and treason," Ricardo Flores Magon and his brother, Enrique Flores Magon, editors of "El Regeneracion," a paper published in Los Angeles in the interests of free land and free men in Mexico, recently have been arrested and jailed.

This is the third time the Magons have faced the penitentiary; for twice they have been convicted of breaking the neutrality laws and have served terms in the State prison of Arizona and the Federal penitentiary on McNeil's Island. In a revolutionary career of twenty years, ten of which have been spent in the United States, they have passed more than five years behind the bars.

"Justice and not bullets, is what ought to be meted out to the revolutionists of Texas; and from now on we should demand that the persecutions of innocent Mexicans should cease. And as to the revolutionists, we should also demand that they be not executed."

"The ones who should be shot are the 'rangers' and the band of bandits who accompany them in their depredations."

"Enough of reforms! What we hungry people want is entire liberty based on economic independence. Down with the so-called rights of private property; and, as long as this evil right continues to exist, we shall remain under arms. Enough of mockery!"

These utterances constitute the counts against the Magons. And for this they face from two to five years in the penitentiary!

The arrest of the Magons and the indictment of their English collaborator, William C. Owen, is the seventh attack in ninety days on the liberty of the working class press of this country. Wall Street is eager for an era of commercial imperialism backed by the bayonets of "preparedness." To these ambitions there is no serious opposition save that voiced by the labor and radical press; and those in touch with the situation believe that Wall Street, controlling the Federal machinery, has begun an attack upon the liberties of speech and press, the most determined and far-reaching in the history of this country.

In answer to this campaign of suppression, a Workers' International Defense League of Los Angeles has been organized in affiliation with similar

If It Were You

Perhaps you are sensitive, a lover of beauty and spaciousness, a warm friend of flowers and the open air, delighting in the fellowship of comrades and the tenderness of women; perhaps you have the innate pride of spirit which makes you resent fiercely the unmannerly touch of the gross intrusion of another. Perhaps, in short, you are just an unspoiled human being. So unspoiled, indeed, that in passionately cherishing beauty and freedom and human dignity you just as passionately cherish these for all your race. And imagine that, being as you are, you were born in Mexico under the Diaz regime!

You have read John Kenneth Turner's "Barbarous Mexico." perhaps, and you know what was the Diaz regime. A people who five times in sixty years had risen in desperate revolt against inhuman slavery had triumphed the fifth time, had broken the power of the Roman Church, distributed the great estates among the peons, instituted a noble public school system—and Diaz at the head of a reactionary revolt backed by Wall Street had stolen this from them. A tiger actuated by fear and ferocity was Diaz. He drove three million small farmers from their homes and lands and parcelled them among speculators, delivered up the rich mines and forests and oil fields to foreign exploiters—for a share of the spoil, stamped out the school system, crushed the press, ruled a beast over ruins.

Supposing you had grown to young manhood amidst this ruin of all that is fruitful and splendid in human society, and with your sensitiveness and love of beauty and culture and fellowship you had had a stark and rugged courage, a capacity for fierce anger and the audacity to rebuke the Beast—

And supposing the rurales of the Beast had hunted you for your life, and despairing of making a successful stand against him in Mexico you had fled to the United States—the land of Washington and Lincoln, there to utter your protest and organize your countrymen against the evil that was upon them—

And supposing the hand of the Beast had reached into the United States and oiled the palms of the newspaper men and gripped in thick sensuality and understanding the hand of the President of the United States, and then had pounced upon you and beaten you—in blasphemy of your pride—and slammed you behind steel bars, there to rot out your heart for three long years with the criminals and perverts, with the obscenity and vileness which bars breed—

And supposing at last you saw the sun again, listened to the wind among the grasses, heard the guileless rollicking of the birds, kissed again in freedom the glad lips of the girls—and then—with terrible memories in your heart but courage on your brow had set out again to defy and rebuke the Beast—

And suppose the hand again had pounced on you—and you saw before you in a sinister glint the steel jaws opening before you to the hell you had just left—

And supposing that in spite of all your fight for liberty bribed and perjured testimony again gave you to rot in the horrors of the steel-trap which society preserves for her saviors—

In the Arena

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky

leagues in San Francisco, Chicago and New York, with headquarters at 621 American Bank Building. It is a permanent and widely based organization representing on its executive committee every division of the labor and radical movements; and its services are at the disposal of "all who need defense and aid in the struggle for economic justice."

The League has taken charge of the Magon case, and has set itself to put up the heavy bail of $10,000 demanded by the court for the temporary release of the prisoners, and to raise the greatly needed funds for their defense. Attorneys Ryckman and Kirk have been engaged as counsel, both of them veterans in fighting the battles of the workers—the latter, indeed, having served six months in jail for his activities in the San Diego free speech fight.

And supposing again you had come forth, shaken, ill, but still desperately determined that freedom and beauty and human dignity should yet flourish on earth even though it cost you your life, and you had gathered a few friends about you, settled yourself on a little farm, put up a hand printing press—and set out once more to utter the call to human splendor and to cast damnation upon the Beast which is not a man but a whole social system—

And supposing the Beast yet once more (how you shuddered when you thought of him in the night!) had stretched out his thick and sensual paw and smitten you to the earth, beaten you till you streamed with blood and then again had cast you into the steel-trap—built for wild men such as you. And you were growing old, your health was broken, your eyes failing—and there was not even enough friendship for you in the world to go your heavy bail that you might enjoy one more brief glimpse of the sun and the flowers before the Beast took you for the third and, maybe, the last time—for human nerves will snap at last in death—

Then you were Ricardo Flores Magon and his brother, Enrique Flores Magon, now in Los Angeles County Jail, awaiting the finishing stroke of the Beast's paw!

Recent scenes of the Llano del Rio Colony, Antelope Valley, California. (1) Community Club House. Here the social activities and entertainments take place. (2) Some of the heavy draft horses in a corral. Llano possesses some excellent specimens. (3) Planting strawberries. Several acres of these luscious berries have been planted. (4) Digging lime, at Bob's Gap for use in the lime kiln. There is more than enough lime there to built the proposed city of Llano. (5) The Montessori school. This wonderful institution, in the hands of able teachers, paves the way in the world for the tiny tots.

Part of the Llano del Rio Community Dairy Herd in a Corral

The Needs of Llano

By ADELAIDE MAYDWELL

ONE of the most interesting things connected with the ranch at Llano is the interest this co-operative enterprise is exciting all over the United States. From all quarters of the compass come inquiries asking for detailed accounts of the doings at Llano. Many of the questioners have just heard of this wonderful proposition, laid like a great thing on these sloping acres, and ask some wierd questions. It is hard for so many, bound and shackled by the crushing competitive system, to understand that there is any place on earth where there is freedom, and where the three great primary essentials, housing food and clothing are the things not to be worried about.

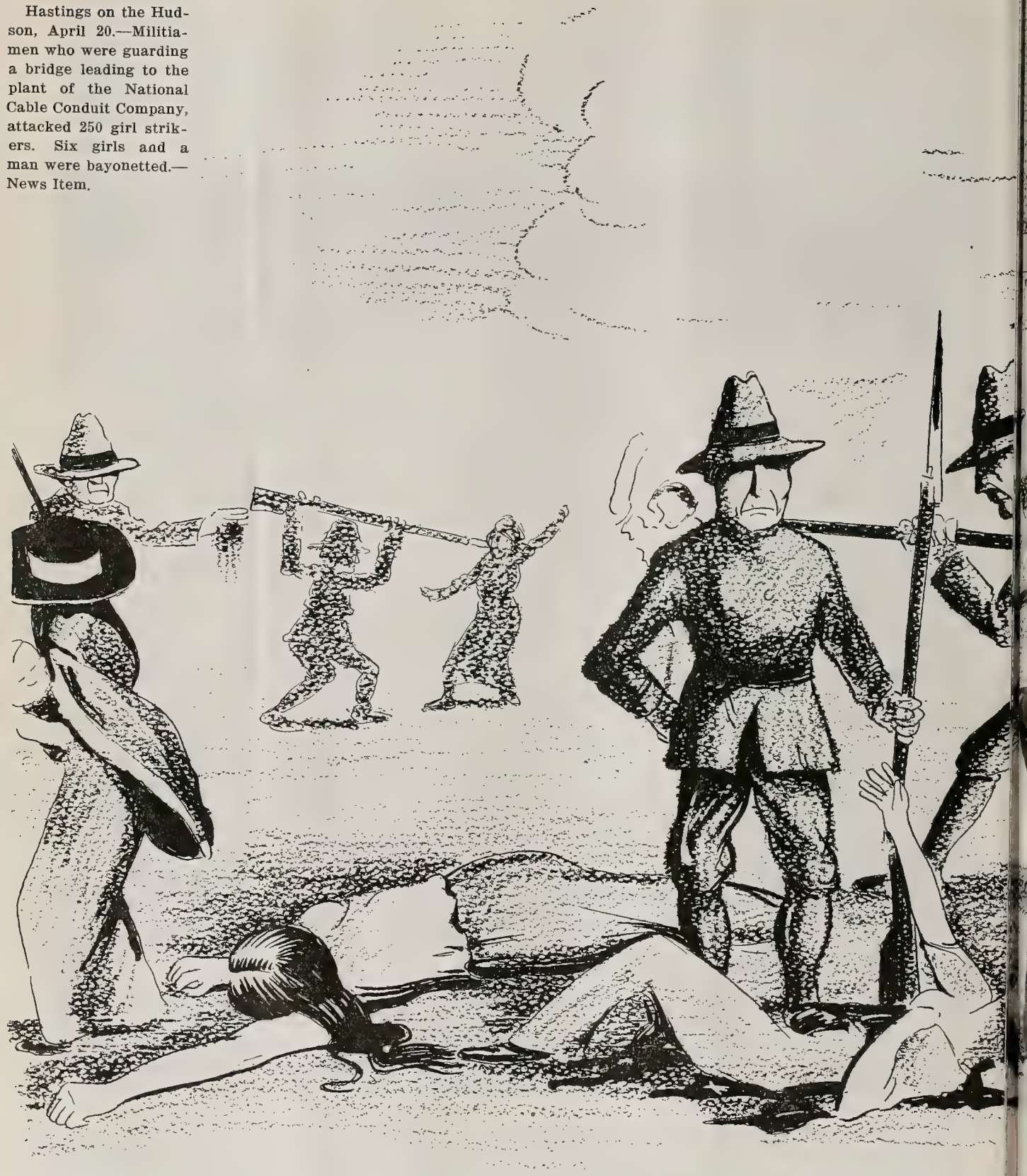
Yes, it is true that these things are thought of by some members of Llano del Rio Company. These members often lie awake nights trying to figure ways and means, but the majority of the colonists are not bothered about it. What is expected here, is for each to do his little part, and in the aggregate a great work can be performed. If the machinist or the carpenter or gardener would have to be bothered with the details of financing the colony, soon their respective work would suffer, and the worry would become contagious all down the line, so everybody would spend the greater part of their time in worrying.

As results over the world today are measured in dollars and cents, the Llano colony must perforce become vitally interested in that thing, and work in accord with the rules laid down by inexorable economic laws. So, men skilled and adapted by training through long experience give their attention to this phase of the colony's development. The colony's future depends upon the specialization as seen in the financial department. No man is big enough, or argus-eyed enough, to see everything that this colony needs. Many men are required. The more men (and women, too) that are here the easier will be the work.

It is easier, proportionately, to take care of ten thousand population than it is to feed, house and clothe one thousand. Many hands make light work. Ten thousand workers, men and women, working intelligently on Llano's domain, in the fields and shops, would spell absolute economic freedom. That is, every man, woman and child would be free from the worry of getting a living, or the wherewithal to indulge leisure, education and travel. Therefore, Llano is bidding for ten thousand ardent, self-reliant, indomitable men and women by 1918. With their coming a new world psychology will be well on its way to universal adoption, that of international co-operation, the ancient and historic goal of all great leaders. We are sanguine that within two years most of the desire will be fulfilled.

And, can we support that number? Yes, many times over. Should Llano's land become overcrouded, millions of acres lie in this great state awaiting the magic touch of labor. Millions of acres in all the states of the Union are available for co-operative uses. Llano will be happy to be made the nucleus of a world-wide movement that means labors' emancipation from the yoke of the vicious social system.

Hastings on the Hudson, April 20.—Militiamen who were guarding a bridge leading to the plant of the National Cable Conduit Company, attacked 250 girl strikers. Six girls and a man were bayonetted.—News Item.



—Drawn for The Western Comrade by Dudley Logan

Once again the brav

itia protects its master

Activities

By R. K.

FINE weather has blessed the whole of the Antelope Valley for the past two months. Fruits generally over the valley should be unusually good this year. Visitors continue to come to Llano. Spring is bringing out the members held back on account of poor weather conditions with them. Housing conditions are still cramped and the demand is more than the available supply. As has been said before, this is to be regretted, yet it is a most encouraging sign. If the colony would erect a lot of homes and have no one to fill them, there would be reason for discouragement.

There are many people indeed waiting the opportune moment to come to Llano. They want to be assured that there will be a comfortable place for them upon their arrival. Many are hanging in the balance because of poor business conditions and the general lack of commercial and industrial activity.

Twins? Well, anyway, they were born the same day.

Llano suffers no inactivities. Here is bustle and activity. One hundred men could be put to work this morning to great advantage. In no time five hundred men could be so spread over Llano's land as to make the ground productive and the city rise like magic.

The statement that ten thousand people could be taken care of here has been controverted. It was stated that we cannot take care of the people we already have. In a way this is correct, but it is more incorrect than correct, if that seeming anomoly can be understood. The reason that ten thousand people could be taken care of is because each man and woman brings with them their native ability of adaption and the power of getting a living plus the $1000 or $2500, as the case may be. Mr. Harriman has often remarked that the human is more than a perpetual motion machine—he makes his own living as well as the living and the luxuries of the idle.

Demand creates opportunities. If a demand is insistent enough, it soon will be satisfied. Most of the things civilization is enjoying today has been due to the demand for better things, more conveniences, etc. If ten thousand people were set down on these slopes tomorrow they would work out their own salvation most readily; they would house, clothe and feed themselves, and to the one not understanding the giant power that lay in the human frame, they would still sit back and say it can't be done. The same old story of the first railroad train going through the tunnel—it would miss the hole, or the Fulton steamboat, "you can't start her," or "if you start her you can't stop her" has to be disproved daily.

The most impractical people, oftentimes are those that praise themselves as practical. Those that always want the concrete thing before they will believe it can be done, soon fall in the rear, and the so-called dreamers or impractical people surge on.

Some day we are going to build a city here. The plans are in the back office. Pressure of other necessary work prevents going ahead with the plans. Why? Because we haven't got sufficient men to do the work. We need more men, and will continue to ask for them until these plains are dotted with busy men and women, all working with a thorough understanding of the identity of interest.

Former Mayor Alexander, James Spellacy and Commissioner Wood of the horticultural department of the county were in the colony recently in the interest of the fruit growers of the county. They spent a few minutes with us. They were amazed at the progress made. While these men are all students of social conditions, they were hardly able to believe that a group of people could be gotten together that would work so harmoniously and produce so much in such a short space of time.

at Llano

WILLIAMS

On May 1 we will be two years old. Four farm houses two or three miles apart was all of Llano. A dozen or so people made up the population. Today more than 650 ardent, self-reliant men and women are her. What may we be justified in predicting two years hence? If a colony can make a substantial growth, such as we have in two years, from practically nothing, what may we expect in the next two years? We know that labor creates all things, and many hands make light work. Last year we were 70 per cent self supporting; this year we are confidently predicting that we will be 85 to 90 per cent self-sustaining. Everything is working better and easier than heretofore.

The lime kiln is completed and has started to burn lime. It has exceeded Harry Wood's expectations—the man who started it. It was expected that lime could be burned within 48 to 50 hours. As a matter of actual practice, lime is being taken out within 24 hours after the fire has played over the rock. Ten tons every 48 hours will be taken from the kiln, and that will more than supply the needs of the colony. The kiln is a continuous affair and will be run 24 hours a day until a sufficient quantity of lime has been made to take care of the needs of the colony for some time.

A good deal of the permanent work of the colony has been delayed awaiting a lime supply. For instance, foundations for houses, cobbling of the ditches and many other things have been kept back owing to the lack of material.

A. A. Stewart has charge of the tomato patch this year. He has been leveling with the caterpillar and teams for some time past on his twenty-acre tract back of the Montessori school, and when fully bearing will certainly supply the colony's wants and many gallons will be canned.

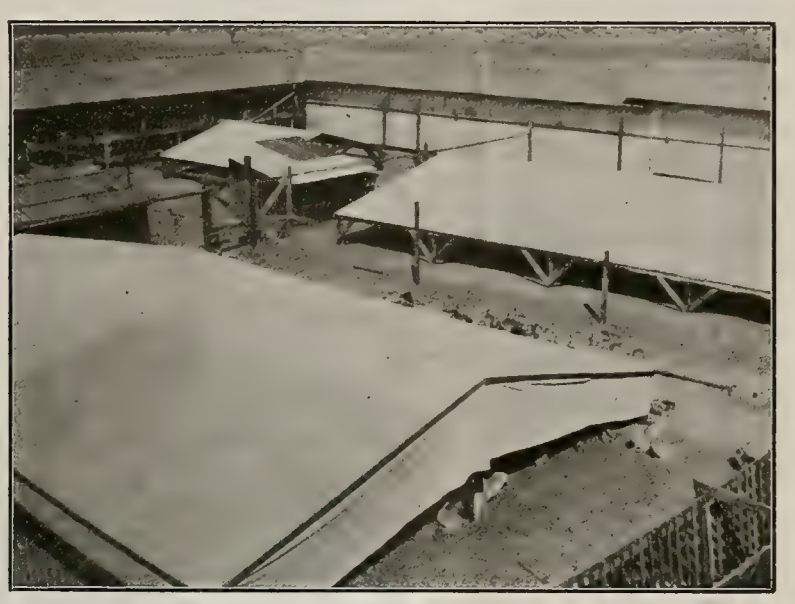
It is the intention to specialize as much as possible on things about the ranch. The garden will be under P. A. Knobbs, as usual, and he has done some real work on the garden tract back of the Tighlman place.

There will be more than 50 acres put into potatoes this year, if calculations do not go awry. Comrade Zornes has taken charge of the white potatoes, about 35 acres of them, and Moss will take care of the sweets. Twenty acres has been prepared for the sweet potatoes.

Eight acres will be given over to small fruits and strawberries. Three acres of this tract have already been put in.

The first cutting of alfalfa began on April 16. It is being fed to the cows with good results. Seventy acres of alfalfa have just been sown. More will be put in from time to time.

Work is going on all over the ranch with precision and care. More actual, constructive work has been done in the last four months than has been accomplished in the previous year. This, of course, is due to the extra number of men. Naturally we are fretful here to get on. We see so much ahead and our goal so near that we get anxious. More men, willing to buckle in and help construct, is the solution. Everyone who visits us now sees this. It is not necessary to paint a dream. We have so many places to show them, and so much along the way that has been done by the hand of labor, that there is little hesitency on the part of the intending prespector. The chief difficulty with the average prospect is, we find, that his economic condition is not such as to warrant his coming.



Llano's Rabbits Are Well Housed and Cared For

The question has been asked whether the ending of the war in Europe would affect the Llano del Rio Colony if times go good. We think so, but to our good. No matter how good times are, they never get good enough to employ all the labor. There will be a surplus of labor just so long as the competitive system lasts. The co-operative enterprise will act as a lode to draw the intelligent and weary fighters in the unequal game. There's such a thing as a man being a good

fighter; but there's also such a thing as knowing when you're licked. Sometimes it pays to go with the stream. Life lasts longer if it is not made up of frictions. The average man has no chance fighting alone. Protected by numbers, which when organized means power, he really is an entity, and then can begin to live as an individual.

The Thursday night dancing classes under the management of George T. Pickett continues to attract the younger element and as high as a hundred couples grace the floor and perform wonderfully well to the music of the full orchestra. The orchestral music for these dances is the the same as for the regular Saturday night dances. The children refuse to accept anything less than the best. This comes from education in good music. Growth in all lines is made in this way, by association and absorption.

We are constantly receiving inquiries relative to what to bring to the colony in the way of housing, house utensils and comforts, as well as the kind of clothing. If the shipment of the goods is not from too great a distance, bring everything you can. You will need everything here, naturally, that you have been accustomed to using "back home." Don't imagine that by coming to Llano life changes in all respects. Only the economic environment, plus geographical changes. We are simply folks of the colony. We all want to understand the purpose for which we are here. It cannot be stated too often that there is but one interest here —that of solving the problem of getting a living, or expressing it otherwise, retaining, as nearly as possible, the full product of our toil.

The Llano del Rio Community now has more than two thousand of these egg makers, and Walter Hogan, famous as a chicken expert, will take care of this department. These fowls are housed and cared for by the most scientific principles known in the chicken industry, and results have been gratifying. The temporary town of Llano can be seen in the background of the picture.

Hogs are pastured in large fields of alfalfa, and it is the intention of the community to enlarge the herds to many times their present size. All products will be marketed in the most concentrated form possible. Instead of selling alfalfa, they will sell it in the form of hams and bacon. Instead of selling hides, they will sell gloves and shoes.

We simply are taking advantage of the wonderfully efficient capitalistic laws to solve these problems for us. Instead of dividing up with a group of non-resident non-working stockholders, we are striving to keep it among the workers, where it by right belongs.

We have changed nothing but our economic surroundings, hence the necessity of sticking close to the personal things you have been accustomed to. When you come bring all the household goods you can. As has been frequently said don't forget the kitchen utensils. The bedroom equipment never comes amiss. Quilts, blankets and coverings are needed. We sleep under covering the year round. Hardly a night passes, even during summer, that some covering is not needed. It seems incongruous to be talking of covering these warm days, but we know that chill winds do blow. This is said because one ought to be as nearly independent as possible. If a person were to develop a desert claim everything needed would be taken to the little shack, so that that person could live independently, like a king, in fact. By bringing everything used to, no hardship will be experienced.

As for housing. The colony recently consumated one of the most important deals in its history when it got possession of 250,000 feet of lumber from the government, just twelve miles east of the colony, and with a downhill

haul. The sawmill, with a 30,000-foot capacity, is now being installed east of the new townsite, one-half mile east of the center of it, and rapid progress is being made on its erection. B. J. Smith and his associates, who are very much enthused over this feature of the colony's development, say that if the same rates of progress is kept up for thirty days, the mill will be up and ready to saw.

Conservatively speaking, lumber for temporary housing should be sawed and ready for building within ninety days. However, this time will be reduced if possible. It is the intention of the mill men to build the temporary, two-room houses in the mill yard, attach the caterpillar to them and haul to where desired. They estimate that six houses can be built in a day, as all the sizes cuts, etc., would be done inside the mill and nothing but hammers and nails used in the yard.

The above is what we expect confidently to be here by August, but in the meantime, it is advisable to bring tents or other material for making oneself comfortable. The reason for suggesting this is because, as has been so often remarked, we are behind in the housing, and everything like this helps tremendously. By doing this the incoming colonists save those of us here a lot of money and themselves great inconvenience. There is usually little difficulty in getting a frame put up for a tent. Conditions, too, control here. We don't go by any set and fast rule. We can't. Conditions won't permit it. Until we have an abundance of the three things—foods, covering and materials for housing—condition, untoward, as they often are, will control.

However, we feel, that the lumber deal, shortly will solve the housing problem. We then will make a strong bid for those already waiting on the outside and eager to join us.

Don't forget that the Llano del Rio Colony is but two years old on May 1, 1916, and when one considers what has been done, we have reason to be proud of ourselves. One must not forget that every great organization had to go slow at first, make mistakes and at times appear to go backward, in other words feel its way. We all know what we want to do, and are striving to do it. We wish that everyone intending coming would have this spirit. Nothing in the world could stop us, as indeed even now, we feel that only a cataclysm could do it.

"Sierra Madre Colony" is the high sounding name of the new colony formed by George T. Pickett and run by the boys and girls of Llano. It is here emphatically stated that the girls have as much interest in this colony within a colony as the boys. Some irreverant people, and the writer has been accused of being that people, have called it the "boys' colony." The girls are just as much interested as the boys.

Pickett has secured for the enterprising colonists forty acres—and, by the way, forty acres is some land, when following a plow over it all day—and on it some garden is already planted. Before this will be printed nearly all of it will be up and in sufficient quantities to feed all the workers of that colony and then have a surplus.

The whole of the forty acres will be cleared, plowed and put into fruits, alfalfa and other things that go to make up a first-class farm. It will all be done with the assistance of the boys and girls, directed by Manager Pickett, who also has charge of the athletics and playground arrangements of the schools.

The club house is already under course of construction. E. A. West, an expert mason, is directing the boys in the construction of the building. Since the lime kiln has been completed and turning out lime, work on this structure will be pushed to the limit. The trench for the foundation has been dug by the boys, and stones placed in the bottom to make secure the foundation. The building will be 54 by 110 feet. This includes a nine-foot porch running on three sides. The building is to be made of cobblestones and brick. It will be a regular club, with indoor gymnasium so that athletics and indoor sports can be indulged the year 'round.

A good ball ground has been leveled off by the caterpillar and the boys, and weekly baseball games are played. Just across the road from the club house is a space cleared for a tennis court, and soon the zip of the racquet will be heard, as wielded by the boys and girls. Pickett has seen to it that the very best materials, such as baseballs, tennisballs, bats and racquets are in readiness.

They employ five horses daily and it is pleasing to see how naturally the youngsters take to field work, hauling, etc. A flock of nine milk goats have a nice little corner, with Big Billy watching his flock close by. Eight little kids were presented by the mothers last month, so that the total number of Sierra Madre Colony goats number 18. These are registered Swiss stock.

Soon these colonists will have the care of 500 and more chickens and turkeys. A few days ago Pickett procured from the Longview ranch, a few miles distant, a lot of little chicks and turkeys. These will be reared on the colony's land.

The rabbit industry will be gone into quite extensively. The boys have a fair start now and anyone familiar with the productivity of rabbits can understand what soon will happen there.

All in all, we consider the most important work on the ranch, to insure the future success and maintenance of the big colony's life, is being laid in this smaller

(Continued on Page 26)

The Montessori System

By MILDRED G. BUXTON

WE believe with Whitman that the work of teaching is august, the demands obdurate; but our reward, which is already in sight, surpasses our fondest dreams.

We have the Montessori Children's House with an average daily attendance of forty and the wonderful results already showing at the end of six months, satisfy us that we are well along the right track towards true Education.

For so many years educators have been divided as to whether society or the individual should be developed and changed first to make an ideal world, and the general conditions today show how far they have advanced when the two theories were followed separately.

We, in accordance with the Montessori idea, are "giving the child to himself;" could anything be more glorious for him? In accordance with our Colony ideal of co-operation, we are working together to make Society what it should be for this roundly-developed, well-poised individual; could anything be more glorious for Society?

The individual and society develop together, each for the other. Isn't it a wonderful realization of our dreams?

Children allowed to develop on this atmosphere from their babyhood cannot fail to be strong lights on the road that leads to freedom for us all. We believe the old law of the survival of the fittest will have no application here, because individuals seeing the way and allowed to develop themselves to their fullest capabilities cannot help but be fit.

For the wee ones from two and a half to six, we have a six-room house with large yard surrounded by cottonwood trees. Swings, and tables, the horizontal bar and balls provide opportunity for free play. The big yard allows plenty of room to serve the noon meal out of doors and it is an ever-increasing inspiration to watch the little ones moving quietly about setting the tables and preparing the meal. When this is done and a cafeteria line formed, the hot soup or rice, or whatever is served, carefully carried to the place, a sight greets one that is almost awe inspiring in its promise for the future. To one accustomed under capitalism to the habit of each fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost, the sight of forty little pairs of hands folded and waiting, not at a word of command, but from the inner knowledge that all have not yet been served, so that no one is willing to begin, it is a sight, I say again, to thrill one.

There is no attempt made here to teach the children what we older ones know; the didatic material used teaches principles and the application is made by the child. In other words, we merely provide a support for the little tendrils to cling to as they grow straight and strong, and that the tendrils do reach out and take hold even higher and higher is shown every day.

Manners, as such, are not taught, but when a little three-year old turns to a companion who is carrying a bench and says, with a beautiful smile, "May I help you carry it?" we know that the spirit, which actuates good manners is at work and we rejoice. When a group goes out silently to see some yellow roses growing behind one of the tents nearby, and a wee one, with an ecstatic expression says, "It is shining in its small corner, isn't it?" we are sure the correlation is perfect and even if stereotyped expressions are omitted occasionally, we know the little soul is awake and with the possibilities we have here for development, we rest content.

When a little fellow, whose previous condition was quite otherwise, came to school with a suit of clothes and shoes properly buttoned, a clean folded handkerchief in a new, convenient pocket, we saw that the body was greatly relieved and events proved that the mind and soul were also freed; in fact, his spiritual development began from that day, and from a troublesome child, who was a real menace to others,

(Continued on Page 27)

Co-Operation

By JOHN DEQUER

CO-OPERATION of the workers is the only cure for the insanity of militarism. When your mind is upon construction for yourself, you have no time to think of the destruction of others.

Co-operation is the only cure for poverty; for when you produce and consume your products in such a way that there is no waste or graft, you can have plenty and to spare.

Co-operation is the great antidote for disease, as it relieves the mental strain of the individual struggle. It reduces the excessive hours of labor. It eliminates the incentive to the poisoning of food—hence it is conducive to general health.

Co-operation is a spiritual force in that it calls mankind from every walk of life into one organization for their collective benefit. It is the tie that binds our hearts in brotherhood.

The Socialist Party

By JOB HARRIMAN

THE deplorable condition in which we find the Socialist Party, calls for a frank and open discussion of its policies, the causes of its impotency and the changes necessary to be made in order to revive and invigorate it, and to make it a power in the Labor Movement. That the condition is deplorable there is no question. When a great labor organization loses 50 per cent of its membership in four years; when, for want of funds, it is compelled to withdraw its organizers from the field; to reduce the amount of cash to be expended in the publication of its literature and to curtail expenses by reducing the force in its national office, in the face of the needs of the hour; there is something fundamentally wrong with its policies, its methods and its plan of organization.

A great labor organization? Perhaps the Socialist Party is not a great labor organization. Perhaps it is only a quasi-labor organization, with a strong tendency to become ever less and less a labor movement and more and more an intellectual and quasi-religious movement.

As a matter of fact, this intellectual, religious tendency is precisely what is developing in the Socialist Party. It is, as rapidly as possible, developing the spirit of the old Socialist-Labor Party. The dominant idea seems no longer to be—"What can we do?" but "Is he clear?" The more the former idea is frowned upon and the latter emphasized, the more purely intellectual, idealistic and fanatical the movement becomes. If persisted in, long enough, these ideas will resolve themselves into a Tobogan slide, upon which the party will ride backward to its place of beginning. It is now moving rapidly in that direction.

The fundamental weakness of the Socialist Party lies in the fact that it stands alone and without a vital connection with any economic or industrial movement. Its foundation is laid in theories and philosophies. It is a propaganda organization. It is resolving itself into a school, instead of a fighting machine. It seeks to elect officers to carry out ideas and ideals, rather than to protect interests and develop institutions.

As a purely political organization, acting independent of all industrial and economic movements, the Socialist Party can do but little. The officials elected by the Socialist Party not only have to contend with the officials elected by the other parties but they also have to contend with the economic and industrial interests of the land with which those officials are vitally connected and by which they are controlled. The officials elected by the other parties are supported by all the economic and industrial power of the country, in their effort to make such rules as will tend to protect and multiply those powers. While the officials of the Socialist Party, representing a purely political organization, strive to enact such rules as may conform to the principles and theories of that organization; were they vitally connected with and controlled by great industrial and economic movements, their efforts would be directed toward enacting such rules as would protect and multiply the power of such movements. The principles and theories of the party would then become manifest as the power of those movements is developed. Without such power being vitally connected with, and having control over it, the Socialist Party never will have power to greatly modify existing institutions.

It is for this reason that the accomplishments of the officials elected by the Socialist Party, with but few exceptions, have been and must continue to be meager and of but slight importance. If the effects of their meager accomplishments would end there, the damage would not be so great. But when the general public, as well as the membership of the party, observe the fact, it turns the public away and strikes palsy in the hearts of the membership.

It is the inherent weakness of the party that is sounding

The Dream Fulfilled

By MARGUERITE HEAD

O TOILER, let thy soul ascend
Beyond the pain and sordid things
For just a little space, today;
Through Dreamland's portals let it wend
A sunlit way
On soaring wings.

From Dreamland's quarries we may hew
The noblest shapes the world has known;
Great monuments of work or art
Are but the forms of dreams come true;
So make, Sad Heart,
One dream thine own:

A commonwealth of love and truth—
White cities fair, thy mind shall build,
Where joy combines with busy hands;
This dream bequeath thy rising youth,
And lo! there stands
The dream fulfilled!

its death knell. Weakness not only begets contempt, in the minds of our enemies, but it causes despair in our own minds. If the psychology of despair is developed in the labor movement, disintegration will not only set in but an era of destruction will follow. The development of power alone will inspire the labor movement to inaugurate a constructive political and industrial policy. There is nothing so deadening as pessimism in the movement. Indeed, pessimism is only a process of decay. All nature is an optimist during its period of growth. It is a pessimist when decay sets in. The labor movement and the Socialist Party are not missing links. They are not exceptions. To prevent pessimism and decay, they must develop power. With power comes all things. It works wonders in the movement. With it comes hope, without which no movement can survive. Hope carries with it a will and a determination to do and a feeling of confidence and fellowship that arouses the fellowship of an organization to its maximum efficiency. Hope is the psychology of success. Despair the psychology of failure. Hope and power go hand in hand to victory. Weakness and despair lead but to the grave. An intellectual, quasi-religious political party, detached from economic and industrial movements, can only develop weakness and despair and end in fanaticism and failure.

A political party can become powerful only in proportion as it is in the hands of and controlled and used by powerful economic and industrial movements. It must be an instrument of warfare in their hands and at their bidding and command at all times. It must not be an idealist movement only; it must also be a fighting machine. It must fight first for immediate interests, and second for ideals. It must be an inseparable part of the industrial and economic movements. The same men, the same interests, the same struggle, first, last and forever must be involved. This old, one-armed argument must be forgotten. "The unions one arm," "the Socialist Party the other arm" is rotten to the core. The only part of the working class worthy of consideration in respect to being a fighting force is the organized portion. The rest is a rope of sand. Only as they are organized are they worth considering as a social factor. Hence a political party is not one arm; but it should be and must be an instrument in the hands of the organized portion of the class, if it is ever to avail the class. A party dominated by non-members of the industrial and economic organizations, however intellectual, can never efficiently aid those organizations. The party must not dominate, nor lead, nor function separately. The economic and industrial movements are inherently vital. In them and their activities are involved the means of subsistence. Out of them arise the advantages, comforts and luxuries of the class by which they are controlled. Political action is only an instrument of warfare. The strike the boycott, co-operation and numerous other means are likewise employed.

A political party must be a practical fighting machine for what the class wants now. What it wants hereafter will come hereafter, if the class gets what it wants now, and not otherwise. The economic and industrial movements must use every available device means and method to increase their power. Power is the sole desideration. All things come with it. Hence whatsoever method, means or device multiplies the power of the industrial and economic movements is justifiable, is right, nay, is necessary.

Economic and industrial movements purify themselves in proportion to their action. A movement that delegates its power, political or economic, becomes corrupt. The temptations laid before the agent becomes too great to withstand. If, however, the votes of the movement are bound up with its interests in the same manner and degree as are the strikes and boycotts, and are used and handled by the movement in the same manner and for the same purpose for which the strikes or boycotts are used, then the movement will become as incorruptible in its political activities as it is in its economic activities. It is a well established fact that the labor movement has lost less money by embezzlement or other dishonest means than has any other known organization, not except banks, secret organizations or churches.

Not only does a movement in action, like running water, purify itself, but it also develops its own program. Just as the water runs down hill and makes its own channel in which to run, so, also, will the industrial and economic organizations seek the line of least resistance and thereby define their line of march. If the movement is in action, it can no more depart from its interests than can water run up hill or the force of gravity cease to operate. There can never be a corruption fund large enough to corrupt a movement, provided the movement is in full charge of and directing its activities. The reason is that the interests of every movement are worth more to it than to any other body. Purchases, corrupt or otherwise, are only made with a margin of gain in view. The fear of a corrupt labor party is groundless and without force. How could the capitalists, who are fully in charge of their own political machinery, corruptly enact laws contrary to their own interests? Will the working class do less if their economic and political interests are merged?

It is for this reason that the economic and industrial organizations must form the basis of the successful working class political party of the future.

By the economic and industrial organizations is meant the labor unions, found only in the cities and towns of the land, and the various co-operative enter-

prises, found not only in the cities and towns, but also throughout the country and farming districts.

The interests of both these movements are substantially identical. Each should largely supply the market for the other's output, by exchanging their products upon an agreed basis, while the one would become the commissary for the other in times of industrial struggles.

These city and country co-operative enterprises can be so bound up with the labor unions, in their exchanges and in their political activities, that their interests would become absolutely identical.

Each union and each co-operative enterprise, or such members of such organization as may desire, should form a branch of the political party, over which they should have absolute control and whose mission should be to further such measures as would add or tend to add power to these movements. It is plain to see that the psychology of such a political organization would, as at all times, it should, be identical with the psychology of the labor unions and the co-operative enterprises. In other words, the three movements would constitute practically one fighting machine, on the alert at every point to protect the interests of the producing classes and to develop their institutions.

The inherent strength of such an organization exists in the fact that both the labor unions and the co-operative enterprises are outgrowths of the capitalist system and by it are forced into action. Individuals, acting alone, are so helpless when confronted with the great industrial and commercial enterprises that they are compelled to join with their fellow men for sheer self preservation. Though they are, by the burdens they impose, developing the very power that will eventually overthrow them, yet these mercantile and industrial enterprises cannot change their course. Capital knows but one course and that is the accumulation of more capital.

Every dollar accumulated must draw interest, and every dollar of interest drawn must in turn draw interest, until the accumulated profits and interest become an unbearable burden imposed by the few upon the millions. In the meantime, the efficiency of the millions depends upon their industrial, co-operative organizations and the power of their own political party to make them legal institutions.

It is apparent that the vital working force of this political organization would be composed of the members of the unions and the co-operators. Yet arrangements should be made for the admission and participation of men not eligible to the membership of the unions. They would probably find an open door into such enterprises.

Doubtless an organization of this character would insist that all journeymen eligible to membership in any

(Continued on Page 27)

The Great Struggle

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

THE class struggle is the great struggle. None other can compare with it. Most other struggles are parts of it or are governed by it. Great issues are involved in it; great principles are at stake. Upon the outcome depends the further development or utter decay of civilization.

The class struggle, beginning with civilization, has increase in intensity as civilization has grown and developed. As the years come and go class lines become more clearly marked, the issue more sharple defined. The conflict of Capital and Labor in industry and politics takes on new vigor as both sides realize its importance. More and more the prize for the victor becomes the entire ownership and control of industry.

In struggle is the secret of racial advancement. Much of it in the past has been accompanied by trial and hardship and suffering untold, but such have not been essential to advancement; the principal work of the trial and hardship and suffering has been but to hinder. Starvation is never the secret of character and achievement. Poverty does not promote efficiency in the highest sense of that word. Contact with vice is not conducive to virtue nor need be proper appreciation of the good things of life.

When men rise much above the brutes of the jungle, they will eliminate the cruelty and tragedy of the jungle from their affairs. Field for struggle will remain, struggle that will develop instead of degrade, struggle that will lift up instead of crush down. The human struggle should be on a high plane to be worthy of humanity. It is enough to engage every energy to struggle for more intelligence, more uprightness, more usefulness; in short, for the finer, more enduring attributes.

The doctrine of the class struggle has been much denounced. Theodore Roosevelt called "class consciousness" "a hateful thing." But out of this "hateful thing," notwithstanding, will blossom the loveliest flowers of heart and mind and soul. Out of the class struggle will come the end of classes, out of an imperfect industrial system a more perfect one, out of discord harmony, out of strife peace.

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.00 to

The Western Comrade
924 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Your Combings

made into switches for one dollar, and up, postpaid.

Work guaranteed.

MRS. E. TURNWALL
Llano, Cal.

Activities at Llano

Continued from page 21

colony. The diversion and interest offered the boy and girl, and the practical education to be gained from the actual working out of farming, building, drawing, care of stock, botany and other branches usually taught in a dry-as-dust manner in the schoolroom, can here be learned and lived; and the fortunate boy and girl will never feel like tearing away to seek new scenes and environment as is usual on the farms scattered widely throughout the country. What is aimed at by Pickett and his colleagues is to provide an interest, a something that will grip the growing mind and mould it into a constructive useful thing, to make citizens worthy of any place or any country.

The famed Montessori methods are to be worked into, so that the larger boys and girls, as well as the fully grown, may receive the benefit of that wonderful educational system.

To show that the work of Pickett and his ardent following is being appreciated, it will be interesting to know that in far-off Scranton, Pennsylvania, Miss Gladys Price of 1717 Swetland street, inquires of him just what is doing and asks that she be put in communication with some girl member so as to have a closer touch with this great human interest problem. Miss Price writes:

Mr. G. T. Pickett,
Llano del Rio Company,
Llano, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Being interested in the Colony of Llano, and having read considerable in The Western Comrade, I write to ask you if you would kindly do me a favor. I desire to communicate with a girl about my age, grade in school, whom you think will be willing to correspond with me, living in the colony. I am 15 years of age, and in the first year of high school.

I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope and thank you for any trouble which you may assume in my behalf.

Miss Price will be put in communication with a very charming young lady about her own age, who will doubtless conduct a spirited correspondence, for the latter is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of co-operation and constructiveness.

The Sierra Madre Colony requests letters and inquiries and everyone will receive considerate and respectful attention.

Do not fail to get next month's magazine which will tell of the May Day celebration. Subscribe now if you do not want to miss this interesting number.

War Pictures by Robert Minor

ROBERT MINOR, cartoonist and journalist, spent three months in the thick of the fighting in France, England, Switzerland, Italy, and a short way into Germany, covering the war from every angle. His observations are a terrible indictment of the carnage, and his cartoons hot shots at the demon Militarism.

In response to many requests, twenty-four of his best cartoons have been put into book form and published by The New York Call, to sell at 25 cents per copy. They are the most powerful argument against war that has yet been produced in this country, in any form. We urge every one of our readers to order a copy by addressing The New York Call, 444 Pearl street, New York City.

The new volume, which is now on sale, is quarto size, cream deckle-edged paper, the best calculated to bring out sharply the merits of the charcoal drawing. We might say that the presentation is artistic in the highest degree, saying nothing of the quality of the contents.

The contents deal wholly with scenes sketched on the spot along the French battlefront by Minor, and are the best and most striking, carefully selected from the collection. We need only add that of all the multitudes of war pictures that have been sketched, Minor's easily stand in the forefront.

In a recent exhibition of war pictures in Holland the only American pictures shown were the cartoons of Robert Minor, America's foremost charcoal cartoonist.

The Montessori System

Continued from page 22

he became an individual, with proper co-ordination between mind, spirit and body, and a correspondingly useful member of the school group.

The mental development is quite as remarkable—there is no class teaching—it is all done in small groups, and while much credit is due to the Montessori system, I feel it but fair to say that the directress of our school is a woman in a million for the work. Having just returned from a visit to a number of other schools in the county, I came back happy, and satisfied that out here on this beautiful desert, in spite of the drawbacks to living comforts, as city dwellers understand them, and which are always attendant upon any pioneering venture, we are doing the most wonderful work, that of entering into the life of the child and giving him his full inheritance at the beginning of his life to work with.

Is it not evident that children who had life so broadly opened to them from the first will go farther and have less to regret as the years go on? There will be no ground in the lives of our children from which to look back and criticize the teachings that harrowed them to certain creeds and beliefs, and to regret the wasted years that with greater knowledge might have been spent working for humanity with the spirit whose motto is, "Each for All and All for Each."

The Socialist Party

Continued from page 25

labor union should join such union before he could belong to the political organization. One of the most fruitful sources of disension in the Socialist Party has been the fact that anti-union men were admitted to membership. When a strike was called these men would frequently refuse to walk out with the union men or would do worse, namely, take their places on the job. There have been in the organization some genuine scabs. Some of them were doubtless sent into the party by the enemy for no other purpose than to keep the Socialist Party and the labor unions apart. No easier nor more successful method could be employed to divide the two movements than to inject scabs into the Socialist Party. Such a course would be impossible under the character of organization above outlined.

Not only would it be necessary for such a political organization to be very watchful in regard to the interests of these two movements, but in addition thereto the purposes of the movement should be as broad as our national life. A movement of such power would find it necessary to take a reasonable position upon every issue of national importance.

Such a position would have to be taken with a view always to the interest of the labor and co-operative movements. Indeed, no other position would be taken by the movements themselves. In this fact would lie their safety. Such an organization would enter the fields as do all the European labor and Socialist movements and conduct itself in the sure, practical manner. It would forget its long, tedious programs, fixed creeds and settled catachisms, and would prepare its platforms as the needs of the hour demand. Immediate circumstances would utter the call to action. Tickets would be named at the primaries here as they are at the first elections in Europe. At the final elections here, as in Europe, the party would support whomsoever seemed most likely to protect its interests. I think I hear "fusion," as if it were a crime. This is not fusion, but it is a separate organization, using every available method to increase its power. The labor movement enters into compromises without end, but it does not fuse. On the contrary, an employer cannot belong to it. With all its compromises, its lines are more rigidly drawn in regard to its membership than are the lines of the Socialist Party in regard to its membership. The unions admit no one to membership whose economic interests conflict with theirs, while the Socialist Party admits men of what-

What the War *Really* Means-

- WAR is a pitiless revealer of motives.
- The present war is a struggle for economic supremacy between the capitalist interests of various nations.
- But—*what are the deeper economic causes?* The "law of motion" driving the nations to slaughter?

SOCIALISM AND WAR

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx."

- This book tells you, in a popular but thoroughly scientific way.
- "Socialism and War" has attracted attention in Europe and America. Boudin is a great Marxian scholar. His explanation of the economic basis of Imperialism is superb.
- No scientific jargon — *a clear intelligible study of Socialism, Capitalism and War.*

Price $1.10, Postpaid

You can get this remarkable book in combination with the Western Comrade for $1.25.

Make all checks or money orders payable to

The Western Comrade
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Relinquishment

160 acres on Pacific Highway, in Summer Lake Valley, southern Oregon. Daily R. F. D.; telephone and transmission line past door; 300 rod barbed wire fence; 10 acres cultivated, apple trees and some berries; house, barn, good water, team, harness, wagon, all kinds of tools; price $900, or will trade for stock in Llano del Rio Company.

C. SWENSON

Paisley Oregon

THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year
In Clubs of Four Twenty-five Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor
Frank H. Ware, Associate Editor

Vol. III April, 1916 No. 12

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for April 1, 1916.

State of Nevada, County of Washoe, ss. Before me, a notary in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank E. Wolfe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of The Western Comrade, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Job Harriman, Llano, Cal.; editor, Frank E. Wolfe, 1840 N. Normandie, Los Angeles, Cal.; managing editor, Job Harriman, Llano, Cal.; business managers, Frank H. Ware, 6316 Longview Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Job Harriman, Llano, Cal.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRANK E. WOLFE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1916.

(Seal) E. G. EGGLESTON.

My commission expires March 15, 1921.

soever interest or calling and puts them in positions of importance and control. Doubtless intellectuals of any class would be admitted to membership in such party, but with the labor and co-operative movements in control, the intellectuals would be required to serve and not to dictate. In this position they would become a vital and most useful factor.

Under such an organization no such ridiculous spectacle could be made of the movement as is now being done. On the one hand the Socialist Party is unqualifiedly and unconditionally opposing the preparedness of war theory, while the organized labor movement is supporting it.

Were the two organizations one movement, one position would be taken. Better, by far, take either position and be solidly together than to be divided and take two. Time would correct the mistake and its power would remain if the movement is not divided.

It goes without saying that the labor movement, and this includes every phase, is opposed to war. But preparedness is coming and will soon be here. In my humble opinion the movement should announce its opposition to war and to preparedness but facing what is bound to happen, insist that if we must prepare, then let all the citizens be armed.

We should propose and insist that our movement should enter the army not as individuals but as an organization; that we officer our own forces; that we are, if necessary for our country, against all enemies, whether they be foreign or domestic and that if we must take up arms we will take them up against all enemies alike. We would then turn the preparedness theory at least to some extent to our interests.

To say that such a position is untenable is to no purpose. The labor movement of Mexico, now only two or three years old, has not only adopted this course, but has actually carried it out and is now a powerful factor in the affairs of state.

Startling Statements

About 90 per cent of the first and second class mail, such as sealed letters, newspapers and magazines, belongs to big business. Third-class mail, such as circulars or advertising, practically all belongs to big business. . The workers have nothing to sell, except labor power, consequently they have no need of advertising.—John Marshall.

* * *

The past few years have witnessed a determined endeavor on the part of the business world to perpetuate prosperity, the idea being, that it is not possible to have too much of a good thing.—Scott Nearing.

* * *

It is really remarkable what great military talent the war has developed in the Socialist Party of the United States.—Henry L. Slobodin.

* * *

Capitalism's puny puppets in Congress are going to give a lesson in solidarity the workers would do well to emulate.—Guy Bogart.

* * *

May Day means very little to the men and women on the other side of the ocean just now.—Joseph E. Cohen.

The best jobs in the country are reserved for those whose parents can educate them, and any boob can go through high school and college if his father has the money.—Prof. Leiserson.

* * *

The churches have turned their basements into military drill rooms and the pulpits are used by paid servants of the rich, to find "divine" excuses for war.—J. E. Snyder.

* * *

Episcopal figures show that it cost them $1316 to convert a soul.—Clement Wood.

* * *

You can learn some good qualities even from a butcher.—John M. Work.

* * *

Revolutionary thought is spreading very quickly.—Einer Ljungeberg.

* * *

Today we are comrades in every language known to men.—Eugene V. Debs.

* * *

May is the month for evolution and revolution.—Horace Traubel

Hell is Mild Compared

By Harvey E. Westgate

WE hear a lot of chatter from the men who preach and pray, on the fate which will befall us if we sin along the way. How the devil will consume us with his everlasting fire, if we drink and cuss and tarry as we skid along the mire. But this hell is almost heaven, when compared to other spots, which in future we will label as the earth's most dreadful blots; where the kings and queens and kaisers spill the blood of babes and men, where they butcher wives and mothers in their human slaughter pen. For the devil only tortures human beings who are vile, just the most degraded creatures, just the kind he thinks worth while, and he passes by the babies, and the saints who toe the scratch, as he piles up coke and brimstone and applies his hellish match. But the kings and queens and kaisers play no favorites at all, for they grind up babes and children and they grind them awful small; and they gouge out eyes of maidens, as they give a fiendish yell, and proceed with other pastimes which the devil bars in hell. Oh, hell is not so bad a place, as some would have you think, not near as vile and rotten as the land of queen and "kink"; it's hot, no doubt, and sultry, where the sinners act as fuel, but tame if we compare it with the land of royal rule.

"The Pest"; Other Plays

EMANUEL JULIUS informs us that three of his one-act plays will soon be on the presses and ready for distribution under the title of "The Pest, and Other Plays." In "The Pest," the writer pokes fun at American novelists. This play contains a thorough criticism of American literary art in a form that will be attractive. His second play, "Slumming," is frankly a Socialist's opinions on present-day conditions. The third, "Adolescence," is a plain nonsense with a grain of sense in it.

Our readers are advised to send direct to Emanuel Julius, Box 125, Girard, Kansas, for a copy of these plays. There is no desire to make a profit. Persons who forward their order at once may get a copy for only 25 cents. Take advantage of this offer now.

Save Your Old Carpets

Llano Rug Factory

Llano, California

The Most Complete Rug Factory on the Pacific Coast Employing Expert Weavers

BEAUTIFUL AND DURABLE RUGS

Can be made from your old Ingrain, Brussels, Moquette and Velvet Carpets or Rugs. Old Chenille Curtains or Table Covers make desirable rugs. We also weave Rag Carpets, Rugs and Art Squares of every size and style.

Rugs Made from Old Carpets

Size	Price	Lbs. Ingrain	Lbs. Brussels
24x36	$1.00	5	6
27x54	1.50	8	9
30x60	1.65	9	10
3x 6	2.25	11	12
4x 7	3.75	16	18
6x 9	6.75	32	35
8x10	9.75	45	50
9x10	10.75	50	60
9x12	12.75	60	70

Rag Rugs and Art Squares

Size	Price	Lbs. Rags
24x36	$ .50	2
27x54	.65	2½
30x60	.75	3
3x 5	.75	3
3x 6	.90	4
4x 7	1.65	7
6x 9	3.30	12
8x10	5.00	17
9x10	5.60	18
9x12	6.60	24

We pay freight one way (200 miles) on orders amounting to $5.00 or over.

Ask About the Llano Special Rug

Ship direct to the Rug Department

Llano del Rio Co., Palmdale, Cal.

A TEMPTING OFFER

Hundreds of subscriptions are pouring into the circulation department of the Western Comrade through combination offers. This month we have several new ones added to the list. Would you like to get

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW

with the Western Comrade at a reduction? Just send seventy-five cents to the circulation department of the WESTERN COMRADE, 924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., and be placed on the mailing list of both magazines for one year.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS

Dentist

306 South Broadway

Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Women's Magazines

The Western Comrade has arranged several good combination offers for the benefit of its women readers. Among them are:

Today's magazine and McCall's, both with the Western Comrade for one year for $1.25. This includes a free May Manton pattern and a free McCall pattern.

Another tempting offer is Today's and Housewife and the Western Comrade. These three can be had in combination for one year for $1.00.

Still another offer includes several magazines. It is Today's, Woman's World, Home Life, People's Popular Monthly and the Western Comrade all for one year for $1.50.

All checks or money orders should be made to the

WESTERN COMRADE

924 Higgins Bldg.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Our Greatest Offer!

Here is a combination offer of The American Socialist, official organ of the National Socialist Party, the famous "1914 National Campaign Book" and The Western Comrade that not one reader of The Western Comrade can afford to let slip by.

The American Socialist for one year is	$ .50
The 1914 Campaign Book	.50
The Western Comrade for one year is	.50
Total	$1.50

We will make you a combination of the above for just $1.00

Take advantage of this offer now!

Address: Circulation Manager
THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Bldg.
Los Angeles. Cal.

Periscopings

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THOSE monarchs in Europe who talk about God being on their side forget they can't spell Gold without an "l." Oh, L!

I wager a hot water bottle that a certain gentleman in Chicago favors preparedness with the following argument: "That's right; buckle on your **armour!**"

A 17-inch gun is nothing more than a capitalist's forceful argument why **you** should let him exploit you. The funny thing is he expects you to operate that gun.

The munitioners and armamentists yell for preparedness and then wonder why they are not considered first-class patriots.

The Socialists are not the first to show the people that the interests that live by war are always anxious to provoke wars. Listen to Thomas Paine: There are thousands who live by war; it is their harvest, and the clamor which these people keep up in the newspapers and conversation passes unsuspiciously for the voice of the people, and it is not until the mischief is done that the deception is discovered.

I have just looked through a magazine that gives lots of space to war pictures — especially those showing towns and villages after bombardment—and I wonder who is going to have gall enough to say that Socialism will break up the home.

If we don't stop war, war will stop us.

The money of the capitalist is the blood and life of the men he exploits. Capitalism is nothing more than a machine that turns the miseries of the workers into the joys of the parasites.

Twin evils: Poverty and Monopoly.

So far as the working class is concerned, there is no such thing as a foreigner. The working class is international: it is exploited in all lands: its fight for emancipation is world-wide. A workingman who talks about "them damned furriners" is an unmitigated yokel who is taking a stand against a group of men with whom he should be in accord. Socialism recognizes no set of workers as foreigners. The world is the workers' land.

Monstrous evils always disguise themselves with lots of pomp and ceremony. War covers its barbarity with gay colors, flags and decorations. Add thrilling music to the dash of gorgeous color and the beast marches through our streets with the plaudits instead of the curses of the people.

It is difficult to reason some anti-Socialist workingmen out of their prejudices because they were never reasoned into them.

The average person has contempt for the humble tiller of the soil, but he has admiration for the brazen, arrogant slayer of men. So long as the arts of people are considered less noble than the stratagems of war, so long will brotherhood be an impossibility.

The capitalist is rich because you are poor.

An observing nut says that the only way certain workingmen can be forced to see the light is by having holes punched in their meal ticket. Lots of workingmen begin to see Socialism only when they are dinged on the brainbox by a meal-ticket puncher. If they must be slugged in the belfry, that way is as good as any. But why can't they go the easy way of investigation and study? Why must they be nailed on the knob? Why do some beans remain dormant unless they are tapped quite vigorously? It's a hard subject.

"Patriotism," said old Samuel Johnson, "is the last resort of a scoundrel"—and the first resort of the munition manufacturers.

The people are satisfied with crumbs, when all about them there is plenty. With Thoreau I say: **"Cease to gnaw that crust. There is ripe fruit over your head."** Once you make up your mind to get the better things of life there is no power on earth can stop you. With your ballot you can force the exploiters to retreat; you can change the system so that the workers and not the parasites will get the fruit.

In a preparedness speech, President Wilson said: "We mean business." That's what the munitioners, the armamentists, the jingoes and the plunderbunders in general say. They all mean **business.**

Financial Statement Llano del Rio Colony

THE following table shows the financial standing of the Llano del Rio Company at the close of business December 31, 1915. All of this property, with the exception of some office furniture and a small amount of machinery, is at the Co-operative Colony at Llano, California. The colonists are proud of the showing they have made in about one year and a half.

Bills and Accts. Receivable	$222,267.38	Capital stock paid in	$277,635.00
Expenses paid	36,283.77	Installment stock	44,561.95
Feed in the barns	3,668.75	Profit and loss	990.80
Freight	4,649.59	Land improvement contracts	186,075.00
Fruit trees in nursery	785.50	Bills and accounts payable	110,336.84
Interest paid	2,734.00		
Laundry plant	2,066.25		
Live stock	27,778.88		
Labor	14,861.00		
Mescal Water and Land Co.	11,587.81		
Machinery and tools	10,915.33		
Planing mill	1,828.66		
Automobiles	6,662.73		
Real estate owned	145,887.95		
Stocks and bonds owned	44,717.91		
Cash for ranch supplies	58,379.93		
Traction engines	3,659.00		
Transportation	3,881.59		
Taxes paid	869.09		
Tents paid for	1,169.98		
Other property owned	11,800.39		
Cash on hand and in banks	3,144.10		
Total	$619,599.59	Total	$619,599.59

JOB HARRIMAN, President.
G. P. McCORKLE, Secretary.

Already in Its Second Edition

The Life and Exploits of Jehovah

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

No book on earth like it—It's a scream from start to finish—If you have not read it you have missed a rare treat.

Price, single copy, of "The Life and Exploits of Jehovah," handsomely bound in silk cloth, $1.00, prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada.

Your library of Freethought books is incomplete without this latest, laughable and instructive work. For sale in combination with one year's subscription to The Western Comrade for $1.20. Make all checks payable to

THE WESTERN COMRADE

924 HIGGINS BUILDING **LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

ELKSKIN
BOOTS *and* SHOES

Factory operated in connection with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

IDEAL FOOTWEAR
For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2	3.00

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pair of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.

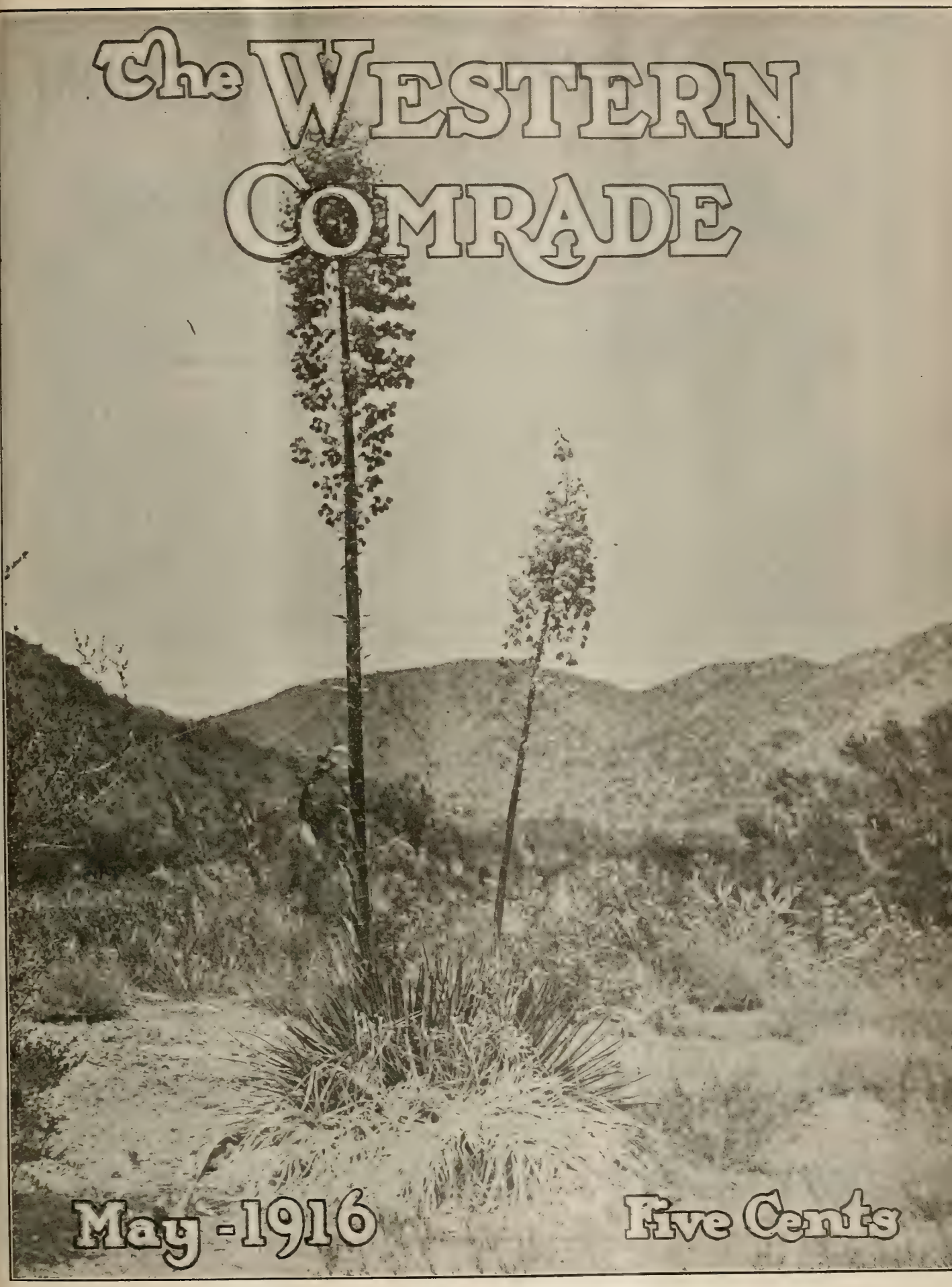
Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company

924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

The WESTERN COMRADE



May - 1916

Five Cents

THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM

Through Co-operative Action

THE name of the Nevada Colony Corporation has been changed to the LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA. This has been done in order to conform to the name of the only colony enterprise in which we are interested—the LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY, situated in Los Angeles County, California.

We are not interested in any colonization enterprise in Nevada, or any other state outside of California. Another important change has been made in that we have decided to issue our former contracts instead of the one we offered as the Nevada Colony Corporation. This makes the terms of membership much easier on the members. Instead of asking $2,500 for memberships, we have decided to continue on the $2,000 basis. This requires the member to pay $1,000 as the initial fee, and to work out the remaining 1,000 shares at the Colony, at the rate of only one dollar per day instead of two dollars per day. Outstanding contracts will be changed to conform to this when requested.

Following is the plan to which we have returned: each share-holder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable from the surplus profits in the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will undertake to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

The LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY is interested in only one magazine—THE WESTERN COMRADE. This is an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the cause of co-operation and Socialism. It has been issued by the Colony since its inception. Job Harriman, founder of the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY, is the managing editor. THE WESTERN COMRADE is the only magazine that we guarantee will print stories in each issue covering the activities at the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY. The subscription price is fifty cents per year, clubs of four, twenty-five cents a year.

You are urged to read the following with great care. It will give you much information concerning a colony two years old, with a record of wonderful achievement and success.

WE have an abundance of sparkling water from mountain streams sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres where nature's bounty is limitless. We are conducting a great agricultural, horticultural, stockraising enterprise. We have a number of industrial plants operating and a number of others projected. We have nearly 800 residents at the new city of Llano and thousands of others are planning to make it their home in the future. There are excellent schools, among them a wonderful Montessori school which takes charge of the children at two years of age. Schools range from this to the high school.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make your final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

The climate is delightful, the soil fertile. the water pure and the social life grows more ideal as the colony increases in numbers.

Sound Financing Necessary

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder on their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed on sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome." The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the Colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Important Questions Answered

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits, like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and

Malays. The rejection of these applications are not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix the races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock. poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

Declaration of Principles

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

'Constitution and By-Laws'

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed on this page of this magazine. The management of the Colony rests with the Board of Managers, a member of which is the superintendent. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the Board of Directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

Community Management

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meeting as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. THE LAST ACTION ON ANY MATTER SUPERCEDES ALL FORMER ACTION AND THIS STANDS UNTIL THE PLANS ARE CHANGED. The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as near as practicable. The Board of Directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

What Colonists Escape

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the ice bill, the coal bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the dentist's bill, the school book and school supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, the drain of street car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and begger (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the long lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the Colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk bill, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill and the other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The Colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To his. the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

The Directors of the company are: Job Harriman, president; Frank E. Wolfe, vice-president; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer; C. M. Cason, auditor; F. P. McMahon, vice-president; W. A. Engle, secretary; D. J. Wilson, vice-president; A. F. Snell and Emma J. Wolfe.

Address all communications and make all payments to the

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA, RENO NEVADA

Information About the

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established in an attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

There are about 800 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate, which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 1000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

There are many thousand grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern sawmill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a tannery, a rug and carpet weaving plant, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling the crops.

The Llano Community recently purchased a part of the San Gabriel forest reserve from the United States government. It has been estimated that nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber can be obtained from this land.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

About 120 acres of garden was planted last year. This year the garden is being enlarged to more than twice this size.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about one hundred acres of young pear trees.

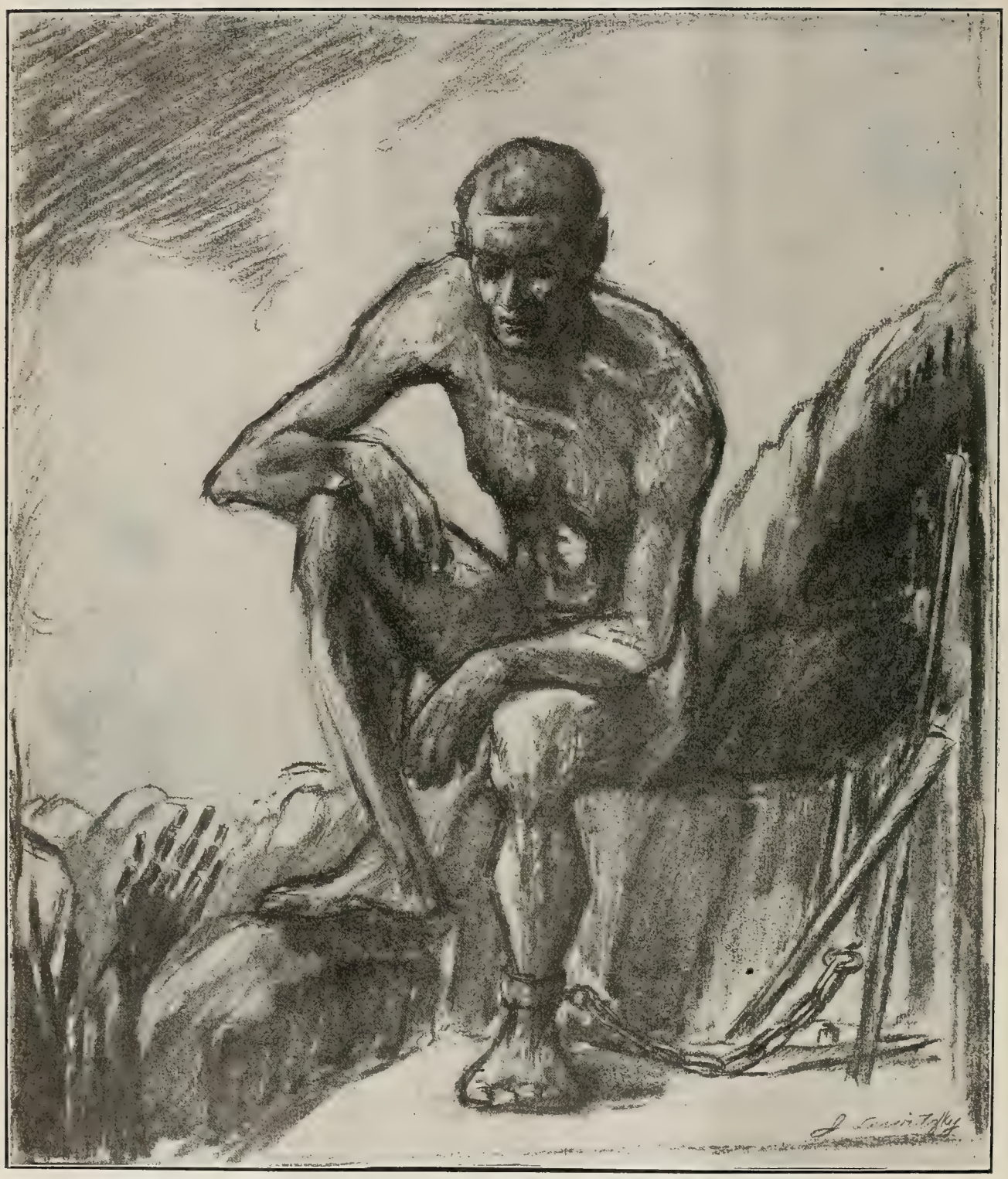
More than 26,000 2-year-old fruit trees were set out this spring. These are, for the most part, pears, peaches and apples.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

A large lime kiln is now running, and there is enough lime in a nearby hill, owned by the colony, to build their proposed city.

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorials By Job Harriman.	7
Westfieldian Infidelity By John Dequer.	10
The Working Hypothesis By A Constant Associate.	11
Every Day Is Mother's Day By Edmund R. Brumbaugh.	12
The New Impossibilism By Frank E. Wolfe.	13
Anniversary Day At Llano By R. K. Williams.	14
What Two Years Have Wrought By Ernest S. Wooster.	18
Co-operation at Llano By R. K. Williams.	20
Millville Preparedness By Clara R. Cushman.	23
Song of the Submarine By George Mauricio.	24
Slave or Master By George Gibbons.	27
Jungle Jottings By Emanuel Julius.	28
Colony Courier	29
Smart Smatterings	30



The Slave —Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. IV | LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY, 1916 | NUMBER 1

EDITORIALS

By Job Harriman

"WE are after O. A. Tveitmoe, but we have no evidence." This was the statement of Woolwine in his talk before the jury in the Caplan case.

"No evidence," and yet, "we are after him." There was "no evidence" against Tveitmoe in the Indianapolis case, and yet the jury convicted him. The United States Circuit Court set the verdict aside on the ground that there was "no evidence" to sustain the villainous verdict.

Judge Anderson, District Judge at Indianapolis, was "after him," knowing there was "no evidence." It was his vicious treatment of Tveitmoe in open court that caused the jury to convict.

Miller, United States District Attorney, was "after him" with "no evidence."

Otis is, and for fifteen years has been, "after him" with "no evidence."

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of the Pacific Coast, and the Erectors' Association are "after him" with "no evidence."

Is it not time that the working men were learning who is their friend?

Why are they after him?

Tveitmoe is recognized by friend and foe as one of the most capable men in the American Labor movement. In labor troubles his judgment is unerring. As a general, he has no superior. He is at once a statesman, a politician, a general and a student of political and economic science. He knows equally well the psychology of both the working class and capitalist class. He knows how avaricious are the rich, and with what heartless tyranny and brutality they treat the poor. He knows that the rich acquire their power by sapping the poor of their energy through labor. He knows that for this energy an equivolent is not rendered. He knows that their wines and sweet meats, their palaces and diamonds, their silks, their broadcloth and satins are all purchased by the blood money taken from the poor. And what is worse, he knows that the very energy that is taken from the poor is the power by which they are coerced. He knows that labor produces all wealth; that a part of the product is used by the rich with which to pay taxes. He knows that the tax money is used to pay the judges, the police, the militia, the standing army, and to finance the legislature while they make the laws. He knows that these laws are made by reason of this influence, to protect the institutions out of which these privileges grow. He knows how heavy is the burden that rests on the shoulders of the poor, and he hears the groans, and knows the pains of the millions of poor men, women and children as they stagger on under this crushing burden, in poverty, hunger and dirt. Knowing and seeing it all, he has made up his mind to help organize the poor, to help them throw off their burden; to help the suffering millions to conserve their energy and to live each for all and all for each.

This is why the capitalists and their hirelings "are after him" with "no evidence."

Is it not time the working class, and especially the union men and the Socialists, were learning who is their friend?

✤ ✤ ✤

SURE, Mrs. Robert Liggett is right in her position that "wealthy women should not bear children." Why should they bring children into the world who are taught that it is a disgrace to work, and who only eat and drink and absorb the wealth produced by the poor?

✤ ✤ ✤

THE smoke of the battle in the South is clearing away, while the clouds are dark and lowering in the north.

The scene of the Northern struggle is in Detroit. Roosevelt, the unique champion at once of war and peace (?) went forth to that city with his political sword in hand, his brow knit, his lips distended, and his teeth set in the grip of his iron jaw, as he growled: "We shall have peace, but first we shall fight."

It is said that he had on his high-top boots ready to kick or strike or bite Ford, as occasion required. His great, fat paws were in condition to give his antagonist a ferocious swat. His growling and snarling and snapping indicated that his fangs were in excellent trim. His violent kicking placed him in the class of the stiff-necked and long-eared generation.

A unique peace animal is this—with his large paws, his ferocious fangs and his ironed hoofs. As a peace angel the monster would look better in pieces than in conglomerate form. What a heart such a monster must have! War, because he is ambitious for military glory. Peace—because he is ambitious for political preferment. His peace notions are terribly ripped and run down at the heel, but his hat is still in the ring.

THERE are three distinct factions in the World Labor Movement. One is purely political, one is purely economic, and the other both political and economic. It is by the latter that we find substantial, constructive work being done and from it that we may expect acceptable results of great magnitude.

The two former factions tend to develop the same psychology—namely fanaticism—among their memship, but for very different reasons.

They both invariably ask the same question, that is: "Do you believe in political action or direct action?" If they could only ask: "Do you believe in political action **and** direct action?" they would not only unite their forces, but they would also unite with them the third faction, which combinations would be a tremendous, if not irresistible world-wide working-class power.

This, however, will not happen until, by its efficiency, the political anl economic group shall demonstrate the wisdom of its course and absorb the other groups. Unfortunately, the psychology of a large faction is not as easily changed as is a conjunction.

The psychology of the purely political faction tends to develop fanatics, because it is a matter of words and not of actions, and because it is not vitally connected with any great industrial or economic movement which is held in the fight and anchored in the storm by ever-present and persistent material interests and necessities. The political faction, therefore, has no source from which to draw great cohesive power; hence, however large, it is essentially weak. Weakness begets despair among the membership, drives the practical man away from the organization, leaves the doctrinaire in charge of affairs and gives him a chance to persist in his fanaticism.

The psychology of the purely economic movement tends to develop its theory of direct action, along the line of sabotage.

The destruction of property is so directly in violation of every human instinct and every institution now established or to be established by the capitalist class, or any other class, that it instantly arouses and causes to be mobilized the power of government for its suppression.

This faction forgets that every able-bodied man stands, with all his power, ready to enforce the law. The men of this faction may even be called upon by conscription to suppress themselves, especially if this call were backed by popular opinion. The entire power of the nation is back of every law and every ordinance. When, by its sabotage, a mere faction meets the national power, it must go down in defeat. Its weakness, likewise, begets despair, the practical men tend to withdraw and the fanatics remain in charge of affairs. The tendency toward fanaticism is, however, less marked in this than in the political faction.

These three factions represent the workers.

Acting together, politically and economically, they could take and hold any state in the union. They could pass laws legalizing their own institutions. This would place the power of government back of them and their institutions and their enemies would soon be known as the violators of law and order.

The industrial organizations are forced by conditions into action for self-protection. They should extend their activities into the political field and seize every source of power.

Fanaticism has a narrow field and its days are numbered.

✤ ✤ ✤

LOOK at it square in the face. Don't hide your eyes, but look.

12,000,000 men dead, dying and wounded.

12,000,000 women without able-bodied husbands.

Polygamy is now advocated in Europe.

Cut the hearts out of the women, tear them out by the roots; they are no longer mothers.

Cut the hearts out of the men, petrify them; they are no longer fathers.

Pick out your strongest, most brutal men, stand them and bring soulless litters into the world. They must not be children. They must be soldiers, born to shoot, and kill, and murder their fellows.

They must not have hearts, lest they love their fellow men and refuse to murder.

Will the women of Europe submit to this brutal assault for military purposes, or will they turn to Socialism for help?

Come, ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and we will give you rest.

✤ ✤ ✤

PREPAREDNESS for conquest and preparedness for defensive purposes are very different propositions.

The one means an enormous initial outlay, coupled with a heavy fixed charge and no substantial returns.

The other necessitates an equal initial outlay, with practically no fixed charge but with large substantial returns.

Preparedness for conquest calls for hundreds of millions for a fleet and an inexhaustible treasury to

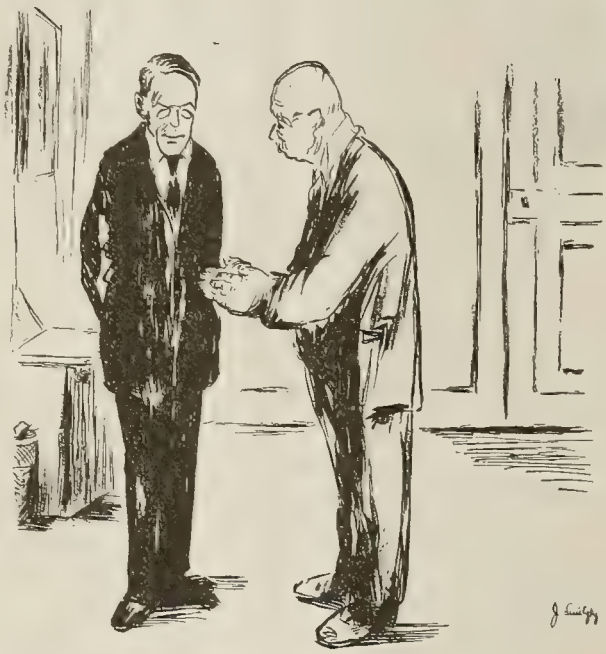
support a marine force and a standing army—for the most part in idleness, debauchery and degeneracy. Men go rapidly to hell when they have neither wives nor work. Strong, able-bodied, well-fed, idle bachelors soon become a stagnant pool. Its putrid, festering stagnation feeds upon and consumes the new recruits. The morale of its armies is the world's greatest shame. Procreation is nature's command and whatever institution violates this mandate morally rots and perishes in its own putridity.

Preparedness for defense calls for millions of dollars for forts, and for rifles, with which to arm every citizen of the country. Shall they not be armed?

Why not arm the Republicans and Democrats and dispense with our present degraded, depraved, out-of-date and expensive military machine?

Why not? Plain enough! The government is afraid of an armed citizenship.

Who is the government? It is our millionaire class. That class owns the trusts, the railroads, the newspapers and they manage our conventions and almost always choose our candidates. A standing army is the ideal of their heart, but an armed citizenship sends a chill of consternation through their cowardly souls.



THE LESSON

Munition Trust to Wilson: The principal point of greatness in any state is to have a race of military men.

✤ ✤ ✤

MORE children—more children for soldiers, is the dying echo of the Rooseveltian theory. How about the homes, Mr. Roosevelt, that the European war is breaking up? No wonder that Socialism is spreading throughout the nations of the world. The Europe that was at the beginning of the war is passing away, never to return.

The crowns of all nations are toppling; and lucky indeed, will it be for royalty if their crowned heads do not topple with the crowns. The great fortunes are crumbling; and fortunate, indeed, will it be for the rich, if they, too, are not crumbled.

The commissary will eventually fail. The soldiers, disgusted with slaughter, will turn and rend their masters. They will meet in international congress and lay the foundation for a new civilization.

This world-war is but the birth pains through which the nations are passing from a commercial, industrial and military struggle to universal peace and lasting prosperity.

✤ ✤ ✤

Be prepared to meet thine enemy or thy God may call thee early.

Patriotism is a child of happy homes and satisfaction. Rebellion is a child of miserable hovels and dire distress.

The country with the most happy homes and the most well armed and satisfied people is the best prepared.

Even a dog will fight for a bone if there is meat on it.

Why should a man fight for a country that offers him only a hovel?

Well armed and happy people in good homes are always prepared to meet their enemy.

Cannibalism and conquest are twin sisters.

A great navy is an implement of conquest.

Powerful forts are implements of defense.

Should a Christian nation possess a great navy?

Did some power smite us on the one cheek?

Can we not turn the other cheek to the offender beyond the sea, without a navy?

Why not throw the Bible away?

Westfieldian Infidelity

By JOHN DEQUER

WESTFIELD, at the time of this story, was a remote neighborhood about fifty miles from a railroad, fifteen miles from the nearest tree, and three hundred years behind the times. Since then the railroad has come closer, trees have been planted, but rational reasoning is not yet in sight, for Westfield the renaissance has not yet arrived.

To most of them the world is flat; the universe was made in six days; unbaptised children go to hell, which they keep on burning without regard to the fuel supply. Such is Westfield.

Westfield has a large Church and low foreheads. Hard workers and weak thinkers. It was ill-supplied with knowledge, but overloaded with superstition. Westfield is a social fossil in the modern world.

Among its myriad whiskers and scanty brains Ben Bunt grew up cursed with an inquiring mind, burdened with an astute intellect, diseased with an active imagination. He was the terror of the neighborhood, although he was only a child.

The preachers had told him that he was an infidel, simply because he came to conclusions contrary to the Creed, through his study of natural phenomena.

His passionate thirst for truth was infidelity to the mind of the parson. He said so in Catechism class, and the children took it home. "Domine heeft segt." Ben was an infidel. He simply wanted to know why things were as they were. Why the unity in diversity? Why the singleness of principle under the diversity of form? With him there was nothing too holy, or too rotten to escape his scrutiny. And for this he was branded with a name that even to him called to his mind the words of Watts:

"The tempest of angry fire shall roll and blast the Rebel Worm,
Beat down upon the naked soul in one eternal storm."

The words of this very comforting hymn came to his mind again and again, while in his brain was the eternal question, "Why?" And his Reason answered, "It cannot be. It is a lie."

But how was he to pick it to pieces? To ask the preacher would mean abuse; to ask his folks, the strap. He had to solve the problem for himself. Reason could find no co-operation in Westfield.

As Ben rode down the dusty road contemplating the mystery that God had given human beings—brains—and made it a crime to use them, the story of Ben's sin against the preacher was spreading broadcast through the land. That evening everybody talked it; and at the store it was the subject of sage remarks by the bewhiskered guardians of the faith up to ten years ago. A tramp was a curiosity in Westfield, and an infidel a thing that was considered more or less a mythical monster. Now one had risen up amongst them who defied the Vicar of Christ. That he was only a child, made it more interesting. It proved how depraved he was.

To the reform school with him was the universal sentiment among the animated fossils. Ben's father heard of it ere the day was gone, and Ben was reprimanded and given an aid to memory that lasted him through the night.

Sleep would not come to his eyes. He was too sore in body, so he thought. Not of vengeance. Ben could not think vengeance; he was too large to seek revenge. He thought why, wherefore and whatfor? Slowly he formulated his answers, and crawling out of bed he wrote them down.

The church had thought certain things for centuries, and they had been accepted as true. Each animal had been separately made out of mind and turned loose. That was the teaching of the church. They had the mind of the people fixed that way, and they had built churches, sent out missionaries, built schools, and paid preachers. They had money invested in a church machine. That was the situation. He wrote it down. Yes, it looked right. Under it he wrote, "Deduction."

"For anyone to show the wrong of the teaching of the church would mean to jeopardize the livelihood of preachers, and make church investment useless; and make the Wise Men of the last generation as liars, or ignoramuses. Therefore to seek the truth as it is, makes a man an infidel on three counts.

He makes the preachers' job uncertain. He makes invested money useless. He makes it plain that creed makers were not Nature, but book readers. And as Nature is the only source of truth, these men in not studying Nature did not arrive at truth. And as no man likes to admit he is wrong, it is infidelity to prove him so. The church is built upon the skulls of yesterday. I want to stand upon the rocks of today."

"If to seek the truth is infidelity, then I accept the name."

He crawled back into his cornhusk bed and tried to sleep, but sleep had flown. He kept on thinking. Twice he got up and lit his candle, and read the Bible, the first five chapters. At last daylight came, and his father called him. He got up, but looked tired. His brothers taunted him with being an infidel. His mother told him that she was ashamed of him. While his father asked him who had told him the things he had said to the preacher.

"Now, Ben," said the father, "who told you this stuff?"

"Nobody."

"Then where did you get it?"

"From observation."

"What did you observe?"

"How things are made."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that cats and dogs, horses and rabbits, beavers and rats, birds and buffaloes all have bones in definite numbers, similar structure, of identical function."

He here elaborated the uses of different bones in each, and showed the unity of all life in structure.

"Do you not believe that God made them?"

"Don't the Bible tell you so? Isn't that enough?"

(Continued on Page 26)

The Working Hypothesis

By A CONSTANT ASSOCIATE

THE spectacle that Haeckel is making of himself in the papers in assuming that Germany, beaten, would still be in a position to blot out nationalities and confiscate their territories and seize colonies at present in the possession of other powers, is an interesting illustration of a curiously unscientific aspect of the mind of this great thinker.

It brings strongly to recollection the impression received on first reading his books, that he is still guided by the spirit of the middle ages; expressing the results of his very admirable research in the terms of the missionary proselytizer who believes that anyone that does not accept his peculiar doctrine as definite and final Truth is destined to eternal destruction.

The fact that certain fundamental theories of the Haeckelian dogma have been superceded by recent scientific progress does not seem to have introduced any element of intellectual caution or modesty into his mental processes. To Haeckel's mind the idea is that the German superman is destined to conquer and rule the world is a scientifically demonstrated fact. Having once accepted this as definite and final truth, he refuses to be moved from his faith by the progress of events, which has evolved forces strong enough to supercede that fact and work over its residue of truth into a new form capable of subserving the requirements of the progress of civilization.

This open letter or interview of Haeckel's is a striking object lesson to the average intelligent student of life. Almost every human being has some sort of "hit or miss" philosophy, love of wisdom. He desires, or loves, light, or wisdom, on the conditions of the universe which surround him and the rules of the game which he plays perforce day by day, just as instinctively as he desires material light by which to guide his movement. The philosophies which have been evolved are probably as many as the individuals that have lived so far on earth. Each man's mind to him a kingdom is, and the most abject slave of superstition makes mental reservations. The fact that no established hierarchy is secure against a wave of new thought or heresy, has been the despair of well-meaning conservatives from the beginning of the world—and the salvation of the peoples.

But though all men do some thinking, and the most degraded are capable of sudden awakenings, still one delusion has beset even great minds and has only been imperfectly appercived as a delusion by even the greatest thinkers of all time.

This hallucination is the hope and expectation of arriving at the Ultimate Truth, the complete solution of the great mystery in which we bathe as we bathe in ether.

Each leader of thought has worked on the great problem until he has co-ordinated the facts which his knowledge and mental calibre could comprehend, and then has enunciated the "Truth" to his followers. In each generation great hosts will follow these leaders blindly, and if they happen to have political ascendency will cheerfully think it worth while to hang or shoot or burn anyone who will not subscribe to their final infallible dogma.

And the incomprehensible fact is that no generation seems to have observed the regular recurrence of this obsession through the centuries.

The greatest accomplishment, invention, or discovery of the modern world is the recognition of the evolution of the scientific mind; and as words are the most powerful weapons man can wield, the greatest benefactor of the race is the man that first thought the words "working hypothesis." The working hypothesis, first tentatively introduced in solving certain problems, has become the one tool with which all progress is worked out. It is as fundamental to the thinker as the saw and hammer to the carpenter, or the spade (in some form, say a string of plows behind a caterpillar) to the cultivator.

The great value of the working hypothesis is that it is recognized as a step toward a partial end, and not a landing on a final summit. With the working hypothesis the scientific mind came into being, and as this new power evolved and gained ascendency, dogmatizing about Truth began to be discredited. The fact that the scientific mind never rested from its labors, but found that each step forward opened up new vistas, gave pause to the formulators of religious or political creeds. In these days these scientific visions are transcending the wildest flights of untrained imagination, and present glimpses of things far more improbable than the marvels of magic and sorcery which our ancestors scorned as childish. The possibilities ahead of mankind are thus indicated by one student of the future:

> A man nowadays, born with the mental equipment of a student, instead of acquiring a definite body of knowledge, and then handing it on to a group of pupils, on the system which the Chinese carried to such excess, remains joyfully a student to his last day in this mortal manifestation, and gives what time he can to leading other minds to think for themselves—in no case to accept his results as final.

It is now considered that every scientific demonstration may prove to be a transitional statement of fact—to be modified or possibly transformed by future developments—in short, a working hypothesis.

If it can be accurately demonstrated on its plane, it is a useful tool to help in constructing or in delving out a new fact which will supercede it, showing it not as far as it went, but as a partial result, which takes on quite a different aspect seen from beyond.

Darwin, speaking late in life, said that his theory of evolution, or **something like it,** would **probably** be accepted as a scientific law by future generations. Various ways of correcting or enlarging it are being worked out. It is being scientifically demonstrated that the struggle for life law is very strongly balanced, if not being gradually superceded, by the mutual aid law. Thus though the struggle for life remains a law, the enlarged conception of a universe, as it grows more

(Continued on Page 27)

THE COAL DIGGER

Here is a "labor saving" machine that does the work of 100 men. The men who constructed and those who operate this machine join those who first discovered the coal in the belief that the workers should own the giant digger and the fuel it takes from the earth. They are Socialists.

Every Day Is Mothers' Day

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

MOTHERS' DAY was widely celebrated. From rostrum and pulpit and press came praise of women who have risked life to give it. Tens of thousands of flowers of every kind and hue were worn in honor of the mothers of men.

It was entirely fitting. Honor of mothers is a harbinger of hope. So long as the mothers of a nation are honored, so long will it survive. Such honor, however, should not be confined to song and eulogy, nor even to love and respect for one mother—one's own. No mother is sufficiently honored who is not honored in common with all who have given life to the world.

He who sincerely and intelligently desires to honor motherhood, furthermore, cannot rest content while burdens are laid on mothers that darken and demoralize the life of the present, filling with briars and stones the path that the feet of both present and future must tread.

Thousands of mothers see their strongest and best seduced by the jingo cry and led forth to slay and be slain in the name of patriotism. Thousands of mothers have married men merely for bread and give birth to children without the love which alone can make sacred the union of man and woman.

Many mothers give birth to their offspring in silence and shame, while the fathers walk from town to city begging an opportunity to earn her life's necessities. The economic hardships of capitalism deal their hardest blow upon the mother. Many a birth pang might be spared, and many hours of anxiety might be turned to days of hope, but for this enemy of motherhood.

Capitalism is the enemy of motherhood. A myriad of bleeding hearts, broken bodies and blasted hopes substantiate the statement.

Socialism is the friend of motherhood. It seeks to insure for all real, human lives, to make motherhood as safe and desirable as it is essential, to abolish forever the degradation of womanhood both in and out of the marriage relation.

Capitalism is dying. On every side are signs of approaching dissolution.

Socialism is being born. The birth pangs are felt. Soon it will be a living, breathing, visible reality.

Then every day will be Mothers' Day.

The New Impossibilism

By FRANK E. WOLFE

WHEN they were building a railroad from Louisville to Frankfort, the line was built to the westerly side of the Kentucky River and before the bridge was built the tunnel was bored through the mountain on the other side and offered a black and gaping mouth to those who approached from the west. A crowd of hill billies held a picnic beside the tracks. One tall corncracker, with weedy beard, spat thrice solemnly and announced "It kaint be did." After interrogations and an impressive pause the wise one answered: "They aim to run them thar kyars down that track and jump 'em across the river and hit that hole. It kaint be did!" He was right. What he thought they were going to try to do couldn't be done.

Throughout the country today are wise mossbacks and hill billies who, when the word colony is mentioned, shake their heads solemnly and say "It can't be done." What, in the profundity of their ignorance, they are thinking of, probably could not be accomplished.

Doubtless some one of the wise ones who predicted Fulton's steamboat would not navigate stood on the shores and saw the ship go paddling merrily along. Then he doubtless shook his head and kept on muttering: "It won't go, it simply can't go; it's flying in the face of the Almighty." Then tucking his bible under his arm he toddled away, still muttering: "It don't work."

When a group of Socialists, saddened and weary with wrangling and bickering over words anl theories and doctrines, joined forces in California and determined to put some of their theories about co-operation into action there was a howl from some of their comrades.

"It can't be done!" came a shout in high tenor from the soap box.

"It can't be accomplished!' echoed in lyric soprano from the platform.

"It won't work!" in deep baritone from the grocery nail-keg beside the prune barrel.

"It is impossible under Capitalism!" in coloratura contralto from the scientific sister beside her academic desk.

In the meantime the Llano del Rio Colonists were deaf to the cries that it would not navigate. The pioneer colonists were clearing hundreds of acres of land. They were cutting alfalfa on hundreds of other acres. They were planting vast acreage in orchards and small fruits, digging miles and miles of irrigating ditches, caring for a large herd of dairy cattle and range stock; planting a great garden, working in their industrial departments, planing mill, machine shop, tannery, rug and carpet weaving plant, and producing a large per cent of their own food and other necessities of life. They were sending all their children to school, from the age of 2 to 20; conducting their own entertainments and establishing a social life of their own liking. They were developing their latent talents for writing, speaking, drawing and giving fullest expression to whatever their inclination toward arts or crafts. They were making a wonderful demonstration of the practibility of concrete co-operation. They were and ARE doing all these things. They are making the earth give forth its boundless bounty; serene in their knowledge of the fecundity of the soil; confident of their efforts to force from nature a living and more for themselves and their families. They knew it could be done. Their colony is growing steadily in financial strength and their numbers are increasing. All the time the incredulous ones shake their heads and mutter "it can't be done." They tuck their economic bibles under their arms and totter along the banks of their river of doubt gibbering and chattering that it's not written in the book; that it is not prophesy; that it can't navigate under Capitalism.

The Llano del Rio community and other successful co-operative institutions have proven the power of collective effort. Despite this fact the first attack made by capitalist newspapers brings an echo of "I told you so" from the dodderers who open their Book to prove once more that it can't be done. The greatest labor and Socialist hating newspaper in the world prints a lying and malicious statement concerning the colony where nearly 800 comrades are working with enthusiasm, living in happiness and without fear, and from scores who have been for years on the fighting line comes a grunt of satisfaction and a merry "I told you so. It can't navigate. It can't be done."

The only discouraging feature about this is the undisputed fact that many Socialists read and believe, accept as inspired gospel, every word in their capitalist press. Worse than that, the editors of some Socialist publications are equally gullible.

Where you find a small minded petty official of a jealous disposition, a hypocrite at heart who prates about loyalty to Socialism despite the fact he has no social instincts, there you will find a mean spirited knocker, too cowardly for a fair, manly, open fight. In this type you will find the professional disavower who tries by underhanded, insiduous means to injure co-operative movements. The first cry is that the co-operative institution they are attacking is "not Socialism." The fact that no one has ever claimed they were Socialist institutions makes no difference to the vicious maligner. The fact that the co-operators repeatedly disavow any official connection with the Socialist Party makes no difference to this type of human heloderma. Vicious attacks upon the comrades who have been brave enough and bold enough to try to put their theories into practise will not, in the long run, hurt co-operative institutions. They do, however, show the Socialists the true character of some of those who are so eager to attack any comrade who strays from the realms of mere theory.

Co-operation has come to stay. Colonies founded on sound business principles are going to prove to the cave-dwelling portion of the so-called radical movement and then to the whole world that the ship of co-operation will navigate.

Llano del Rio Anniversary

By ROBERT K. WILLIAMS

MAY DAY, 1916, the second anniversary of the birth of Llano del Rio Colony, as a co-operative entity, dawned deliciously cool and an azure sky beamed down while a soft breeze made ideal the portentious and inspiring ceremonies that continued throughout the day.

Llano, Cal., is now in the spot light, and stands as a beacon toward which the eyes of the oppressed thousands in the competitive world are turning with the hunger of hope deferred.

More than a hundred sympathetic and intensely interested visiting spectators joined with over 700 colonists to do homage to the day and the man whose foresight and faith in humanity made possible the long-armed movement that will live as long as the heart of man beats—Job Harriman.

Good feeling permeated the mass, and it is doubtful if a spot on earth held more kindly thoughts toward one another than at Llano on this day. Love's radiance beamed from the faces of all, and inspiration and aspiration lit up the grays of life and made glowing the duties that lay before—that of an example and an edifice to shelter those that are yet unborn and security for those now living.

The tone of the ceremonies was lofty and dignified. Speakers and audience realized that a parting of the way is beginning and this knowledge lent a depth of feeling difficult to describe. At times tears filled the eyes of many and quick surges of the blood suffused cheeks unused to such emotions.

In Llano a new life is dawning. The ancient precepts as laid down by the benefactors in the dawn world are coming into their own and are twining themselves around the hearts and in the minds of those brave enough to stand strongly together, so that those already here may live ideally, and those to come, enjoy the fine things of the spirit.

The spirit that thrilled the participants in Llano's second anniversary will never be forgotten.

Llano's 15-piece band, a recent development within the colony, played several choice selections in front of the club house and was cheered.

W. A. Engle, one of the early pioneers and founders of the colony, spoke to the assembled colonists and visitors from the hotel porch on the "Red Flag."

At the conclusion of his talk the red flag was hauled to the peak of the flagstaff on the gable of the club house, and The Red Flag was sung by the crowd in the open air with great gusto.

One of the most startling contrasts of the day, and perhaps the most impressive, was the reproduction of the colony's visible assets in the shape of material wealth, when the parade of 1914 passed in review.

Contrasting Llano's possessions of hogs, cattle, goats, rabbits, machinery of all kinds, automobiles and trucks of 1916 with those owned by the colony in 1914, showed the actual benefits of co-operation.

H. L. Dawson and sister were drawn through the streets by a mule team, the wagon loaded with provisions obtained at Palmdale, while Frank P. McMahon and M. Stanley, guided and herded the live stock, consisting of nine pigs and one cow. This outfit was met by five others, already on the ground, who eagerly awaited the arrival of the commissary, as the Llano larder was running low.

The continued cheering showed that the colonists here now appreciate the struggle that had been gone through by these hardy visionists, who had foreseen enough to see green fields and a city of hundreds by the year 1916.

The assemblage repaired to the spacious dining hall, which was completely filled by highly interested and enthusiastic people, and were entertained by two selections by the Llano orchestra. The orchestra consisted of six peices and the quality of music was first-class. Two years ago a harmonica or an accordion played the overtures.

Frank P. McMahon, one of the earliest men on the scene, and still working with unabated enthusiasm for the colony and the great cause it represents, spoke feelingly of the changes that had been wrought since the foundation of the co-operative effort on the sloping planes of the Sierra Madre.

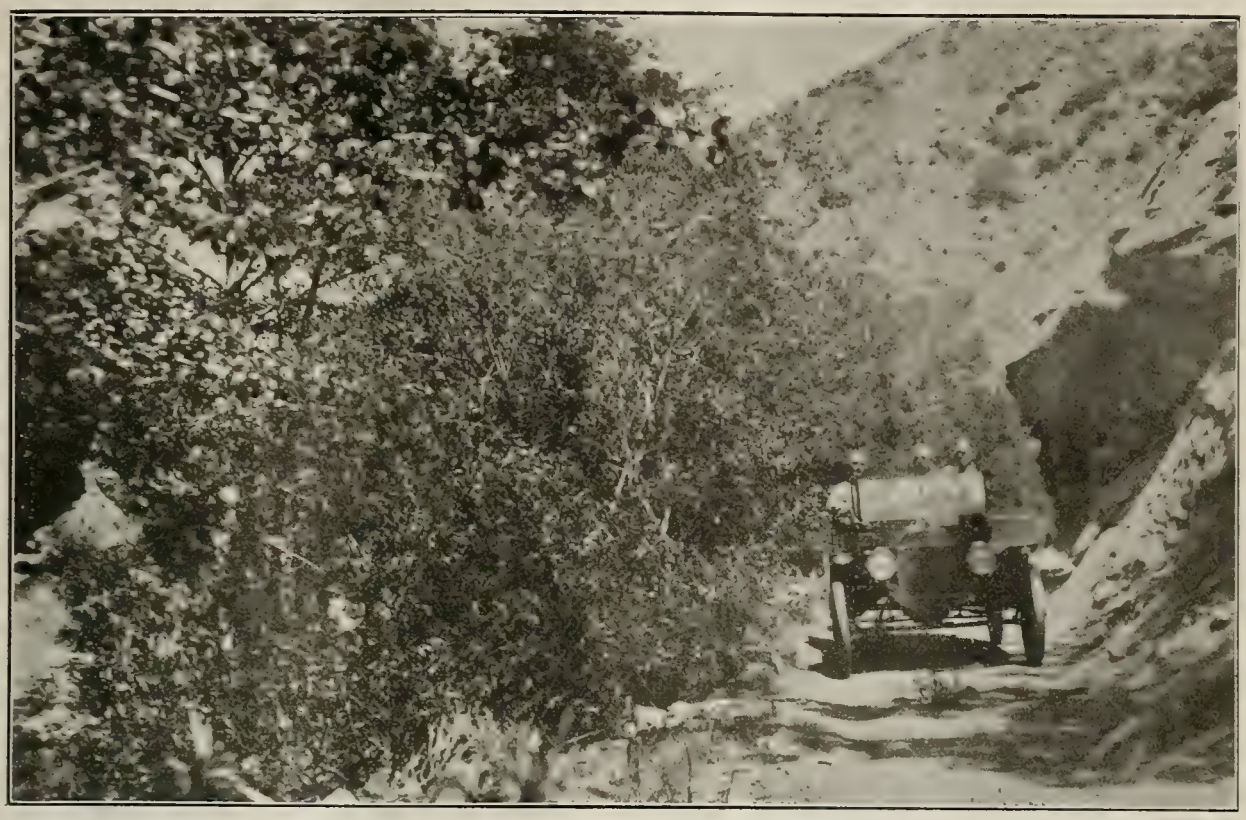
He described the struggles, heartaches and joys attendant upon the upbuilding of the greatest of all co-operative efforts. Because of the fact that the Llano del Rio Company being organized as a corporation it escaped the usual pitfalls of the co-partnerships, joint stock companies, associations and the like. McMahon's talk brought the people closer together and gave them an insight into the hopes and ambitions of those early on the scene. He told of many incidents that are amusing now, but at that time were of significant import. The hardships endured could now be looked back upon with pride because those that engaged in them became stronger and more loyal to the ideal that is the inspiration of every colonist who dares to

Important Announcement

THE name of THE NEVADA COLONY CORPORATION has been changed to THE LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA, the activities of which will be devoted exclusively to the affairs of the Llano del Rio Colony, located in Los Angeles County, California.

The Llano del Rio Company and Colony has not and will not have any connection whatever with the Nevada Colony. The two colonies are far apart and it is impracticable for either to assume the management, responsibility or obligations of the other.

Llano del Rio Company of Nevada
Journal Building - - Reno, Nevada



Llano Colonists Enjoy Driving Through Big Rock Canyon

forsake his interests elsewhere and come to Llano to help work out the problem of the age, that of getting a living and keeping the surplus product.

F. P. McMahon congratulated us on the success of the festivities and said that it made his heart beat fast to see dreams come true. Two years ago a dry, cacti-covered plain with trails here and there, was the only development shown; today good roads ramify here and there and a town is growing up under our very eyes that is to point the way for the toiling millions, and which will show the fallacy of the outworn competitive system.

The Llano quartette sang two selections, and D. C. Copley, leader of the orchestra and manager of the poultry department, spoke at considerable length on the "Colony Spirit." He recited many incidents to show that a spirit of helpfulness imbues everyone who is a member of the colony; that the recognition of the identity of interest cemented the people together and from it grew a mutuality that could be found nowhere else.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the direction of Dr. Turnwall, who is an excellent mandolin player and musical enthusiast, rendered two excellent numbers. Like all other developments at Llano, the Mandolin Club is a complete evolution from one little starting point.

Llano is blessed with a most diversified talent. We have writers, musicians, poets, readers, actors, mechanics—in fact, we have representatives from nearly all cults, crafts and trades.

The stirring "Marseillaise" was sung by the assemblage, led by Fred H. Gallup, a most accomplished tenor and musician. The hall rang with the vim of the colonists in giving expression to their feelings.

W. C. Hunton, master of ceremonies and chairman of the occasion, mounted the platform and after gaining silence, spoke a brief tribute to Job Harriman, the man, and introduced him to the expectant crowd. When Mr. Harriman mounted the rostrum prolonged cheers and applause broke out and paid tribute to the depth of feeling in the breast of many.

Mr. Harriman stood bowing, a pleased smile lighting his face, and after a considerable pause, he started a few brief sentences.

He succinctly went over the history of the colony, told of some of the obstacles placed in the way of those who were first on the ground; obstacles of nature as well as those interposed by man.

He painted a glowing picture of the future premised on the accomplishments of the past. Ten thousand men and women, with their strength and their power to adapt themselves, would mean freedom from the sordidness of the system encompassing mankind. He pointed out that a man is more than a perpetual motion machine; he not only feeds and clothes himself and family, but feeds the world and affords all the luxuries owned by the capitalist.

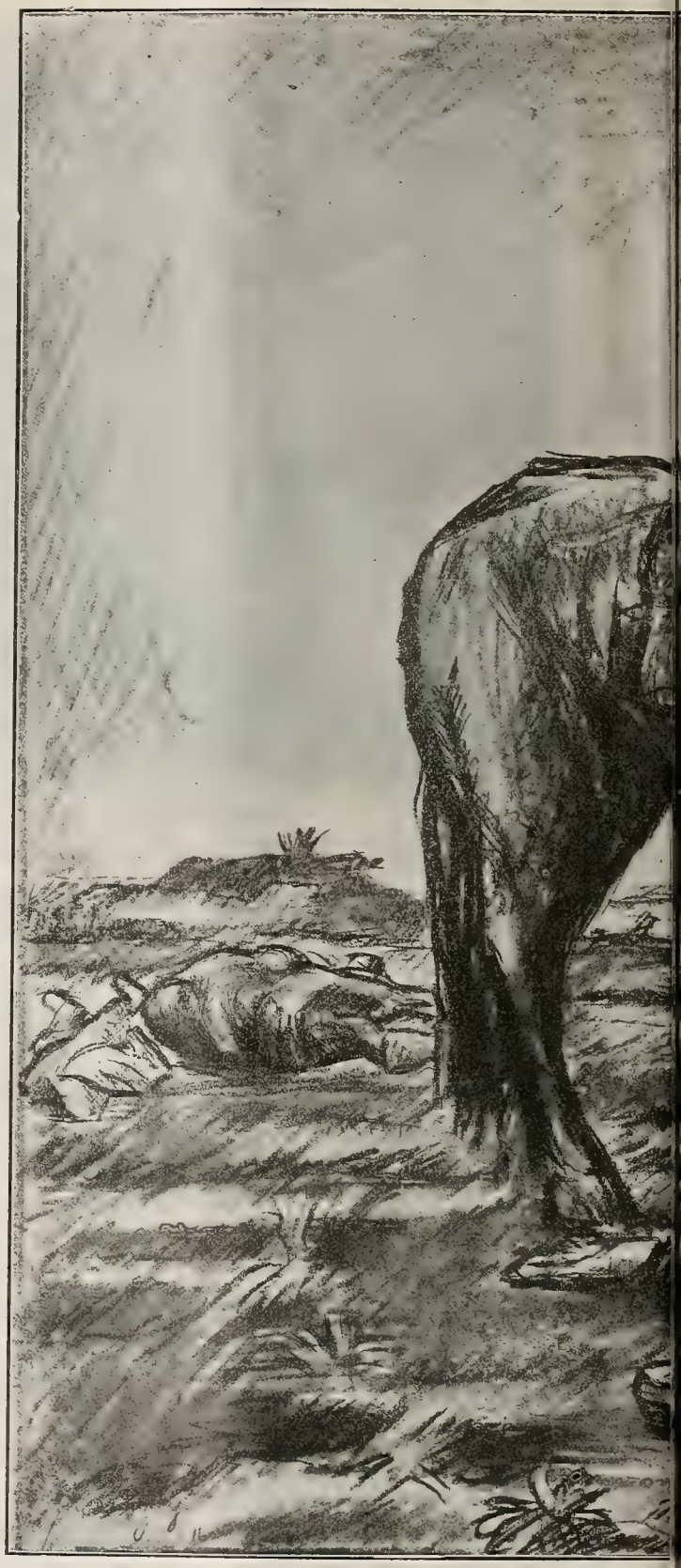
When this great surplus was saved and reverted back to its creators nothing on earth could stop the true development of society. The colony needed, he said, ten thousand people for more than one reason. However, the colony is fast growing away from a village, and soon it will come up to a man's size town. From that it is but a step to a city. The village has but one mind and one thought; the diversity of action is not there and unfriendly and hurtful conditions sometimes obtain. The colony must be so big that it will be impossible for any one individual to know more than a fractional part of the complex activities necessarily arising from a mass of people.

The sky is unclouded. The decks are cleared and the worst of the journey is over. Three years ought to see a new civilization developing from the plains of Llano. The colonists lived this year better than last, and last year better than the year before. Next year the members at Llano will live better than this year and will increase in the possession of the necessities and luxuries. Two years ago, he pointed out, the colony had no machinery. This year machinery was in place and turning out the various things necessary to keep the wheels of progress in constant motion. Two years ago there were no automobiles here; today there are many. Next year there will be more. The movement started as it is, will continue to go on and grow and grow, and nothing now can stop it. The mind of the people at large is ready for something of this sort. Never before has there been such a good opportunity for the emancipation of mankind. Conditions are ripe; the fields are white awaiting the reaper.

What is the use of working forever for others? When the grain is planted and the fields prepared for the next season's crop; the animals cared for and tended; machines in repair and development going on in all lines, a half dozen automobiles can be provisioned with the products of the fields, gardens, bakery and the dairy, and fifty people can be sent to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado for two weeks to view the majestic scars on nature's breast. On returning, fifty or more can be sent every two weeks on this trip alone the whole year through.

Mr. Harriman told of the advantages to be gained by people casting their fortunes with those at Llano. True liberty of spirit and freedom of action could sooner be obtained in this colony than elsewhere on earth. The educational facilities within a very few years would far exceed those of any city for the reason that nothing but the interests of the child had to be considered. Happiness, the goal of mankind, could more readily be worked out here than elsewhere, and soon the world would come to see that salvation had to be worked for and wrought from the inner man applied to concrete things.

While others are dreaming of Socialism those at Llano are working out the problems and living them. Capitalism is going; the citadel of entrenched interests are everywhere tottering, and the progress of the co-operative efforts on the great reaches of the Antelope Valley spells more fear to those wishing to have and to hold the good things of life unjustly than any one other thing on the face of the earth.



Somewhere in France —Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky

What Two Years Have Wrought

By ERNEST S. WOOSTER

LLANO DEL RIO, city of hope, home of buoyant optimism, realization of a dream that incubated in a master mind for twenty years—

Llano del Rio for numberless centuries the home of the joyous, jumping jack rabbit and his traditional racing partner the tortoise is no longer tortoise-like. Big Rock Creek tumbled and roared along its little canyon, spread out in the plain, slid into the sand and was licked up by the greedy, searching rays of the sun. Quakers and Germans tried to tame the desert by pouring the life-giving Big Rock on it. That was a quarter of a century ago.

Where Quaker misjudgment wrought failure, and German trust tempted an abscounding treasurer to forget his obligations, Socialist pluck and energy are building a Vision City. They work and sweat and quarrel; they have their troubles and their pleasures. But they don't worry and they do co-operate, and those are the big things in the big plan they are following out. Profiting by the mistakes of others they are working along different lines, and a magnificent spirit that nothing can quench dominates them. The quarrels are small and short lived—the Job is too big, too intensely interesting, too enthrallingly fascinating to let little things interfere.

Two years ago the Jack Rabbit and the Desert Tortoise began to discover that their last race was run. A fleet of Fords began to encroach on their domain. Traction engines drawing huge gang plows buried the tortoise before he reached his intermediate goal, and the rabbit scurried off to find a new partner.

It was the beginning of the big dream that had lurked in Job Harriman's gray matter for a score of years. Since then the Big Rock Creek no longer savagely roars along down the canyon. It becomes tractable and patient and sedately follows rows of pear trees and cabbages and tomatoes.

It took courage two years ago for those pioneers to try to conquer that desert. There was a one-year-old pear orchard of forty acres and an alfalfa field. The neighbors were few and hostile. There were five in the party, five to start the greatest adventure in history. Sometime it will be a story embellished with romance and described by livelier imaginations. But it was a sordid fact then. Five people with one cow and a wagon, four horses, and nine pigs—that was the caravan.

Two years later, May 1, 1916, eight hundred people formed in line and waited for their portion of the barbecued meat, the salad, the pie and cake, the beans and the other good things provided by the Celebration Committee. The colony had prospered.

The nine pigs have increased to several hundred. The one cow has become part of a herd numbering a hundred and fifty and are housed during milking time in a barn built for permanence, with stone walls a foot thick and equipped with a silo thirty feet high that provides "canned" alfalfa and corn for them in the winter. Seventy horses and mules, besides two huge tractors and several trucks help the four horses that made up the original working force.

The Sierra Madre Colony Is Doing Well With Chicken Raising

Two years ago—nothing. Now Llano del Rio is the metropolis of the Antelope Valley. It is a town of a hundred homes, built along streets, and all of the houses numbered. It has its doctor, its barber. A swimming pool, boats for the children, a tannery, a steam laundry, a bakery, a rug-weaving plant, a shoe shop—they are all in operation. There's a splendid library. There's a garage and machine shop, a planing mill, and a hotel. There's a creamery, too.

Llano boasts a band and an orchestra, two quartets, a mandoline club, and a baseball team. Dances for the children every Thursday night and for everyone else every Saturday night provide entertainment. And everything's free.

Just one store in town means a complete monopoly for this venture. Only it belongs to everyone and doesn't make any profit.

The spirit of the whole thing is wonderful. The colonists see the Grand Vision ahead and trivial things cannot be permitted to interfere with it.

There's work to be done, a town to be built, a desert to be conquered, people to be educated—a whole civilization to adopt, to adapt, and to rebuild and extend. That's the dominant thing, the thought of the job ahead. And the colonists tackle the job with joy and enthusiasm. Never has the future been so bright nor system so intelligently applied to the work.

Education is a different thing there, too.

George Pickett was given the task of curbing, disciplining and subjugating the children. Nobody else wanted it, nobody else would take it. George is a fellow who is usually given the jobs that others can't do anyway. That's what they have him there for. He didn't know much about boys and girls, having none of his own, so he thought he would just use common sense and judgment instead of trying to know anything. The first thing he did was to get forty acres of land to put his new-found family on—it was a family of about one hundred.

The Young Colonists Also Possess Some Blooded Swiss Goats

They gave him a piece of land near one of the school houses—they have at least three—and built him a cook-house. That was all they would do. George skirmished around and got four horses for the boys. He had the goats turned over to what the grown-ups call the "kid colony." There are nine goats and nine kids in the lot (goat kids, that is). He got a lot of rabbits, among them a little jack rabbit that is raising with the Belgian rabbits. Now he has 750 chickens to add to the lot.

That gave him a pretty good start. With the help of "Doc" Zornes in the garden, and E. A. West in building they are doing things. The boys attend to the horses, haul adobe bricks, put in their foundations and are going to build a club house 112 feet long and 54 feet wide, with 9-foot porches on three sides. They have a garden planted. The "kids" expect to show the rest of the people how a colony should be governed. Meanwhile they are getting the best practical training in the world. It is a school that professional educators can study with profit. It is the sort of school that is hard to keep the boys and girls away from. In fact, the grammar school teachers complain that they can't keep the children in school without using almost heroic measures.

But George Pickett hasn't all of the honor. His wife has charge of the girls, and when Minnie Pickett starts to do anything she doesn't stop till it is finished. So she had a table built outside, organized the girls, and now has them feeding the boys at noon. So good is their cooking that there is never less than a dozen men there, besides the boys, for dinner. The girls are getting some excellent training also. And it is all fun for everybody.

There's the Montessori school, the new lime kiln that makes lime in record time, the new printing plant, which will be well equipped, the lumber mill being built, the new townsite for which reservations are now being made—there are scores of things, and I have already used more space than the editor allowed me. The tanner is making leather, tanning rabbit skins with the hair on. Some time a glove maker is going to come in, and then a new industry will be started—automobile driving gloves made with the fur on. There are lots of big plans afoot, lots of visitors coming in, lots of things being done.

The above summary of the situation is a combination of personal knowledge and observation, the information gleaned from questioning those who have been there, and a survey of the two years of effort as portrayed by the birthday celebration May 1.

It is so hard to recollect every improvement noted as the days go on, and only close observation and frequent visits can satisfy the curiosity and confirm the stories one reads about this wonder city of the future. If you have never been to see Llano del Rio Colony, a visit will be a revelation. No vacation could be more enjoyable, more profitable.

Adobe Brooder House Being Constructed at the Junior Colony

Co-operation at Llano

By ROBERT K. WILLIAMS

INTERESTED visitors and partially paid members of the Llano del Rio Colony, desirous of seeing their investment for the first time, continue to come to the colony regularly. The weekly reports of the registered guests at the hotel is an inspiration for all. Men and women from all parts of the United States carry back messages of hope and progress. Actual construction work is everywhere visible, and crops of varied sort beautify the land.

Intending colonists, it seems, no matter from whence, have the same tales to tell of the dread competitive grind in the so-called outer world. Those that are sheltered by the wide-spreading arms of the colony believe themselves fortunate, and feel but little the strenuous strife everywhere an incident of life.

The colony as a whole has made more progress in the past four months than in the previous year. The reason, of course, is plain. More people are here; better facilities are afforded for the expression of skill and greater amplitude given for genius. One visitor, who had been here previously, remarked that he was pleased to see a quantity of tools spread about. On his former visit he noticed a paucity of tools necessary to work with, and his first observation was that everything would be added in time, and at that shortly.

Every time a member returns after an absence, vast changes are noticed. Mr. Ingerson, one of the early members, lately joined the colony to stay, and was simply astounded to see the social life so changed. The Saturday evening dances that he enjoyed so much were completely metamorphosed. New faces, new dances and a completely new and first-class orchestra had been evolved from the nucleus of the old. Miss Austin, who is much interested in our town, as one of the designers of it, returned a few nights ago, and her first remark was that it was like coming into a new world. Progress was to be seen everywhere. More land under cultivation, new areas cleared, more machines of various kinds and new development on every hand. She now sees the fruition of her hopes in the beginning of the foundation for the new industrial building on the permanent townsite.

Things are moving so fast at Llano that those here do not realize it. We are living in a changing world. A new society is growing right under our noses and it is a continual struggle to adapt ourselves to the changing conditions.

A month or so ago the population hovered around the 650 mark, today nearly 800 people are here. New and better tents and houses are going up. These things are noticed by the returning visitor.

And then too, friendly relations are being established with the outside world. Llano's baseball team, through its sportsmanlike attitude and its ability to play ball, has gained the good will of the whole of Palmdale, Lancaster and Victorville. Nearby ranchers are watching us with interest and many have expressed their desire to join the colony. Indeed some have turned their lands into the colony and are now members of this on-marching community. The individual farmer finds that he cannot exist and gather subsistence from his arid acres. He finds that ranching nowadays needs collective and not individu effort.

Two years ago the world lay wholly ahead of Llan Only two or three cultivated spots adorned these plains. Sage brush and cacti abounded. Today part of the world is conquered and the uprooted sage brush and cacti have long since disappeared in smoke and their embers have enriched the ground. The portent of the future is most alluring.

The worst of the voyage is over. The many rocks and shoals that beset the path of the sturdy pioneers of Llano have been safely negotiated. The most powerful influence in the State, inimical to the interests of the colony, has been successfully overcome, and from now on the progress of Llano is one of business, and interested, and friendly co-operation of its members. It is safe to say that the colony will be almost 90 per cent self-supporting this year. The vegetables from Llano's gardens furnish abundance of green things. Lettuce, radishes and onions are daily relishes. Cabbage now occasionally furnishes a pleasant change. Dewberries from our gardens gladdened the hearts of the colonists the latter part of May. Four varieties of such berries have been planted and Horticulturist Dawson promises to have them come with pleasing regularity and change.

It may not be possible to fulfill all of our expectations, but so much has been done that we are ready to accept most anything, and even if things do fall short of prediction we are strong for a further trial. We may not have twenty acres of tomatoes, as predicted some time ago, but

Llano Community Dairy Herd

The Colony Fish Hatchery at Jackson's Lake

here will be many acres, more than sufficient, Deo ›lente, to supply our daily wants and to preserve 'd can for winter use. The cannery is being rushed 'd Manager Keough of that department says that by July 1 the plant will be in operation, in plenty of time to take care of all vegetables and fruits offered.

P. A. Knobbs of the garden department, and his assistants, are working like Trojans to get a surplus of things for this fall. Knobbs is full of confidence that we will go over the winter without any considerable want for the usual garden things. Mr. Newman, and his helpers in this department, are continually busy with the berries, grapes, and many other things that belong to the garden. He has eight acres under his care and it will be intensively cultivated. It seems, upon inspection, that every variety of vegetable and plant has been planted and has started to grow. It would be positively unsafe to predict what may happen when the stuff under his care comes to fruitage.

Mauricio, in the eastern garden, is busy all the day with his cabbage, cauliflower, radishes, onions, garlic, parsley, beets, etc., and many acres are showing the result of his constant care. Before the planting season is over, 80 to 100 acres shall have been planted.

H. L. Dawson, in the horticultural department, has over 300 acres of fruit trees in, and he reports they are doing nicely. He has six acres of nursery just south of the town, in which he is trying all sorts of experimentation. He has learned many things about this soil and is thoroughly satisfied that no untoward soil or atmospheric condition obtains that woud retard tree life when properly handled. The alfalfa, under J. C. Crawford, has been cut twice up to the present time. The yield is heavy. It is said that alfalfa in this region contains sufficient nourishing qualities as to permit horses to work on it alone. This is not possible in all alfalfa regions.

Actual work on the permanent townsite has begun. The first building to be erected is to be the silent industries building, measuring 29 by 150 feet. In this building will be placed the printing-shop, the tailoring establishment, shoeshop, etc. Lime from the kiln is now being furnished in sufficient quantities to preclude the possibility of shortage. Experts who are handling this lime claim it to be of exceptional strength and quickness.

The sawmill under Manager Smith, just east of the permanent townsite, is assuming shape, and his report of last week said that he has the saw rig set up, ready for running; the carriage and carriage feed rig, the engine and boiler placed, and will be ready to start on the brick work Monday, May 29. He has about fifty feet of the wall up to the first floor joist line and all of the piers in for the main line shaft. This mill will have a capacity of about 30,000 feet daily and will aid greatly to solve the housing problem. Logs from the mountain will soon be coming over the surveyed road. The haul is approximately 12 miles.

However, until such time as we are sawing lumber, it is advisable for members desiring to stay, to bring or send tents, or make arrangements to have temporary housing provided. By doing this a big burden is

The New Lime Kiln at Llano

taken off members here and the occupants made much happier. It is always hoped that the women folks be made comfortable. They have the worry of keeping the house and the nicer the house the nicer the home.

The rabbits are increasing and about 3000 are crowding the pens. Manager Kilmer expects to have three more 90-foot pens erected before long. By so doing he will be able to place between 800 and 1000 breeders therein and materially solve the meat problem of the colony.

The dairy department under George Bower is turning into the creamery about 1000 gallons of milk a week, which serves as the butter and milk supply of the colony. About 73 cows are being milked. Almost 100 head of stock are being pastured on the range near the Lovejoy Buttes, 11 miles north of the colony, under the care of Morris brothers.

The colony is congratulating itself that Mr. F. W. Eddy, wife and little girl, are now members. They will move at once to the fish hatchery, where Mr. Eddy will engage in the propagation of trout. Mr. Eddy is an experienced fish spawner, and declares that the spot is ideal for fish-raising, surrounded as it is by immense mountains, with the purest of crystal water. One hundred and sixty acres of land, the origin of the Big Rock, belong to the colony. The water bubbles out of the ground over a 30-acre space, which is heavily covered with vegetation. This can be turned into an ideal camping location, with the Hatchery Inn and a hostelry for the accommodation of the colonists as well as sight-seers and campers from the city.

The Sierra Madre Colony

THE Sierra Madre Colony, or the boys' and girls' colony, located about a mile south of the main colony, is progressing wonderfully well through the untiring efforts of George T. Pickett and his helpful wife; "Doc" Zornes of the agricultural end; A. B. West of the masonry and construction end, assisted by the boys and girls belonging to the colony.

A brooder house, 16 by 24 feet, made of adobe brick, has been completed by the boys under the direction of Mr. West, and 1200 little chicks are now cozily esconced. Alfalfa runs are now growing in front, so that when the little things are ready to be turned on it, an abundance of green stuff will be close at hand.

Pickett's home, 20 by 40 feet, has been almost completed, with the aid of the boys, and will be used as a kitchen for the scholars, as well as serving meals to transients.

The next masonry work on the program will be the construction of the club house. The foundation has been partially completed and the remainder will be rushed.

The goats number 19, nine of which are milking, and are in charge of two girls and a boy. They attend to the milking and see that the goats are properly fed.

The rabbitry is being constructed as the increase of rabbits demand. About fifty rabbits now are securely housed in the hutches, which are the product of the genius of the boys interested in this department.

The four horses belonging to this colony are in the pink of condition, and are carefully attended by other boys who like this sort of work. These horses are extremely useful in the development of the forty acres allotted to the Sierra Madre Colony.

The boys and girls have been doing clearing work to a remarkable extent. It is the intention to clear and plant the whole of the forty acres as fast as time and conditions will permit.

The gardens, quite extensive in size, are doing fine. Onions, lettuce, radishes and peas have been eaten already and an abundance of corn, tomatoes, sweet and Irish potatoes with melons, berries, etc., etc., are promised as soon as nature will bring them up. The system of irrigation used is up to date and the water supply can be regulated to a nicety.

Enthusiasm prevails among the boys and girls over the success thus far made. The finest training possible is here offered the pupils of the school. They are invited, but not compelled to work, and so far there has been no shirker. The task of furnishing and developing work and conditions devolve upon George Pickett, who deserves special credit. Visitors, especially those with children, are more than interested in the Sierra Madre Colony. They see an opportunity for the education of their children from a practical point of view. When the scholar finishes in this colony he or she will be fitted to take up the duties of a citizen.

Mr. Harriman sees great possibilities for the younger generation in the development of this manual training. He believes that Llano can be made an educational center second to none, within a very few years.

In addition to the more practical things, Pickett has not neglected the play end of the institution. A first-class ball diamond is just across the road, and land is being cleared for extensive playgrounds on which will be tennis courts, and the paraphernalia that goes to make a down-to-the-minute exercise and playground.

It is doubtful whether any boy or girl that attends this school, that is, the regular grammar school, with the practical and playground end, added, could be induced to leave the colony when grown to seek new fields, and attempt to buffett the sinister monster of Capitalism. The struggle attendant upon getting a living is a thing apart and the parents and children have no worry on this score. It will not be long until this colony will be practically self-supporting. That is, it will raise an abundance of foodstuffs and the surplus can be turned in barter to the larger colony, for the things required in the lesser.

The Montessori School

MRS. PRUDENCE STOKES BROWN is now in San Diego completing arrangements at the Exposition for the exhibition of the Montessori school system and will take Llano children for this purpose. It is Mrs. Brown's intention to take ten children a month, for four months, for an outing as well as training in the wonderfully charming Pepper Grove of the Exposition.

The attendance at the Montessori school has increased, until the average attendance is above sixty little tots. Mrs. Brown has left competent teachers—Mrs. Wilhide, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Masteller and Mrs. Buxton—to guide the young minds while she is absent.

It is remarkable the interest this school is attracting

(Continued on Page 27)

Millville Preparedness

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

FOR a week the Parker home had been the hub of Millville feminine thought and activity, with this one coming and that one going and the other one staying, some to help, some to talk, and all to see Nellie's wedding garments, from the white silk gown in its tissue wrappings, with little sachet bags pinned in the bosom and sleeves clear to the very garters that would hold up her stockings. There was nothing they did not see and discuss, and the verdict was that Nellie was properly prepared.

Nellie did not mind the general hub-bub. She was living in a dream world which no one inhabited save herself and Jim Preston. Smiling, she listened and smiling she comprehended hardly a word that was said.

On the evening before the wedding Mrs. Parker and the Judge drove over to the little cottage Jimmy had built for his bride, to see that all was in readiness—the pantry shelves stocked with canned fruit, the cupboards with provisions, and the drawers with linen.

"I believe in preparedness," she said to the Judge, as she poked some moth ball among the folds of a blanket she was packing away, "even in marriage."

Nellie, with that same smile on her lips, was also kneeling in front of a drawer, concerning herself with preparedness, not of moth balls and blankets, but of violet sachet and delicate white garments with here and there just a whisper of pink. They needed no inspection. She had made every stitch of them herself. It was probably the hundredth time she had unwrapped them, run her hands softly over them and folded them again. She knew there were far more than she would need, that after her marriage they would be too fragile for everyday wear. Her parents had told her she was extravagant. She thought of this now as she sat before the drawer, her lips curved in their perpetual smile. She couldn't tell them that she wasn't really extravagant—some day she could make her wedding presents over into tiny yokes and petticoats and little dresses. Her smiling lips parted—it should be a boy . . . with gray eyes and dark lashes like Jimmie's are . . . and a very bald head . . . and . . .

She flushed a deep red and hastily closed the drawer. In spite of all her prayers and efforts, Nellie feared she was not a good girl. Or why should she persist in thinking of things nice girls must never think of, like that about her—like that? Guilty and ashamed, her lovely smile gone, to do penance she resolved to go to bed, although she was not at all sleepy. She wondered if other girls found it as hard to be nice as she did. She recalled how curious she had been some years before, and how one day she braved her mother's stiff reserve. Mrs. Parker had turned very red and cross. She glared at her daughter. "Nellie Parker, I'm ashamed of you. Nice girls never think of such things. Go right upstairs and say your prayers."

As Nellie brushed her hair she decided there was no doubt about it. Of course all girls were naturally bad—that was Eve's fault in eating the apple—but she, Nellie Parker, must be just a bit worse than all the rest.

After her rebuff she had never asked any more questions, and she tried to control her arrant thoughts, for she wanted very much to be a nice girl. But her eyes were bright. They flashed messages to her brain of what they saw, the messages became perceptions, the perceptions thoughts and the thoughts conclusions, so that in spite of all her efforts and prayers that God make her a nicer girl, the rudiments of the secrets of conception and birth and maternity which only married people are supposed to know and talk about, and then only in whispers and in segregated groups, become hers almost unconsciously, but with the vaguest, the strangest, the shyest, the sweetest of a generalized idea, an impression chiefly of physical suffering triumphing finally in the joy of parenthood.

The rapturous but immodest thought that some day she might make her dainty wedding garments into clothes for her baby refused to be banished. It nestled mischievously in her consciousness as though it were a naughty child itself. She undressed and knelt and prayed as usual, finishing, "And Lord, please help me to be a nicer girl, for—" she should have said, "for Jesus' sake, Amen," but instead her lips slipped—"for Jimmie's sake. Amen." Then she added, "And for Jesus' sake." She hoped that God would look over the slip, as she was going to be married tomorrow.

Eyes closed, head buried in her pillow, she tried to go to sleep, but her excited mind went rioting off until she feared Satan himself must be sitting at the foot of her bed. Never, never before had she felt so openly, so uncontrollably, so joyously wicked! Her timid thoughts broke through their leashes and her conscience went chasing madly after them to bring them back. She turned restlessly and threw out her arm. Instantly Jimmie's dark head seemed to be resting upon it and her arm instinctively curved. Then it straightened stiff and she sat up with a gasp. She was a wicked, wicked girl! She got up and knelt in front of the open window to cool her hot cheeks. She hoped that God would remember she was to be married tomorrow. He must know that when a girl was to be a wife soon it was hard for her to stay all girl up to the very last minute. She wondered what all those eyes of God—the stars—thought of her. They did not look angry or shocked. They twinkled and winked at her one by one and by the thousands, almost as though they were amused behind their inscrutable lights. They brought her some comfort. That unseen fearful Power that brooded over her every thought and act, inscribing black marks for the bad and gold ones for the good, had forgiven her.

But the night sounds made her strangely lonely—the croaking chorus of the frogs in the marshy pasture, the shouts of children not yet called to bed, the monotonous lullaby of Mrs. Macdermott rocking her baby to sleep next door. She was filled with feminine premonitions. She wished that Jimmie had not been forbidden the house and her on this last night. His voice and touch would have reassured her. In that melancholy hour

before the spring evening finally settled into darkness and silence, as she knelt alone before the open window, Nellie's Day of Days, her joyous Tommorrow so long dreamt of and planned for, began to assume a new aspect. It loomed formidably near and a bit terrifying in the non-knowable, non-talkable, non-thinkable experiences it was bearing toward her.

Down the road came the quarrelsome rattle of her father's old auto. She slipped back into bed and began to count backwards in hopes of going to sleep. Then an unexpected thing happened. Her mother, ordinarily as affectionate as the imitation stone pillars in front of the Baptist church, entered and with the utmost solemnity bent over and kissed her cheek.

"Good night, my child. May God protect you," she said. "I hope you sleep well."

At least those were her words, but her tone and manner implied, "Good night, my child. May God have mercy on your soul! You won't sleep much tonight!" So it sounded to Nellie.

"Mamma," the words burst out of her impulsively, "what makes you—what will —how—" Her voice died away quite unable to scale the wall of lady-like propriety that separated her from her mother. She hastily changed the subject.

"Thank you for all the nice things you've given me. You didn't forget a single thing, did you?"

"I tried not to. A girl's a long time married and ought to be properly prepared. Good night."

"Good night. Nearly all women get married some time, don't they, Mamma?"

"Of course. Good night."

Nellie felt better when she thought of that vast army of other women, especially when she reflected that some of them braved the ordeal not only once, but twice, or even three times! Still most women did not look happy. Now she should think their faces would fairly shine! Sometimes after an evening spent with Jimmie when she had caught glimpses of herself in the glass she had been amazed at the way her own face shone. Her eyes blazed like stars, her cheeks were pink, her lips rosy and parted. Would her face shine more than ever after she was married or would it stop shining altogether as so many other women's did? What gave so many women that terrible married expression when their faces were in repose, so reserved, so pleasant, so patient, yet so full of a secret, furtive, smouldering something she could not understand? There was nothing in the secret of conception and birth and maternity as she understood it, to make women look like that. There must be some deeper, more fearful secret in marriage that girls must not know.

What could it be? Wide awake, alert, nerves taut from over excitement, Nellie lay and pondered, and as she pondered little beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead and the palms of her hands grew moist. Could it be—was it possible—one might almost think from the way her mother and other women looked sometimes when she surprised them in a secret conversation that there was something shameful in marriage, something from that dark underworld of thought and deed that a girl could not help know existed, for echoes from it were sure to reach her and make her cheeks burn with loathing and disgust. Was it possible that the world of love could have anything in common with that other world? What an incomprehensible thing life was! What a painful, puzzling, lonely process being a girl had been, with no advice, no explanations, no sympathy anywhere. And

Song of the Submarine

By George Mauricio

(While on board the H-2.)

I Nose along with decks awash,
All hid by flying spray,
And carefully I search the sea
For ships on which to prey.

For none may know just when I go,
And none when I may come,
As quick as breath—as sure as death—
I send them all below!

Into her sides my missiles go—
To wound her sore, and then—
Like frightened sheep into the deep
Drop cursing, praying men.

Sing ho! for ships I've met and sunk;
Sing ho! my hearty, ho!
A great machine quick turned to junk—
Gone to a grave below.
Where silent things weave in and out
And ragged seaweed grow.

I nose along beneath the fog,
That curtains all the sea,
A slimy eel, all made of steel,
A thing of mystery.

For none may see and none may know,
Nor learn my deadly hate,
Until they know the crashing blow
That shivers every plate,

As through her sides my missiles go,
To wound her sore and deep,
And from her deck—a twisted wreck—
White-faced seamen leap.

Sing ho! for ships I've yet to meet,
Sing ho, my hearties, ho!
Pick and pride of some mighty fleet,
Gone at a single blow
Down where the slimy sea-snakes creep,
Their evil eyes aglow.

now, tonight, it seemed that being a woman might prove an even more painful, more puzzling, more lonely process, with no one in the world to take her problems to, save one, and him a man. And Jimmie had never been married. Probably he knew even less of women than she did. A Man! There was no getting around the fact that he was a Man. And tomorrow he would hold her life in the hollow of his hand!

She shuddered!

The thought clutched her heart. She would soon be at the mercy of one of those mysterious male creatures who for some strange reason God had made necessary in His scheme of creation, but nevertheless must not be thought about by nice girls or never looked at straight in their eyes. Being naturally depraved by sins of Mother Eve, she had often wanted very much to look at them or read about them—there were so many of them in the world and they were such curious looking, fascinating creatures, as they swaggered about in their male garments. But she wanted to be a nice girl as her mother had taught her, so when one of the forbidden walking riddles was about she always blushed and tried to put her mind on higher things, like Bible verses, or the Golden Text for the following Sunday morning.

On Duty!

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky

Of course her little, bewhiskered, gray-haired father was not a Man. She never thought of him with a capital letter. Nor had she realized that Jimmie was one before. First and for a long time he had been a playmate, then one day as she was returning from school he had kissed her. It was just a dab, but it had burned into her heart, and changed the freckle-nose, wide-smiled playmate into a lover—a bringer of miracles, a magician who by the merest softest touch of his lips upon her skin could make that distasteful thing called a kiss become an exquisite nameless thing, almost painful in its hints of deeper raptures. And after the kiss and engagement had come another problem. When a girl—a nice girl—had a lover—a very eager, persistent lover—what ought she to do? That is, if she was engaged to marry him? Of course, the answer was very simple if he had not asked her to marry him. If a man offered a caress without first declaring his intentions, a nice girl must become very angry and say, "How dare you?" or something of the kind. Girls always did that in books. But usually when the girl was finally engaged, the books closed in the most exasperating way. Or in those few books where the engagement took place in the beginning, the couple were always quarreling, or the hero seemed so much more easy to satisfy than Jimmie, who was always saying, "Aw, why don't you be good to me, Nell? Don't you like me?" Finally she had poured out her heart. "Oh, Jimmie, it isn't that! But it's like a beautiful new game that I don't know how to play. I don't know what engaged girls ought to do. Do you?"

"Gee!" Jimmie had said, "Gee!" as he sat down suddenly and mopped his brow. Then, "I guess I've got a general idea. And I'll try to keep the rules. But I'm awful sure," he added firmly, "that one of the rules is, you ought to kiss me."

So Nellie had returned the exquisite, nameless thing, and was very glad it was according to the rules.

And now the idea that her lover was one of those male beings whom her mother had taught her to fear and avoid, filled her with wretchedness. She forgot Jimmie's gray eyes and mischievous smile, his tender, protecting kindness. She remembered his short, black

PEARSON'S

is the only Magazine of its kind

This is why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a ***free magazine.***

This is what it did:—

ABANDONED FANCY COVERS
CUT OUT COLORED PICTURES
ADOPTED PLAIN PAPER

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public question.

This was the result:—

Pearson's ***now*** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue. ***It prints facts which no magazine that depends on advertising could "afford" to print.***

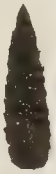
And, with all this, Pearsons still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

You can get both PEARSON'S MAGAZINE and THE WESTERN COMRADE for one year by sending $1.00 to

The Western Comrade
924 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Your Combings



made into switches for one dollar, and up, postpaid.

Work guaranteed.

MRS. E. TURNWALL
Llano, Cal.

hair, his prickly cheeks and upper lip, his stern, straight brows, his deep voice, his broad, flat chest and hips, all those masculine peculiarities which emphasize him as a being foreign to her, hinting of the frightful and unknown. In the unnerving, silent darkness about her, in the darkness of her own ignorance and misinformation her lover became a stranger.

Her nerves gave way. A lump gathered in her throat and choked her. She began to sigh heavily. The sighs turned into sobs. She bit her pillow to keep from screaming. Her mother heard her and opened the door.

"What's the matter, Nellie?"

"I don't want to be married. I'm not going to be married. I'm not going to be married! I'm not going to—"

"Now don't be foolish, Nellie. Of course you are. Everything's ready. You're worn out, that's all. It's your nerves. Here, I'll give you a dose of Nervine."

She got the trusty bottle and administered a large dose.

Gradually the sobs subsided. Nellie lay with her lids half closed, the eyeballs rolled back. A blue circle formed about her pale, twitching lips. They dropped apart, showing the rows of little white teeth within. She sank into a heavy stupor. The demons of Shame and Fear, her heritage from the degraded past, might be powerful enough to drive away a girl's virgin love, but they could not withstand the effects of a tablespoonful of Nervine. They retired grinning. They knew their turn would come again.

Westfieldian Infidelity

Continued from page 10

"How do I know the Bible is true?" Ben continued.

"Don't you believe the Bible?" Pa roared. "Didn't I tell you to believe it?"

"You told me also to believe in Santa Claus, and in storks."

"Can you point to anything in the book that is untrue?" demanded the father.

"It says that the rabbit chews its cud, and it don't," answered Ben.

"So you mean to tell me that my prayers have had no effect on you?"

"I never knew they were directed at me," said Ben. "I thought you were talking to God."

"Don't you get smart," cautioned the father.

Ben ignored his threat and assumed the offensive.

"Paw," he said in a drawl, "Is God all-powerful?"

"Sure," answered the father.

"Does He know everything, Paw?"

"Why, of course he does."

Knew about me before I was born?"

"Sure—even from eternity."

"He knew that I would like bones of animals; that I would study life; that I would ask questions about His business. Didn't He now, Paw?"

"Yes, He did."

"And God is good, ain't He, Paw, and just, too? And He sends people to hell because they are bad, don't He?"

"Yes."

"He makes everything and knows everything. Knew about me coming?"

"Yes."

"Then if He is merciful, why didn't He stop me before I came? If He knew that I would be curious, why didn't He give me a head like yours? If He is just, why did He make me the way I am?

"And, if He has planned everything beforehand, why do you ask Him to change it?

And father and son mingled in close communion on the physical plain.

It was wrong to question the old about things physical or spiritual as their ultimate answer was punishment. So Ben went out into the fields and spoke to the flowers, the insects, the birds. Yea, even to the bones of the dead; and they answered him. Kindly they rewarded his labor. The God of Nature was kindlier than the God of Men. The God of Nature invited the soul to feast; the God of Man condemned the soul who ate. Ben in his love of Nature learned the truth that man makes his God in his own image, while Nature is the one, the real and the everchanging truth.

The Working Hypothesis

Continued from page 11

complex, evolving in the direction of altruism, as being a greater force than selfishness, changes the whole aspect of evolution as laid down by Darwin. His modesty, which made his admirers smile at the time, proves to have been but another aspect of his exceptional wisdom, and leaves him far greater in the minds of his successors than he was to his generation, as likewise his theory, being expressed in the terms of the working hypothesis, was also left free to grow.

A thing that cannot grow is dead; a thing that is finished has ceased to have any great value to its creator. A painter thinks not of the painting he has completed. This universe is a great work of art, infinite in time and space. To know about it is an infinite task for infinite minds.

Let us never try to lock up infinity in our little mortal creeds and formulas, but work together harmoniously with the one tool without limitations, the working hypothesis, and teach our children that the truth as we see it is but the outer edge of an infinite realm of wonder and glory, and that every step onwards in its discovery is pure joy.

The Montessori School

Continued from page 22

from all lovers of children. Men and women used to the older and less efficient methods, and those unacquainted with any at all, are astounded at the evidences of training acquired by these little ones in a very short while. The children are allowed to develop naturally and the ways and turns shown by the budding minds are simply marvelous and a constant source of inspiration. The school has received visits from many women and men educators from a distance. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, both graduates of Dr. Montessori, were recently in the colony, and declared that they could not imagine a more efficient school anywhere. They marveled at the genius which overcame natural and artificial difficulties and brought up to such perfection the Llano Montessori school.

For the information of several inquirers back East, it may be stated that little ones from the age of 2½ to 6 years are received in this school. From thence they go into the upper grades.

Slave or Master?

By George Gibbons

In this day of war (in fact the most terrible war that so-called civilization has ever seen), this day of feverish preparedness, let us pause and look at war and the relation it bears to the worker.

Mr. Workingman! in time of war, or time of peace, do you get enough to feed, clothe and shelter you?

Will the workers of Europe come back from the trenches in Flanders and find that they have bettered their economic condition?

Or will they find that they have to go back into wage-slavery and stand a greater tax burden to pay back the money loaned to finance the war which the workers fought for the master class of Europe, too shrewd to fight themselves?

Let us look at the situation here

We hear much in the prostituted press about intervention in Mexico. If the Otis, Hearst or Guggenheim families want to shoulder a rifle and go to Mexico, well and good. They are interested there.

But you men who lost your wives and babies under the tents at Ludlow; you men of Lawrence; you men of Paterson; you men of Paint and Cabin Creeks; you men of Calumet—but, why go on? You men of the working class, have you a fight to make? Then don't take a gun and fight to weld your shackles of servitude tighter. Stand in the open and defy the master-class. Organize on a co-operative plan, regardless of creed or nationality, and you will accomplish things. First, get the product of your labor, and, second, put the master to work by your side. To do away with wage-slavery you must overthrow the economic masters, because where there is a master there must be a slave.

What the War *Really* Means-

- WAR is a pitiless revealer of motives.
- The present war is a struggle for economic supremacy between the capitalist interests of various nations.
- But—*what are the deeper economic causes?* The "law of motion" driving the nations to slaughter?

SOCIALISM AND WAR

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx."

- This book tells you, in a popular but thoroughly scientific way.
- "Socialism and War" has attracted attention in Europe and America. Boudin is a great Marxian scholar. His explanation of the economic basis of Imperialism is superb.
- No scientific jargon — *a clear intelligible study of Socialism, Capitalism and War.*

Price $1.10, Postpaid

You can get this remarkable book in combination with the Western Comrade for $1.25.

Make all checks or money orders payable to

The Western Comrade
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Notice!

IF you happen to receive more than one copy of this issue of the Western Comrade, kindly pass the extra copies to those who have never seen it. If the ones you give them to possess red blood in their veins, they will subscribe and become friends of Socialism and co-operation the rest of their lives.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year
In Clubs of Four Twenty-five Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. IV May, 1916 No. 1

Boost The Western Comrade!

It is the only magazine which can keep you informed about the Llano del Rio Colony.

The circulation goes up by leaps. A larger circulation means a better magazine. Look at the many club offers we make. You cannot do better than subscribe today.

If you are a subscriber, try to get another. It is your magazine. For 50 cents we will send it for one year. In clubs of four copies, 25 cents each for one year. Get your four names this month.

The Only Address of

The Western Comrade

924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to The Western Comrade.

Jungle Jottings

By Emanuel Julius

"French scored in the air" is a headline. The newspapers look on this war as a game of baseball. "What's the score?" the reader asks every morning. "Oh," answers the newspaper writer, "two Zepps down for the Germans; 1200 yards of trenches for the French!" The story of a single murder in peace times may terrify the entire world, but the destruction of millions in war times is considered a form of amusement—a game.

* * *

There was a time when people believed scourges and black plagues would be with us forever, but we learned that plagues are not the result of divine displeasure but of human negligence. The same applies to war. People believe wars will be with us forever, but scientific slaughter will go the way of the other plagues that have afflicted mankind. Wars are the result of human ignorance. When all the people learn to live by production and not by exploitation, they will have no reason to hurl the missiles of death.

* * *

Better be a dreamer than an unthinking slave.

* * *

A workingman who doesn't own his job can't call himself a free man.

* * *

The editorial jingoes are like Artemus Ward, who said he loved the Union so dearly that he was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relatives. The insane militarists seem anxious to provoke a war so that the members of the working-class may do the dying while the monied interests rake in the sheckels. Oh, it's a great thing when you can do the patriotic talking while the other man does the dying. But what will you do when the other man learns to tell you to back up your hot air with a bayonet? Oh, you will think twice before you do any war yelling. Won't you?

* * *

The men who write the school books of a nation can make any nation believe in any wrong.

Battleships nowadays are nothing more than dollar-chasers for the commercial pirates who have commodities they want to unload in new markets.

* * *

Some people have queer kinks in their craniums. They admit that it is wrong for an individual to run around with an automobile and pump away at anyone in sight, but it is perfectly all right for a nation to rush around with a lot of dreadnaughts and army corps. What is wrong for an individual to do certainly ought to be wrong for a nation. The same logic, in my opinion, applies to capital punishment. If it is wrong for you to commit murder, what right has the state to take human life?

* * *

It costs a parasite more to satisfy one of his whims than it costs a workingman to feed his entire family.

* * *

Here's a recipe for making good wage-slaves: Take five feet six of ordinary muscle and bone (with just enough bonehead to make Hennery invulnerable to the ideas of the Socialists), plenty of patriotism, a belief that it is perfectly ethical for the capitalists to own privately what the people need, and the opinion that unless the workers are very poor they wouldn't do any work. Mix well together. Add the following: Opposition to any workingmen who strive for better living conditions; hatred for anyone who wants the producers to get the full social value of their labor. Take this mess and put it over a slow fire. Let it simmer. Season with plenty of beliefs that the old parties will do something for Labor after they have finished doing their bit for capital. Garnish with a liberal dose of capitalist newspapers so that the dish will acquire its proper heaviness. Serve hot on election day.

* * *

A government that does the most for the capitalist minority and the least for the public majority deservse the scorn of every honest person.

Colony Courier

Graduation Exercises

Fifteen pupils of the Llano grammar school will participate in a class play and graduation exercise June 2. The names of the graduates are: Laurence Ecklund, Oliver Foore, Carl Foreman, Alberta Fread, Rose Kaufman, Jennie Leslie, Victor Stokes, Myrtle Kemp, Mary Moulton, Daphne White, Orma Johnson, Raymond Palm, Fred Scott, Norman Scott and Merl Wallace.

Graduation Class Reception

On Monday, May 29, the graduates of the Llano Grammar School to the number of fifteen, held a reception and dance, for the parents and friends of the grades, in the big Assembly hall. Dancing continued until quite late, after which dainty refreshments were served. The girl graduates, assisted by the boys, tastily decorated the hall for the occasion. A delightful time was enjoyed by all.

The Hikers' Club

Llano boasts of some star walkers of both sexes. Sunday, May 28, found twenty ardent walkers lined up for an early start to Jackson Lake, 12½ miles off in the hills. The distance was negotiated in good time and a weary but delighted crowd returned at sunset, declaring that next Sunday would see them astir early for another long tramp. The twenty-five-odd-mile trip left no bad effects. Luncheon was eaten at Jackson Lake and many kodak pictures were brought back.

Married

Miss Harriet Burdick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Burdick of the colony, to Mr. Rich Weisner of Redlands, May 27, at 3 o'clock. The happy pair went for a two weeks' honeymoon to the various beaches about Los Angeles, and after which time they will be home to their friends in the colony. Mr. Weisner became a member of the colony through the talking ability of Miss Harriett, and her love for the place. Mr. Weisner's father also became an installment member, in sympathy with his son's devotion.

Save Your Old Carpets

Llano Rug Factory

Llano, California

The Most Complete Rug Factory on the Pacific Coast Employing Expert Weavers

BEAUTIFUL AND DURABLE RUGS

Can be made from your old Ingrain, Brussels, Moquette and Velvet Carpets or Rugs. Old Chenille Curtains or Table Covers make desirable rugs. We also weave Rag Carpets, Rugs and Art Squares of every size and style.

Rugs Made from Old Carpets

Size	Price	Lbs. Ingrain	Lbs. Brussels
24x36	$1.00	5	6
27x54	1.50	8	9
30x60	1.65	9	10
3x 6	2.25	11	12
4x 7	3.75	16	18
6x 9	6.75	32	35
8x10	9.75	45	50
9x10	10.75	50	60
9x12	12.75	60	70

Rag Rugs and Art Squares

Size	Price	Lbs. Rags
24x36	$ .50	2
27x54	.65	2½
30x60	.75	3
3x 5	.75	3
3x 6	.90	4
4x 7	1.65	7
6x 9	3.30	12
8x10	5.00	17
9x10	5.60	18
9x12	6.60	24

We pay freight one way on orders amounting to $5.00 or over.

Ask About the Llano Special Rug

Ship direct to the Rug Department

Llano del Rio Co., Palmdale, Cal.

A TEMPTING OFFER

Hundreds of subscriptions are pouring into the circulation department of the Western Comrade through combination offers. This month we have several new ones added to the list. Would you like to get

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW

with the Western Comrade at a reduction? Just send seventy-five cents to the circulation department of the WESTERN COMRADE, 924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., and be placed on the mailing list of both magazines for one year.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003 Main 519

A. J. STEVENS

Dentist

306 South Broadway

Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR SALE

Thoroughbred Swiss

BILLY GOATS

We have 7 excellent young billies, 3 months old, of pedigree stock

$25 Each

Write

GEORGE PICKETT

LLANO, CAL.

If You are interested in the Llano del Rio Colony you must read the monthly story in The Western Comrade.

One year 50c.

Address: THE WESTERN COMRADE, 924 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles. Cal.

Our Greatest Offer!

Here is a combination offer of The American Socialist, official organ of the National Socialist Party, the famous "1914 National Campaign Book" and The Western Comrade that not one reader of The Western Comrade can afford to let slip by.

The American Socialist for one year is	$ .50
The 1914 Campaign Book.	.50
The Western Comrade for one year is	.50
Total	$1.50

We will make you a combination of the above for just $1.00

Take advantage of this offer now!

Address: Circulation Manager
THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Bldg.
Los Angeles. Cal.

Smart Smatterings

The uncompromising fight against Social Imperialism is fundamental to a revolutionary mobilization of the proletariat and the rebirth of the International—**S. J. Rutgers.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

If our economic organization is the chief cause of war at the present time, the simple, obvious thing for us to do is to direct our influence against the continuation of this cause.—**William E. Bohn.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Force never yet, so far as my readings of history go, put an end to force.—**Bouck White.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The total military expenditure of the warring nations for the first year of the conflict was $17,500,000,000. For the second year it will be $28,000,000,000.—**Milton Bronner.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Find me valuable land idle, and I will find you idle men and idle capital.—**James R. Brown.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Some very earnest Socialists and others discount the co-operative movement on the ground that it is not sufficiently radical; yet what could be more radical than a movement which has for its goal the complete democratization of industry.—**Cheves West Perky.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The city government has ceased to be a powerful brotherhood of local grafters.—**Felix Krendon.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Land has been performing some strange antics in this country during the last fifteen years.—**A. M. Simons.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It has been found in practice that direct taxes cut into expenditures on luxury more than they interfere with investments in industry.—**William English Walling.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I hesitate to praise individuals, especially individuals who hold the reins of government.—**John Kenneth Turner.**

Imperialism is the attempt of a dominant race to extend its dominion over other races and assimilate them wherever possible. It matters not whether it is done in the name of "the white man's burden," "kulture," or "Socialism."—**Henry L. Slobodin.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Had the Social Democrats of Germany paid as much attention to the development of industrial power as to political power, the present war could not have been pulled off.—**J. O. Bentall.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Some workers forget that the body is only a wonderful machine, and that when the gearing is once worn out, it is done with.—**Camille David.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

If you want to make a railroad brotherhood official hot under the collar, accuse him of planning a strike.—**Jack Phillips.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The modern invention of perpetual corporations and trusteeships has made it possible to develop fortunes so vast they exercise the power of life and death over millions of men, women and children.—**Senator Owen.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

If you want to get the support of the workers you will have to create a nation in which they can own their own homes and be able to make a decent living, so that, if it is ever threatened they will have something worth fighting for.—**James A. Maurer.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

One finds and liberates love and more thorough devotion to work that in a measure belongs to him than in a tack for one whose God is Mammon, whose concept of a worker is that he is a serf.—**Fred H. Beckwith.**

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The philanthropic capitalist is the thief who has stolen the cow and who afterwards offers to the rightful owner an infinitesimal part of the milk extracted by him in the milking.—**Anthony Turano.**

Elkskin Boots and Shoes

Factory Operated in Connection With Llano del Rio Colony

IDEAL FOOTWEAR FOR RANCHERS AND OUTDOOR MEN

THE Famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pair of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies', men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Men's 10-inch boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths' 11½ to 2	3.00

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurements according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.

Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

Sales Department

Llano del Rio Co.

924 Higgins Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

Already in Its Second Edition

The Life and Exploits of Jehovah

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

No book on earth like it—It's a scream from start to finish—If you have not read it you have missed a rare treat.

Price, single copy, of "The Life and Exploits of Jehovah," handsomely bound in silk cloth, $1.00, prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada.

Your library of Freethought books is incomplete without this latest, laughable and instructive work. For sale in combination with one year's subscription to The Western Comrade for $1.20. Make all checks payable to

THE WESTERN COMRADE

924 HIGGINS BUILDING **LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

ARE YOU PREPARING?

Are you preparing yourself for the future like the Comrades below? Will you continue to pile up profits for the boss until the day comes when it will be said: "Well, you have been very faithful, my friend, and you have made me much profit, but you are getting old now, and a younger man will take your place on Monday"? Or perhaps you are competing with Big Business on a small scale under the disillusion that you are going to become rich? Remember! Ninety per cent of all business ventures fail, while more than sixty per cent of all co-operative enterprises run on a sound financial basis succeed!

These people are preparing. Read what they say!

Dillon, Mont., May 4, 1916.
Llano del Rio Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dear Comrades: Enclosed find check for $40.00 to apply on my membership.
I arrived back in Dillon from my trip, on the first, and am bucking into the system once more. But with a lighter heart, for I know now what my comrades are doing at "Yaw-no,' and I feel glad to be doing my part with the enclosed amount.
With kind regards to those that I met in the office, I remain, Yours fraternally,
IRVING JILBERT,

Antioch, Cal., May 10, 1916.
Llano del Rio Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dear Comrades: Please find draft for $20.00, payments for the months of April and May, on contract of Llano Company. Am always anxious to hear of the Colony, which I read in The Western Comrade.
Yours truly,
H. L. FRISBIE.

Washington, D. C., May 8, 1916.
Llano del Rio Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dear Comrades: Enclosed is a money order for $30.00, payment for this month's installment on my contract.
With best wishes for the continued success of the Colony, I am Fraternally,
RAY D. DAVIS.

Washington, D. C., May 8, 1916.
Dear Comrades: Enclosed find check for $10.00 as payment on my membership. The news of the Colony always gives us much pleasure and we are glad to learn that you are doing so well.
With best wishes to you all, I remain
Yours sincerely,
I. P. DINOWITZER.

Ely, Nev., May 10, 1916.
Dear Comrades: Enclosed you will find a money order for $20.00 for the month of June.
With best wishes to you all, I remain,
Yours fraternally,
CARL ELLINGSEN.

Fresno, Cal., May 5, 1916.
Llano del Rio Company.
Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find draft for $340.00, to be applied on my stock.
Sincerely,
MARTHA J. PATTERSON.

Los Angeles, May 4, 1916.
Llano del Rio Company.
Gents: Enclosed please find check for $10.00 to apply as payment on my stock, month of May.
With best wishes for your success,
F. S. WEBER.

WHY NOT JOIN THESE COMRADES?

The writers of these letters, as well as the residents of Llano, have moved out from under the weight of the fear of the future. They are now resting easy because of the assurance that the full product of their labor will accrue to their own account; because they have passed from the system of boss and slave to that of practical and intelligent co-operation with each other.

Are you prepared for the future? Why not join these Comrades and make your future secure? Think this over, but don't wait too long. Write today, giving your name, address, etc., and ask for an application blank.

ADDRESS

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

OF NEVADA

JOURNAL BUILDING RENO, NEVADA

The Western Comrade

POLITICAL CARD built by Llano Socialists weighs over eighty tons, and is the largest in the world. Kirkpatrick's name is 220 feet long; sign from top to bottom is 190 feet It is legible for five miles and can be seen for 20 miles with the unaided eye. Estimated that 6000 tourists see it each week. Required 610 hours of labor and 200 gallons of Llano-made white-wash. Builders traveled 1214 miles by auto to and from work while building. Machine and labor donated. Sign constructed under direction of John Shafer, of Llano. The huge sign is one mile from the railroad and can be seen by passengers on both sides of every train.

JUNE-JULY 1916.

FIVE CENTS

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE name of the Nevada Colony Corporation has been changed to the LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA. This has been done in order to conform to the name of the only Colony enterprise in which we are interested—the LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY, situated in Los Angeles County, California.

We are not interested in any colonization enterprise in Nevada, or any other state outside of California. Another important change has been made in that we have decided to issue our former contracts instead of the one we offered as the Nevada Colony Corporation. This makes the terms of membership much easier on the members. Instead of asking $2,500 for memberships, we have decided to continue on the $2,000 basis. This requires the member to pay $1,000 as the initial fee, and to work out the remaining 1,000 shares at the Colony, at the rate of only one dollar per day instead of two dollars per day. Outstanding contracts will be changed to conform to this when requested.

The LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY is interested in only one magazine—THE WESTERN COMRADE. This is an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the cause of co-operation and Socialism. It has been issued by the Colony since its inception. Job Harriman, founder of the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY, is the managing editor. The Western Comrade will print stories in each issue covering the activities at the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY. The subscription price is fifty cents a year.

Following is the plan to which we have returned: each share-holder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will undertake to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

The Weekly Newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist movement and of the Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the colony news, etc. The subscription rate is 50c a year. Both the Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist to one name for 75c.

What The Llano Community Offers You

WE have an abundance of sparkling water from mountain streams sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres where nature's bounty is limitless. We are conducting an agricultural, horticultural, stockraising enterprise. We have a number of industrial plants operating and a number of others projected. We have nearly 800 residents at the new city of Llano and thousands of others are planning to make it their home in the future. There are excellent schools, among them a wonderful Montesorri school which takes charge of the children at two years of age. Schools range from this to the high school.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

The climate is delightful, the soil fertile, the water pure and the social life grows more ideal as the colony increases in numbers.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements machinery and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications are not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and

the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed above. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as near as practiable. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

WHAT COLONISTS ESCAPE

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

The Directors of the company are: Job Harriman, president; Frank E. Wolfe, vice-president; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer; C. M. Cason, auditor; F. P. McMahon, vice-president; W. A. Engle, secretary; D. J. Wilson, vice-president; A. F. Snell and Emma J. Wolfe.

You'll know each week-

just what is being done in Llano. You'll know how the different departments are progressing, about visitors, about new members, all the things you are interested in.

LLANO COLONIST

This is the new weekly newspaper with its news of the world boiled down to a few paragraphs, its news of the doings of the people of the city of Llano, and its editorials on co-operation. Subscribe NOW and get it all.

50c a Year—In Combination with The Western Comrade, to one address, 75c.

Circulation Department
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Llano, Cal.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company of Nevada, Reno, Nevada

Information About The
Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established in an attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

About 800 persons are residents of the new city of Llano, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 pupils will attend the opening of the schools this year. Plans are under consideration for housing pupils in an economical and very healthful manner. The Montesorri school, the largest in California, will be continued as the first step in the school system. Pupils will be taken through the intermediate work and given High School training. During the summer a Vacation School has been conducted in which botany, domestic sciences, agriculture, biology, languages, practical farming and other subjects have been taught in a very successful manner.

Several industries are being operated by the school, such as caring for the chickens, milking goats and gardening. To please the children the school has been named the Sierra Madre colony. The boys build houses, farm and take care of their own live stock. The girls learn sewing and cooking. The children feed and partly cloth themselves. Rabbits, chickens, turkeys, horses, goats, and many pets are owned by the children. They learn co-operation and develop a sense of responsibility, besides having a good time and acquiring an education. They have 65 acres of garden now and next year they expect to have more than 100 acres. Their poultry department will increase the present one thousand or more to 25,000 chickens.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 Jersey and Holstein cattle, besides about 80 head of young stock ranging from calves to heifers a year and a half of age.

The 75 work horses, large tractor, Caterpillar engine, three trucks, and numerous automobiles do the heavy work and the hauling.

Thoroughbred Berkshires, Duroc-Jerseys, and Poland Chinas are in the hog pens. Experiments will demonstrate which are the best suited to Llano. Stock will be kept pure and high prices will be commanded. About 200 head are now on hand.

In the rabbitry are about 3000 Belgian and New Zealand Red rabbits. The number will be ultimately multiplied by about ten when quarters are constructed to accommodate the increase.

The nursery shows thousands of grape cuttings in the ground, and thousands of shade and fruit trees, as well as berries.

Honey is a part of each day's food supply. Bee colonies number 668 and are in charge of expert bee men. Several thousand stands will be the number in a few years. They are increasing rapidly.

Among the industries are the laundry, printing plant, cannery, hotel, planing mill, saw mill, machine shop, rug weaving plant, fish hatchery, brick yard, lime kiln, and many others. An ice plant, tannery and shoe factory are expected to be among colony industries soon.

By acquiring the timber on a portion of the San Gabriel Forest reserve from the United States government, the securing of lumber for building is made easy. One million feet will be cut at once, without injuring the forest.

Farming on a large scale by use of modern machinery with experienced farmers in charge of the different activities saves labor and expense and gains quick and satisfactory results.

More garden will be planted each year, and each year's success will become more pronounced as the adaptability of different species and the resources of the soil are better understood. Community gardening is highly satisfactory.

Social life is delightful. The Llano baseball team has been victorious throughout the valley. Dancing, swimming, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, are popular. Llano boasts of a brass band and several orchestras. Literary entertainments are an established feature.

The several hundred acres now in alfalfa are to be increased by at least 300 acres more this fall; the land is now being prepared. This year seven cuttings are confidently expected. Two orchards are producing. About 400 acres in all are now planted to trees. All are doing extremely well and are healthy and growing.

More than 26,000 two-year old peach, pear and apple trees were planted last spring.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for the new city to be built. The brick yard and the lime kiln are both running. When it is considered time to go ahead, the construction of the new city will be commenced. It will be different from any other in the world and will be unique, comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings.

Table of Contents

June-July Number 1916

ISSUED AUGUST 10th, 1916

Cover Page
The most wonderful political card in the world has been built by Llano Socialists.

Information About Llano 4
A brief statement of what the Llano Community now has accomplished and what is being done.

Socialist State Secretary Wishes Colony Success 6
It has been reported that the Socialist Party of California is opposed to the Colony. Comrade Secretary Thos. W. Williams corrects this impression as regards the state office.

Editorials 7
By Job Harriman

A Trip Over The Llano 10
In which Robert K. Williams takes his readers over the "Loop Trip" and shows them some of the wonders of Llano, together with the most recent improvements.

Llano Offers Aid to Social Democrat 15

Llano Bean Culture 13
By Wesley Zornes.

The Mystery of Death (Poem) 14
By George Mauricio.

Our New Print Shop 15
The first of a series of articles on industries at Llano. There are about thirty of them.

An Art Vocation 17
The first of a series of articles in the "Arts and Music" section.

Blood and Iron 18
By Gray Harriman.

Llano Manana 16
By Frank E. Wolfe. A glimpse into the future of Llano by one who has been connected with it from the first.

Learning By Doing 19
By Mildred G. Buxton. The first article in our newly established "Educational" section.

What The Writers Say 20
Each month the WESTERN COMRADE will give the substance of the leading articles in leading magazines.

Industries, Institutions, Recreations 22
Some of the different phases of activity at Llano.

Therapeutics 23
By Dr. John Dequer.

Outline Plan of Work For Year 23

What Llano Women Do 25
As the title indicates, it shows how women are assisting in the building of the great co-operative community.

What Our Visitors Say 25
Interesting letters from those who have been here.

Jottings of Julius 26
Pithy paragraphs that comment on the day's news and views.

The Llano System 26
Another interesting article on Llano education.

The Cooks' Corner 27

Llano Girls Perform 28

With the Hustlers 29

Our Next Issue

The Next Issue of The Western Comrade will be dated August-September, and will be Issued about September 10th

In order to make the number of the issue conform with the month, the next issue of THE WESTERN COMRADE will be dated August-September. All names will be advanced two months on the mailing list to make this up for months when the WESTERN COMRADE was not issued.

Now that the COMRADE is housed in its own new home it will be issued regularly each month.

Socialist State Secretary Wishes Colony Success

OFFICE OF
THOMAS W. WILLIAMS
SECRETARY-TREASURER

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CALIFORNIA
1307 W. 45TH ST.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

June 29th, 1916

John Van Nuland
Llano, California

Dear Comrade:

Yours with orders for due stamps received. I am enclosing stamps in this letter. I note what you say in regard to the Colony and the Socialist Party and have this to say in reply. I am pleased to to know that conditions are improving in the local at Llano and also that conditions are improved in the Colony.

A mistaken notion has obtained in the minds of some of the colonists that I was opposed to the Colony, and that I was fighting it. This is the farthest from the truth. I have never consciously done aught to retard its success. On the contrary I have been very solicitous for its success and would rejoice with you in seeing it realize its full purpose and object.

I realize, both for the interest of the Colony and the Party, the promoters of the Colony made a mistake in not clearly and definitely showing that there was no connection between the party and the Colony. Had this been done it would have been better for both organizations. My reasons for stating this that many people went into the Colony with the idea that it was a Socialist institution and having an exaggerated idea as to what the Colony would accomplish, expecting the inauguration of the Co-operative Commonwealth. They were necessarily disappointed and ready to blame Socialism for their failure to realize the impossible.

I was anxious therefore to make it clear to the public that the Socialist Party as an organization was in no sense connected with this or any other Colony. This was all I cared to accomplish. I did not, neither would I, say or do anything which would or could be used to disparage the effort being made by the Colonists there to realize a certain amount of relief, even under capitalism.

I wish to assure you that I have and will continue to watch with intense interest the progress of the Colony and no one will be more pleased to see it succeed than myself.

Will be pleased to hear from you at any time and will thank you for any information showing the progress and growth of the Colony.

Fraternally Yours,

THOS. W. WILLIAMS

Secretary-Treasurer.

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

7 Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, JUNE-JULY, 1916. Nos. 2 and 3

Editorials

By Job Harriman

WILSON or Hughes—which shall it be?

Wilson is the most radical and yet the most substantial of Democrats. His policy is established. He stands for peace. He will not go to war until he is forced. His honesty is not questioned by his party. His ability is not questioned by his enemy. His party is united. His campaign fund is small.

Hughes is the most conservative and yet the most substantial of all Republicans. His policy is known. He will follow and protect American interests in foreign lands. He believes that the rich are divinely entrusted with economic and political power, and that military power should be used with boldness and despatch. His honesty and ability are not questioned. His party is divided. His campaign fund is unlimited.

Peace or war?—this is the issue. Preparedness is not the issue. Prosperity is not the issue.

Hughes starts with an advantage. Taft and Roosevelt received about 1,500,000 votes more than Wilson, but they were so divided that Wilson won.

Will they unite or will Wilson's stand for peace draw them away from their former affiliations.

Will the Progressives go back to wallow in the mire? Can Roosevelt lead them back for his own future political preferment?

The Progressive party is dead. Some will backslide to Hughes. Some will slide over to Wilson. Many will progress to Socialism.

— — —

BLESSINGS! What are they? Where are they to be found? Have we not looked long enough for them in the skies?

If you would find the blessings of this world, then look to the poor. The heart of nature throbs there. Burns, the Christ of Scotland, arose like a mountain out of that social deep. All the heart-aches and joys found there he knew and felt and was. From this sea of social life come all things—all movements really worth while. The food, the clothing, the houses and palaces and buildings of state, and gold and jewels and costly raiment, pour out in an exhaustless, world-supplying stream, from their poor lives. There, at the mouth of that stream, the rich stand and divert it to their own wicked purpose, and point a finger of scorn at the fountain from which it flowed.

Is it not time that we were learning that human energy is the fountain from which all blessings flow?

Let this energy be conserved in every human being, from his cradle to his grave. Take not one jot nor one tittle of energy from any human being, lest you prevent his growth and development and rob yourselves of the social fruits that would ripen with his greatest possible achievements.

What the world has lost by diverting and wasting this energy can never be known. What will be gained by its conservation is beyond our fondest dreams.

— — —

THE rich and the poor! How different their points of view, their lives and their ideas! What a chasm lies between them.

Their camps are hostile. Their negotiations are always conducted under a flag of truce. They are always preparing for a struggle. Each mistrusts the other. They will not mingle socially. The one thinks himself better, more intelligent and of finer quality than the other; one looks down upon the other with contempt, while the other returns the compliment with hatred.

The one is satisfied with his lot. His home is artistically and beautifully adorned. His wants are all supplied with luxuries.

The other is restless and rebellious. He has no home and his wants are met with disappointments.

The one lives without working; the other works without living. The one dwells in fear and the other in despair.

The one makes the law, is protected by it, and finds his liberty within it. The other has little, if any, voice in its making, is caught in its meshes and loses his liberty in its operations.

The one owns the means of production; the other produces all things. The energy of the one is wasted in luxurious living and consumes the energy of the other as a flame of fire.

The one has contempt for the fountain at which he drinks; the other hates the mouth he feeds.

The one rides in the chariot and lashes the other who draws it.

The one is a patriot.

The other is a rebel.

What else could they be?

WOULD you educate your child? What do you mean by education? Would you make him like yourself, or have you some idol after which you would pattern him? Have you made up your mind to mold him in the cast of a preacher, or a lawyer, or a merchant? Then forget your idea, for children are not educated with straight jackets. Your child is already born and in action. He is the man in embryo. The question is not what you can make him, or how you can mould him, but how you can develop him.

The child's brain is all ready to unfold. If it is a rose, it will unfold as a rose; but no amount of pedagogic maneuverings can cause it to unfold into a carnation. You may prevent it from unfolding, but you cannot change its nature nor successfully make it what it is not.

It is our aim at Llano to surround the child with every opportunity to enjoy himself by playing in the industries and arts, and, while he is playing, to observe his likes and tendencies, and then tempt him to continue in the line of his strongest impulses. Under this influence, his mind quickly opens and readily takes the food for which he has a mental aptitude. Under such influences, the brain grows, unfolds and matures as naturally as any flower or fruit or any other living thing in nature. The embryo man is permitted and aided to develop into what his whole being desires and in which he will be happy.

Blessed is the man who is happy in his work, and thrice blessed is he who finds that work in his childhood.

— — —

NOW comes Mary Loy, "secretary of a Socialist local in California" also protesting that the Socialist party has no connection with the Llano del Rio Colony. Of course not. Who said it had? The time, however, is not far distant when the Socialist party will be proud of the achievements of the Socialist comrades at Llano. We are showing the Socialists of the world how to do, right now, what they say the future has in store for mankind.

We are blazing the way from a capitalist state to a socialist society. We are surrounded by capitalism and are subject to all its laws. So, also, is each and every socialist. Arguments do not relieve you of your burdens. Efforts do relieve us. We are demonstrating to the socialists that their theories are correct. What more can we do? What more can you ask?

We need your help and kindly wishes. If you cannot give them will you at least refrain from helping our common enemy? Please do as much as the old negro asked his good Lord to do as the grizzly bear approached him with his jaws open and his claws ready for the fray, "Good Lord," he said, 'if you can't help me, for de Lord's sake don't you help dat dar bar; and you'll see one ob de goldarnest fights you eber saw in all yo' life, dat's what you will."

— — —

LITERATURE is being scattered broadcast, containing statements to the effect that Llano is a capitalist proposition. This is not true The very essence of capitalism is the wage system, by means of which one makes money out of the labor of another. This fact, which is essential in capitalism, does not obtain at Llano.

Each stockholder agrees to buy two thousand shares of stock, and no more. Each person works for four dollars a day. He consumes what is necessary, and the balance accumulates to his credit. Also, that which he produces, over and above four dollars, goes to the corporation, in which he has an equal share.

It is apparent, therefore, that all stockholders have an equal income, with an equal interest in the surplus product. This colony, for this reason, is fundamentally different from capitalism.

Our schools are in line with our economic views and the children will be trained in the industries of the Colony. Their education will fit them for a community life, founded upon a community interest. From an educational point of view, this is the very antithesis of capitalist schools.

We are organized as a corporation. The advantages of a corporation over an association are so numerous that space will not permit their mention. A few, however, may be mentioned. Already, men have come with the intent to destroy the Colony. Were we an association, we could not get rid of such men, but as a corporation, there is no difficulty. Were we an association, anyone desiring, could go into court and dissolve the partnership; as a corporation, this cannot be done. As an association, it would be almost impossible to conduct the affairs of a community; as a corporation, there is no difficulty.

It goes without saying that we are subject to the laws on taxation, to the criminal laws, to the laws of inheritance, to the laws of domestic relations, to the laws on parent and child, etc., and, for this reason, we are not and cannot be absolutely a socialist colony. Neither can any colony escape the laws of the country within which the colony is located.

But these laws do not weigh upon us any heavier than they do upon other people outside the Colony. While the advantage of an equal income, an equal interest in the surplus product and shorter hours of labor or increase of wages, to eventually consume the surplus product, will place us on an entirely different footing from those who are on the outside, under capitalism.

We feel confident that Llano is as near a socialist colony as can be developed under capitalism.

It is so much better than capitalism that those who have departed are beginning to regret their act, and some are wishing that they might return.

— — —

WE are told by a most remarkable book that the ghost of Cæsar still lives and though it has left the plains of Phillipi, yet it stalks abroad in Russia and Germany; that it has become, at once, the spirit of the Czar and the Kaiser; that both these crowns bear the ancient general's name; that the spirit of this hero of many wars was planted both in Russia and in Germany, much as one would plant a potato, and that,

after twenty centuries, it has ripened into this terrible militarism, which is robbing Europe of its first born and devastating the land.

What a unique theory! It would have required the imagination of a Dante to have shot farther from the truth.

Germany is, and for many centuries has been, surrounded on all sides by bitter and powerful enemies. This fact has developed a German "fatherland," a German solidarity, a German military organizaion, military equipment, seige guns, shrapnel and forts have developed as naturally as the quills of the porcupine or the fangs of the wolf.. These were first means of defense and then of conquest.

And what of England, where Cæsar's legions also visited? Is England's navy the ripe fruit of the canoes in which Cæsar's troops paddled their way across the Channel?

Or did the navy of England arise out of the fact that pirates disturbed her vessels of commerce? And did her commerce not arise out of the fact that England was an island and that the English were forced to put to sea? Did not England's early colonization policy grow out of her commercial necessity? And is her navy not a great winged sea wolf, hoverig over and protecting her colonies and her commerce?

Shades of Napoleon and of Cæsar, it is time to roll over.

— — —

HAPPY is the man who is inspired by reason and hope; but hope without reason is better than reason without hope.

— — —

WE have chosen to locate our Colony in California, because it is the mecca of the homeseeker who has grown sick and tired of the sweltering summer heat, the winter rains, storms, snow and ice of the East. The climate of California needs neither defender nor advocate.

The variety of fruits and crops grown here tell of the richness and fertility of the soil, while the water in the nearby mountains has, with a little labor, converted this country into a land of fruit and flowers, milk and honey.

Whoever visits this district is caught in its mighty grip and held by its delightful charm and splendid possibilities.

While alfalfa and grain matures to perfection, yet it is the home of the almond, the olive, the pear, the cherry, the apple, and all deciduous fruits.

There is no place in the world where a greater variety of staple foods grow and mature to perfection, than at Llano, California.

On this favored spot is arising an ideal city, surrounded with fields, and orchards, and gardens, all ministering to and making possible a social and economic condition for which we have so long yearned, and of which we have dreamed.

— — —

MILITARISM, with all its cruelties, is a child of conflicting economic interests. By virtue of its superior power, enemies are overcome; interests are protected; institutions are established; privileges are guaranteed; and the means by which such ends are gained are accepted by the victors as the right means. Whoever successfully wields such power can no more be persuaded to surrender it than could the tiger be persuaded to surrender its claws or the adder its fangs. The difference between mankind and the beasts and serpents is that one bite and claw and kill and are silent after their victory; while man, conscious of his terrible slaughter, throws a cloak of righteousness about the means of destruction.

If either the Austro-German or the Allies win, their arms will be made glorious, and the "righteousness" of militarism will be established. So far as the victors are concerned, militarism will determine what is right. Whoever questions this, let him go up against it. If he does not see the light, he will, at least, see stars.

— — —

FOR the most part we travel backward through this world. We look at the pathway over which we have passed and think we are looking forward. All our kindred experiences blend and compound each with the other, and become composite sensations or groups, which constitute our ideas.

Likewise every group relates itself to every other group, and the ideas thus related constitute one's philosophy of this world and of life. Those who are deeply impressed by their experiences are necessarily possessed of definite ideas and of a more or less positive philosophy. The more positive our philosophy, the more we seem inclined to consider it a forecast or prophesy, whereas it is but the more vivid reflection of the past. The future is and for ever will be a veiled mystery, a land of speculation. It is in the past and present that the treasures have been and always will be found. During the accumulation of our experiences every nerve tingles and vibrates in response to the infinite variety of scenes and sounds and influences ever impinging, while the brain absorbs it all until the day of conscious correlation comes, the curtain seems to rise and the past is lived over again in the memory and in the understanding.

How similar is the philosophy of those who travel similar pathways, and how different from those of different experiences. How uncharitable we are with the brain that has been carried without fault of its own into other surroundings, subjected to different influences, resulting in altogether different sensations and correlations. Instead of being impatient because its story differs from ours, we should be fascinated and delighted to hear the stories and see the pictures that the world has written and painted there.

— — —

REJOICE if your enemy deems you a fool; for if it is true no harm can result; but if it is false you have a great advantage.

— — —

WE are dreamers of dreams and proud to dream. All our dreams center around our children and their task which will come to them in this wonderful Llano.

A Trip Over The Llano

By R. K. Williams

AN idea was just handed to me to hang this month's ranch story on. It was suggested that we describe the ranch activities by taking you with us over the place, on what is known as the loop route. Suppose we load up the auto with an interested crowd of people and start from the hotel after breakfast.

We are on our way and, whirling through the big gate, we turn to the left and pass with a whiz by the industrial building, and on the right lie 65 acres of alfalfa. Immediately a cool breeze strikes us, and the eye is rested with the undulating motion of green. To the left is part of Llano town, built since last August. A year ago the place where now stand dozens of tents, substantial adobe structures and pretty wooden houses, was a corn field. This is pointed out and explained to show how time and labor has wrought changes, and it always proves of interest.

The nursery to the left next comes in view, and the auto is slowed down a bit while the varieties of berries, trees, grapes and other things being experimented with and grown by horticulturist Dawson are shown and explained. Beyond the nursery can be seen 35 acres of newly planted pears, and between the symmetrical green rows straight furrows of beans, waving in the morning air, give a pleasing tone to the scene. To the north just a little way from the orchard are ten acres of green Soudan grass which is growing finely. This will be used for ensilage and help as a soil builder. Further to the north the fine 4-year old pear orchard, containing 40 acres, always elicits pleased expressions and it is explained that it was not allowed to bear this year but that next year a considerable crop will be grown.

We now cross a little bridge over the rapid stream rushing to the north. The big 150 by 40 feet cow barn stands right in the road apparently. By its side looms up the 300 ton silo. In front of the silo the auto halts and we all get out and go into the cool barn and look at the neat arrangement for the care of the dairy herd. Contented cows to the number of 65 or 70 at the present time milking, having their heads through stanchions, eating with much relish the alfalfa from the mangers. The place is shadowy and cool.

Back of the barn is a concrete tank to hold the refuse, which is carted to the fields to enrich the ground. A round concrete drinking fountain constantly full of fresh running water awaits the thirsty animal. The cattle may drink around the circle and never touch horns with opposite neighbors. The circular drinking fountain is a success.

The silo, made of 8-inch cement blocks, is banded together by strong iron bands which prevent swelling or bursting of the sides from the tremendous pressure wrought when the ensilage is fermenting within. It is explained that crops are now being grown with which to fill for winter feed. The safest and best feed known made in the silo.

Visitors always remark on the number of fly traps about the ranch. These are placed about the barn and elsewhere.

Now we will cross over to the pig pens. There is nothing particularly romantic about this part of the ranch, nor have the pork family palatial houses; visitors are chiefly interested in the swine themselves. Above the feeding place are several fields of alfalfa, and it is a pretty sight to see the rounded backs and broad shoulders of several hundred hogs as they graze in the succulent feed.

Veterinary Dr. Capron and John Will will explain the difference between the Duroc-Jersey and the Berkshire and the

Partly Cleared Llano Lands—Site for New City

Poland China, and expatiate at considerable length on hog raising much to the edification and enjoyment of those in the party. Very frequently we have hog raisers with us, and they of course, are intensely interested and from them Dr. Capron and Mr. Will have received many suggestions and told of interesting experiments. The hog family is constantly growing, and it is the aim of those in charge of this department to keep it up to standard, increasing it with the finest stock.

Now we will go back to the auto and whirl over to Manager Kilmer's rabbit department. People generally, and especially the children, like to see the cunning little rabbits There seems to be an irresistible desire on the part of most people to stick their fingers into the tender sides or tickle the pink noses of the baby rabbits.

In the hutches are to be found mothers with litters of young to the number of several hundred. In the rest houses constructed of adobe, rabbits, seemingly in myriads, lie on the floor resting and breathing as fast as their little ribs will let them. At the present time in the hutches, runs and adobe houses are more than two thousand rabbits. Manager Kilmer will increase the number of hutches, increase the number of does to probably 800 or 1000 and from this increased number expects confidently to get a supply of rabbits that will go a long way toward solving the meat problem of the Colony.

In addition to the meat supply furnished by the rabbits, the hides are taken and tanned and then made into several useful articles. The rug department has made several styles of rabbit rugs and automobile robes. It is said by those who understand this sort of work that the usefulness of the rabbit hide is extensive. They can be used for hats, caps, gloves. trimmings, leggings, robes, rugs, etc. When tanned to softness the fur is delightful to handle.

The chicken department is next on the route. However, at present time the odd 900 chickens are being moved to a new location in the pear orchard east of the town. Nevertheless. we will go through the houses and have a look at the up-to-date arrangement for the care of chickens. There are two houses with a connecting cover between them. Each house is 60 feet long divided in ten-feet sections and a long window runs the full length of the house on the eastern exposure. The roosts being on the western side are protected from northeast winds by the partitions. A row of nests along the front of the house are so arranged that the five feet sections can be taken down and readily cleaned.

In the center of the house is an alcove in which are three fountains constantly dripping. Dozens of chickens crowd this place to keep cool and quench their thirst. Two small doors permit of egress and ingress through the alcove. The feeding troughs are fastened to the partitions and filled with dry mash of an approved formula and fixed by two inch mesh wires which permit the heads of the chickens to go into the feed box. Waste is thus eliminated. The prison house for broody chickens is shown consisting of a wire cage with roosts. Broody hens are sentenced for 48 hours to water and green food, and at the end of that time the incubation heat of the breast has been reduced to normal, and they are released and soon go back to the sensible thing of laying eggs.

We will now drive three-quarters of a mile to the Goodwin ranch, where is located the Montesorri school, the second free Montesorri in the state and much the largest in the west. This school was established by Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown, a pupil of the famous Dr. Montesorri, now in Spain installing her system of child culture for a three-quarter million dollar fee. Between forty and sixty children, ranging from 2½ to 6 years attend this school daily, which is presided over by Mrs.

Montesorri Tots Learn Housekeeping

Masteller, Mrs. Wilhide, Mrs. Buxton, Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Whitzel. Mrs. Brown is now on vacation in San Diego.

The children are carried to the schools in automobiles, and the morning and evening rides start and end the day for the little tots nicely.

It would take more space than this magazine has at its disposal to tell of the things the Montessori system does for the child. It is admittedly the best system of child culture known. They learn reading, writing, deportment, domestic arts; they learn to dress themselves and in fact learn by example to be perfect little ladies and gentlemen without being conscious of having been taught. They live the thing and learn by discovery. Opportunity is given for individual expression and it is astonishing to see how the children unfold and grow. Little ones of 4 and 5 are frequently more advanced in general practical knowledge of life than grade scholars in average schools. There is no doubt of the utility of the Montesorri system and there is also no doubt that the present exponents now engaged in its teaching here are amply able to carry out the important work given to the educational world by Dr. Montesorri.

We honestly consider that the facilities offered the children for growth and unfoldment should make it incumbent upon every mother and father to make every effort to place their children in such an environment where love, co-operation and mutual help are living, pulsing things.

The school is growing and from time to time additional space will have to be added.

Back of the Montesorri school is the colony tomato patch. A ten or twelve acre space is filled with thriving tomatoes, and everything points to a supply that will more than carry the colony over the winter without importing a can. Several acres of sweet potatoes join the tomato patch to the north. Sweet potatoes grow wonderfully well in the soils at Llano.

Having been interested visitors to the school and looked over the green fields thereabouts, we will ride up a quarter of a mile and see what the children are doing at the Sierra Madre colony. This colony is under the management of George T. Pickett and Mrs. Pickett, and embraces the school proper of Llano. Here are worked out industrially the problems of life and when the child, above the age of six, is finished in this school he will be able to take his proper place in the world

without having to discard a lot of rubbish accumulated from misleading histories, text books, etc.

Feeling that the educational system generally is wrong and teaches things that work to the detriment of the human race, a new and better one has been adopted. The school room usually a prison house for young minds and bodies, will be used more for reference and reading rooms than aught else. The problems in calculation will be taught in the open by actual contact with concrete things. The problem of how much profit Smith makes from a cow will be eliminated.

It would take too long to explain how things are to be brought before the minds of the children, but suffice to say that music, art, literature, history, civics, surveying, language, domestic science, farm problems, cultivating, plowing, planting, irrigating, building, etc., will be taught naturally and by actual practice.

Here are some of the teachers engaged in the work of helping the children to expand: C. W. Hunton, J. J. Banbury, Miss Geister, Oliver Zornes, Wesley Zornes, Miss Gladys Zornes, Miss Miller, Mrs Williams, Miss Austin, Mrs. George T. Pickett, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Banbury. Mr. West in the masonry and construction department. Botany, biology elocution, modeling, etc., are among the things to be taught. More teachers will be added from time to time.

The children have plowed and planted and grown vegetables that supply their tables; they have constructed brooder houses, fences, ditches, etc., are taking care of goats, chickens, horses, rabbits, and other animals. They are planning, building and working hard to have here one of the greatest schools in the country, where the boy and girl can get a practical education that will be of real use and last as long as life.

It is hard to break away from the Sierra Madre colony for here is always so much to say and to see, for the citizen of the future can be pictured here. However, we will get into the car and take you on over the loop.

To the right is the old Tighlman place, now the property of the colony, which soon will be headquarters for many men who work on the eighty-acre garden close by. It is a nice place, and the gardens under Knobbs, Newman and others show up nicely and never fail to receive the approval of the visitor.

Turning to the left after crossing the Tighlman ditch, we go to the sawmill, which is almost ready to cut the huge logs for the future needs of Llano. The mill has a 30,000 feet capacity and can be gotten ready to saw within a few days.

We retrace our steps and come back to the townsite where twenty foundations have been dug and some filled with stone ready for houses. The townsite is a mile square and the city is to be circular with six great avenues leading to the center where will be the great buildings contributing to the business and social life of the future city. It takes an architect to explain the beauties of the architecture and draw the proper sort of picture, but the view to be had from the townsite is inspiring. The great Antelope valley lies like a wavering checker board at your feet, and in the distant haze the Tehachapi mountains hang like clouds. Miss Austin, the designer and Mr. Angell, the architect, are busy at work now working out the elevations, etc.

Turning to the left at the center of the townsite we continue onward to the lime kiln in Bob's Gap, two miles beyond, and at an elevation of considerably more than 3,700 feet. A great ledge of lime rock extends to unknown depth and for miles to the east and west. There is a lime kiln there and when running full blast, thirty or more barrels can be turned out daily. Experts say the lime is the best that can be procured. A granite house affords a place of refuge from the weather and the force there are accommodated with meals and otherwise made comfortable by J. J. Leslie. The lime production is now under the charge of Mr. Stevens.

Leading to the left from the kiln is the log road to Jackson's Lake where the timber is to be procured. However, we will take the right road and continue on. Through rugged scenery we rise to an elevation of nearly 5000 feet and look off in the distance to the west and see the basin of the Big Rock, where the colony intends impounding a tremendous quantity of water. Lying on the hillside is the beautiful Valyermo ranch. where the finest fruit in the valley is grown. To the left lies the Shoemaker ranch, surrounded by trees and green alfalfa fields. Descending the winding hill we cross the Big Rock Creek rushing madly down toward the colony and after crossing its limpid waters we enter a delightfully cool nook and travel for quite a distance in the delicious shade of the trees.

The next point of interest is the dam site proper. We stop here and ascend the cut where the dam is to be made. After a strenuous climb of 300 feet and after regaining our breath, we point out the Big Rock, a bald monument of solid stone with a hole in the center, called the Devil's Punch Bowl. Lying below is the actual basin of the Big Rock. By damming up the narrow neck, less than 300 feet across to a height of 110 feet, thousands of acre feet of water can be conserved. A magnificent view can be had from this elevation. There is no trouble in convincing the most skeptical of the water possibilities of Llano when the dam site is shown and the rushing creek below is seen.

The portal of the tunnel is now visited on the way back to the colony. Here the water, never changing winter and summer, rushes out of a tunnel three-quarters of a mile in length. This work was done years ago by early settlers for the purpose, it is said, of reaching bedrock and thus conserving the known supply that lies on it. It was never commercially utilized, and is now one of the possessions of the colony. This is ideal water for domestic purposes and will be used for that. At present it is mixing with the regular stream of the Big Rock and comes to the colony in ditches. After taking a huge drink and filling our canteens we again get into the auto and cross over the rough, stony wash of the Big Rock, which in winter time is a raging torrent, and pass the upper intake and then begin to ascend a forty rod, winding hill road. At the top an inspiring panorama spreads before one like a great revolving cylinder. To the west, north and east, mile upon mile, and losing themselves in dissolving distances, glimmer mountains, fields, buttes and plains, while below the tented city of the Llano glimmers in the sunlight. Giving a push to the gas throttle we hurry over the hard roads back to the hotel, where dinner awaits, twenty-five miles left behind and a new impression created on the minds of the yearners after industrial freedom.

— — —

The Price Of The Western Comrade Will Be 50c a Year

Increase in prices of all materials used in getting out THE WESTERN COMRADE has made it necessary to discontinue the low clubbing rate of 25c a year. Henceforth, the subscription price will be 50c a year, no matter what the number of subscriptions sent in.

Those who have read the COMRADE during the last year know that it is easily worth a dollar a year, compared with other magazines. But because we now have our own printing plant equipped with the latest Intertype machine made, and with a cylinder press that does fast work, the low price of 50c a year can be made.

The LLANO COLONIST will soon be in the mail, and every interested reader of the COMRADE will also want it. Those who renew now and subscribe for the COLONIST at the same time will receive both publications for 75c a year. The regular price of the COLONIST is 50c.

One Year Later—Land Similar To That Shown on Page 10

Llano Bean Culture

By Wesley Zornes

THE bean is grown in widely different climates. It grows in the cold climates of New England and equally well in the sub-tropical climate of Florida. Its ability to produce well in widely different climates and soils has given the bean a place of economic importance in the United States. In many states it has become as much a staple crop as wheat was a quarter of century ago.

In food value the bean is classed with meat, according to the United States department of Agriculture, (bulletin No. 121, page 37, table No. 3) reckoned in energy to the body. The bean has more than twice the value of meat.

Its chief value, however, lies in its importance as a green manure crop.

We have planted this year thirty acres of field beans as a cover crop in our orchards. In this way we are producing a valuable food and increasing the fertility of our soils at the same time.

In selecting the soil best adopted to the culture of the bean, we took into consideration the chemical elements necessary for the production of plant food. Upon investigation we found that its culture was most successful on glaciated soils, which contains the elements of potash, lime and phosphoric acid in large quantities. Our soil contains these elements in abundance. Our next consideration was its physical condition (the arrangement of the soil particles), which in a large measure determines the availability of food found in the soil to the plant. A close compact soil is undesirable, as is is a too loose and porous condition. In the first case the free circulation of the air and the proper root development of the plant is hindered; while a porous condition prevents the retention of the soil moisture because of the free circulation of air through it, which accelerates moisture evaporation.

A medium between these two extremes was found in our soils, which is a mixture of sand, silt and clay. The sand and silt acting as a loosening medium; the clay as a water retainer.

The soil was plowed from five to six inches deep, after which it was leveled and pulverized with drag harrow.

The seeds were then drilled in rows thirty inches wide and from four to five inches in the drills.

By the observation of the proper moisture contents of the soil for successful germination, and by testing of the seeds before planting we were able to boast a perfect stand.

Where this legume has been cultivated we have noticed a marked increase in the growth of our young trees. This may be due to the intensive cultivation required for the bean. Our experience does not carry out this conclusion ,however. We cultivated two orchard tracts of similar soils, one with a bean crop, the other devoid of crops, each receiving the same care. Although the growing season is not over, the trees in the bean cultured soil have made a much better growth.

The experiment shows that the increase in growth is not due to special care, but it is due to the fact that beans are great nitrogen producers (an element necessary to plants not in the pea family, which includes peas, beans, vetches, clover and alfalfa). By the aid of microscopic plants (bacteria) which grow in small nodules on the root of the bean or legume, the plants are able to use the free nitrogen of the air which is converted into nitrates by these bacteria, which in a soluble condition becomes plant food. When these nodules decay in the soil the nitrates are left in the soil which may be used by plants not able to produce their own nitrates. To this we attribute the increased growth of our trees.

Food, in order to be used by the plant, must be in a

soluble condition. We therefore must have a sufficient moisture content in the soils to make the plant food available. This is accomplished by a system of irrigation.

The soil moisture is kept as near constant as is possible. Water is not applied frequently nor in large amounts, the length of time between irrigation varying with the weather and soil. The average period is every twenty days. A large amount of water causes the soluble plant food to become saturated with water, making it too thin. The plant in this way must assimilate large quantities of the plant water in order to get the desired quantity of food necessary to life and drowns itself. On the other hand, if the soil is depleted of moisture there is no medium to make the food soluble, and the plant starves to death. In both of these cases the leaves of the bean plant turn yellow. So the condition of the plant is not a reliable criterion of the time in which to apply the water. We take into consideration both the soil and plant condition. It is a misconception that water should be applied when the leaves turn yellow, for it may be due to the application of water too frequently or in too large quantities.

A large flow of water causes the surface soil particles to cohere in this condition and the soil becomes impervious to both air and water, and the user defeats the purpose for which he uses the water. A small stream of water percolates slowly downward between the soil particles and the impenetrable condition of the surface soil is not reached so soon, allowing a greater length of time for the moisture to go outward and downward. These facts have been demonstrated by actual experiment and the irrigation system is managed so that we may use a very small quantity of water on a large tract of land, which averages a quarter of an inch steady flow to the acre. One man has taken care of five acres all under water at the same time. Irrigation is carried on at night as well as in the day time; the water has been left running twelve hours at a time without care or attention.

After the application of water the soil particles solidify and in this condition becomes so dense as to hinder the circulation of air through the soil and root growth, with disastrous results to the plant. This is prevented by the cultivation of the soil, which breaks up the soil particles allowing the free circulation of air which accelerates chemical changes resulting in plant food compounds. As the bean is able to convert nitrogen into nitrates by bacteria action, and as nitrogen is an element that composes four fifths of the atmosphere, we further see the need of the free circulation of air through the soil. With the circulation of air through the soil evaporation of the soil moisture takes place more rapidly and the soil dries as deeply as it is stirred or cultivated. This serves as a blanket or mulch for the subsoil and prevents to a large extent evaporation from the subsoil. In this way the water is conserved beneath this mulch and with the greater retention of soil moisture greater tracts of land may be cultivated.

The plants are irrigated up until the time of maturity. They may be grown with three irrigations.

From day to day, we are moving forward and the agriculture possibilities are increased as we increase. Never before in the history of Llano have the prospects been brighter for an abundant harvest.

The Mystery of Death

By GEORGE MAURICIO

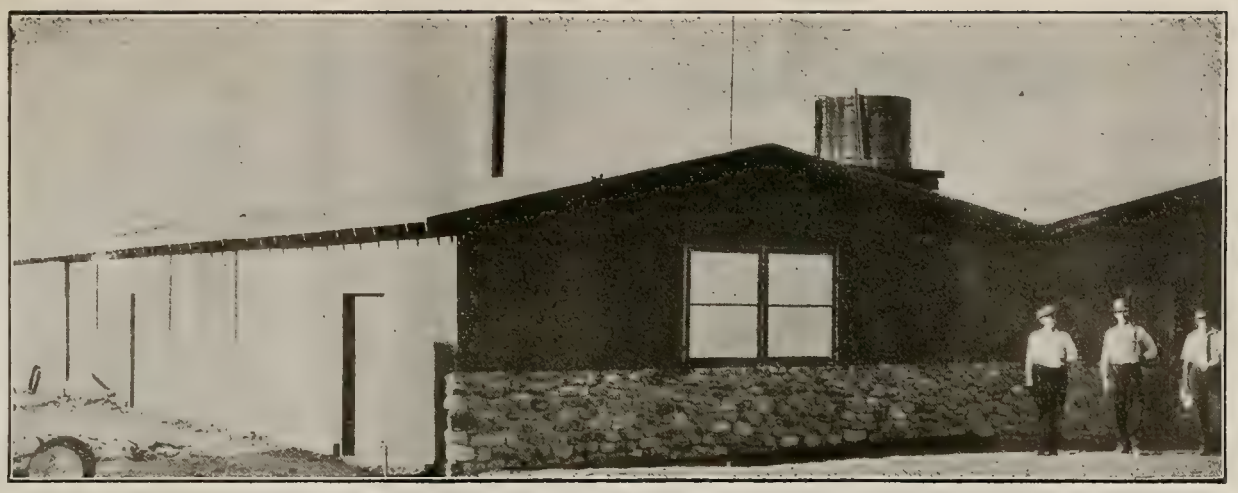
We know not what it is dear.
This sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm,
The cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again,
Though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace
That settles over all.
We know not what it means, dear,
This desolate heart-pain,
This dread to take our daily way
And walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere
The loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still.
Nor why we do not know.
But this we know, our loved and dead,
If they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"
Not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep
As ever death can be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us,
This life we live and see!
Then might they say—these vanished ones-
And powerful is the thought
That "Death is sweet to us, beloved,
Though we may tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—
This mystery of death;
Ye may not tell us if ye would,
The mystery of breath."
The child who enters life comes
Not with knowledge or intent,
So they who enter death
Must go as little children sent.

KEEP INFORMED ABOUT LLANO

These are the only publications which will bring you authentic information about the greatest co-operative enterprise in the world.

They will occupy distinctive fields. Send us your subscription at once for both of them.

THE WESTERN COMRADE 50c a Year
THE LLANO COLONIST 50c a Year
BOTH to one address for One Year for..... 75c



Newly Completed Industrial Building Which Houses the Printing Plant.

Llano Has Own Printing Plant

THE new print shop, latest addition to the industries at Llano, is well equipped, modern and complete. Housed with other industries in the new industrial building, it is now in daily operation. This number of THE WESTERN COMRADE was printed at Llano. As soon as possible the LLANO COLOLIST, the new weekly newspaper, will be issued. There are many small jobs for the Llano del Rio Colony to be printed. An effort is already being made to obtain outside printing.

The Intertype machine shown in the lower picture is the most up-to-date style. The cylinder press is fast and does good work. Other machines in the shop are in new models. Few cities of the size of Llano can boast of such modern equipment. That it will shortly outgrow its present quarters is already apparent.

With the establishment of the new print shop, printed matter of all kinds can be put out at a great saving in cost, and the Colony will be independent of all outside influences. It will be operated as a union shop; the right to use the label has been granted.

Setting Up THE WESTERN COMRADE on the Intertype Machine.

Llano Offers Aid to "Social Democrat"

Information comes to this office that the "California Social Democrat" is in peril and has suspended publication.

Llano now has a new linotype machine and a splendid printing press... Being anxious to do our part in the political struggle and to assist the party in its hour of need we make the following proposition:

We will print the "Social Democrat" at the same price for which it has previously been printed and will donate the party one half of this price.

We will not lose money by doing this.

We make this propositon:

First, to assist the movement.

Second, to show to the party that the principles of co-operation, that is, Socialism, are correct.

Llano Manana

By Frank E. Wolfe

First of all, comrade reader of this department, let us give you a little lesson in crude Spanish. Llano means plains. Llano del Rio means plains of the river. Pronounce it as if spelled Yahno dell Reeo. Manana means tomorrow; pronounce it Man-yahna. Hence "Llano Manana"—The Llano of Tomorrow.

THIS department will be devoted to predictions for the future. We of the Llano Community are not afraid to dream because we have dreamed and made our dreams come true. It was all a dream at first. Much of it is very real now.

We started with a dream of fertile acres covered with orchards and crops. We looked out over the expanse of greasewood and chaparral and in the vision that came, the dry plain melted from view and instead we saw vast fields of green alfalfa—it was a dream then. We made that dream come true. Under the iron wheels of the tractors and the sturdy stroke of the workers the dry-plains where jackrabbit and coyote ranged have been transformed into green fields. Arid acres now are flooded with mountain waters and green freshness is everywhere. The dream came true. We looked at our two milk cows standing beneath the shade of the cottonwoods and dreamed of a dairy herd which should grow and grow and furnish products for all our people who were to come. Now we see a splendid herd on our pastures and one hundred more on the ranges. We see the big stone dairy barn and the giant silo beside it. It was first a vision, then a reality. We dreamed it and the dream came true—WE MADE IT come true. We saw our four horses making poor headway in the all but hopeless task and we dreamed of teams and trucks and tractors. Now forty sturdy teams, two tractors, three trucks and several automobiles have reinforced old Major and his three companions, Dolly, Dick and Maud. Our dream came true.

We saw our few short ditches with great seepage loss from earthen sides and bottoms and we dreamed of permanent waterways. Now we have fifteen miles of rebuilt ditches, all of which will be cobbled and lined and made leak-proof and permanent in another year. Our dream is coming true.

Sixteen children gathered at our first school. One teacher with inadequate housing, almost no equipment, few books, but a strong heart, assumed the task. She is still at work. She has been joined by nine other teachers. There was our greatest dream. It took us on and up beyond all achievement. To the immortal years belongs that dream. It takes us on and on, up and up to our Parnassus! Sixteen children have been joined by 200 more. Our little ones start to the wonderful Montessori Casa di Bambina (House of the Children) at the age of two and a half. This system will be extended and eventually will go on and on through the entire educational system. Our grammar schools graduate larger classes each year. Our high school grows apace. Our vocational schools take form and will evolve from that remarkable department—the Junior Colony, which has made such a startling showing in a few months. Here our dreams grow and grow. They embrace a great university. Here the scope is boundless, but it will be our care and the care of those who follow us that new dreams come as fast as old ones come true.

Over the washtub our women (and our men) dreamed of a steam laundry and a day of the ending of that drudgery. That dream was fulfilled.

We canned fruit by hand and wondered when our modern cannery would come. It is here, and will soon be putting up vast quantities of fruit and vegetables with scientific machinery.

We had a lonely blacksmith with a few tools. A big machine shop equipped with modern appliances and several forges, is the outgrowth of visions there.

Our first commissary building was eight feet square. Some of the present residents at Llano will smile. We dreamed of a modern store. It grows, and the fulfillment will come in completion when the new city is finished.

When lumber was in such demand, we puzzled over the problem that seemed as knotty as the lumber for which we paid high prices. The dream seemed far away. Now the forest rings with the laughter of our strong men who lay their keen bladed axes to the great trees. Other crews will haul the timber down to the llano below, where our big new saw mill and planing and finishing mills will convert the magnificent white and yellow pines into material for our homes in the new city just taking form. That was some dream, comrades, some dream, but it is rapidly coming true.

A man came to us who saw our housing. He was a dreamer with corns on his palms. Little time he lost in dreaming. Action was his middle name. His parents called him Chancellor. We called him a cyclone. He started brick making. Some said it couldn't be done. He didn't answer in words, he simply did it. It was evolution at work. We dreamed of our new city. It's a big dream—probably our next biggest. It is taking form. Land set aside, surveyed, staked and the vision develops. A great lime kiln roars and sends its ruddy glow against the night sky. A score of men eagerly hurry to keep pace with the whirring machines in the brick yard. Here beneath the hands of the workers on their own soil we find the material for our great city. An architect who is an artist and dreamer daily makes these dreams come true in wonderful drawings and plans for the homes in this new dream city. Others are hauling rock, while other crews are laying foundations and all this great work moves forward, slowly it seems at times, but always towards the day of fulfillment of this dream.

We dream of a mighty dam thrown across the mouth of our great canyon. Every day's progress in development of land, in clearing, in planting, in extensive irrigation, in more comfortable housing, brings us nearer to the fulfillment of our great dream of conservation which will enable us to put many more thousands of acres beneath the ditch and under cultivation.

We dream of a great hydro-electric system, where the water will be borne hundreds of feet down the mountain-side, forming and generating our electricity which will greatly facilitate the handling of our machinery and remove almost all the drudgery from domestic life. We dream of great pumping plants run by this power and of the day when we shall laugh at the ancient and untrue saying that we cannot grind with water once run through the mill.

We dreamed of vast orchards where Juniper and Joshua trees held sway. Now our nurseryman counts his trees in the thousands and our orchards spread over hundreds of acres.

Our dream of gardens, of fruit, of honey, of milk and meat and food of our own making has been fulfilled. We made those dreams come true.

(Continued on Bottom Page 17)

ARTS AND MUSIC

An Art Vocation

UNDER what circumstances should a boy or girl be encouraged to devote his or her life to art?

Many so-called practical people go through the world blind to the wonder and beauty of the manifestations which surround them. The frantic struggle for life which is the condition under which most of us live leaves no time for reflection and observation. The unused faculties atrophy, and the victim of this stultified mentality spends the remainder of his life boasting of his common-sense: "No nonsense about him; he is a plain working man or business man."

But his child, perhaps, has stronger perceptions that will not down, and possibly the father's sacrifice brings the child some leisure. He sees, first the splendor of the sunsets, later as his senses are trained, the delicate grays and browns in the haze and twilight, and the opalescence of late afternoon by the wide sweep of the ocean. The infinite variety and beauty of the mere outlines of things, and the laws that govern line draw his mind on to incessant study. He begins to try to reproduce these things; perhaps he becomes ambitious and undertakes to portray life.

It is generally at this point that his doom is sealed. He makes some more or less striking sketches. The family and neighbors wonder, and he is confronted by two dangers. The stern and practical father may order him to the store or factory, and crush out the spark of vision. When this occurs it is a real disaster to the community. Rather give him an opportunity to draw the veil aside which clouds the sight, deadens the perceptions and narrows and brutalizes the lives of masses and classes alike; that is, in so far as both masses and classes are governed by the desire for possessions, instead of the will to live abundantly and fruitfully.

If he and the community escape this danger there is another equally grave peril. He is launched on the study of art. His first training, if he is away from any of the great art centers, will be almost wholly bad. It will take him years to overcome the disastrous habits acquired from incompetent teachers. Eventually he will realize the necessity of going to some large school. There he will become imbued with the idea of art for art's sake, and the dream of success, of bursting on the world with some masterpiece.

Now there is just about as much chance of this as there is of becoming president of the United States.

It happens; but if, say ten thousand men (there are probably that many art students in our country) started to train for the presidency and refused to consider any transitional occupation while waiting for the opportunity, the general public would consider this a great waste of energy and raw material.

Yet that is the situation of the great mass of art students. They are focussing all their powers on the one task of producing something really great, and only one or two of them in a decade reach the goal of their endeavor. For the rest of there is no middle course. They fail lamentably, miserably, and bring their great vocation into discredit and contempt.

(A second article will show how all this wasted power can be worked over into joyful accomplishment).

Llano Pear Orchard Makes Wonderful Growth—In Bearing Next Year

LLANO MANANA (continued from page 16)

Other dreams are born, and sometimes slowly and silently they take form and come forth. Our dream of a cannery, of rug making and carpet weaving, of making and handling our own fibres and fabrics has taken form, the looms turning out beautiful finished products, and so it goes.

Of such stuff dreams are made. Of such dreams reality comes. When they call us dreamers, we laugh. The answer to the sneer of the envious is our achievement in two brief years.

Llano Manana—the Llano of Tomorrow. Who shall limit its possibilities? Who now can say it can't be done? To our comrades who are dreamers of dreams and doers of things, the jeers that were heard in days gone by are to be forgotten.

Blood and Iron

By Gray Harriman

THE rain had poured down incessantly for two days. black. The hills were a dark grayish brown. All The vaulted heaven was a mass of lowering ominous signs of life were gone save where far below the river Marne sparkled and danced on its way to the sea.

The lean-to in which our patrol was located had served its purpose well, but the steady down-pour of rain was gradually filling the trenches and every now and then you could hear splashes as a part of the bank would cave in. For a week we had lived here, high up on the side of the mountain. Our duty was to wait, wait, wait, till the man higher up would say to wait no longer What we were there for other than waiting, we knew not. Our duty was but to obey and die. Long since we had stopped paying attention to the bursting shell and shrieking shrapnel; the pounding of the heavy ordnance had become but one continuous monotonous mumble and no longer meant death, destruction, blood and carnage to us. The roar of the military machines as they shot with their glaring lights through the night had become a matter of fact.

This night we had all gathered around our little fire which we had kept carefully concealed in our half-cave, half-house quarters. There was Oscar, a fat, little, pompous, genial red-faced personage, such as you could find any day in a New York cafe, festooned by chains of sausages, and barricaded with piles of pumpernickel and barrels of sauerkraut. When he spoke his voice was shrill and squeaky, but he felt deeply of the big things of life and was always pondering. This night of all, he was more philosophical than ever before.

Franz was a wrinkled, leather-faced, placidly quiet spirit such as you might find buried in some musty archive of archæology. Franz looked up from the fire where his sparkling eyes had been pondering, and gazed absently at Oscar.

"Where did you work before the war?" said Franz. "I worked in the iron mills." "What did you work for?" "Why, you fool, I worked so I could eat and enjoy life." "How long did you work?" "All my life." "Did you ever enjoy yourself?" "No." "Did you ever get enough to eat?" "No." "Who owned the mill in which you worked?" "Krupp." "What did he do with the iron you milled?" "He made it into guns for the government." "What did the government want with guns?" "They want them to protect the nation, of course." "What did Krupp want of guns?" "To sell, I presume." "Why doesn't the government give some of her guns to the allies?" "Say, do you think the government is composed of idiots like you?" "Well, why does Krupp receive a royalty upon every shell fired upon us by the allies?" "That is business. He has a right to trade for profit." "Say, what did Krupp do with all that iron?" "He made most of it into bullets and guns." "You mean by 'he' the great class of workers like yourself did it, don't you?" "Yes." "The government had some of that iron made into iron crosses, did it not?" "Yes." "You mean you laborers made crosses for the government, and shells and guns for Krupp, that you might eat and enjoy life?" "Yes, I guess that's it." "What did the government do with the crosses?" "It gave the crosses to those who were injured and died in battle as a sign of appreciation upon the part of the government for the bravery and fidelity of her subjects." "The government of course, buys the iron for its crosses from Krupp?" "Yes." "It buys its bullets and guns from Krupp?"" "Yes." "Say, you said some while back that the government got guns to protect the nation?" "Yes, I think so." "What are you fighting here today for?" "For the fatherland, of course." "Then in reality you are fighting to protect the government. not the government to protect you?" "Yes, I guess that's it." "You say that you work that you may eat and enjoy life, yet you have never enough to eat, and no time to enjoy life, have you?" "No, not yet." "You fight to protect the government so that the government can protect you, so that you can make guns and crosses and starve." "I guess that's about it." "Then you are given crosses so that you will place yourself up as a target?

Before he had time to answer a shell burst overhead and when the smoke cleared Oscar and Franz were a bloody mass of quivering flesh. The officer of the patrol came along. He took out of his pocket two crosses and pinned them upon the breasts of our two friends. They were carried away by four orderlies, and a little farther down the line we saw their bodies dropped in a hole which by this time was almost full of water. Dirt was immediately thrown in and the hole became a bog of oozing mud. Thus Bismarck's policy of blood and iron goes on.

-one cent a week

is cheaper than you could write to Llano and get the news. Yet that is all it costs you to get the full particulars each week, and you do not have the bother of writing if you subscribe for the

LLANO COLONIST

Besides, you get the boiled down news of the world, and all of the Labor and Socialist news culled from hundreds of papers. Subscribe NOW so you'll be numbered among the first subscribers.

50c a Year—In Combination with The Western Comrade, to one address, 75c.

Circulation Department
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Llano, Cal.

Work? Not A Bit Of It. Just Fun For These Fellows

Learning by Doing

By Mildred G. Buxton

WHAT is education? Webster defines it as a "process of teaching," as though it were rather an abstract thing and that the "teaching" were the important point instead of the "learning".

Indeed, one might think this the correct point of view from the way in which facts entirely unrelated to life and living have been poured into and impressed upon the minds of the young.

It would scarcely seem necessary to say that the sole value of education should be measured by its bearing upon life: in fact, to consider the question at all we must ask first, What life is? What is the object of it? And what are the best means to attain the desired end?

If the present educational system fails to help us to this end, there must be something radically wrong with it.

We are accustomed to think of education along with school houses and if these are absent we feel that the children must drift until the system is properly established. In other words, we take our children out of life to be educated. That is all wrong. We all learn by doing and that is the only kind of learning we really retain. You hear it said repeatedly, "I learned that by experience", and the accompanying emphasis shows that it made a lasting impression.

How many boys and girls turned out as finished from our schools apply at each and every office or store within a given district for a job—showing how ill-fitted they are to enter life. Why should they have been taken from life at all? How much more rational and natural for a child to have been trained to live first; to develop poise and character and in so doing to discover his own greatest ability and follow it to its own conclusion. How few men and women are poised and steady in their life's work?

Take any group of successful men (from a financial standpoint), ask how they came to follow a certain line of work. Nine times out of ten it will be discovered that chance alone was responsible. It might be concluded from these stories that it were better then to leave these matters to chance, but such a conclusion is wrong. These men are exceptional as anyone can easily discover by looking about. The wonder is not that so many fail, but that any succeed.

The little chap who finds his life work early and with intelligent direction follows it from youth is bound to succeed in spite of all the facts his teacher can cram into him.

The cramming system would be excellent if we were developed from the outside, but are we? Does the helpless baby grow into a sturdy mischievous child because he is fed on a carefully selected, scientific diet, or is it an inner development that comes from some source we can not control?

Does the child who develops remarkable self-control through disgust at the ungovernable maternal temper, do so as a result of outside stimuli?

I have in mind a boy of sixteen, raised on the desert, who has had but a few weeks of school, yet he wrote a truly wonderful poem on the mystery of death. Where does he get it?

No! Life is apparently much better known to poets than to educators. Otherwise our educational systems would be better calculated to protect and bring out that wonderful something within each of us.

A light is dawning. Here in Llano we have seen the folly of putting all the children through the same mill and turning them out all cut and polished to the same size and degree. We have reached the point of wisdom where we are letting them learn by doing, and the remarkable interest shown and the number who have already found congenial work shows that we are on the right track.

Take the boy who loved to work with the chickens. One day he discovered that if baby chicks were fed grits first, they digested their food better. The fact itself is of little importance but his own discovery by observation is of great value. He knows now that he can find any number of interesting and original facts by his own observation and nothing can prevent him from using the faculties developed in this way. This beginning has sent him to the library regu-

(Continued on Bottom Page 28)

MAGAZINE RESUMES

What The Writers Say

The Substance of Instructive Articles In July Magazines

ATLANTIC

THE SYNDICALIST

A beautifully written parallel between the war and labor conditions in America, ending by bringing out the fact that statesmen and pacifists are now using the countersign of the revolution "International" to qualify their arguments, courts of arbitration and palliative measures. The keynote of the poem is the last word, "asleep."

ATLANTIC

SAIFNA AHMAR, YA SULTAN by Alexander Aaronsohn

An account of war conditions in Palestine by an American Zionist. The compulsory enlistment of the men of a progressive and civilized colony; theirt orture to force them to disclose thehidng place of the weapons which would enable the village to protect itself against pillage and rapine; the collapse of the defense on the threat of the torture and enslavement of the young girls.

ATLANTIC

RED CROSS AND R.A.M.C. by Wilfred T. Grenfell

The Red Cross Society no longer operates at the front in the war zone. The medical work is all done by the Royal Army Medical Corps, whose achievements form a romance as inspiring as anything done by the army or navy. The hygienic revolution resembles that accomplished by Goethals at Panama. There were six thousand cases of typhoid at Ypres. When the English took possession of the trenches, the vermin were a horror; a shirt preserved in glass is said to have come there unattended. Now the Tommies are regularly bathed, and every pump or tap has a certificate attached to it. It is said that for every Englishman killed in war two will be created.

The anæmic, neurotic slum dwellers are being turned by the open air life into tanned-faced giants.

The Red Cross is useful in sudden emergencies, but for steady work one service under one control is the ideal.

ATLANTIC

PARENTS AND SCHOOLS by Abraham Flexner

Schools must be conducted by trained persons, their training, however, is largely antiquated. What can parents do about it?

The parents can assist in introducing a spirit of scientific progress by asking questions. The schools must be made tentative, inquiring, skeptical, and experimental. With regard to the mental discipline of Latin, is it the most effective source of mental discipline? Do formal grammar lessons correct the grammar of, say, newspaper reporters or saleswomen? Has geometry any practical application?

School should be a clinic where children are observed, and failure on the child's part impeaches the school. Perhaps the monotony of the school course depressed all his energies below the level at which he could succeed at anything. Mothers and fathers must require "to be shown." And there is something the matter with a principal who cannot convince them that there is a good reason why.

ATLANTIC

THE INSTINCTIVE BASES OF PACIFISM by Fredk. Wells

Passive acceptance of evil is not compatible with survival in nature. It is sometimes brought about by excessive abuse or excessive coddling. The instinct of self abasement "masochism" and a kind of terror paralysis, which makes the peril seem unreal are other contributing causes. Pleasure seeking, familial and economic instincts conflict with the instincts that involve self-sacrifice for the group, and this is the first cause of the decay of nations.

ATLANTIC

COMMON FOOTING by Seymour Deming

Abandon your automobile and fare forth on your own feet. So shall your fellows discover that you are after all a human being and you will discover the same of them. After which things can begin. You will become alive to the wonder and majesty of the common-place in human life generally. You will find that what your fellow man on foot knows far outweighs in substance and value the cultural trivialities which he does not know. He does not theorize about the art of life, he lives it. His theory may be weak, his life is strong. He puts you instinctively on your best behavior. You would like your own class to appear as well as it can in comparison to his. And he that would come to this feast must come as a common man, on foot.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

ENGLISH DEMOCRACY IN WAR TIME by Sidney Low

Nothing has been more remarkable than the rapid growth of the cabinet autocracy and the shrinkage of the influence of parliament. The British Prime Minister is in reality the chief of state, in the same sense that the president is in America. In addition, he can do things, otherwise impossible, in the king's name, without subjecting himself to legal penalties. The only check to his power is the "front bench" of the opposition. As there is now a coalition cabinet, the government is able to treat parliamentary criticism with indifference. One curious result of this is the emergence of the house of Lords, which had come to be regarded as a kind of dignified survival. The speeches of the "Elder Statesmen" are followed with close attention by the public, and it is the gilded chamber of the hereditary aristocracy which succeeds in giving expression to public opinion.

WORLD'S WORK

AT WORK IN THE REMNANT OF BELGIUM

Official Belgium is now about twice the size of Philadelphia. The German guns not only command every part of it, but fire across it into France

The sanitary and relief work is carried on by a group consisting of about forty Belgian nuns and one hundred English and American Quakers, all of whom serve without pay; housing, feeding, clothing, re-establishing industries and caring for the orphans.

WORLD'S WORK

"PROFIT SHARING"—Editorial

An analysis of the experiments being tried by more than 200 American employers. The Unions oppose it as an effort to break up the solidarity of the working classes. In consequence many employers have abandoned the idea as impracable. Almost none of the concerns take the workmen into their confidence, as to profits and losses, and so the employees suspect the division. A few employers, acting from a sense of duty, are content with a low rate for the interest on capital and the services of management. These men will probably evolve a workable system as a matter of both justice and expediency.

WORLD'S WORK

WHAT CAN A FAT MAN DO? by Charles Phelps Cushing

Cutting out all starch, sugar, and fat is a dangerous experiment. It confines you to meats and green vegetables. This is apt to result in acidosis. Too rapid losing in weight is also a danger. Learn the values of foods and eat them in proportion to your activity, then there will be no opportunity for self-intoxication, either in the form of fat or gout.

WORLD'S WORK

A garden tractor and cultivator carries its own motor and can be adjusted to any depth and to any size rows. A boy or a girl can operate it, steering it like a lawn mower but without pushing.

A pocket fire escape has a steel tape 100 feet long connected with a belt and loop.

A frosted glass cone attached to a hanging electric lamp shade protects the eyes by diffusing the light.

Coupeville, Wash., is lighting the town with electric light by means of an old automobile engine.

A new tire chain consists of a number of small units which can be buckled quickly without jacking up the car.

ILLUSTRATED WORLD

BIDDING AGAINST THE WORLD by Carroll Dean Murphy

A few munition makers are profiting by the great war, but the rest of us are getting ready to pay the bill. Prices are rising on all the necessities of life. For instance, house paint. White lead is one third higher, zinc oxide has risen from 5c to 21c per pound. Varnish brushes and alcohol shellac have gone up. Seeds and bulbs have doubled in price or are entirely offff the market. Potash, phosphates, sulphuric acid and nitre are cut off, so the gardens must do without fertilizer; also insecti-

cides and tools. Brass, copper, aluminum and tungsten are soaring beyond sight. Mirrors are beyond price, and ordinary glass and paper are becoming articles of luxury.

PEARSON'S

RICH, HUNGRY AMERICA by Allan L. Benson

United States Health Bulletin No. 76 says: An examination of a number of studies of the budgets of American workingmen's families indicates that the point of adequate subsistence is not reached until the family income is about $800 a year. Less than half of the wage-earners' families in the United States have an income of that size. Also 250,000 wage-earners are killed and 4,700,000 disabled by preventable disease because of their economic disadvantage. The wealth that labor creates but does not get is the fodder upon which the capitalist system lives. Our forefathers could get land for nothing and exercise their right to work. Competing with each other for jobs we reduce wages to the lowest point upon which we can exist. Thus, after 127 years of progress half the people go hungry in a rich country filled with machinery.

The system of private ownership is wrecking the world. It set Europe aflame and is starving the United States. If the system had a little more intelligence and a little less greed it would not so grind down the geese that lay the golden eggs. When men exist too long on an impoverished diet they become inferior creators of profits. Also they eventually have difficulty in loving the government under which they slowly starve. When in this frame of mind they make poor soldiers. The men who are working on the capitalist theory have voted 127 years and gone backward.

PEARSON'S

RURAL CREDITS by Charles Edward Russell

The American farmer pays as high as 48 per cent for money. Why? There is no answer. These same bankers think it is all right to lend money to business men. In Australia the farmers get money at 4½ to 5 per cent, to the advantage of the interests of the country at large.

PEARSON'S

"KNOCKING" PUBLIC OWNERSHIP by R. G. Collier

The press to live must have advertising. Profitable advertising comes from the strongholds of finance, so the editor meekly takes his orders from the business office and puts his self-respect in cold storage. The Sunday supplements do not describe the municipal plants which in various cities are cutting rates, improving service conditions and playing havoc generally with the old order of vested highbindery. Instead the press represents public ownership as a means of strengthening the "machine." The fact is that it takes the public utility out of politics, whereas private ownership keeps it in politics. Privately owned public service corporations are ever seeking privileges, franchises, and extensions, and do more to control municipalities than municipalities do to control them. Political bosses are never found advocating municipal ownership.

PEARSON'S

WAGES AND LIVING

A very wealthy manufacturer thinks that there is nothing the matter with wages except, perhaps, that they are too high. He has tried living on five dollars a week and finds it ample. Some captious persons have pointed out that this did not include rent, street car fare, clothes, doctor's fees, medicines, anything for amusement or for anyone else's support. Presumably then it would require five dollars for each member of a family, or twenty dollars a week for the average family of four persons.

THE INDEPENDENT

EDUCATION IN THE NEXT GENERATION by G. R. Vincent

The president of the University of Minnesota, formerly president of Chautauqua Institution, sums up the criticisms against the public school system as follows. "Training for occupations has been neglected. Children leave school because they are bored, they drift into blind alley occupations; the studies of the elementary school are too formal and meaningless to hold the interest of the pupils; school children learn nothing thoroughly and well, but have a vague smattering of many things; the rural schools are backward, and country children are slighted. The great mass of teachers are ill-trained, inexperienced, underpaid, ephemeral, 'a mob of mobile maidens meditating matrimony. The school is not connected closely with the life of the community which it is supposed to serve. Colleges are loafing places for young barbarians without mental interests; even the graduate work of the university is too much a kind of formal and pretentious erudition. Professional schools, for all their efficiency, are sending out lawyers, doctors, engineers, dentists, bent upon personal success and regarding the public as a mine to be worked rather than a community to be served.

"Manual dexterity, minds early automatic in a certain routine, docility and contentment are requirements. The men who half unconsciously are seeking employees . . . . ."

His suggestions for constructive work are as follows: First, training for occupational efficiency; second, the encouragement of spontaneity and initiative; and third, the fostering of capacity for civic life. Doing seeing, handling things; excursions in the country; study of rocks and soils and plants, trees and animals; visits to stores, postoffices, fire engine houses, farms, creameries, elevators; following up vivid interests; making houses and furniture; finding out about familiar things like food, clothing and shelter; using weights and measures figuring because one wants to know results; listening to stories, retelling them, learning to read them; playing and working with one's mates; learning the need for rules and respect for others' rights—these are the materials and methods which in the earlier years will almost wholly take the place of books. Arithmetic, reading, grammar, and nature study will emerge much later as conscious tasks.

ILLUSTRATED WORLD

ARE YOU PAID FOR WHAT YOU ARE WORTH? By George R. Cushing

"If I could only sell my services as well as I can sell the other man's goods, I would get along all right."

You see no one ever locked you in your room and lectured you about the value of yourself. Your father did not do it, because he was afraid he might make a "smart aleck" out of you. Your competitor has not done it and never will because he fears that if you once learn your power you will extend yourself and beat him out. Your employer has not done it and never will, because he is afraid you will ask for more money. Try and keep enough capital on hand to enable you to make a stand for proper consideraion.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Alice Paul, chairman of the Woman's Congressional Union has gained her position by her habit of accumulating definite and opposite facts. She is entirely impersonal in her treatment of her followers, and by sheer moral devotion dominates and charms not the minds but the souls of people. She leads by being—not by being for—the cause.

THE MID-PACIFIC

AMERICAN TRADE IN CHINA by Julian H. Arnold

The Chinese are extremely set in their tastes and habits. They have traditions and prejudices and superstitions that entirely outweigh all practical considerations. The American manufacturer must get representatives who are familiar with the language and customs and then manufacture expressly for the trade.

THE OUTLOOK

ENGLISH AND FRENCH WOMEN AT WAR By Harriet Stanton Blatch

The self-effacing spinster of former days has disappeared. Women are enjoying, even dissipating in their sudden freedom. This is taken philosophically. She can be trained in wisdom only by freedom to err. She soon gets herself in hand and the children have never been so well cared for. In France, the government appreciates and co-operates generously with the women's work. Are the women whose splendid efficiency has been demonstrated on the largest scale going to allow themselves to be relegated to the futilities which usually fill the lives of the well-to-do, or the helpless destitution which is commonly the lot of the lower class woman?

POPULAR MECHANICS

By means of what is believed to be a new scientific discovery in connection with sunspots, it is claimed that weather forecasts may be made with reasonable accuracy two weeks in advance.

A new screw driver has a device which holds the screw firmly while it is being set.

Operators of cut-off saws, or other machinery on which rough wood is handled, will find a block fitted with a number of sharp steel points convient in preventing splinters from entering the hands. In addition to the pain and annoyance of troublesome bits of wood which lodge in the flesh, there is the danger of infection. Such a block should be made to fit the hand, and a size of 2 by 3½ by 6 in. will be found convenient. The steel points on one of the flat faces grip the lumber to be handled and the sawyer need not touch it with the hands except when stock is to be lifted.

A new steam engine somewhat resembles the steam turbine. There is

(Continued on Page 28)

Industries, Institutions, Recreations

MORE than fifty industries, institutions, and recreations are already established at Llano. Even the residents had no idea of the astonishing number of them until a count was made a few days ago. Few visitors get a complete idea of the multitudinous activities of this thriving, growing community.

Under the head of industries may be listed the following, all of which are in active operation, or which are assured within a short time. Count 'em—they are substantial and remunerative and many of them are to be extensively developed. Here's the list:

Print Shop	Paint Shop	Hog Raising
Shoe Shop	Lime Kiln	Brick Yard
Laundry	Saw Mill	Lumbering
Cannery	Dairy	Magazine
Cleaning and Dyeing	Cabinet Shop	Newspaper
Garage	Nursery	Flour Mill
Warehouse	Alfalfa	Bakery
Machine Shop	Orchards	Fish Hatchery
Blacksmith Shop	Poultry Yards	Transportation
Rug Works	Gardens	Barber Shop
Planing Mill	Rabbitry	Dairy Goats

The newly opened shower baths, with separate departments for men and women, are equipped for both hot and cold showers.

Along Big Rock Creek are inviting camp grounds, where many of the colonists camp. Higher up in the Sierra Madres are even more beautiful resorts.

Our Montesorri school, largest in California, is the nucleus of an industrial school which will be the only free school of this kind in the state. The largest Socialist Local in California is Llano Local. In these things, as in all others, we shall ever struggle to excel.

The Children's Dance on Thursday night, and the regular dance on Saturday night; the entertainment on Sunday night, and the frequent speeches by noted visitors all contribute to our social life. A war correspondent for a magazine of national interest, and well-known Socialist speaker from Chicago addressed audiences last week. Llano people have the time; admission fees are unknown.

Llano, city of municipal ownership, outstrips the world. Nowhere else is there a city that owns all of its institutions and industries. Private property in our homes, public property everywhere else—this is the practice in Llano.

Do you think Llano is thriving?

Preparedness? No. Just a Llano Drive Against Brer Rabbit

In addition to the industries are many institutions that are almost industries, and which might be classed as such. There are also the recreations which deserve special mention.

Baths	Industrial School	Menagerie
Swimming Pool	Grammar School	Brass Band
Studios	Montesorri School	Mandolin Club
Hotel	Commercial Classes	Orchestras (two)
Drafting Room	Fishing and Hunting	Quartets
Post Office	Library	Socialist Local
Commissary	Souvenir Club	Baseball
Camping Grounds	Two Weekly Dances	Lectures by Visitors

This list will be out of date in a month. New features are added constantly. A move is on foot to install an ice plant. Another project being agitated is the electrifying of Llano. Both are nebulous yet, but both are as certain as the coming of another day. A score of practical undertakings are planned for the future, to be taken up when more pressing work is disposed of.

Important Notice

Because of the increases in the costs of the high-grade paper used in THE WESTERN COMRADE and the other increased costs of materials, the price must be raised to FIFTY CENTS A YEAR STRAIGHT. This will make club rates impossible except for our two publications to one address.

WESTERN COMRADE, 50c a year
LLANO COLONIST, 50c a year
BOTH to one person 75c

You should read THE WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST both. Send in your subscriptions at once and get as many other subscribers as you can.

Circulation Department
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Llano, Cal.

HEALTH

Therapeutics

By Dr. Dequer

A MAGAZINE devoted to a greater economic security and a larger social life, as well as a more perfect system of education for the young, would hardly be complete, should it neglect to consider the physical welfare of man as a vastly important factor. In attaining the first mentioned blessings, a vibrantly healthy body gives tone and character to the mind and courage for the struggle. The healthy are invincible. Poverty and want, weakness and woe, come seldom to those who are endowed with robust health and aggressive vitality. It is wicked to become weakened through ignorance. It is a sin to suffer needlessly. To have good health and hold it is life's greatest conquest.

Up to a century ago, the problem of health and vitality was considered entirely an individual matter. Today we recognize it as, to a great extent, a social conquest. Man is his brother's keeper. Under modern conditions, the life-destroying vices are the social and economic maladjustment incident to this period of transition from individualistic to socialistic life—from chaos to brotherhood.

It is, therefore, fitting that the WESTERN COMRADE should carry on a discussion of the possible advantages of collective activity for physical welfare.

To struggle individually against great masses of organized capital, is a prodigious expenditure of energy—a monstrously unequal struggle. It exhausts the physical resources of the combatant and makes him an easy victim for the myriad diseases of bacterial nature—those microdemons of the air. Only as he combines his efforts with his fellows, does he conserve his energy; does he become more powerful in the struggle. And thus fortified against disease, as he combines with his fellows, he conserves his nervous force and sharpens his brain activity, resulting in greater comfort at a smaller expenditure of vitality, thus furnishing another bulwark against the encroachment of sickness.

Disease is not always an individual curse but is usually a social curse. Remember, it is seldom that we suffer alone. Disease is, to a large extent, social in its consequences, although it is not generally recognized. When we say "social menace" the idea of contagion is immediately associated with the remark. That is true. But it is also true of non-contagious diseases, of all physical maladjustment, in fact. Behold the effect upon children, under the care of an overworked, neurasthenic mother. Behold the effect upon a family of a broken-down father; just think of the economic waste, of the domestic agony, of the social depression, due to illness in any form. I repeat, we are our brother's keeper. I maintain that when we understand the cause of pain and sorrow and do naught to remove it, that we are guilty of the greatest of social sins.

In Llano, we are combining our efforts. We are evolving not independence so much as interdependence. We endeavor rather to beautify, to spiritualize, than to individualize and strengthen the ego. Our beauty is in ourselves—our strength in unity. We are learning to enjoy life with, instead of at the expense of, one another. We are laying a foundation that may recall the glories of ancient Greece—that will bring forth a race of Godlike humanity. With this aim in mind, the co-operator works; works not for bread alone, but beyond that for beauty, for grace, for intellect, and, above all for health.

With this idea in mind, it shall be my purpose to take the therapeutic side of the socialist statement—food, clothing and shelter—and in subsequent issues of the COMRADE, show how these can be used not only for physical sustenance, but also for spiritual unfoldment, which simply means the bloom and fragrance of human life.

(This department will regularly carry articles on health by different writers.)

Outline Plan of Work To Be Followed This Year.

A DEFINITE plan of work has been adopted and will be carried out during the fall and winter. After a careful consideration of all of the advantages of different lines of work, it has been decided to direct the first activity toward clearing and preparing land for alfalfa. All available land will be planted this fall. Following this work will come the improving of the irrigation system to handle water with the least loss and the highest efficiency. Many miles of main ditches and laterals will be cobbled, making them almost impervious to water.

Preparations for a garden larger than ever are already being systematized. Orchard work, too, will be planned months in advance of the time to go to work. This is co-operative efficiency.

The ever-present building problem will be simplified when the milling of logs commences. Many homes must be built. As the colony progresses, the homes become larger and more commodious. Scores of families are expected this fall, and immediate attention to the problem of housing is imperative.

Many improvements will be made in all departments, and new ones will be added, but the greatest activity will be directed to those above noted.

What Did They Do Last Week In Llano?

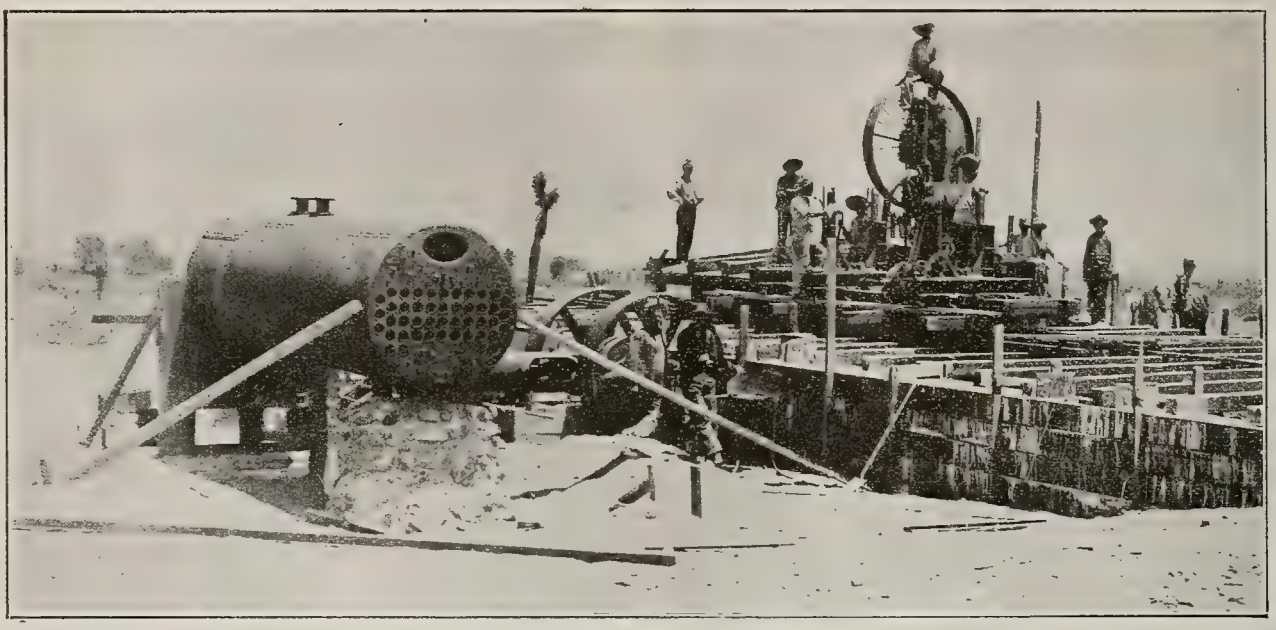
You've wondered that a thousand times this last month. You want to know every move that is being made in this great co-operative enterprise. You'll get it fresh each week in the

LLANO COLONIST

almost as well as though you were right here on the ground. Subscribe NOW so you can say you have seen every copy.

50c a Year—In Combination with The Western Comrade, to one address, 75c.

Circulation Department
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Llano, Cal.



Installing the Big Saw Mill—It Is Now Ready To Operate.

What Llano Women Do

MANY requests have come to the Colony asking what the women of Llano are doing and what there is to do. The opportunities here for women are better than most places. There are so many things for women with initiative to start and do. Help for all worthy projects in every case is forthcoming. Any success will attract willing supporters. It's the starting of a thing that's hard. People generally are conservative; it is characteristic and perhaps wholesome for them to wait till a success is assured before help is given. This condition, of course, prevails here more or less, but, after all, a liberal hearing and trial is always afforded for the reasonable idea.

Women are strongly represented in the schools. They are doing perhaps the most important work of life, that of training the young minds into channels beneficial in after life. Beginning with the Montesorri school we find interested and painstaking teachers in the persons of Mrs. Masteller, Mrs. Willhide, Mrs. Buxton, Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Whitzel. These women are ardently devoted to the cause of education and no one can say that this is not useful work.

In the school, Mrs. Minnie Pickett, the wife of Comrade George Pickett, manager of the colony, associated with Mrs. J. J. Banbury, are constantly on the job in the domestic science department. They work unusually long hours and are faithfully devoted to the calling.

Miss Austin, who speaks five languages fluently and reads seven, is taking time from her other work to teach languages in the schools.

Mrs. Robert K. Williams, manageress of the hotel, takes two mornings off each week and goes to the school to instruct pupils in elocution and æsthetic gymnastics.

Mrs. Fox, an artist and sculptor all her life, devotes several days weekly in giving the children modeling and art lessons in the studio and schools in addition to attending to her daily work in the studio, and classes for grown people in the evenings.

Miss Katherine Miller, a recent graduate of the Utah University, is teaching music at the Sierra Madre colony and has an enthusiastic class.

Miss Gladys Zornes, a student of biology and botany, will teach these branches in the schools here. She is amply qualified for this work.

Miss Geister has been given charge of mathematics because of her particular training for that thing.

Mrs. Bertha Landon, a trained nurse, has acted in this capacity when occasion demanded, and through her efficiency has won a warm place in the hearts of grateful patients.

Mrs. Kane, a practical nurse, has officiated on several occasions in emergencies.

In addition to the above there have been many kind hearted and practical women come forward and volunteered their services for this necessary and laborious work in the past.

Mrs. Harper, the wife of F. O. Harper, for a time acted as clerk in the Commissary department. The work, though hard and tedious, was cheerfully followed.

Miss Alberta Fread also did clerkship in the trying situation. Mrs. Beeman Wallace and several other women have volunteered and worked in the commissary.

Miss Ida Barney is employed in the transportation department and keeps the accounts correctly.

Mrs. Thomas, wife of Foreman Thomas of the laundry, has charge of the mending and the exacting work of keeping account of the laundry.

Mrs. Floyd Gallup is engaged daily in the bookkeeping department.

Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Page and several other women are conducting the Souvenir club, which occupies a neat little club house tent, and where visitors are always welcome and shown some of the handicraft of the women of the colony.

In the rug shop we find Mrs. J. J. Leslie who enjoys making rugs, and in addition to this daily occupation, writes, draws

What Our Visitors Say

I have had the pleasure of investigating the Llano Colony and found that it was a success beyond any reasonable doubt. During my visit there I was surprised to find seven or eight hundred of the most broadminded and happiest people I ever met.

This Colony is surrounded by all natural resources which are necessary to the development of any country, has a good location, a very delightful climate, good soil and an abundance of fine water second to none in the state; and, above all, each and every colonist has a home and an equal right to earn a living. I certainly think it is advisable for anyone who is a loyal believer in co-operation to investigate the Llano Colony.

O—— F——, Corning, Cal.

— — —

WILL QUALIFY, THEN COME IN

. . . Why did I visit Llano? I read in THE WESTERN COMRADE about it and I wanted to know if such a plan could be worked out successfully. As the result of my observations and inquiries during my visit I can confidently say that I honestly believe it can, and more than this, I am just as forcibly convinced that it is being so worked out and that sooner or later the Llano Colony will be an abiding monument to the unpretentious but none the less wonderful man who has been instrumental in conceiving, starting and developing the co-operative commonwealth of the Llano del Rio.

Yours for the Colony just as soon as I can arrange to qualify, always provided, of course, that I may be one of the eligibles in the estimation of the governing board. J—— N——

— — —

To Our Comrades:

We have been visiting for the past two days in the Llano Colony and I would suggest to any prospective investor to come here and see for himself what those 800 people have accomplished in two years. Starting with five people, 308 acres, 120 acres in pears, 40 acres in French prunes, 100 acres in garden of vegetables, a wonderful rabbitry containg 2000 rabbits, 2000 hens, 85 cows and a splendid barn, and we are told there are 85 head on the range; also 30 head of colts.

There are 73 working horses; a large industrial building, in which is contained all departments of mechanical machinery including a fine weaving department for carpets, etc., a splendid up-to-date printing establishment, with modern linotype, a steam laundry, new public bathhouses and swimming pool. The cannery is now ready for operation. Colony also owns farm machinery and implements of all kinds.

A library of 1800 books and magazines, hotel of 14 rooms with public dining room.

Three musical bands of which two I heard play and their music was excellent.

The above I have seen with my own eyes, and I know it is here as related. IRENE M. SMITH

— — —

HUGGINS INVESTIGATES LLANO

Walter Huggins, of Chicago, for more than thirty years identified with the co-operative movement, addressed the residents of Llano on the eve of his departure to report to he Naional Secretary of the Socialist Party and the persons who delegated him to come to Llano to investigate for them. He said in part:

"It is far better than I anticipated. Your literature and your illustrations do not do it justice. I shall most heartilly recommend my friends to come to Llano. The town is several times larger than I expected to find and the prospects are magnificent. It is ideal co-operation for it goes back to the first principle—the land. I shall unhesitatingly advise those who ask me about it to come to Llano. You will have a veritable Garden of Eden here in a few years."

Comrade Huggins informed his audience that they might expect to see many Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Ohio families here within a year. As a member of the Committee on Co-operatives of the Socialist Party, Comrade Huggins' word carries confidence with it.

— — —

Quotations from letter from W. E. C., colonist who is away for a few months making a tour of the East.

". . .Spent day at Niagara Falls, . . .my mind went Llano-wards, comparing the conditions of the workers who are building Llano and the workers who have built the power plants at the Falls.

"I have worked at places of pleasure belonging to owners of the plants and have visited the homes and places of pleasure of the builders, and you, as a Socialist, know what I found. Llano will do away with both. . . It will do away with the idle rich and give work to the idle worker; which means doing away with some of these rotten living places have seen.

"Still, I think a great deal more of the owners than I do of the slaves. Why? For the simple reason that the slaves are contented. Believe me or not, I have met and talked to many about Llano, (and except for a few so well along in years no other hope is left), I found a great many who were afraid of being robbed, and still every morning they go to work for wages . Oh! Boneheads!

"I find that there are a great many unpleasant things in life and they are not all in Llano. Think of the heat here this month; in Cleveland 62 babies died the first 23 days.

" . . In all my travels I have never seen a place where children have as nice a time as at Llano."

— — —

The hotel register for July reads like the mailing list. It includes visitors from twelve states besides California, as far away as Boston on the east, Texas on the south, and Montana on the north. Among those who were here and a large number of whom will doubtless take up their residence here within the next year, are: Mrs. Lydia Ledwith and Miss Hildebrand, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Theo. D. Linden, Mrs. A. Dahlgren, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hulton and Mrs. Fritz Shallstrom of Kingsburg; Walter Huggins, Chicago; Albert Williams, Boston; Prince Hopkins, Santa Barbara; Frederick Rhead, Santa Barbara; Irene Smith, Mrs. Frances N. Noel, Los Angeles; Miss Katharine Schmidt, Chicago; and Mr. H. Stenzel, San Simon, Ariz.

PEARSON'S

is the only magazine of its kind

This Is Why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a **FREE MAGAZINE.**

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public queestion.

This was the result:—

Pearson's NOW prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue.

It Prints Facts Which No Magazine That Depends On Advertising Could "Afford" To Print.

And, with all this, Pearson's still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts, buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer until November 1st.

You can get both **PEARSON'S MAGAZINE** and **THE WESTERN COMRADE** for One Year by sending **One Dollar** to

THE WESTERN COMRADE
LLANO, CAL.

After November 1st this rate will be raised to $1.50

Jottings Of Julius

By Emanuel Julius

MODERN governments are not crime-preventing institutions, but mere strong-arm committees organized to protect the exploiters in the game of robbing the people.

— — —

We often hear that the world doesn't know how how the other half lives. There is less than one per cent (the Wall street gang) that knows, but doesn't care.

— — —

The deadlier the guns made by any country the higher the state of civilization. Do you accept that dope?

— — —

I'd rather see a man with chains on his wrists than shackles on his mind. You can break material chains, but it's impossible to break the chains on the moind of a spiritless, mealy-mouthed, lackey-minded wage slave who is ready to die for his dear little capitalists.

— — —

In the eyes of a capitalist the worst crime a workingman can commit is to be true to the working class.

— — —

A fat capitalist says: "The world wants the fit man." For what is the fat capitalist fit?

— — —

Work like a dray horse— and get nothing. Do nothing—and get every possible luxury. That's capitalism in a nutshell. Do nothing—for non-consumers and parasites. Work like a human being—and get what you produce. That's Socialism. in a nutshell. Which system hits you in the right place?

— — —

"Save for a rainy day," says the parasite's platitudinarian. Think of a penniless wage slave who is caught in a blizzard worrying about what he is going to do when it begins to rain.

Emanuel Julius

A pretty good patriot was asked if he would fight for his country. "Yes," said he, "I'd lick any rascal that tried to get my country into a war."

— — —

From Oklahoma comes the report that a Democratic politician, who was mistaken for a burglar, was presented with a bullet. I have been told there is some slight difference.

— — —

The average workingman has nothing but his labor power and his vote; he sells the former when he can find a buyer and for what he can get, but he gives his vote away to those who keep him in poverty.

— — —

What, oh! Would you have a good argument against woman suffrage? A real, live pippin of a reason? One that makes a noise like logic? One that just drips with eloquent disdain? Well, here it is: In China men frequently have cancer in the back of the throat from eating rice that is very hot. Women do not suffer from this because they eat at the second table were their rice is cold. Rice for women!

— — —

The capitalists are liberal when it comes to politics—they let you take your choice between the two old parties.

— — —

Capitalism is a nervy old pelican. The crusty bird sends us a lot of vultures, and after they get through with us she wonders why we don't welcome the stork. The wrinkled old peilcan is always happy when both the vultures and the storks are working hard.

— — —

Militarism is the right arm of capitalism—the arm that swings the bludgeon when the workers become restless and discontented over the evils of wage slavery.

(Continued on page 27)

The "Llano System"

By Scott Lewis

A NEW era in education is dawning—its signs are on every hand. We are coming to have a new conception of the place of the school in the child's life, to break away from old ideas and ideals and to reach out for the new. This has led to the development of various educational "systems," some of them widely discussed, bringing fame to their originators.

At Llano a new educational system is being developed that departs so radically from that followed at the ordinary school as to practically mark the beginning of an educational revolution. When we start to compare it with others we at once see how great and fundamental is the difference. The old way of teaching was to use the child's head as a storehouse of facts, most of them exceedingly uninteresting and nine-tenths of them absolutely valueless when it came to making one a more useful member of society. As a matter of fact, the word education is a misnomer when applied to this method of teaching, for it means literaly to draw forth from, while our "educators" have all too often made it a hammering-in process. Under the Llano system all this changed. The child no longer has "learning" forced into a protesting brain with the aid of a ruler applied to the opposite end of his anatomy. On the contrary, he is given an opportunity to acquire knowledge about the world in which he lives and its relation to himself, in a natural manner and is encouraged, not forced, to make the best possible use of this opportunity.

The Llano system assumes that each child is to become a useful member of society, and he is therefore given the chance to acquire useful knowledge. Greek and Latin are dropped from the curriculum. If he wishes to study them he can do so later in life after more important facts are learned. Our common sense, if we are blessed with any of this rare virtue, should tell us that for the average person a knowledge of chickens is more useful than the ability to conjugate amo, and that it is better to know how to saw a board off straight than to read Homer. It seems so perfectly obvious that a child should be taught, or rather allowed to learn, the most about those things that will be of the greatest use to him later in life that when we really stop to think of it we wonder that any other method of teaching is tolerated for a moment by an enlightened public. Yet is has remained for the socialists of Llano to introduce in the most practical way this commonsense idea.

Under the Llano system the children who like gardening are taught gardening by being allowed, not compelled, to

(Continued on page 27)

GASTRONOMICS

The Cooks' Corner

Edited by Chef Robert

The coupon must be used in asking questions and must be mailed to the Culinary Editor, Western Comrade, Llano, Cal. Cut it out and pin it to your letter.

Any recipe will be given, also translations of French or German menu terms.

This department is not confined to American cookery; it is international—French, German, Russian, Chinese, Spanish, etc.,

Culinary Editor, The Western Comrade

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

You are at liberty to ask any questions you desire, and they will be answered by Chef Robert. This department is instituted for the benefit of the housewives who read The WESTERN COMRADE, and they are urged to make good use of it.

Will you tell me why it is better to cut off both ends of a potato before baking it? I have been told that it is to take out some oil that makes it bitter.

I enclose one coupon from the WESTERN COMRADE to entitle me to a reply.

Adelaide Benson.

No 1.—Baked potatoes are better when the ends are cut off as it permits greater evaporation of moisture. That is the only reason.

Llano Special Rugs As Premiums

27x54 RUGS, Red, Blue, Green or other Trimming

Each person sending in a club of 25 Subscriptions at 50c each to THE WESTERN COMRADE or the LLANO COLONIST, or **20 Combinations** of the **Two at 75c each** will be given **a beautiful Llano Made RUG FREE.**

Circulation Department

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

Llano, Cal.

JOTTINGS OF JULIUS (continued from page 26)

Great is the spirit of self-sacrifice! Glorious is the feeling of undying patriotism! For instance, consider the House of Lords. The titled aristocrats were anxious to convince the people that they would gladly "do their bit," so they decided to practice economy. As a result, envelopes much less substantial and ornate than those hitherto in use have been introduced. What a lovely demonstration of patriotism. Let the millions of workers die, while a handful of parasites decide to use less expensive stationery! Can you beat it?

— — —

There can be no real independence for labor until the people own the means of wealth production and distribution.

— — —

"The Path of Glory" is the title of a new book by a French author. The English poet, Gray, was right when he said: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

— — —

Karl Marx used some mighty vigorous language. The great socialist economist was not interested merely in dry facts. He was not a master of the theories of the dustinstax. He could land his solar plexus in a manner that made one forget that he was a doctor of philosophy. He could express his ideas in a forceful, vigorous, dramatic manner. Here is a line that appeals to me: "Capitalism comes into the world dripping from head to foot, from pore to pore, with blood and dirt."

— — —

What is capitalism? In a sentence: It is a system that enables one class to do nothing and get all and another class to do everything and get nothing.

— — —

Du Pont, the powder king, trumpets: "Millions for defense; not one cent for agression." Oh, you powder peddler!

— — —

THE LLANO SYSTEM (continued from page 26)

perform all of its operations under the guidance of expert gardeners. The children that like chickens are allowed to raise chickens, do everything themselves mind you, with the result that they had 1200 little fluffy balls running about, and every one a pet. Under the same commonsense plan, others are actually building houses, and good ones too, and so on with all the multitudinous variety of operations carried on at the colony. It certainly takes no prophet to foresee the outcome.

Square pegs will no longer be found in round holes. The child that is forced to do work that he dislikes makes a poor workman, a failure in life. The children of Llano will do the work they like best and as a result become experts in their chosen line—successes in the struggle for existence. Have you studdied the law of evolution? Do you know the average difference between the children of successes and the children of failures? If you do you can read the future of a community that trains for success. I do not need to prophecy.

The fellow who chatters about war "prosperity" forgets about war prices.

Do You Like To Draw?

CARTOONISTS earn big money. Our modern up-to-date home study method can teach you this well paying profession at a low cost. Send 4c for illustrated booklet and sample lesson plate.

LOS ANGELES SCHOOL OF CARTOONING

415c Thorpe Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Western Comrade

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

ISSUED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year

JOB HARRIMAN, Managing Editor
FRANK E. WOLFE, Editor

VOL. IV JUNE-JULY, 1916 Nos. 2 and 3

Llano Girls Perform

One of the most engaging entertainments yet given in Llano was the "Magic Mirror, presented the last Sunday in July, and voted by the large audience as the most elaborate effort yet attempted. Thirteen Llano beauties representing young women contending for the hand of an eligible young man were successively framed where the spotlight made each a picture. Mrs. Cecil Williams read the lines; the playlet was in pantomime. The young women taking part were: Estelle Allen, Minnie Eldredge, Floy Hill, Vera Warriner, Gladys Zornes, Miss Barnes, Vernie Allen, Jennie Leslie, Mary Moulton, Katherine Miller, Dorothy Mathewson, Myrtle Kemp and Daphne White. Mr. George Grazier was the eligible young man.

— — —

MAGAZINE RESUMES (continued from page 21)

no cranking, no dead center and very little vibration. Simplicity, compactness, power, and low water consumption make it particularly efficient.

An ordinary jack-screw can be used to bend bars or rails by rigging it between posts set in the ground.

A funnel for pouring gasoline into an automobile can be quickly made by breaking off a glass bottle near the bottom.

A piece of gauze bandage can be shaped like a gas mantel and then soaked in a strong solution of Epsom salts repeatedly until it is stiff. This makes a satisfactory substitute for the commercial article.

An electric organ is now being made which transmits wireless music.

A life preserver has been invented with a small hood and mask and a periscope attachment, which supplies air in a rough sea and water to drink.

A new dental cement has the appearance of porcelain and the durability of gold.

An electric light placed in a recess at the point where the corners of three or four rooms meet, can be made to light them all.

The sunshine treatment is being tried in Buffalo for tuberculous children. They are kept out-of-doors with practically all the body exposed to the rays of the sun. They generally show marked improvement in a short time.

By a simplified process of color photography, which differs only slightly from a system devised a couple of years ago, as many pictures as desired may be produced from the original negatives.

— — —

LEARNING BY DOING (continued from page 19)

larly since then; does any one doubt that he is on the way to obtain the kind of an education that will make a four square, useful individual?

This is but one case out of some two hundred possibilities and we cite it to show you the small beginnings that will some of these days mark a great change and show us that there is no such thing as a lazy man or a stupid child. Each will find his own place.

— — —

The persistent stupidity of miserable hyprocrisy of the British government in its attitude of pretending to believe the Irish uprising was of a semi-religious character, and the sceduled silken cord hangings, bring to mind that delightful old Orangeman's ditty:

"Up a long ladder and down a short rope,
Hurrah for King William; to Hell with the Pope."

Frank E. Wolfe.

Subscription Offers
$1.50 value -- $1

American Socialist, one year 50c
1914 Socialist Campaign Book.....50c
Western Comrade or
Llano Colonist, one year 50c

Total $1.50

Combination Offer $1.00

Campaign Book, American Socialist, Western Comrade and Llano Colonist—Total value of all Four, $2.—**Our Combination Offer, $1.25**

National Rip-Saw and Western Comrade or Llano Colonist, 75c—All Three for $1.00.

Circulation Dept., Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

Save Your Old Carpets

LLANO RUG FACTORY

LLANO. CALIFORNIA

The Most Complete Rug Factory on the Pacific Coast Employing Expert Weavers

BEAUTIFUL AND DURABLE RUGS can be made from your old Ingrain, Brussels, Moquette and Velvet Carpets or Rugs. Old Chenille Curtains or Table Covers make desirable Rugs. We also weave Rag Carpets, Rugs and Art Squares of every size and style.

We pay freight one way on orders amounting to $5.00

ASK ABOUT THE LLANO SPECIAL RUG

SHIP DIRECT TO THE RUG DEPARTMENT

LLANO DEL RIO CO. PALMDALE. CAL.

With The Hustlers

GOT 38 SUBS. WANTS TO MAKE IT EVEN HALF HUNDRED

A—— K—— is one of the hustling kind of members who does not believe in waiting until he gets to Llano to do his hustling. He is an installment member from Salt Lake City. He says in part:

Dear Comrade Wolfe:

. . . . My 38 subscribers (and I hope to make it half a hundred this month) are only plain, average workingmen. However, there is not a scab among them. I know that. Some of them may take some deeper interest in the Llano Co-operative Colony after he has read THE WESTERN COMRADE (the catalog of our firm as I look on it) for several months.

Fraternally Yours
A—— K——

(Comrade K—— went out to distribute a few of the COMRADES among his friends. He got subscriptions as he went. What would happen if 150 other members did the same each month?)

Centralia, Wash., July 12, 1916

Comrades: Enclosed find money order for three dollars and fifty cents for which please send THE WESTERN COMRADE to the enclosed list of names. We have watched the growth and success of the Llano del Rio Colony, and would like to be more familiar with your project. We are convinced that with the good start you have made and with the loyalty of comradeship you cannot fail.

Wishing you all success,

I am, Yours in red,
R—— G——, Washington

Burley, Idaho, July 22, 1916

Mr. R. K. Williams, Llano, Cal.

Dear Comrade: I received your welcome letter sometime ago, but was busy of late, so excuse any delay of answering sooner.

I am still in the ring and am doing good work for Llano. I am sending in quite a lot of applications and am expecting before this fall to have quite a few more added to my list. I expect to leave for Llano after the November election, and if all goes well I will take quite a few with me overland by auto. So you can be prepared to look out for quite a few from Idaho.

Hoping to hear from you again, I remain as ever,
Your friend and comrade,
A. S. L.——

— — —

The mailing list of THE WESTERN COMRADE reads like an advanced and thoroughly up-to-date geography these days. And as we read Alaska, Panama, Vancouver, B. C., Montreal, and Quebec, Costa Rico, A. C., Scotland, sanwiched in between every state in the Union, from Florida to Maine on the eastern coast, then in a straight line west as far as the Hawaiian Islands, we feel that we are covering considerable ground.

The hearty goodwill and earnest wishes expressed for the success of the COMRADE in its mission of spreading good news of the practical working out of co-operation among those who have not had a chance to try it in the capitalist world, are a constant spur to our best endeavors in building it up to be the finest magazine to be found anywhere. The feeling that exists among our subscribers is bound to spread a network of thought across the world that will surely have a tremendous effect towards bringing about that freedom we are all striving to attain.

— — —

PEARSON'S WILL BE ILLUSTRATED

Beginning with the September number Pearson's will become an illustrated magazine. Cost of production will necessary be increased as the magazine is improved.

In view of these facts the management has decided to withdraw on November 1st the fifty cent certificates by means of which Pearson's has been subscribed for at the rate of $1.00 a year.

The withdrawal of these certificates also means that on and after November 1st all clubbing rates will be raised.

Subscribe **NOW** and get **THE WESTERN COMRADE** and **PEARSON'S** **both for $1.00 a year.**

EMANUEL JULIUS

"THE PEST"

"ADOLESCENCE" and "SLUMMING"

By EMANUEL JULIUS

Gives you a laugh and an idea tied up in the same package.

Three Clever Plays

Something to smile at when you read, or to roar at when you see them played—yet they'll give you something to ponder over, too.

Eugene V. Debs says of Emanuel Julius:

He has a most interesting style and all of his matter has life in it and pith, and appeals strongly to the reader.

You'll make it a great deal stronger than that when you've read "THE PEST," one of the most lucid, straight-from-the shoulder things ever put into print. The others are just as good and they all come in the same little booklet. They are all one-act productions and can be put on by ordinary people with good effect.

Anyway, it is worth having in the house just as propaganda.

PRICE TEN CENTS

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A 2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS

DENTIST

306 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Room 514

Emanuel Julius and The Comrade

ALL who know of the writings of Emanuel Julius will be glad to know that he is now to write for the WESTERN COMRADE.

Everyone who has read Emanuel Julius short sketches which appeared in The Sunday Call and other publications recognizes in him a masterful satirist whose originality in phrasing cuts like a two edged sword the thing he is exposing to ridicule.

In this little volume of plays Julius excels himself. Julius never did like modern made-to-order fiction and much less did he like their guilty perpetrators who turn out novels on a piece work basis at so much a word. And in "The Pest" he takes this type of novelist whom he quite appropriately names Mr. Ten-Cents-A-Word and keeps him on the gridiron for quite a while to the utter delight of his readers.

The booklet contains two other amusing playlets entitled "Slumming" and "Adolescence." In the first of these, Julius makes the wealthy pampered lady who believes it her social duty to go "slumming" take a dose of her own medicine. The tables are turned. Instead of her doing the "slumming" one of the slum proletarians comes into her house on a "slumming" expedition. And the dialogue that takes place provokes roaring laughter. In the latter playlet Julius with stilleto-like satire pierces the melodramists who write the "Broadway" plays.

This little volume can be secured from The Western Comrade, Llano, Cal., for Ten Cents.

Remarkable Remarks

Co-operation, if it means anything, means the most perfect and comprehensive organization of industries, the most precise and business-like methods in their operation, and the most adequate policing and control of the powers so organized and operated, to the end that none may be oppressed, and that the final result may be a co-sharing by the workers. —Clinton Bancroft.

— — —

A Matter of Taste.—Someone asked Mr. Kilmer about the rabbits the other day. He has several varieties there, and the questioner wanted to know which variety is considered best. Before he had time to reply one of the boys from the Sierra Madre school piped up with "We like fried rabbit best up at our colony."

— — —

NOT A SQUATTER

Bert Engle slowly dictated to a stenographer:

"Grantor's description of the lands by metes and bounds is not sufficient."

This is what she wrote:

"Grantor's description of the land by leaps and bounds is not sufficient."

— — —

A SOLID FOUNDATION

It has been said that armies march on their bellies. Doubtless this is a metaphor and can readily be understood. It may be true. The famous Squib case, much quoted by lawyers, seemed to have depended on the same foundation.

In his plea the attorney said: "Likewise in this instance the explosion of the blast naturally produced the mental state of fright, the fright the faint, the faint the fall, the fall the fracure of the abdominal wall upon which the plaintiff rests her cause for action."

What Llano Women Do (continued from page 24)

and models remarkably well. Mrs. Burwell also keeps busy in the rug shop, filling orders for rugs for which there is a constant demand.

One of the important branches of our municipal life, the library, a branch of the Los Angeles County Library, containing more than 1800 volumes, is efficiently presided over by Mrs. Mathewson. Under her direction the library has increased in size and importance. The library reading room is ever popular. Occasional assistance is required and help is eagerly proffered by young women willing to engage in this work.

We now come to the backbone of the ranch, the eating establishment or hotel. From 80 to 125 meals are served three times a day. The culinary department is presided over by Mrs. Julia Forrest, assisted by Mrs. Clara Robinson and Miss Louise Valek. Frequently additions to this force by women of the colony is given. Mrs. Allen, in addition to the work of running a cleaning and repairing establishment for the colony, volunteers her services in the kitchen and relieves those in charge of much tedious and hard work. Mrs. Newman, now on vaction in the south, presided over the kitchen for a long time. In addition to the women in the kitchen, several men assist in preparing and serving meals.

The hotel dining room. where meals are served has a full corps of young women of the colony, who set the tables, presideat the cafeteria, serve the tables, and wait on the ten tables which seat eight people each. Those now on duty are: Mrs. R. K .Williams in charge, Jeanette Gilbert, Lillian Gilbert, Estella Allen, Adeleen Forrest, Minnie Forrest, Agnes Smith, with Jimmie Ratcliff and Vernie Allen as substitutes, and Minnie Musselman now on a vacation.

The upstairs department of the hotel is under Mrs. L. O. Wright and Mrs. Margaret Saunders, who are taking care of the rooms and see that everything is in order within the rooms and in the hall.

The ladies who play in the orchestra are: Mrs. M. G. Buxton, Mrs. F. Gallup, Miss Floy Hill, and Miss Miller; also others.

Mrs. John E. Shafer, in addition to her duties as stenographer in the office, has a big class of young women as pupils, the Misses Mathewson, Warriner, Hill, Richardson, Alice Nestler and Mrs. Whitzel. These young women when finished, will be able to take their part in the ever increasing office work and assist in many ways the upbuilding of the colony.

The two Mrs. Pearceys are actively engaged in garden work, in which they are interested and get much enjoyment therefrom.

The kitchen at the Tilghman ranch, now the property of the colony will be soon opened and in readiness to accommodate the men employed in that vicinity. It will be under the care and direction of Mrs. Irwin, who will have several women to help in the work.

All know that getting three regular meals daily and the thousand attentions to household duties are exacting beyond expression. Women are our best optimists.

A visitor can stop at homes in the colony and receive a welcome, an explanation of the colony's activities,. and an expression of confidence in the future of this, the greatest co-operative effort.

Not all the women have been mentioned who are engaged in necessary work about the ranch. The keeping of the home and caring for children and keeping up an optimistic frame of mind are just as important as some of the more public work. The housewife is seldom given consideration, because her work is routine and not generally seen.

Elkskin Boots and Shoes

FACTORY OPERATED IN CONNECTION WITH LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

PRICE LIST

Men's 10-inch Boots	$6.00
Men's 12-inch Boots	7.00
Men's 15-inch Boots	8.00
Ladies' 12-inch Boots	6.00
Ladies' 15-inch Boots	7.00
Men's Elk Work Shoes	4.00
Men's Elk Dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk Shoes	4.00
Infants' Elk Shoes, 1 to 5	1.50
Child's Elk Shoes, 5½ to 8	2.00
Child's Elk Shoes, 8½ to 11	2.50
Misses' and Youths', 11½ to 2,	3.00

HOW TO MEASURE

Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around shape of the foot. Pass tape around at ankle, instep, top of boot, and over the toes, without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

Ideal Footwear for Ranchers and Outdoor Men

THE Famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies'. men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching, or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurements according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P.O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.

Sales Department

Llano del Rio Company.

Llano, Cal.

BILLY GOATS

For Sale

Thoroughbred Swiss

PEDIGREED

Milk-strain Stock

These are the world's best milking strain, and breeders of milk goats will find one of these healthy, pure blooded youngsters a paying investment. Write for price and fuller particulars to

George T. Pickett, of the

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

Llano, Cal.

For Sale

Berkshire Boars of Pedigreed Parentage

Big, sturdy stock of prolific, healthy strain. Each animal is guaranteed to be in perfect health and of purest blood. Extra fine breeders. Our stock is unsurpassed.

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

Llano, Cal.

What Have You Saved?

Have you any definite plan for the future? Do you still think you can beat the game, that you can attain a secure position through your own individual efforts? Can you still hope that you are going to get ahead?

Each year sees you a little older, a little less able to win against the tremendous odds with which you are confronted. Figure your earnings during the last ten years and see how much you have received, and what you have left of it.

Ask Yourself These Questions:

In all the years you have worked and striven, what have you gained? What have you to show for it? What assurance have you that you will be able to keep what you have? What has the future to offer you? Do you like the way things are going? Have you any hope of doing better?

These are things for you to consider. If you have a family, they are the all-important consideration. Do you want your boys and girls to go through the same uncertainty, the same unnecessary trials and tribulations that you have gone through?

Installment Payments in the Llano del Rio Colony
Are Better Than---

You don't need to worry about sickness, about unemployment, about losing your home, about loss of wages, about providing for your old age, about securing an education for your children.

A membership in the Llano del Rio Colony is the best security and insurance in the world.

—LIFE INSURANCE
—CASUALTY INSURANCE
—BUILDING AND LOAN INVESTMENTS
—SPECULATIVE INVESTMENTS
—BUYING A HOME
—PUTTING MONEY IN THE BANK

"Living" Insurance For Your Family

Your payments now on a membership are your payments on a "living insurance" policy. Not life insurance that you get when you die, but life insurance that you get while you are alive. A One Thousand Dollar policy in the Llano del Rio Colony is a membership for life, carrying the best insurance the world has ever known. It not only insures YOU but it insures your entire family. It is **real protection.**

Look at it from a business standpoint and learn what it is worth to you. NOWHERE ON EARTH CAN YOU BUY SO MUCH FOR YOUR MONEY. START YOUR PURCHASE NOW!

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET "THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM"

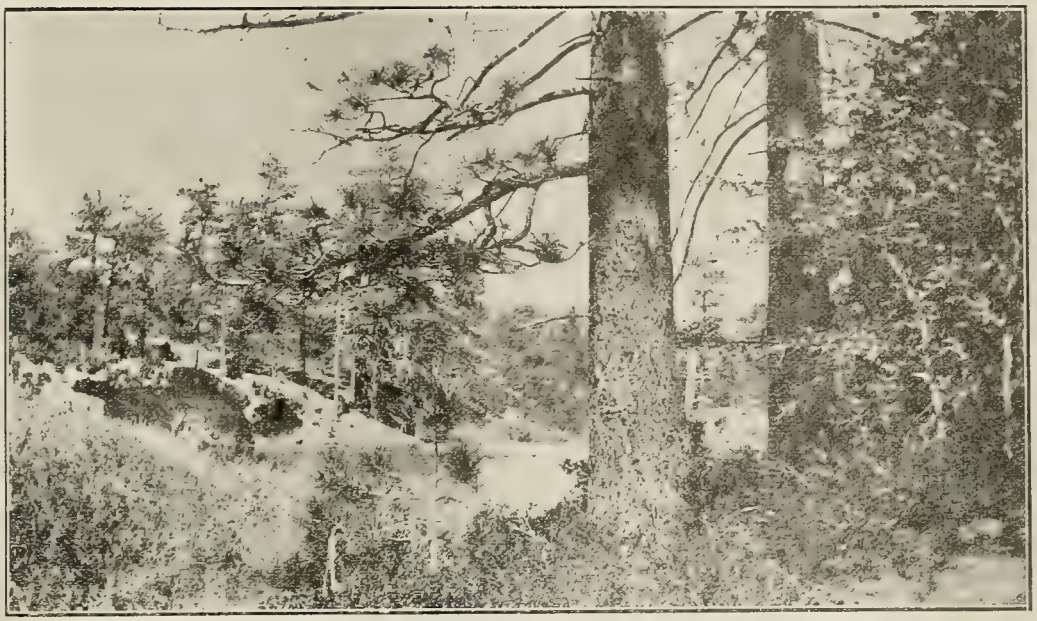
ADDRESS:

Llano del Rio Company

Journal Building **OF NEVADA** Reno, Nevada

The Western Comrade

August-September, 1916 Price Five Cents



IN THIS ISSUE

Victor Berger on His Recall

Natural Law in the Home
By A. CONSTANCE AUSTIN

A Trip to Llano Springs
By R. K. WILLIAMS

The Co-operative Commonwealth
By CLINTON BANCROFT

The Air We Breathe
By DR. JOHN DEQUER

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE name of the Nevada Colony Corporation has been changed to the LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA. This has been done in order to conform to the name of the only Colony enterprise in which we are interested—the LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY, situated in Los Angeles County, California.

We are not interested in any colonization enterprise in Nevada, or any other state outside of California. Another important change has been made in that we have decided to issue our former contracts instead of the one we offered as the Nevada Colony Corporation. This makes the terms of membership much easier on the members. Instead of asking $2,500 for memberships, we have decided to continue on the $2,000 basis. This requires the member to pay $1,000 as the initial fee, and to work out the remaining 1,000 shares at the Colony, at the rate of only one dollar per day instead of two dollars per day. Outstanding contracts will be changed to conform to this when requested.

The LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY is interested in only one magazine—THE WESTERN COMRADE. This is an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the cause of co-operation and Socialism. It has been issued by the Colony since its inception. Job Harriman, founder of the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY, is the managing editor. The Western Comrade will print stories in each issue covering the activities at the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY. The subscription price is fifty cents a year.

Following is the plan to which we have returned: each share-holder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will undertake to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

The Weekly Newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist movement and of the Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the colony news, etc. The subscription rate is 50c a year. Both the Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist to one name for 75c.

What The Llano Community Offers You

WE have an abundance of sparkling water from mountain streams sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres where nature's bounty is limitless. We are conducting an agricultural, horticultural, stockraising enterprise. We have a number of industrial plants operating and a number of others projected. We have nearly 800 residents at the new city of Llano and thousands of others are planning to make it their home in the future. There are excellent schools, among them a wonderful Montesorri school which takes charge of the children at two years of age. Schools range from this to the high school.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

The climate is delightful, the soil fertile, the water pure and the social life grows more ideal as the colony increases in numbers.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements machinery and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications are not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and

the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed above. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as near as practiable. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

WHAT COLONISTS ESCAPE

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

The Directors of the company are: Job Harriman, president; Frank E. Wolfe, vice-president and assistant secretary; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer; F. P. McMahon, vice-president; W. A. Engle, secretary; D. J. Wilson, vice-president; J. E. Beum; A. F. Snell, and Emma J. Wolfe.

Llano Industries and Institutions Already Established

New Ones are Constantly Being Added

Print shop	Orchards	Drafting room
Shoe shop	Poulry yards	Post office
Laundry	Rabbitry	Commissary
Cannery	Gardens	Camping grounds
Cleaning and Dyeing	Hog raising	Industrial school
Garage	Brick yard	Grammar school
Warehouse	Lumbering	Montessori school
Machine shop	Magazine	Commercial classes
Blacksmith shop	Newspaper	Library
Rug works	Flour mill	Souvenir club
Planing mill	Bakery	Two weekly dances
Paint shop	Fish hatchery	Brass band
Lime kiln	Barber shop	Mandolin club
Saw mill	Dairy goats	Orchestras (two)
Dairy	Baths	Quartets
Cabinet shop	Swimming pool	Socialist local
Nursery	Studios	Baseball
Alfalfa	Hotel	Lectures by visitors

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company of Nevada, Reno, Nevada

Information About The
Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established in an attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

About 800 persons are residents of the new city of Llano, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 pupils will attend the opening of the schools this year. Plans are under consideration for housing pupils in an economical and very healthful manner. The Montesorri school, the largest in California, will be continued as the first step in the school system. Pupils will be taken through the intermediate work and given High School training. During the summer a Vacation School has been conducted in which botany, domestic sciences, agriculture, biology, languages, practical farming and other subjects have been taught in a very successful manner.

Several industries are being operated by the school, such as caring for the chickens, milking goats and gardening. To please the children the school has been named the Sierra Madre colony. The boys build houses, farm and take care of their own live stock. The girls learn sewing and cooking. The children feed and partly cloth themselves. Rabbits, chickens, turkeys, horses, goats, and many pets are owned by the children. They learn co-operation and develop a sense of responsibility, besides having a good time and acquiring an education. They have 65 acres of garden now and next year they expect to have more than 100 acres. Their poultry department will increase the present one thousand or more to 25,000 chickens.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 Jersey and Holstein cattle, besides about 80 head of young stock ranging from calves to heifers a year and a half of age.

The 75 work horses, large tractor, Caterpillar engine, three trucks, and numerous automobiles do the heavy work and the hauling.

Thoroughbred Berkshires, Duroc-Jerseys, and Poland Chinas are in the hog pens. Experiments will demonstrate which are the best suited to Llano. Stock will be kept pure and high prices will be commanded. About 200 head are now on hand.

In the rabbitry are about 3000 Belgian and New Zealand Red rabbits. The number will be ultimately multiplied by about ten when quarters are constructed to accommodate the increase.

The nursery shows thousands of grape cuttings in the ground, and thousands of shade and fruit trees, as well as berries.

Honey is a part of each day's food supply. Bee colonies number 668 and are in charge of expert bee men. Several thousand stands will be the number in a few years. They are increasing rapidly.

Among the industries are the laundry, printing plant, cannery, hotel, planing mill, saw mill, machine shop, rug weaving plant, fish hatchery, brick yard, lime kiln, and many others. An ice plant, tannery and shoe factory are expected to be among colony industries soon.

By acquiring the timber on a portion of the San Gabriel Forest reserve from the United States government, the securing of lumber for building is made easy. One million feet will be cut at once, without injuring the forest.

Farming on a large scale by use of modern machinery with experienced farmers in charge of the different activities saves labor and expense and gains quick and satisfactory results.

More garden will be planted each year, and each year's success will become more pronounced as the adaptability of different species and the resources of the soil are better understood. Community gardening is highly satisfactory.

Social life is delightful. The Llano baseball team has been victorious throughout the valley. Dancing, swimming, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, are popular. Llano boasts of a brass band and several orchestras. Literary entertainments are an established feature.

The several hundred acres now in alfalfa are to be increased by at least 300 acres more this fall; the land is now being prepared. This year seven cuttings are confidently expected. Two orchards are producing. About 400 acres in all are now planted to trees. All are doing extremely well and are healthy and growing.

More than 26,000 two-year old peach, pear and apple trees were planted last spring.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for the new city to be built. The brick yard and the lime kiln are both running. When it is considered time to go ahead, the construction of the new city will be commenced. It will be different from any other in the world and will be unique, comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings.

Table of Contents

August-September 1916

ISSUED SEPTEMBER 10th 1916

Page

Cover Page
Showing a Scene a Jackson's Lake

The Gateway to Freedom 2
A Synopsis of the Booklet of the same name

Information About Llano 4
Statistical and other Information

Frontispiece 6
Reproduction of last month's cover, showing the huge political sign built near Llano by the colonists.

Editorials 7
By Job Harriman.

A Trip To Llano Springs 10
Robert K. Williams takes his visitors into the beautiful mountains and shows them the wonderful recreation grounds owned by the colony.

Llano Grows In Attraction 12
Depicting the rapid growth of industries at the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony.

With Prudence Stokes Brown At San Diego 14
The Llano Montessori teacher is conducting a school at the Exposition; she tells about her work there.

The Llano Montessori School 15
By Florence Pier Griffith

Character 15
By Robert K. Williams.

Natural Law In The Home 16
By A. Constance Austin, who gives the reader something new to think about.

Of Interest To Women 17

Page

The Air We Breathe 18
By Dr. John Dequer.

The Soils of Llano 19
By Wesley Zornes.

Feeding For Egg Production 19
By Oliver Zornes.

Questions and Answers About Llano Colony 20

An Art Vocation 21
The second of a series of articles in the "Arts and Music" section.

What Thinkers Think 22
Substance of leading articles in leading magazines.

News of the World 23
Boiled down to the fewest words possible.

The Co-operative Commonwealth 24
By Clinton Bancroft.

The Growth of Co-operation 24

Jottings of Julius 25

Victor Berger on His Recall 26

A Strange Referendum 26

With the Hustlers 27

A Letter from Henry Van Arsdale 28

Letters from Colonists 29

What Our Visitors Say 29
Interesting letters from those who have been to Llano.

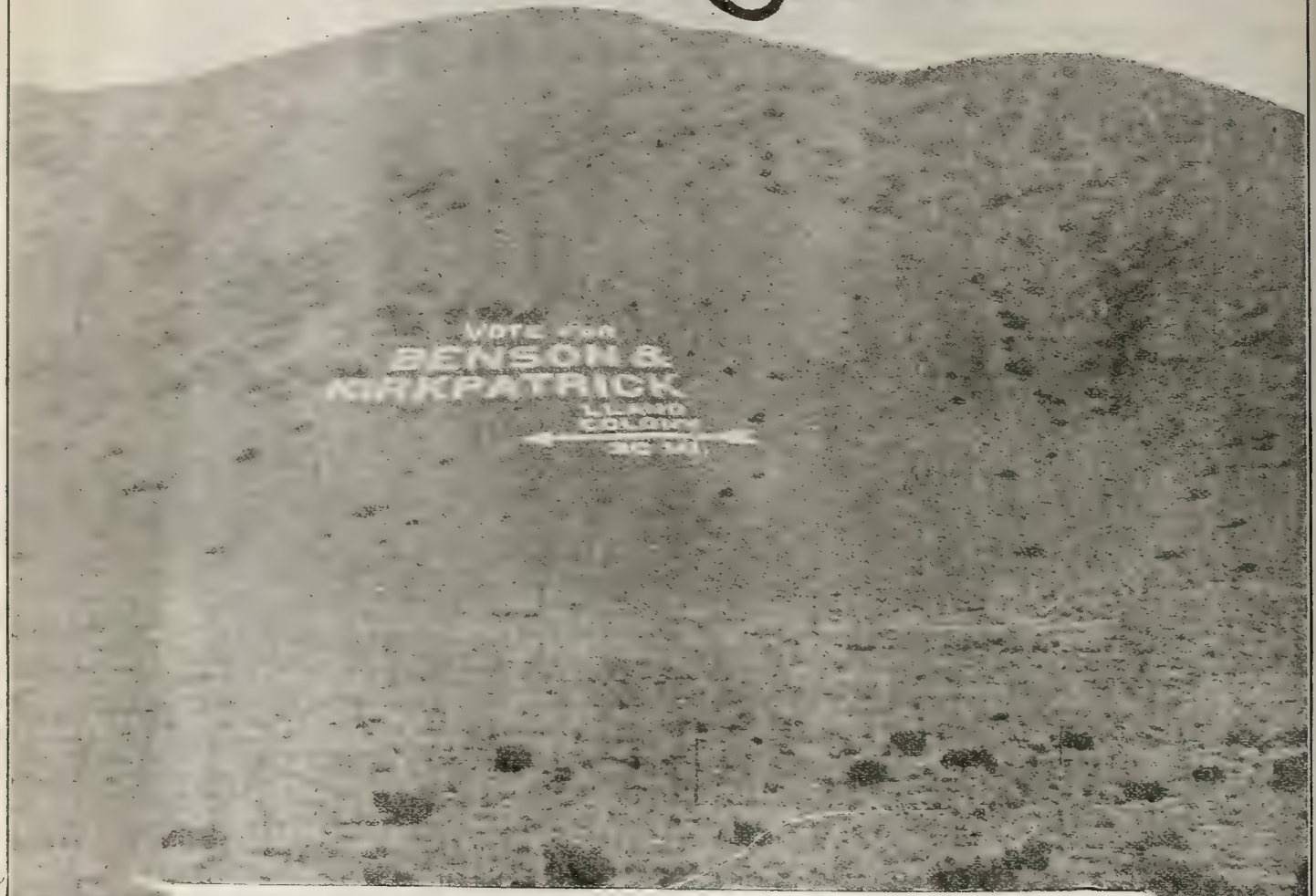
Our Next Issue

The Next Number of The Western Comrade will be Issued about October 10th

¶ Since the WESTERN COMRADE is now established in its own home at Llano, it is hoped to issue each number on time, and in future you may look for your magazine about the tenth of each month.

¶ You will also notice an improvement in the quality and get-up of its contents from month to month that will please you. NOW is the time to subscribe for yourself or friend.

The WESTERN COMRADE



The Arrow Points Your Road to Freedom

At Llano, 800 Socialists are building the commonwealth of economic freedom.

They own their industries, their land and its resources.

They are succeeding.

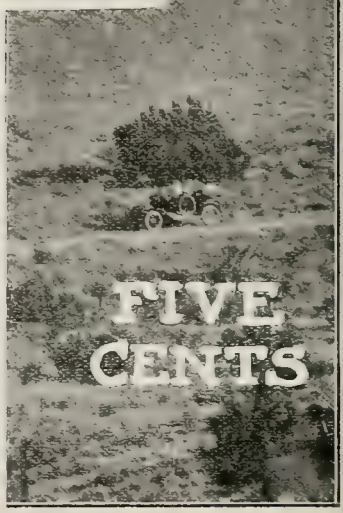
They offer you the opportunity to become a member in the greatest of all co-operative enterprises, the most complete ever established.

THIS PICTURE

run on the cover page of the last issue of the WESTERN COMRADE gained the approval of Socialists for the builders of the sign.

LLANO SOCIALISTS

Built this 82-ton permanent political card of rocks and boulders.
200 gallons of Llano-made whitewash makes it visible for twenty miles, and legible for five miles.
Dimensions: 220 feet long, 190 feet deep.
Time required to build, 610 hours.
Seen each week by 6000 tourists on the Southern Pacific railroad.



Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

7 Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1916. Nos. 4 and 5

Editorials

By Job Harriman

"THERE is nothing to arbitrate." "We have no proposal to make." We demand our pound of flesh.

We must have ten hours of energy from three hundred thousand men each and every day. This is our rightful tribute. Nothing short of this will sufficiently multiply our power and supply our luxuries.

We demand the police, the militia, and the standing army for our protection.

The law, the law — we demand our rights under the law.

What is the matter with a new law? Are billions of dollars of property more sacred than hundreds of thousands of human lives? Is property more sacred than the lives that produce it?

The police, the militia, the army to enforce the law.

Why not a new law? The owners are few. The producers are many.

Make a new law — Congress! Put all transportation under government ownership. The few have had enough, they will go their way.

The many will rejoice in the fruits of their labor.

The armed force of the nation, free from the stain of a blood sacrifice, will rest in peace.

—o—

OF all the ridiculous notions that ever ran rampant in the Socialist Party, the most ridiculous is the demand that Victor L. Berger be recalled.

Recalled for what?

Recalled for advocating the "Preparedness of the working class".

The shades of Marx and Engels have often had reason to turn over and groan, but today heaven is resounding with screams of "Vas ist."

—o—

ABOUT one year ago the Commissioner of corporations got out a report against the Llano del Rio Colony which was unprecendented in the history of corporate experience. Probably no other company in the state of California could have withstood the blow. Had the report been true we could not have lived three months. The fact that we have lived and are thriving should be sufficient to open the eyes of all our comrades and cause them to rally to the work with a determination to make this colony a great winner.

We are here working out the principles of co-operation with such success that all comers marvel at our work.

The Commissioner's report is being secretly sent broadcast all over the country. Who furnishes the money and who are the culprits we are unable to learn. This much is true, that there are capitalists interested in the ruin of this colony. They may as well abandon such hope.

Those who have been deceived have waited and waited for our demise until the report has become as tedious as a twice-told tale, and no longer inspires fear and apprehension, but only disgust for its author. The reaction has set in and more letters of inquiry are being received, and more prospects are coming than ever before in the history of Llano.

—o—

OUR social problems are as important, as far-reaching and as vital as those pertaining to our economic welfare. Under capitalism we possess all characteristics that are developed by the constant clashing of ever-conflicting interests.

We are forced to fight each other for the opportunity to struggle with nature. The struggle with our fellows becomes so keen that every conceivable advantage is taken. Honor ceases to play a part; deception, fraud and trickery become the rule of action; the successful become arrogant and feel a social superiority; and the normal, humane and affectionate impulses are transformed, first into feelings of aversion and repugnance, and finally into jealousy, hatred and revenge.

Out of this maelstrom spring such characteristics as are found necessary for survival. Under this brutal and relentless struggle these traits have become more or less ingrained in our characters and dispositions. Under this influence man oftimes becomes so hard and brutal to his fellows that his heart ceases to play any part in the affairs of his life.

In order that our lives may be normal, that our minds and hearts may act naturally in all our affairs, two fundamental propositions are necessary.

First: An equal ownership in all the social means of production.

Second: an equal income.

From these two conditions, if established, an entirely different civilization would arise.

The first proposition would eliminate all conflicting interests.

The second would eliminate all unequal social and educational advantages.

Both propositions would develop a community interest, unify the public force, permit a united and unrestricted

struggle with nature, establish a bond of sympathy between all, and open a way for the heart to function in the affairs of man.

As conditions now are, each is for himself. His power in the community is measured by what he takes and holds from the community and uses for the gratification of his whims and his ambitions.

Under the latter state, his power would be measured by the service he rendered to the community and to individuals.

One condition develops selfishness, greed, hatred, jealousy, ambition and all the animal characteristics.

The other develops generosity, affection, mercy, gentleness, love, moral courage and all the characteristics of a citizen inspired by a social passion and an aspiration to serve the community and his fellow men.

Do you question this deduction? Come to Llano and see.

—o—

THE failure of the American farmer to co-operate, as they do in Europe, is being sorely lamented.

Do not fear; be patient. Nature is relentless, co-operation among the farmers will follow their hardships and financial distresses as naturally and as certainly as wolves assemble in packs after the falling of heavy snows. The small animals are covered and concealed by the snow and the wolves are compelled to band together and jointly attack and devour more powerful prey.

The manipulators of the markets and of finance are snatching from the farmers the fruits of their labors as effectually as the snow conceals the food from the wolves. The farmers are thus forced to unite, not only in co-operative production, but also for the joint control of their markets and of their finance.

Necessity knows no sentiment.

It speaks to men and wolves alike.

Unite—become efficient—or die. This is nature's mandate. Time is given. The pressure comes slowly but irresistibly. The mandate is decisive.

—o—

IN the days of the Revolution, Jefferson was the man of the hour. Hamilton was a theorist born out of due season.

The one stood for states rights, the other for the concentration of power in a highly centralized government.

The theory of the one conformed to, and was consistent with, the interests of practically the entire population, who were engaged in an infinite variety of widely diversified and undeveloped industries.

The theory of the other was inconsistent with the popular interests of that period, but gradually became practicable as the industries grew from handicraft into machine production and passed from individual control, first into partnership, then into corporate, and lastly into trust control.

In those days there was no interdependent relation nor vital connection between the industries, or commercial interests of the various states; hence states rights and local self-government.

Today all the states are bound together, both by railroads and by the centralization of all the large industries under corporate or trust control; hence interstate commerce laws.

It is the industries of a country, their magnitude, their uses and abuses that determine what the laws of that country shall be.

As the industries and interests become national, the laws become national.

The laws always follow but do not precede the industry.

Power, whether industrial or otherwise, is most efficient when concentrated. Hence the ever-present, irresistible tendency toward centralization. The laws of a country merely describe the operation of this power. The development of law therefore, is determined by the industrial development.

In those days Congress had only such power as was granted by the Constitution, while the state legislatures had all power except as far as it was restricted by the respective state Constitutions. These Constitutional provisions were founded upon the theory that the people in each state possessed all power and that the state legislature was, in fact, the people in mass assembled, except where power was withheld, for actual popular vote. Congress had no inherent power, but was compelled to acquire all its power by grant from the people.

In those days this theory was true in fact, because the industries were small and local in character, and were controlled by the individual in each locality.

Today that theory does not apply. The energy of the people is being absorbed by and exerted through national industries. Hence Congress in its legislation does not wait for new grants of power, but unconsciously assumes the power, when it defines by law how the energy of the people is being directed by means of the national industries.

In those days Jefferson's theories were right: today they are wrong.

In those days Hamilton's theories were wrong: today they are right.

Shall we then say that Hughes is right and Wilson wrong?

It would be far nearer the truth to say that they are both wrong.

It is true that states rights are being forced out, and a highly centralized government is being forced in, by the urge of industrial development. But we must not forget that this industrial power still flows from the muscles of the people, and is generated in the blood of each individual.

In times of peace this industrial power of the people is static, and its operation through industries, is defined by our civil laws.

In times of civil war this power becomes dynamic and ceases to flow from man to the industries, but is directed against both the industries and their manipulators. This change of attitude by the people arises out of the abuse, by the manipulators, of the industrial power.

Such a struggle is now on in the railroad industry. The clash of interest will force the railroads to function more for the popular interest than they have perviously done. This will

be defined by law. Thus the public force operates finally to the end that the energy of the producing public be conserved. Failing in this, revolutions follow.

It is apparent, therefore, that the centralization of power will irresistibly persist; that its operations will become manifest in a highly centralized government; that our national laws will follow, describing its operations; that the abuses, together with the manipulators will be eradicated, and the fruits of the industry will be used to conserve the energy of the people from which the industry draws all its power.

Concentration of power and centralization of government, result in efficiency.

Distribution of benefits and conservation of the energy of the producers, result in solidarity and peace.

Whichever party follows these fundamental tendencies will win permanent and abiding victories.

—o—

ROOSEVELT has gone into the "silence." May its joys comfort, console and sustain him there forever.

—o—

CRIME! What is crime? Is it not the extreme infringement on human rights? Is not the taking of human life, regardless of how it is taken, the most heinous of all crimes?

What a familiar word is crime, what divergence of opinion regarding its meaning!

What crowns of glory rest upon the brows of the powerful, and how many hearts are broken and lives crushed beneath their iron heel.

Whoever wins the crown by committing a crime will always interpret the act as a virtue. Every added jewel confirms him in his interpretation, until finally it becomes a conviction.

The dazzling gold and sparkling jewels, with all the power they represent, charm the thoughtless among the multitude, until they, too, accept the criminal act as a matter of necessity. With their eyes rivetted on the pomp and pride of power, they overlook the trail of human gore and forget that the dead along that trail, literally starved to death because of robbery and violence. The fruits of these criminal acts are seen in the palaces and mansions and castles of the rich, appointed with ebony and pearl, with tapestry and costly jewels.

The development of each fortune leaves a trail strewn with the dead and dying. Each mansion is a tombstone in the midst of a potter's field. Look as far as you may, you will see in every direction the little grave slabs sticking up with skull and crossbones looking from them, each glaring at the mansion.

By the side of the little graves are standing another multitude of helpless human beings bowed down and submitting to the magnificent splendor, and brilliant display of power.

There they stand—hungry, starving, withering, crying for bread—dying.

Look—the Standard Oil company is now in the midst of an act of piracy, by which it will rob the state of California of five million acres of rich oil land. Senator Phelan has prepared the bill by which the title will pass.

As a public domain it would feed men, women and children in untold thousands for generations to come. Now it will build palaces and glut the greed of the billionaire, while human beings starve.

Why do the masses not revolt against this wholesale slaughter? Ah! the crime is so stupendous, its ostentation so magnificent, its ever-present pomp and power so overwhelming, that we do not comprehend it, and hence we think it virtue.

—o—

THE world war has made world women. It has snatched her from domestic dependence and submission, and placed her in the field of production, and in the affairs of state. She no longer eats out of the hands of man, but feeds him while he is in the field of battle.

When entirely dependent she looked up to him in fear and trembling, and almost always lived a life of submission, too often to brutal, unconscionable and vicious demands. Never again will she crouch and tremble. She will stand on her own feet, look him square in the face, and command him with her love, instead of being commanded by a rod of iron.

Never again will she return to the old domestic cage. It is crushed and cast aside forever. The bird has flown. The heart of the "war bride" is broken. She is looking down upon a "man-made world" with grief and sorrow, but also with visions of hope and love.

Out of this cataclysm of blood and destruction will arise the angel of peace, the woman's heart, the world's heart, and by its inspiration, its tender and loving influence, we will be lifted from the depths into a new life, where each will live for all, and all for each.

—o—

MAN may be a brute to the woman when she eats out of his hand. Man must be gallant to the woman who lives by her own hand.

—o—

FROM our very beginning the feelings seem to be the birthplace of our intellectual processes and the source from which life's urge proceeds.

When the babe becomes uncomfortable it cries. The mother relieves it and it coos. Again it becomes uncomfortable and again the process is repeated. Thus life continues from pain to pleasure until conscious wants develop, persisting ever toward their gratification.

Between these two poles, pain and relief, desire and gratification lie all our hopes, our happiness, our accomplishment, our failures and our disappointments.

Without relief from pain, death must come; hence the terrible effects of prolonged poverty.

Without discomfort, correcting virtues do not develop, but only greed, ambition and passion impel men; hence the baneful effects of great wealth.

The middle ground only is good. Where pain is met with power to relieve; where wants are met with power to gratify them reasonably; then hope is inspired, the mental processes become normal, wants become sane, the head clear, the heart sweet, and the man is saved and made whole.

A Trip To Llano Springs

By Robert K. Williams

NOW that the possessions of the Llano del Rio Colony extend far and wide, and development work is going on at so many different places, we will have to introduce a sort of itinerary so that when friends come, they will be acqainted with the trips, the things to be seen and the progress of development on the way.

Mountain trips are always interesting, especially if the road is good and the scenery inspiring.

This month let us take you over what I shall call the Mountain trip, or the trip to Llano Springs, to the headwaters of the Big Rock, the source of irrigation and domestic waters for the colony lands.

Montessori School

We take the automobile from the hotel porch at Llano, after breakfast and having remarked on the beautiful morning, the sunrise and the mysterious mirages, which come at this time of year, enter the chugging car and speed out the gate, and soon arrive at the Goodwin ranch, the Home of the Children, or the Montessori school, perhaps the largest in the state. As the school has been frequently described in more or less detail, but always imperfectly because to understand the Montessori method it has to be lived and observed, we will pass it by with the observation that the Goodwin ranch was the first headquarters of the Colony. It was here that great plans for the future now so beautifully fructifying were laid, and those that lived and dreamed there always think and speak of "when I lived at the Goodwin ranch," etc. We pass through life nonchalantly and do not as a rule think that we are building up experiences till a comparison is demanded. Thus it is in regard to the Goodwin place; the memories it recalls are deeply graven in the hearts of the first settlers.

Sierra Madre Colony

We now come to the boys' and girls' colony, called the Sierra Madre colony, where so many things are doing and so much hoped for. It is here that the first absolutely free industrial school in this country has been established. The boys and girls, under George T. Pickett's able management, are working out the farming and industrial problems incident to ranch and civic life. They have elected foremen and managers of the various departments, and are succeeding admirably. Pickett says it is easy to get boys and girls to co-operate. Their minds are in a pliable condition and readily receive impressions and will follow a suggestion until they make a new discovery. This new type of education is one of discovery continuously performed—very different from the old method.

Old Tighlman Place

Hurrying on past the Sierra Madre colony, with its groups of tents, adobe structures, rabbits, chickens, horses, turkeys, wild cats, road runners, and coiling snakes (all in pens), we reach the old Tighlman place, now valuable property of the Colony. Recently a new addition has been made and dinner is now served to the men who work on the upper part of the ranch. About twenty or thirty take their mid-day meals there. Also, tired guests, tramping through the orchards and gardens, can be served at a charge of thirty-five cents per meal. A goodly number of big shade trees hide the building and three tents adorn the front yard.

Llano Is a Town That Is Different

Site for Permanent Homes

Crossing the Tighlman ditch, we enter the townsite, which has been described many times. It is here that our ideal city is to be built. At the present time twenty odd foundations have been dug and rock are laid in some, while four foundations of sand, lime and rock are down. From here a fine view of the sweeping valley can be secured. When the day is clear, as is usually the case, the site of Mojave city can be seen, forty-five miles to the north, the green trees at Willow Springs, also the line of trees at Lancaster, thirty miles away, and the mound indicating Palmdale.

On past the waving flag indicating the center of the mile-square city, we swerve to the right and soon come to the colony of bees, the first and original co-operators, which the colonists here are trying to emulate in their human way. We measure the output of the bees by the ton, and tell the eager visitors that the Colony now consumes about a ton a month.

Upper Intake

Soon we come to the declivity approaching the "upper intake" and when that is reached the clear waters of the Big Rock, now at its lowest, is crossed with a flying spume on each side of the auto. The clearness of the Big Rock waters never fails to elicit delighted exclamations.

Important Work

A short distance above the ford a very important work is going on in the development of bed rock water which will add materially to the present stream. A sump has been dug to bed rock and pumps are installed which throw a constant flow into the Big Rock ditch.

Sump Waters—Tunnel Portal

After answering numerous questions relative to the depth to bed rock, the amount of water submerged and possible of development, etc., we hasten on to the tunnel and quench our thirst with limpid water. The tunnel is a constant surprise to the visitor. So it is mentioned that the tunnel is three-quarters of a mile in length and was dug for the purpose of developing more water and possibly for the avoidance of seepage and evaporation from a stream they planned to divert from a dam, three-quarters of a mile higher up. This work was done by the early German settlers twenty-five years ago, at a cost of $65,000.

Dam Site Inspires Questions

The dam site proper is the next point of interest and the curious

ideas of how a dam should be constructed are interesting and amusing. One woman wanted to know how the water should be dammed, below or above the dam. One man was disgusted to learn that we contemplated putting in a concrete core and then washing dirt down against it on a long slope so that the weight of water would be on the bottom of the dam instead of against the core. After thinking it over for a considerable length of time he said: "If you people think a dirt dam will hold you're badly fooled." It was explained that concrete probably would be used. All to no purpose, he positively said: "Nothing but cement will hold that body of water."

Dam Basin and Shady Road

Entering the auto, we proceed up the winding stream over the basin of the Big Rock. The road is good and the early morning odors from the thick vegetation intimately recall other scenes. Soon we are riding under and along the umbrageous alders of the Valyermo ditch and cross the Big Rock again and plunge into another overgrown road and pass the old Shoemaker ranch on the left, and continue up the swiftly rushing waters of the Big Rock. Turns and ragged rocks loom up every few rods and it takes the entire attention of the chauffeur to pilot the car around the narrow ledges. At times the grandeur of the towering mountains is almost lost in fear that the car will plunge into the waters below, but as nothing like this ever happens we continue to enjoy the up-hill, twisting ride. Numerous camping places are seen and during the summer dozens of camps are established by people from Los Angeles and elsewhere.

Punch Bowl Spirits

Just before reaching Old Point Comfort, a mining camp club house established years ago for the accommodation of the men working in the Big Horn mine on North Baldy, the Devil's Punch Bowl looms into view. This is a giant rock about five-eights of a mile in height, one and three-quarters of a mile long. It stands in solitary majesty against the green of the tall Sierra Madre behind. On the top is a circular hole, fantastically called the Devil's Punch Bowl. It is here at midnight elves, wraiths and spirits come and go. Their swishing sounds as they rush about can be heard by the timorous. The dark of the moon is propitious for them and each tree and shrub speaks softly of their mysterious presence.

Gold Was Packed

Once the Hatchery road was used by burros to carry gold-bearing rock across the plains to the railroad. Since better transportation has been made in the San Gabriel Valley, the Big Horn shunts its gold that way.

New Scenic Road

There has been talk for a long time that a road will pass by the Devil's Punch Bowl into the San Gabriel Valley and thence to Los Angeles, which will cut the distance from Llano to the latter place some forty miles. Should this road be put in one of the most picturesque and senic driveways in America will have been made. The views from the craggy heights are magnificent and the rugged canyons awe one into silence.

Hard On Tires

From Old Point Comfort camp to the springs is 2½ miles. It is a continuous, up-hill pull and very rough. Few drivers care to make the trip. It is ferociously biting on tires. For the passengers, however, the trip is worth while.

Soon a great red rock looms up and below its shadow stands the Hatchery Inn, so-called, in a condition of disrepair due to the violence of a twister tearing down the gulch last year.

Colonists Enjoy Swimming Pool and Bath House

Mr. and Mrs. Eddy always greet the visitor cordially and extend hospitality and the party alights and begins a tour of inspection.

Possessions at The Springs

The Colony owns 160 acres at the Springs. Agriculturally it doesn't amount to much, but from a scenic point of view and as a water source, it is remarkable. In a basin covering about thirty acres water bubbles up in many places and flows into a common stream. The tangled mass of vegetation and trees is bewildering, and without a path progress through it would be impossible. Here is an ideal spot for a summer resort, which Robert Mandel, one of our members now in San Francisco, is very anxious to establish.

Begins Fish Industry

Mr. Eddy is establishing a real fish hatchery. At the present time he is at work on a stone structure 26x36 feet, for hatching purposes, and the work on six or eight 4x10 feet pools for the little fish will soon be started. There are but a few hundred ten-inch trout now in the pool. Other pools will be built on a terrace to take care of the finny tribe. Eddy's experience in raising fish warrants me in saying that he will be able to solve the fish problem for the Colony as well as establish a commercial proposition.

Climate Salubrious

The climate at the Springs is even and the scenery rugged and grand. One can sit on the benches placed in the shrubbery here and there and drink in the beauty of the soft green haze of verdure. So entrancing is the spell, it is hard to tear away and start on the return trip to the Colony, which is negotiated in much quicker time that the up trip.

The trip to the springs is rough and rugged but never fails to leave a pleasant memory in the mind of the visitor.

Llano Grows in Attraction

By R. K. Williams

LLANO continues to be the mecca of visitors. Without exception they are impressed with what they see. Very few fail to say that it is bigger and better than they have been led to believe. The broad sweep of the valley is, of course, impressive; the spaciousness here impresses those from the east and middle west; the mountains to the south, towering and majestic, grip the mind. However, it is not these things that hold the practical visitor. He sees tilled fields, orchards growing, and industries in operation. Further he sees and constantly remarks on the absence of facial marks of worry.

Distinguished Visitor

It was gratifying to have an experienced man like Walter Huggins of Chicago visit us and actually marvel at the things done at Llano. He went over and over the things accomplished and asked question upon question as to how it was done. Walter Huggins is a past master of co-operation and can see as far into the complex problems of such an effort as any man in the country. Llano is proud of having the endorsement and friendship of Comrade Huggins.

Co-operation Succeeds

Llano is putting into effect the principles of Socialism—that is co-operation. Whether the outside world admits it or not, we are succeeding on a scale more magnificent than heretofore attempted. The time is more propitious, of course, than ever before.

Only the weight of mortgages and the shackles of bills hold the sturdy farmer, mechanic and professional man to the farm, factory and office. We know from correspondence with comrades in desperation, in all parts of the country, that the lands of Llano would be quickly covered with people, working to a common end, were it physically possible to break away from the old ties — the ties that bind indeed.

Speak Well — A Duty

It behooves every comrade loyal to the cause of co-operation to speak well and, if possible, become interested in the men and women here who are setting the beacon light upon the hills.

Practical? — Yes

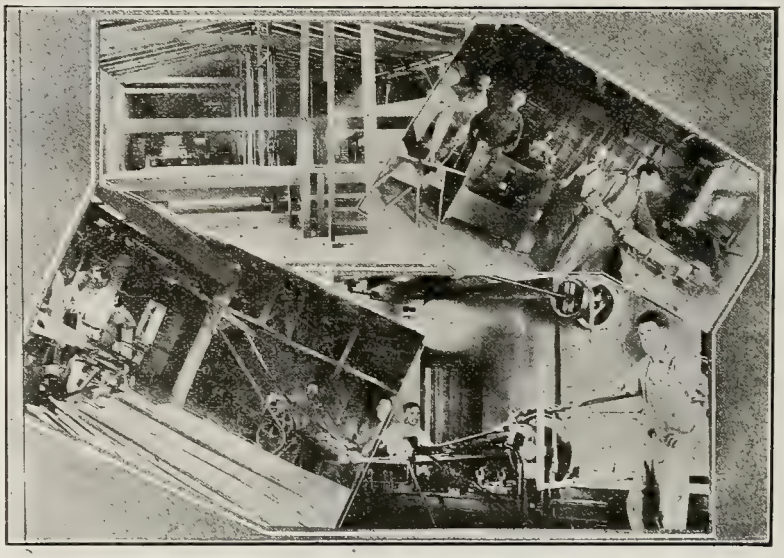
Llano represents the most practical thing in the world—co-operation. Every war proves it. The present cataclysm proves it a thousand times. No such mass could be handled were it not for the principle that the Socialists have long sought to establish—co-operation.

One-Sided

The trouble with the present system is that it is one-sided. We have social production and absolute anarchy and selfishness in distribution. We are trying to emulate the capitalists in production, that is, by increasing the efficiency in social production, and at the same time trying to teach the trenchant lesson that we can distribute what we produce with fairness.

Future Bright

Any thinking man or woman will realize the utter impossibility of introducing a thorough system of co-operation until conditions elsewhere are equal. Outside conditions are contributing to Llano's success. We have started something that cannot be stopped; we have gone too far for that.



Views of Llano's Cannery, Cabinet Shop, Planing Mill and Print Shop

Happiness Object

The aim of life is happiness, or ought to be. All our efforts are directed to that end and the effort is joy in itself. The colonists of Llano are not working for today, but for tomorrow, and when tomorrow comes a new task and a new joy awaits us.

Service is Test

Contentment is not found in possession or acquisition, Capitalism has taught this code for ages. China fought in the throes of profit systems for thousands of years, and the happiest man who emerged was Confucius. His life was one of giving, continually giving. The givers stand like Himalayas down the vista of history. Thus Llano as a whole, is giving to the world something great that will be recognized as time chisels the lesson into relief. The happiest man is he who serves. Unselfish service is the test of character.

Llano stands unafraid and faces the future with visions and hopes that cannot be swerved.

Plans for Ranch

Each department of the ranch has agreed upon a policy in regard to future constructive work. The policy was endorsed at a joint session of the board of directors and the board of managers, and later the general assembly was apprised of the things under contemplation and general satisfaction and approval was manifested. This program as announced, will bear repetition.

All the land which is available is to be planted to alfalfa this year.

Ditches

Subject to the engineers' approval, water is to be taken into the tunnel at the damsite, and from its portal to the intake of the Hubbard ditch and east to the townsite, in a practical ditch carrying 2000 inches. From there in cobblestone ditches, north past the Tighlman place, also past the Wicklein ranch to the hotel at the present townsite and from the dairy barn west to the Dawson eighty, and thence north to the north Dawson eighty. Also such other ditches as are necessary to connect land to be irrigated with the main ditches.

It takes but a glance to see the wisdom of this practical program. Seepage will be largely eliminated. Permanent ditches are a definite asset. More than 2200 feet of excellent ditch has been constructed on the Hubbard place. With no untoward circumstances intervening, several miles of lime cemented cobble ditches will have been completed by spring.

Enriching Crops

As a ground enriching and food value crop, vetch and peas are to be planted on the Kidd place.

The planting of beets for general utility on the Bixby and Young orchards has been endorsed. It is also agreed to seed to vetch, peas, and red oats the land where beans are now growing.

Hogs and Cattle

For reasons given by practical dairymen and stockmen, it is agreed that the Holstein breed of cows can be developed from the present dairy herd, and that also a Shorthorn breed be sought for if the expected start can be secured.

It was the consensus of opinion that the hog department be left in the hands of those now in charge, and that the Duroc-Jersey breed be developed as rapidly as possible.

Excellent results have been obtained in the hog department under John Will and Dr. Capron, the veterinary. Plenty of pure water and carefully selected scraps from the kitchens contribute largely to keeping the hogs healthy.

Dances Popular

Probably more good dancers can be found in Llano than in any town of similar size in the country. The dancing school started on Thursday evenings several months ago has been the means of making almost every youngster in the colony a graceful dancer. These dances continue popular and are a constant source of surprise to the visitor. The Saturday night dances have not waned in interest. The populace turns out en masse, and trips the "light fantastic" till near midnight.

Sunday Evening Exercises

Sunday evening is devoted to literary and musical exhibitions. News of the world, developments on the ranch, and reports of the managers are read from the platform. This will continue until the regular weekly, the LLANO COLONIST, is published. Surprising talent has been shown by contributors to the programs, and a large audience is always assured.

Changes at Rabbitry

A great change is going on in the rabbit department under Manager Kilmer. He became so crowded for space, that it became impossible to do justice to the rapidly increasing rabbit family. From a total of over 3000 rabbits, he has gradually reduced to 1600, and has refrained from breeding them. Carefully selected young does will fill the hutches of the new pens, which are being constructed out of the two chicken houses close to his present quarters. About 600 new and up to date hutches will contain the does, which, in addition to the present quarters, will enable Kilmer to rear and care for several thousand. Comment on the prolific nature of the rabbit is unnecessary.

Experience has taught that it is impracticable to allow the does to breed more than four times a year, as vitality is depleted rapidly by consecutive rearing of young.

Apiary is Important

One of the little thought about, but most important, departments of the ranch is the apiary, under Comrade B. G. Burdick. As has been frequently remarked, we measure our honey by the ton, which is served in bulk to the commissary. The colony has used for some time about a ton a month. Starting with 150 hives less than two years ago, he has increased to more than 700 hives and made them self-supporting. The bulk of the bees are at Riverside and Redlands, in order to get the perennial bloom of those places. Only a small colony is here. During the early year a wide variety of flowers and bloom offer succulent feed for these active workers. Mr. Burdick's little auto truck is continually in use carrying supplies to, and products from, his colonies.

Llano's Laundry, Bakery, and Rug Shop Are Efficient.

More Vegetables

The colony will go over the winter with considerably more vegetables and fruit than last year. Contracts with old and established orchards nearby have given us many tons of pears, apples and peaches.

Cannery Working

The cannery is now actively at work canning fruit. The garden stuff has not yet begun to arrive. Judging from the amount of fruit on hand, and that to come, the cannery will be a very busy place for some time.

Milk Supply

About seventy cows are being milked. Between 840 and 1100 gallons of milk is turned into the creamery weekly.

About 100 head are on the range in the mountains.

Sierra Madre Colony

The Sierra Madre colony, composed of the boys and girls, is under the management of George T. Pickett. More than sixty acres of garden has been turned over to the school for cultivation and the work done is excellent. The boys and girls are rapidly learning how to plow, harrow, cultivate and irrigate, plant, sow and gather. Injurious bugs, insects and worms are gathered and studied, much to the edification of the children. Competent instructors attend the classes and great interest is being manifested in the work.

With Montessorians at San Diego

IN a remote and quiet corner of Exposition park, in a pretty, irregular clearing in a dense grove of eucalyptus trees, with leaves as their only window curtains and under a ceiling of deep, unpainted blue, a band of twenty-five San Diego youngsters—from 2½ to 6 years old—play five days a week at the fascinating, fanciful game of self-education.

Almost in the midst of tremendous activities, but as thoroughly removed from all distracting influences as though they were, as they seem, in the heart of a wide, dense forest, the twenty-five young pupils play at work or work at play for six hours a day under the Montessori system of child education.

The unwalled, unroofed school room is almost a magical place. It is situated at the end of a pretty, winding path that vanishes there. Only those who are searching for this school can find it and when they do find it they are awed and inspired as at a glimpse into fairyland.

Nap time after luncheon. From one o'clock to two the little ones all rest. At that time, if one does not know the place and its surroundings, it will appear as if bewitched. Silence broods over everything except the birds in the trees. For that is the time when school "rests" or "takes its nap."

On their work tables and benches, for an hour in the middle of their school day, every pupil rests noiselessly, whether asleep or not, for a solid hour. That is an important part of the curriculum and is strictly observed. When the visitor happens along at that time, true, a curly and sleepless head or two will raise ever so slightly and peer about, but there is never a sound until a little one having finished his nap, rises and begins silently folding his blanket. Others soon follow his example, while some sleep on.

One of Llano's Greatest Achievements—Its Montessori School.

The Montessori school has been in session at the Exposition, under the auspices of the San Diego Montessori Educational Association since June 1st, with Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown as directress. It started with fourteen children from the Llano Montessori school, who went with Mrs. Brown to San Diego, and helped, by their physical and mental poise and self-control, to attract a great deal of intelligent attention to the Montessori method and to Mrs. Brown's project—the open air Exposition school that should demonstrate the Montessori system of education.

A Word About the Llano Children

After the long auto ride from Llano to San Diego, these little ones, none over six years of age, entered a strange house, looked about and were shown their respective beds, dresser drawers, places at table, etc. They then adjusted themselves without one cry or tear for mother and home. Fourteen small children without the previous eight months of Montessori training would have provided a large problem for Mrs. Brown and her competent house mother, but the fourteen Llano children assisted at every turn in working out the problem of settling themselves in the new home and in the daily and hourly care of themselves, with such intelligence and efficiency as to win for themselves the admiration of all the neighbors round about. They inspire these same neighbors with a determination to study and observe the Montessori method, as it is now being demonstrated.

Begins at 9 a. m.

Physical exercise is first on the program of the day. It has been found that this prevents and cures colds and similar ailments. Secondly, each pupil, armed with a dust cloth of bright color, goes over the study materials and puts them in proper shape for the day. Then, with didactic materials of varied kinds, the whole school "studies" for an hour and a half. Any posture, any method, within certain wide limits, is allowed. Comfort and interest are aimed at by the instructors. Thereafter, there is "work" of muscular nature, designed to rest bodies and minds that might possibly be fatigued from the didactic studies.

Balance and Poise Taught

To the music of a violin the bare-headed "babes in the wood" march around an oval path, keeping always at the edge of a scantling imbedded therein. For balance and poise they carry drinking glasses with colored waters. The object is not to spill a drop. It is not to drink. There is good training in this exercise, according to Montessori.

A luncheon of soup, sandwiches and salads comes at noon. Each tot visits the kitchen where etiquette, not rigorous, but not lax, is observed.

Few Rules for Pupils

There are as few "musts" and "must nots" as possible in Montessori training. There are many "will yous" and "pleases" and "wouldn't you like tos."

Learning to read is not a part of the Montessori training. If the pupil learns it is all right; if not, all right. They play with letters and sound them and draw them until some day they just start to read.

The school is a success and has been from the first day that Llano's sturdy little band of Montessorians arrived in San Diego. Mrs. Brown declares that she has never spent such a delightful summer and that she credits this wonderful success to the freedom given her in working out the method in Llano.

Llano Montessori School

By Florence Pier Griffith

A REPRESENTATION of the Los Angeles chapter of the Montessori Alumnæ met with Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown, at Llano, for the purpose of visiting the Montessori school. As one of those who enjoyed Mrs. Brown's hospitality, I desire to express in the Western Comrade our interest in all that we saw, and our appreciation of the courtesies shown us by all whom we met.

Also, as a Montessori teacher and a mother, I cannot forbear to speak of the profound interest I feel in Llano's educational experiments.

I have had, and still have, problems to solve, or leave unsolved, in the education of a boy. Girls and boys must have other girls and boys to work and play with; that certainly is the first fundamental in the organized environment which Dr. Montessori says we must give our children, if their development is to be sound and beautiful. How fortunate are the fathers and mothers of Llano, in meeting this first requirement of putting their boys and girls to school, to have a system of education there provided that aims at individuality, not conformity, for each child and which meets, in the practical needs of their community life, each soul's need for responsibility, service and helpfulness. I can think of nothing that would so make for character building and good citizenship as the cooking, sewing, building, gardening and live-stock raising, all immediately applied to the use of the child community.

The Montessori school is less of an experiment, because it has been so beautifully conducted, along the lines laid out by Dr. Montessori; but it is none the less interesting on that account. Perhaps no one who has not experienced at some time the hardships of pioneering and also the difficulties of applying the Montessori principles, can quite appreciate the wonders that Mrs. Brown and her assistants have wrought. As both of those experiences have been mine, I cannot adequately express my surprise and admiration over what has been accomplished in the Montessori school. The quiet order and industry of the children, their mastery of their work, their gentleness and obedience—these, together with their beautiful writing and their mental development, are delightful to behold.

But the pinnacle of achievement was reached when, after their quiet luncheon, their dishes washed and put away and the room made neat, they all—twenty of them, from less than three to six years old—went into the room they had darkened, climbed up on to the tables they had, with blankets and pillows, converted into couches, and went to sleep. One attendant only stayed in this room, silently reading, getting up now and then to quiet some restless little one, rearrange a pillow or smooth a blanket. Not a pillow was thrown and there was not a sign or sound of disorder; just a little interrupted humming, like nothing I have ever heard before, for it was twenty little children humming themselves to sleep. And Mrs. Brown says that, when all the sixty are there, the order is even more perfect. That is to me the most wonderful degree of order and self dicipline that I have ever heard of any body of children manifesting, outside of Rome and Dr. Montessori's own schools.

Character

By Robert K. Williams

PEOPLE are only relatively good; a great deal depends on the state of your digestion, whether I am good or not. I am valued at the estimate you place upon me up to your limitations. The more experience you have the wider latitude you'll give me. Many people imagine that others do not live until they have met them. Earmarks to distinguish the calibre of the individual are immediately looked for; and if you do not come up to a prejudged condition, you are therefore lacking. Then you go down or up. The judger always loses, because usually judgment is a criticism.

You ask for a criticism. It's not criticism you want but approbation. You say you want the truth? Really is it? Truth is a blunt fact and a condition. If I tell you the truth about yourself, I immediately gain an enemy.

"How do you like my dancing?" You don't care so much what I think, but you do want to know that I approve your particular style of dancing. If I say, "Oh, quite well," you bristle up and demand to know, belligerently, what's the trouble.

My opinion is not good. I can't give you an opinion that will help you unless you have had comparative experience. You can't understand unless you've studied. Study yourself and live yourself; my judgments would destroy you, because I would change you to my way of thinking.

The comet goes on forever. The kingly of thought and generous of mien live in the spaces. To go serenely along is the test of strength; to bend and incline is the weakness of dissolution.

Thoughts are things. Buildings and monuments are brain throbs. Before the chisel of Phideas carved the gorgeous life-like thing, ages of thought culminated and drove the chisel in its delicate tracings.

Think meanly and it is written deeply and even death will not erase the lines. Dour and sour souls die daily; the process of destruction is continuous. The heart thumps blood surcharged with dead cells to still deader tissue. The brain is a tissue. Fill it with envies, jealousies and personalities and the tomb's portal approaches at double speed. Man should know that perverted nature is rapid in her work and life's journey at best is but a pendulum swing from shore to shore.

What concern is it of yours what I do? I do the things that please me and I think I am right. Would you change me to your way of doing? You may be wrong. Who is to judge? If I do not encroach upon your liberties, why worry? Isn't it difficult to live your own life? Live the best you can and the satisfaction derived from it will make you happy in seeing me go on, even in my sinfulness. Sinfulness is only relative. It is the outcome of miseducation, and standards are the result of a composite of age-long experiences. Their interpretation depends on your largeness. Capitalists have one code; the workers another. Both are right from particular points of view.

But, what's the use? Live and let live. Do not judge. for your judgments will be more often wrong than right; you can't know the pressure that wrought the act.

The hardest thing one can do is to take care of himself. Try it and the world will be flower-strewn and a roseate heaven awaits that soul.

Natural Law In the Home

AS a matter of statistics it is known that the sexes are about equally divided on the earth. The distribution in certain localities is irregular, but taking the world as a whole there is one man for every woman everywhere.

Man, as an animal, has always contended against this situation. As the most powerful animal he has attained his end in various ways. The commonest one has been to kill off the males of another tribe and appropriate their women. Another system has been to enslave and unsex the males, and so secure the prey. These two systems are becoming unpopular, but another plan which has always subsisted alongside the two first, that of setting aside a certain number of women as sacrifices to preserve and protect the normal womanhood of a comparatively small group, still persists. It is dawning on the social consciousness quite recently that there may be something wrong about this, but we all know men of whom it may be truly said that they consider helpless and unprotected woman as fair game, and her pursuit a manly sport.

From the woman's side, however, the whole subject takes on another aspect. The woman's real sphere in life is that of motherhood. It is not her only sphere. For one reason, motherhood can only cover about a third of her existence. For another, a woman with wide interests will produce more highly organized offspring, and train them to higher service than a mere breeding machine.

Interior of a Home at Llano

But from a sex point of view woman is primarily a mother. The best women exercise the instincts of motherhood towards their husbands as well as their children. They protect, support, and comfort the man as they would the child in and through every adversity. The mother presupposes the home, the shelter where the brood can be reared in safety. This home at its best is the finest tradition of the race, the universe of the child, the refuge of the aged and infirm, the resting place for the toil-worn man, the one institution without which the world ceases to be livable, without it men, women and children become outcasts among enemies.

We all know the expression, "'What is home without a mother?" but how true is also "What is home without a father?" The father's return at night is the period about which the home focuses. The wife and children wait and prepare for this return, and if the father is absent for any length of time his homecoming is made a holiday. But can one imagine four or five fathers of as many children coming back in this way? Why is this thought so impossible? Because motherhood calls for monogamy. The one responsible head who will protect her brood has always been a mother's first need. It is a need of all mothers, but especially of the mothers whose children take the longest time to develop. So it has come about that a woman practically never loves two men at the same time, generally speaking. Man, having been able by violence to indulge his passions to excess, has not yet developed to the point of obeying the fundamental natural law of one man one wife, and sometimes seems to be equally attached to several women, but a woman never loses touch with nature to that extent. There is always just one person in the world for her—however many she may be dallying with.

Unfortunately until now marriage has been a necessity for protection and as a means of existance, and women have been forced into alliances which were uncongenial, and which quickly resolved into a sort of slavery. Besides this, but few men or women are wise, and capable of making a wise choice of companions for life. Hence endless suffering and a constant source of corruption for society. For all these cases there should be release—new adjustments must be made possible.

But free love is not the natural or human solution. To be free to follow every impulse of erratic passion puts the higher type of individual at the mercy of the unstable, selfish and debased type. The home without a father and the home with many fathers are both monstrous. The woman's fundamental instinct of monogamy is outraged.

But, you say, the man's instincts are as fundamentally natural as the woman's. No! woman is the type, man the exception—woman the conservative element, man the destructive. And the man-type is gradually developing in the direction of conformity. The intellectual and spiritual side is developing at the expense of the animal side. The wild excesses of gluttony which were possible even a century ago—not to speak of earlier ages—are merely shocking to the average person nowadays. The universally accepted supremacy of might over right of the middle ages is called into question very severely in our time, and particularly is the absolute indifference to the rights of woman a thing of the past.

Man, as he rises to the intellectual plane, is learning self-control. His superiority to the cave man is almost wholly one of control. It is from the study and recognition of the laws of nature that he gets the power of controlling nature by means of which he is making over his environment.

Self control is power on the spiritual plane. As he learns to recognize the right of his neighbor to the home which his license would destroy, and the right of the mother to the home which his license would render unnatural and fictitious, then he will be strong indeed—and happy.

"Man, the victim of nature, having spent the past in first blindly worshipping and then blindly serving the powers that controlled him will, at last, find the strength and faculty to control himself and them."—Century.

Of Interest to Women

More than 4,000,000 women in the United States are eligilbe to vote at the November election, if they qualify.

Two women have been nominated for parliament in Denmark.

Women are engaged in all but forty-four of the 400 trades enumerated in the United States.

Five of the eleven suffrage states—Washington, California, Arizona, Colorado, and Wyoming—have the eight hour work day for women.

One third of the wage earners in New York City are women.

There are fifty-seven women instructors in the University of Nebraska.

More than 56,000 women are employed in the textile mills in Pennsylvania.

The Colorado State School of Mines has three women students who are preparing themselves to become prospectors.

A woman is employed to demonstrate for a large auto truck concern in the West.

An attempt was made to prohibit women from driving automobiles of more than thirty horse-power in Massachusetts. The bill was withdrawn.

General Smith-Dorrien, commander of the British forces in East Africa, employs a woman to drive his auto to inspect the troops.

Women hold 159 of the 1680 county and township positions in Kansas.

Champion auto driver in Australia is a woman, Miss Edna Kelly.

Many women are employed in the petroleum works in Austria at all kinds of work. Filling cans, loading them on wagons and delivering.

Women are getting out nearly all the newspapers in Paris.

Women in Politics

"Speaking of women's solidarity and co-operation along constructive lines, I wish I could take you to . . . The pick of our practical club women are there and they refuse to let the . . . people get the best of them. It is certainly interesting to watch their clever campaigning; there is not much noise, but heaps of fine general and statesmanship, and most men look like thirty cents beside them. I dare say that our women are responsible for the biggest progress made in this state along advanced legislation issues. They are not dreamers. They like to go to the very limit but they know how far the mass will follow and they let off when the mass gets alarmed."

—o—

"Speaking again on the solidarity of women you will, with others, no doubt, be shocked if I declare myself for candidates through which we women expect quickest results for the general enfranchisement of women. I am not lured, however, into the belief that Hughes is the man to bring it. He is fooling the Congressional Union women and they'll soon find it out. But it will do them a lot of good."

Hit or Miss

An Echo From The Rug Shop

By ALBERTA LESLIE

Ho! weary weaver at the loom of life,
What weavest thou?
'Tis shreds of the past I am fashioning
Into the web of the now
With bungling hand and slow.

What the design, weaver, what the design?
Alas! design have I none.
As they come must I weave them, these rags of mine;
And cast aside not one
'Till my task is done, till my task is done.

They've been dipped in the dark vats of sorrow
Dyed with regret and fears,
Stained with the red lees of sinning,
Set with the salt of tears
These rags of yester years.

The piece will be dull and sombre,
But finish it I shall!
Just plain hit or miss I'll make it,
And weave in the rags as they fall—
In the past I chose them all.

And when Azrael unwinds from the loosen'd beam
The fabric I've wrought me here;
May my hands have acquired some meed of skill
For the task set some other where
And the stuff for my future weaving
Be chosen with greater care.

And for greater skill shall I ever strive
Tho' thru ages the task may run;
Whatever the loom may be set for me,
From star to star, from sun to sun,
However intricate the web
However fine the thread be spun,

'Till the Gods who sit to judge my task,
Shall cry with one accord, well done!
This hope shall drive my shuttle on
'Till the loom be broken
And the weaver gone.

The Vision

By Eugene V. Debs

I have a vision of woman that is lofiter, nobler and diviner than the mothers and wives, the sisters and daughters have been in the dark days of the past and are still in the dawning days of the present. In the full-orbed day of the world to come woman shall be free, and because she is free the world shall be free. In that hour woman shall have opportunity, and because her day has come at last everything that lives shall rise and unfold and share in the common blessing that shall come to the race. Love shall reign instead of hate, beauty shall take the place of deformity, art of war, plenty of poverty, and all the world under her sweet, unfettered ministry, shall be a home, safe and saintly and satisfying.

Beauty Hint

To Avoid Wrinkles.—Think big thoughts and cling to noble ideals.

Inconsistent

Women are considered politically incompetent and can't vote in North Carolina, yet the governor went away leaving state affairs in the hands of a woman.

The Air We Breathe

By Dr. John Dequer

AIR is, to our lives as well as to the lives of all organic beings, the most essential element. Upon its continuous supply depends our very existence. Happily for us the air, so essential, is also in nature the most abundant element.

Air is composed of two gases, nitrogen and oxygen. Of these, nitrogen is the greatest in quantity, while oxygen is the more essential to life. Oxygen, the chief life sustaining gas, is widely distributed in nature. It comprises by weight one-fifth of the air, eight-ninths of water, one-half of the crust of the earth, and three-fourths of all animal bodies. Oxygen is the first and foremost essential of our lives. Let us examine the nature and functions of this life giving gas in our organism, in order that we may learn to use it wisely with due benefit to ourselves, and that we may know how to safeguard ourselves against the dangers of contaminated air.

Air, like water, is indispensible; but air, like water, may be poisoned with foreign substances, and thus upon the wings of life's angel may ride death's messenger.

The air is not held to be a compound, but rather a mechanical mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, containing seventy-nine per cent of nitrogen and twenty-one per cent of oxygen. Oxygen is the free lover of the chemical world. It has an affinity for many things. It enters into a majority of the chemical compounds. In this lies its importance to the life processes of organic beings. Every moment we live we breathe. It is our first and last act in life. In fact, breath was for ages considered synonymous with life.

Respiration

The act of taking air into the body is called "respiration." The organs through which this function is performed are called the respiratory organs. They may be for convenience, divided into four parts, larynx, trachea, lungs and bronchi. Any good school physiology will tell you their location and function. It would be impracticable to attempt a full and detailed description here. Sufficient to say that the larynx is placed in communication with the external air by two channels, the one through the nose which is, or should be, always open, and the other through the mouth which may be opened or closed at will. The nasal passages are, of course, the normal gateways of the breath. We should use them whenever possible, as in this way the air is warmed before entering the lungs, bad odors are detected, and dirt and dust particles are caught by the mucus membrane of the nose and thus hindered from entering the larynx and lungs where they may do untold damage. The nose may be considered the sentry at the portals of the lungs.

The trachea, or windpipe, is a tough fibered muscular tube, of interesting construction, lined with a mucus membrane which extends into the bronchial tubes. The office of this lining is to keep the internal surface of the passages free from impurities. The trachea is between three and four inches long and divides into two branches known as the bronchi, one for each lung.

The lungs are rather complicated organs, consisting of bronchial tubes and their air terminals. Broadly speaking, the lungs consist of large masses of film like elastic membrane, covered by a close net work of blood vessels, shot through with larger and larger bronchial tubes which finally reach the trachea, larynx and nose, and thus the outside air. It would pay each individual to read and study some work on the anatomy and physiology of the lungs, as these organs are of far greater importance than the average man imagines.

The taking of air into the lungs is called "inspiration." The expulsion of the air from the lungs is known as "expiration." By the contraction of certain muscles the cavity of the chest is enlarged and thus the lungs are distended and the air in the tissues of the lungs becomes more rarified (thinner) than the outside air. Thus the air pressure in the lungs is less than that of the outside air, causing the outside air to rush in, until there is again an equal pressure. With the relaxation of the muscles the chest again returns to its original size, causing a greater pressure within the lungs. The air so compressed rushes out of the lungs by way of the trachea. This is known as "expiration." An inspiration and an expiration are called a respiration.

In an adult under normal conditions the change of air in the lungs takes place about seventeen times per minute. This rate, however, varies in individuals, and with age. In the infant, it may run above forty; about the age of sixteen the normal is reached. Then there are variations between the walking and sleeping state, variations due to excitement and disease, exercise and rest.

At birth there is no air in the lungs, but once the lungs are filled by the first cry of the infant, they are never completely emptied again until after death. The quantity of air normally taken into the lungs is known as tidal air. The quantity that can be expelled after a normal expiration is called supplemental air, that which cannot be expelled is residual air. The average chest expansion of a healthy adult is three inches.

Expired Air

We take into our lungs with each inspiration about thirty cubic inches of air. When this air is again expired it differs from ordinary air in three particulars. It contains from four to five per cent less oxygen and about four per cent more carbonic acid. No matter what the temperature of the outside air may be, expired air is about 98 degrees fahrenheit. No matter how dry the external air, expired air is quite laden with moisture. Seeing that with each breath we take in thirty cubic inches of air, it follows that during 24 hours from 350 to 400 feet of air have passed through our lungs. Thus an individual will poison the air of a small bedroom in eight hours sleep.

Ventilation

Seeing that with each breath we take the life giving oxygen and load it with carbonic acid and other poisonous gases, it is clear that ventilation (the constant change of air) is absolutely essential to our physical welfare. No one should sleep in a room where a window could not be opened so as to admit outside air. Air is the first thought in the sick room; without an abundance of oxygen health is impossible. Open up the window. "Do not shut the door, let the blessed ozone in."

Fresh air never gave you a cold. The lack of it did. Fresh air is all blessing and no curse.

Fresh Air and Disease

Physical culture and breathing exercises tone up the system through the increase of oxygen in the blood which aids nature in the elimination of dead matter from the body. Systematic breathing is a valuable therapeutic measure in most diseases.

Llan Medical Department

This department is free to the colonists at Llano, and also gives free advice upon subjects pertaining to health and health building, to the readers of the WESTERN COMRADE, providing they enclose the heading of the page of this department and stamps for a reply.

The Soils of Llano

By Wesley Zornes

THE soils of Llano on which we now have hundreds of acres of young orchards, green and luxuriant alfalfa, and a garden which feeds the entire Colony, before irrigation was introduced could only have grown cacti, greasewood and Yucca palms.

Imbued with the co-operative spirit, determined to build a great industrial organization, which would stand as a monument before future generations, a few sturdy men of brawn and brain, began to build irrigation ditches, clear lands and build houses.

As a result of only two years work we see before us a great and ever-growing farm, backed by the mechanical arts which are turning the raw material of the farm into useful products.

The conversion of the desert into a garden is itself an achievement of which we well might be proud.

For ages the Sierra Madre range has been giving way to weathering agencies. The heat of the desert days accompanied by our cool nights have set up varying stresses in the mineral rocks of which the range is composed. This is due to the fact that the rocks contain different minerals which have unequal co-efficients of expansion. One mineral may expand more than another which causes clefts to form in the rocks and decomposition to take place.

During the winter months the snow-capped peaks of the mountains are deluged with frequent rains, and Big Rock Creek is transformed into a roaring torrent. The sides of the mountains are worn away and deposited upon the desert below, forming an alluvial soil of decomposed granite and quartz. Ages upon ages the slow wearing away of these mineral peaks has been going on and as a result we have a soil high in mineral matter. The supply is almost inexhaustible. Steady cropping for years has not as yet depleted the soil of its natural mineral strength. We have some old tracts of land planted by early settlers which are yet producing abundant crops of alfalfa.

Cows, Hogs, and Alfalfa Are Profitable at Llano.

Speaking geologically this transformation of a range of barren rocks into a soil capable of producing wonderful results has been a very recent process.

Vegetation has not as yet had a chance to decompose and add to this great inor-

(continued on page twenty-seven)

Feeding for Egg Production

By Oliver Zornes

HENS are not machines. They have their likes and dislikes for different foods.

Gas engines produce power by being fed gasoline. Hens produce eggs by eating egg and health producing foods, no matter whether foraged or fed. Having acquired egg type hens and proper surroundings, the hen's body must be maintained and enough wisely chosen food eaten to produce the egg.

Carbohydrates and fats are health and energy producing foods. Proteids are tissue builders. Lime and other mineral foods go mostly to build bone, feathers and egg-shell.

Water should never be forgotten, for three-fourths of the hen's body is water.

As the hen's body must be maintained, she must have tissue building foods; proteids, a small amount of fat, plenty of water and some mineral food. These same foods are needed for egg production. Hens should not go hungry for any of them. Dry mash in hoppers should always be before them, and should be as near as possible a balanced ration. Wet mash is often fed, but not with a great degree of success because a bird's digestive processes are entirely different from other animals—it is normal for them to be always picking at something—and large meals at considerable intervals upset their health. It is not possible to keep wet mash before them all the time, because it is very unsanitary, while dry mash may be left in the hoppers at all times. The mash may be composed of many things, but one of the main food elements must be present in a large degree, proteids which are found in meat and green-cut bones, and grains such as barley and oats.

Beans and peas are high in protein and make a good food when cooked, but should be fed carefully, as the hens may overeat.

Fats are not needed as much in the summer as in the winter when the body temperature of the hen must be maintained, therefore we feed more corn and fat producing foods in the winter.

It is often difficult in winter to supply the hens with green food. Greens should, however, never be forgotten, for they are the only tonic necessary. The runs should, if possible, be planted to alfalfa as it stands tramping better than most grasses. This may stay green most of the season, but at the same time it is advisable to furnish the hen with a variety of greens. Lettuce is one of the very best of greens. Kale, cabbage, and cauliflower are good, but must be fed carefully on account of their laxative effect. Potatoes, beets, carrots, and other root crops may be cut and thrown in for the hens to pick at. Do not make this the bulk of the hen food, but feed all the greens the hen wishes to eat beside the more concentrated food such as grains and mash.

Grain should be fed morning and evening in clean litter, as the exercise of scratching develops the abdominal muscles. Quantity cannot be measured, but judgment must be used, for the hens will eat more at one time than at another. Feed them all they will eat, and feed at as regular hours as possible,

(continued on page thirty)

Questions and Answers

THE correspondence with the Colony is continuous, and many are the queries presented. While we try to make a personal reply, it is not always possible. Many questions are of general interest, and perhaps the best thing to do would be to make a resume of them with their answers.

Most of the following inquiries have appeared in an earlier issue of the WESTERN COMRADE, yet we feel they will bear repetition, for there may be some intending to come now who were not subscribers several months ago. One colonist said that if he had read the earlier questions and answers he could have saved $200. He sold a lot of household goods, actually needed, expecting to find here everything he wanted. We hope that no future hardship such as this will be incurred by those who read this column.

A lady, writing from Wyoming, asks whether she can buy such things as underclothes, kitchen utensils, bedding, brooms, etc., in the commissary.

Answer.—No, you cannot. The commissary attempts to supply the necessaries of life to each colonist, but only occasionally carries kitchen utensils, bedding, etc. Brooms can usually be obtained. It would be best to bring these things with you. However, Los Angeles is close at hand, and through our purchasing agent there, these wants can be supplied very reasonably; also Palmdale is but twenty miles away where general supplies can be obtained daily through the stage.

Fred Barnes, of Portland, asks whether it is permissible to have privately owned automobiles in the Llano Colony.

Answer.—Surely. The Colony, however, would not furnish you with oil, grease, gas, materials, etc. These would be at your own expense. I might say that a car is a sensible thing to bring. An automobile is a great content maker and if you can afford to keep it up, certainly bring it with you.

Llano Workers Leveling New Alfalfa Lands.

Mrs. B., of Salt Lake City: "Is it necessary to bring foodstuffs?"

Answer.—I would say yes, but of course this is not compulsory, or really expected. I refer more specifically to what might be termed luxuries. If you are fond of salads and such, would suggest you supply yourself with sardines, salmon, canned meats, crabs, pickles, olives, mackerel, salt meat. These things are regarded in the nature of luxuries and naturally are not found in the commissary.

The question suggests itself what can be had in the commissary. Such staples at tea, coffee, sugar, lard, matches, soap, butter, eggs, starch, honey, flour, bread, peanut butter, cocoa and cheese, etc. In addition to this, when vegetables are in season, we have watermelons, canteloupes, sunberries, potatoes, tomatoes, onions, carrots, squash, turnips, cabbage, apples, pears, and almonds. These are in abundance. The Colony will be pretty well supplied with winter vegetables this year, it is confidently expected.

Mrs. G., writing from Oakland, says: "My daughters have been taking music lessons. I am very anxious that they continue. Should we take up our residence in the Colony will they have the opportunity of continuing their musical education?"

Answer.—Yes, Mrs. G., we have a competent teacher in the person of Miss Miller in our school. We feel that your daughters would progress rapidly under her instruction. In addition to Miss Miller there are several others capable of carrying students forward.

Someone recently asked if it was true that the colonists objected to dogs.

Answer.—It is hardly fair to say we object to dogs; we don't. I hardly know of a more lovable thing than a dog and personally I can be entertained for hours watching the antics of pups. The reason dogs are not wanted is that our domestic ditches are open and dogs will bathe in them. Generally, people object to drinking water after the dogs have been luxuriating in the ditches. Furthermore, dogs barking at night are not conducive to restful sleep. All in all, believe the rule of not allowing dogs in the Colony, or to run at large is a good one.

A mother living in Utah volunteers the information that she has seven children and that the oldest, a daughter, has shown decided talent for painting, and wants to know if she could be instructed properly in this branch of art.

Answer.—Yes. Mrs. Fox has opened a studio and gives lessons in drawing, painting and sculpture, or modeling. Mrs. Fox is in every way competent to teach and her classes are well attended. The studio contains some fine specimens of her work, which are admired by those who love art.

Mrs. J., writing from an Oklahoma city, says that she has collected a lot of rags of all shades and description and wants to know whether she could have these made into rugs.

Answer.—Yes. You may send them here at once and have these rags turned into fine rugs. See ad. on page 28 in June-July issue of the WESTERN COMRADE. If you wish to earn a rug, see special offer on page five of this issue.

No, the Elkskin shoe factory is not located at Llano. See ad in this issue of the WESTERN COMRADE.

Miss A. says she is anxious to become a subscriber for our new publication, the Llano Colonist, and wants to know if it gives daily news of the Colony. The answer to this is yes. It will carry daily news of the Colony, but published weekly.

Mr. W., of Mendocino county, wants to know if a party he is thinking of bringing to the Colony can be given hotel accommodations.

Answer.—Yes. If the party is large would suggest bringing blankets for we never can tell what the space will be. Frequently we are much crowded for room in the hotel.

The Souvenir club of Llano carries postcards containing views of the Colony, address care of Mrs. John Spencer.

Answering several inquiries. The hotel rates are $1.00 per day, or 25c per meal. Dinners are served at the Tighlman ranch at 35c each. On Sundays chicken dinners are served at the Sierra Madre Colony, at 50c. Reservations can be made for the latter by addressing Mrs. Geo. T. Pickett.

Three schools of healing are represented in the Colony at the present time; the old line allopath, osteopath and chiropractic. Dr. Freeman with a new system of up-to-date healing will soon be in the Colony.

An Art Vocation—The Solution

By A. Constance Austin

THE fundamental error in the situation discussed in a previous article lies in mistaking talent for genius. Society need not take genius into consideration at all. If talent is given the opportunity to express itself, genius, when it occurs, will have no difficulty in asserting its supremacy. It will assert itself anyhow, unless crushed out either by excessive economic pressure and a densely ignorant environment, or by the studiously negative training of futile social traditions. Dense triviality is at least as dangerous as dense ignorance. However, under any normal conditions genius will take care of itself.

Talent is less assertive and determined, but certainly not of less value to the community. In the pioneer days of America's development strength and energy were the prime requisites. In our day we need to put a finish on the work roughly blocked out by our ancestors. Every spark of art faculty in the country should be nursed into creative results. Unfortunately the dream of the great masterpiece is the illusive Will o' the wisp that leads the mass of our art talent into a morass of wasted opportunity and unsuccess.

This misled ambition fails to grasp the true meaning of art. One of the definitions in the dictionary is "a systematic application of knowledge or skill." How remote is this definition from current conceptions of an artist! Another statement is that art involves the need, the perception and the creation of beauty. The masterpiece so-called is a secondary result of the art instinct. It has comparatively little influence on general living conditions. But beauty should surround us everywhere. In countries where there is a general and wise public understanding of art, there is a demand for beauty in every article that man produces, and the greatest masters have appreciated this universal claim on their services. Leonardo da Vinci and Benvenuto Cellini among others did not hesitate to design objects of general utility on occasion; spoons, plates, or other apparently trivial things. One point that the really cultivated art student understands is that nothing is trivial which we have to handle or look at all the time. If its lines are bad it keeps up a subconscious fretting strain which reduces our efficiency. Beauty is not a matter of ornament, of superficial detail. It is a matter of fitness, the right line and the right material. If carefully thought out and exactly suited to the use to which it is put, and constructed with conscientious workmanship directed by a skilled designer, it is beautiful and artistic. Our present civilization has gone to wreck on the proposition of an enormous factory output for quick sales. The inevitable tendency of manufacturing for quick profits is to produce articles which "last quick," and perfect suitability and good workmanship are distinct disadvantages in a product which is manufactured to create a need for another more or less similar article at the earliest possible period.

The result of the complete control of the manufacturer by the principle of quick sales is the general neglect of the consideration of fitness, quality and art in the products of this commercial age. Almost any kind of savage can surpass us on the plane of production. They are nearly always actuated by the pride of workmanship, and produce things which we are glad to collect in our museums, and could frequently study to our advantage. It is true that these slow processes of hand work result in a very limited output, which if applied nowadays would make it impossible for any but the elect few to have, not only the luxuries, but the necessities of civilized life. But while the exquisite carefulness of hand work is not a practical ideal to work towards, and while large scale machinery production is essential to the conditions of modern life, the wilful and vicious manufacture of badly designed articles, composed of unsuitable material, selected that it may not last, is not a necessity and is not desirable.

And here is where the talent of those who can see and create beauty can have endless scope. If we seize eagerly upon every budding talent, watch its natural trend and train it to design and guide the output of our factories and workshops in such a way that each object turned out will be perfect in line and color, as well as perfectly adapted to the use to which it is put, and carefully made of the best material which can be used for that purpose, the artist will cease to be a helpless and incompetent social parasite. All this talent which is now largely wasted will become the most vital element in building up our new civilization.

The general public, however, has also its responsibilities in the matter. One is to conserve and develop the artistic spirit as one of the greatest social assets, to remember that the true artist is primarily a person of finer perceptions and truer judgment than the average man. It must be remembered that good judgment does not wholly consist in holding the right views on the art of making money. It has come to have that meaning under the competitive system of living, but real judgment is the faculty of balancing the relative values of things. One evidence of good judgment is the ability to appreciate that quality and fitness are a higher economical and social asset than cheapness, great output and quick sales.

The "systematic application of the highest knowledge and skill" is a thing that we cannot afford to get along without. Another thing that society has to learn is that the artist cannot create and direct the manufacture of the best possible product unless the public pays the price of the better thing, with a true appreciation of the fact that a good thing that lasts is cheaper than a poorly designed, poorly made article of poor material. Finally, our young people of artistic temperament have to learn that it is better to work towards the correction of the general ugliness of the environment in which we all have to live and suffer, than to produce some one masterpiece that only an occasional person will have the opportunity and training to enjoy.

Besides, a man or woman who is actively engaged on constructive work, applying his ability and training to create beauty and elevate his environment, is at least as likely as the mere student of the technicalities of drawing, painting or sculpture, to become inspired with a vision or thought that must be expressed in the masterpiece that lives.

Moreover, to share in the building up of a civilization that radiates and uplifts many generations and peoples is to share in a masterpiece that far transcends the wonders even of the age of Pericles.

—o—

Plato says that "beauty . . shall flow into the eye and ear like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason;" i. e., sanity of thought which conduces to beauty of conduct. We should so reshape all the externals of our communal life that the soul of the people could nowhere escape from the ministrations of beauty.

—o—

The farmers in Minnesota are walking arm in arm with the Minnesota State Art Commision. The people consult the commission upon all sorts of questions. If the chimney smokes or the plumbing balks, they write to the commission and get help. The commission assists in the selection of wall paper. And this helps some in advancing the cause of pictures and "old masters."

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in August Magazines

PEARSON'S

The Oil Story.—The Phelan amendment to the Ferris bill hands over $55,000,000 worth of California oil lands to powerful corporations, and the government will have to repurchase the oil that it has given away. A receiver in charge of one plant manufactures and delivers gasoline at six cents a gallon, as against nineteen cents of Standard Oil. The new naval program calls for an annual peace consumption of 4,800,000 barrels and a war consumption of 14,400,000. Naval reserves 1 and 2 might contain 72,000,000 barrels of fuel oil, only the proven part of it is to be given away. The Santa Fe railroad, the Standard Oil control most of this stolen property.—George Creel.

Wall Street's Handyman, Charles E. Hughes.—The Republican party this year has the same claim to the support of ninety per cent of the American people as a chicken hawk has to the support of the chickens. Hughes has deliberately chosen to support money as against men. Now money is supporting him. As a corporation lawyer his record is "extremely reassuring" to all those interested in railway investments. How about those interestad in railway transportation? The corporations are quite right in turning from Mr. Wilson, who has served them well, to Mr. Hughes, who will doubtless serve them better. As governor he vetoed a two-cent fare bill, and stung his state with a public service commission that the corporations liked and the people detested. How about the insurance investigations? Well the insurance magnates are all fighting for him now. As associate judge of the United States Supreme Court he ruled against labor, but the Republican party is pledged "to the faithful enforcement of all federal laws passed for the protection of labor." Of course. There are none of any consequence. Mr. Hughes and his platform should command the solid millionaire vote. They should command nothing else.—Allan L. Benson.

The Revolt in North Dakota.—North Dakota was losing $55,000,000 annually by a deal between the milling industries of Minneapolis and the railways. Moveover its No. 1 Northern is doctored during transhipment. Hence scandals about rotten wheat shipped to England. Robbed of money and reputation the outraged delegation of farmers to the legislature is told to "go home and slop the pigs." A non-partisan league started among the farmers is joined by business and professional men who realized that it meant a new era of prosperity. The primaries held during torrential rains registered a majority of 5000 over all the other candidates for the farmers candidate, Frazier. The whole nation has a legitimate interest in the successful working out of the farmers' motto: "We'll stick; we'll win."—Herbert E. Gaston.

The Water Power Grab.—The United States is in process of giving away 44,000,000 horse power of water. With this power phosphate, nitrogen and potash could be manufactured in unlimited quantities as a by-product of hydro-electric plants. The government is handling many great undertakings with surpassing efficiency: the Panama Canal, the Alaska railway, the Coast and Geological surveys, the Lighthouse service, etc. The Myers water power bill stands in the way. On the other hand the Tavenner bill provides for the development of this power by the United States in a simple and practical way. It is too good a bill for Congress even to consider, unless forced by pressure from the folks back home.—Frederick Kerby.

Casement's Conviction—"Ireland has wronged no man—but where all rights become accumulated wrongs, where men must beg with bated breath for leave to subsist in their own land, to think their own thoughts, sing their own songs, garner the fruits of their own labors, then surely it is the braver, saner and truer thing to be a rebel against such circumstances as these than to tamely accept them as the natural lot of man. My lord, I have done." Never had England such a chance to show how superior she was to the Germans. If Asquith had said: "We refuse to punish these Irish rebels while their brothers are fighting in a great cause", he would have won Ireland. "I knew that the rising would fail", said the widow of one of the executed Sinn Feiners, "and he knew it would fail; but he felt that he was helping to save the soul of Ireland."—Frank Harris.

The First Gentleman in Europe—Why is Germany going to the wall in spite of her acknowledged efficiency? In twenty years French industries have grown 28 per cent while German industries have grown 500 per cent. Germany has 100,000 university students against 20,000 French and 10,000 English. Fifty highly trained chemists against five in France and one in England.

The hereditary feudal aristocracy is losing the war for Germany. Her captains of industry are Jews. But Jews are not allowed to become army officers. The consequence is that the German general staff is not as superior to the French general staff as the directory of the Electrical company of Berlin is superior to all French and English electrical companies. Every privilege is a handicap to its possessor and not a benefit.—Frank Harris.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

The Passing of the Turk.—The holy cities of Islam have been wrested by Moslems from Ottoman control. To the German Emperor this is doubtless one of the chief disappointments of the war. Through the Turkish alliance and the German railroads in Asia, he hoped to command the trade routes to Central Asia and to control, and if desirable, bar the Suez canal. Also the whole Mohammedan world would range itself on the side of "Wilhelm Pasha, Caliph of Germany." However, when the Jehad was called nothing happened. Egypt remained loyal. Afghanistan dismissed the German agents. Bokhara and Turkestan adhered to Russia. In India, prince vied with prince in offering treasure and levies to the British. Now the Sheriff of Mecca and the Arabian chieftans decide to break with Constantinople and look to Great Britain for protection.—Editorial.

Christianity and the Sword.—Does the "Prince of Peace" teach peace at any price? "Let him that hath none sell his cloak and buy a sword." The thing that impresses the student is not his pacific virtues: it is his combativeness, his stern challenge to the ruling powers of the world. That this world should be the scene of oppression and wrong, of the triumph of brute force, is to him intolerable. Hence his long journey to fling down his great last challenge to enthroned wrong. He need not have died—on pacifist principles. To act as if war could be no more is to live in a land of dreams to be dispelled by a rude onset of reality. What will the dreamer do in the day of visitation, in the desolation that shall come from afar."—Canon Samuel McComb.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The Health of the Nation.—In comparison with the tragedies that are being enacted in our own country the worst shipwreck on record is absolutely insignificant, and the great war in Europe is of only secondary importance. A recent bill proposes that "every wage-earner whose income does not exced $100 a month will be entitled to the services of a physician when he is ill, will receive an allowance during disability and will be provided with medicines and surgical appliances as required. Advocates of this form of social insurance think that this will prevent a great deal of serious illness and resulting physical inefficiency because the poorer classes will no longer be deterred by financial considerations from consulting a physician at the outset of a malady.—Editorial.

CENTURY

The Uses of Adversity.—Great disasters such as the San Francisco earthquake, great strikes and the present world war, bring about a feeling of extraordinary good fellowship and even peace of mind which make the most awful calamities seem to be worth while. An alarmed commentator demands "Is this condition of peacefulness" so supreme a good that it makes the best form of international relationship? It is not their relations with the Germans that make the English feel at peace, it is their relations with one another. The miners at Ludlow were not cheered by their enmity to the armed mine guards but by their amity with their fellow workers.—Editorial.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Canada's Two Years of War and Their Meaning.—Canada has raised an army larger than the whole British force when the present struggle began. She is paying it and pensioning soldiers in a truly munificent way, and her debt after the war will probably be about one billion dollars. At the same time she has enormously increased both her agricultural and manufacturing production and raised a domestic loan for the first time in her history. Countless new occupations for women and possible nationalization of railways are among the striking changes.—P. T. McGrath.

POPULAR MECHANICS

Economic Flood Control.—Four plans are suggested for controlling floods on the Mississipi. Reforestration, impounding reservoirs on the upper branches of the tributaries, additional outlets, and the straightening of the channel. Great floods occurred before the forests were cleared, and to reforest would cause eight agricultural states to revert to a forest wilderness. The amount of water is far too large to be handled by impounding reservoirs. Other outlets would reduce river depths and would

be difficult to control. Straightening the channel would reduce the fall at the upper end of a cut and increase it at the lower end. A completed levee, standardized, protected by revetments and intelligently maintained, supplemented by some re-forestration and reservoirs is the most highly considered solution.—Searle Hendee.

WORLD'S WORK

Lieut.-Col. George O. Squier, U.S.A., Inventor.—Among other important discoveries invented by Mr. Squier is a method of sending along a telephone wire, outside of it but still guided by it, as many as half a dozen wired wireless messages at the same time, tuned to different "frequencies" so that one receiver can receive only one message at a time. If the wire is broken, say by a shell, the telephone goes out of commission, but the wireless messages will jump a space of from fifty to sixty feet and go on without getting loose into the air. He has recently invented a means of delivering an unbroken electric current across an ocean cable, thus making it possible to use the Morse code. This eliminates the clumsy cable code, which only specialists can read, doubles the capacity of the cable, and does not call for any great alteration in the plant.—Frank C. Page.

What Can a Thin Man Do.—Every evening after dinner a certain thin man sat down with a bottle of milk and as he sipped the milk he read a book. In three months he had gained thirty-seven pounds. There are many expensive sanitariums but what one gains from them is only this—milk and rest. Milk is a good food and accompanied by repose it produces weight. If you can not take milk in one form there are a half dozen others to try. And if all fail study out a diet of starch, fats and sweets which you can assimilate. Exercise sometimes helps. Many people are semi-invalids all their lives because they have never been taught a proper posture and carriage which is the foundation of robust health. Egg lemonade sometimes helps but the best directions as regards so-called tonics are the ones telling you to keep the bottle tightly corked.—Charles Phelps Cushing.

News of the World

Socialist---Labor---General

A California ranchman, being short of horses, hitched his mower behind his automobile with the best results.

Postal revenues for the past fiscal year show a surplus of $5,200,000. Third surplus shown since 1832.—New York Call.

Four out of every five city men applying at recruiting stations are rejected. Reasons: faulty vision, poor hearing, bad teeth, broken arches, poor lungs and bald heads.—New York Call, Supplement, Aug. 13, 1916.

To destroy gophers, drive your car into the field, keep the engine running and attach hose to exhaust while inserting other end in gopher hole packed about with cloth and dirt. Fumes penetrate passages and issue from other holes which are then plugged up. A badly infested area of three acres was cleared by twenty cents worth of gasoline in this way—Popular Mechanics.

The price of bread has raised to six cents a loaf in La Crosse, Wis.

France's war bill to the end of July is $7,800,000,000. The average cost is $998,000,000 monthly.

National defense measure passes house by vote of 283 to 51. Involves expenditure of $661,418,000. Congress appropriated $267,697,000 for army. Authorizes increase of enlisted men to 74,700 men.

Total number of stockholders in 257,211 miles of railways in America, covering 1285 railroad companies, is 626,122. Actual number of stockholders is less; many owning in many companies.

Physicians and scientists amazed and regard as a mystery of biology the birth of twins, a negro boy and a white girl to a white woman by a Spanish negro in Denver.—Allentown Labor Herald.

It is announced that the United Cigar Stores Company will open 900 more retail stores this year.

Owing to the high and increased cost of print paper Philadelphia newspaper owners reduce size of publications and permit no returns from wholesalers.

A. A. Rovalo, representing a miners' organization of Sonora state, Mexico, says the Carranza government has wiped out the peonage system and encourages labor organizations. Sonora has now 20,000 organized workmen. Says the big question is the land which American capitalists and others are anxious to retain. Insists that a feeling of hate for Americans is a fiction and gotten up for the purpose of further exploiting the working class—Illinois State Federation of Labor.

There are forty-four families in America with income equal to 100,000 workmen.—Leader.

American immigration in 1914 was 1,218,480, the Russian empire sending more than any other nation.

Thomas A. Edison says he is on the eve of great discoveries. Power may be obtained from molecules by a disintegrator.

Boilermakers win five months strike against the Seattle Construction and Dry Dock company.

Rural credits bill passed in House permitting farmers holding good title to borrow fifty per cent of appraised value with interest not more than five per cent. Loans can be run thirty-six years and paid in instalments.

Latest reported railroad milage: Great Britain 23,350; France 30,686; Germany 37,995; Russia 37,008; Austria-Hungary 27,570. The United States 257,211. California has 8,368 miles of railroad.

Southern Pacific earnings for June were $13,000,000, for fiscal year $152,000,000, the greatest in its history, while operating expenses were $129,000,000.

Teamsters in Minneapolis are on strike against a fourteen-hour workday. Hammond, Ind., teamsters received $3 weekly increases.

Socialists carried Finland with a majority of ten over all other parties.

New York is now pre-eminently the world's largest commercial port. More than $2,000,000,000 annually flow through her portals.

The Federal government has appropriated $85,000,000 for the purpose of building good roads in America. Each state appropriates an equal amount of the sum given by the government. California's share of the government funds will be $2,336,250 thus making over $5,000,000 available for bettering the roads in this state.

A King's county, California, farmer experimenting with Soudan grass is reported by the Rural Farmer as having cut eight tons to the acre and in nine months raised grass nine feet high. He will cut three times this year.

Washington.—The Senate passed the child labor bill by a vote of 52 to 12. The bill provides that no producer shall ship goods out of a state that has been labored on by a child under 16 years of age for more than eight hours a day or for more than six days a week.

In Petrograd, twelve Lettish workmen were convicted and sentenced from two to four years for belonging to the Socialist party.

Paris now owns meat shops with great saving to people. Many cities in France are running general stores.

Colorado strike indictments are to be dismissed. Unions too strong to permit such action.

Toronto typographical union has raised wages of its newspaper members $1 per week; to $22 for evening and $24 for morning newspapers. Wages of apprentices also increased.

Sixty thousand garment workers in New York have won a five month's strike against their organized employers. Forty-nine hours per week with six per cent raise.

Georgia's textile industries employ 5000 children under 16.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC:

We regret that a poem, entitled "The Mystery of Death", appeared in the June-July number of the WESTERN COMRADE, signed George Mauricio. It was not written by him, but by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. A plagiarism does not often occur, and found the editor unsuspecting. This explanation with apologies is tendered the real author—EDITOR

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

The Co-operative Commonwealth

By Clinton Bancroft

THE Co-operative Commonwealth! What is it to be, and where, and when, and how? What will its powers and functions be? And what its benefits to the people? These are questions the people are asking; they want to know about it; they are watching for an answer.

Prefacing the answer with a declaration of the principle that a minority may do legally and successfully in its private capacity through social organization and combination, what a majority refuses to do in its public capacity through political action or government; and believing that to-day there is a strong minority (multitudes of noble, sympathetic men and women everywhere) intellectually and physically equipped to lay the foundation of the Co-operative Commonwealth, there will be presented in this series a well developed and practicable plan for its immediate initiation and a logical forecasting of the evolutionary methods and means by which the impending social and industrial revolution will be largely wrought.

Epoch periods bring forth epochal ideas, epochal movements, and epochal men. The epochal men organize the epochal movement; the movement gives form and substance to the idea. That this is an epochal period in the history of civilization, no one familiar with the signs of the times can doubt. Among those signs are the ones just mentioned. The epochal idea today is co-operation, the epochal movement is industrial organization, and the epochal organization to express and defend and advance the principles of co-operation through industrial education will be known as the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The Co-operative Commonwealth which philosophers and romancers have so long visioned in some undefined and far-off time will have its birth and take its place in the affairs of men, just as have all other successful organizations in the past, whether political, industrial, educational or moral, and as all social orders necessarily must—its initiative will be the work of a few epochal men convening an Industrial Congress of Co-operators and Modern Educators representative of the ideas to which it is desired to give form and power in organized movement.

The immediate purpose of such an Industrial Congress would be to found a new industrial, educational, and exchange system under the name and banner of the Co-operative Commonwealth, in which dividends from rental of land to the workers and producers of wealth, from interest on the medium by which the products of labor are exchanged, and from profit on the labor-cost of exchange, should have no place. Such dividends are equivalent to the exercise of the taxing power by private individuals. Co-operative organization of industries and banking, with a medium of exchange based upon labor, offers the most logical and powerful means by which such taxing power of usurious capital may be broken, and land held for speculation or rent restored to the people for social use. Representing these epochal ideas this Industrial Congress would act with that consummation constantly in view, convening annually and amending and improving its industrial law as experience and conditions required or justified, just as all great national orders are built up today.

Upon the free exercise of these four functions of society—the industrial, the political, the educational, and the exchange of the products of labor, the life, liberty and industrial activity of every individual and even civilization itself, depend. And Modern Educators now declare that in the complete co-operation of these social functions the solution of the problem of labor and capital will be found at last. The working together of some of these functions in a partial and imperfect manner has for some time been recognized, but nowhere are they all working in perfect harmony.

The task which the Modern Educator must set for himself then, is to bring the political re-organizer, the industrial co-operator, and the function of exchange into working harmony with himself; that is, into an organization where all may work together free from the errors and traditions and limitations of those older political and industrial orders which have proved themselves to be both unfitted and unable to solve the social problems of the times. This result may be best accomplished through an Industrial Congress establishing the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Growth of Co-operation

ONE of the most significant developments of the day is the growth and development of the co-operative organizations. The impractical dream of yesterday is the accepted fact of today.

In a recent discussion of rural credit laws Myron T. Herrick said: "You have heard critics and doubters say that while co-operation may be congenial to German, Austrian, Danish and Dutch farmers, it is not adaptable to American farmers because conditions and temperaments in the United States are different from those in Europe. I sincerely believe that if it were legally possible to do through an association whatever may now be done through a corporation, rural co-operation would spread more rapidly and bring greater results here than it has done in Germany. I base my belief on the fact that wherever the association is now legal and properly regulated Amercian enterprise has, with few exceptions, done more with it than European enterprise."

A Chicago lyceum bureau has sent out lecturers accompanied by Chautauqua entertainers and musicians to put before the farmers the advantages of co-operation. Instead of charging admission, the farmers are asked to become members of co-operative organizations.

The Department of Agriculture has prepared tentative articles of agreement for country clubs to study ways and means of promoting community welfare. This department also maintains several bureaus engaged in various branches of the subject of co-operation, and partly supports 1200 county farm agents.

Fifteen local farmers co-operative grain elevators have formed a corporation for the purpose of building a grain elevator at Galveston. This corporation has a seat in the Kansas City board of trade. Community egg circles for the marketing of eggs are being formed through the Department of Agriculture. The Post Office Department is encouraging the selling and delivering of eggs through the facilities it offers. The eggs produced in the United States are worth

annually $600,000,000, nearly as much as the wheat crop.

Boys and girls in agricultural clubs hold records for crop production per acre. 250,000 are enrolled in these clubs. A regular service by mail is maintained from Washington, instructing the boys and girls in raising corn, potatoes, sugar beets, market gardens, pigs, and poultry; also in home economics and handicrafts.

Co-operative laundries built adjoining co-operative creameries have banished "wash-day" from the homes in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and two thousand co-operative insurance companies present a record showing even greater success than that of the creameries.

But these various instances of localized co-operation are only slight indications of the fact that Americans are beginning to live up to their motto: "United we stand——." The law demonstrates itself wherever applied. At Puyallup, Wash. a number of small farmers who were going behind were organized into a society of which the fundamental bylaw was that each member must market ALL of his produce through the organization. This has grown into a very prosperous community with many co-operative features.

The most thorough and ideal example of the co-operative spirit carried through every feature of daily life is the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony. The experience of this community is proving very difinitely that the way to construct an edifice, whether material or economic, is to get together and build.

The individualistic idea of fighting for your own hand alone against the world takes on an aspect of trivial foolishness, compared with what a large group of people, working together and conserving the wealth they create in one whole, can accomplish in the way of **real results.**

Jottings of Julius

By Emanuel Julius

Emanuel Julius

The cost of living started out quite nominal, but the capitalists soon made it PHEnomenal.

—o—

The most ideal system which man will ever create is one in which the persons who do the work of the world will get the product of their toil. The most odious system is capitaliism, for under it the toilers are exploited, and the parasites rewarded.

—o—

When we were children we were taught to "scatter seeds of kindness". But the copybook maxims have been changed. Today the children are taught to "scatter dum-dum bullets." They are instructed in capitalism's favorite bit of ethics: "Let no day pass without hoping to bayonet someone who happened to be born in a foreign land."

—o—

The jingoists "settle" the unemployed problem by sending the out-of-works to die on the battlefields. When they are all "at rest," the unemployed problem is "settled." Very simple logic. Do you get it?

—o—

We are told that war prepares men for good citizenship. "The fiber is made all the finer and firmer by the hammer of Mars," says a newspaper writer. Take a healthy man and tap one of his arteries. Let the life fluid trickle from him. Will that strengthen his fiber and make firmer his being?

—o—

Climbers — porch and social — are the result of the capitalist system. They are the extremes of monopolism.

—o—

A good feature of the Socialist movement is that the members are not the pawns of leaders. The officers in the organization are the servants, not the masters, of the rank and file. The strength of Socialism lies in the mass, not in the individual. One Socialist is just about as important as one dill in a pickle factory.

—o—

Militarism Means Magnificent Melons for Morgan.

—o—

A scientist claims that goldfish have brains. Well, the first thing we know a scientist will come along and say he has discovered a set of brains in the cranium of a workingman who votes an old party ticket.

Professor Pickering says he could talk to Mars if he had $10,000,000. Most of the parasites who have that much money can talk to Venus. We have always heard that money talks, but it has been our impression that it takes more than $10,000,000 to talk to Mars. In Europe they are talking to Mars to the tune of $90,000,000 a day. Some talk!

—o—

Capital recognizes no flag or nation. It goes beyond all frontiers. It expects the workers to be patriotic, to worship flags and die for countries, because it is the best way to continue in power. Capitalists are believers in solidarity for themselves and competition among the workers. A divided working class means a powerful moneyed class.

—o—

"Small thieves lie in towers fastened to wooden blocks; big ones strut about in gold and silver", said Cato, who lived two centuries before Christ. Today we have the same condition, and we often characterize it as follows: "Steal a loaf of bread and you go to jail; steal a railroad and you go to the Senate."

—o—

After we have civilization civilized, it will be time enough to go after the so-called heathen.

—o—

If you say "Don't hurt business," you are called a sound, conservative, respectable citizen. But if you say "Don't let business hurt the people," you are a dangerous agitator who seeks to undermine the institutions of society.

—o—

George Washington put it correctly when, in a letter to Lafayette, he wrote: "It really is a very strange thing that there should not be room in the world for men to live without cutting one another's throats."

—o—

Under Socialism, the man who will move the machinery will be the man to rule the world.

—o—

When the exploited worker is asked where he stands on "elastic currency" he should answer that he stands for more adhesive currency.

—o—

Less booze and more books—that is pretty general among the Socialists.

Victor Berger on His Recall

SINCE the rules governing national referendums restrict me to 200 words for arguments referring to the recall initiated by Local Marion, Ind., kindly permit me to say a few more words in my behalf through the columns of your valuable paper.

For many years I have advocated a certain training of all citizens of our country—as a part of "preparedness" for the working class.

The difference between militarism and my position is enormous. It is as great as the difference between Capitalism and Socialism.

Militarism is a means to keep the working class in subjection. My "preparedness" will put into the hands of the working class the means to free itself, if all other means should fail—or if the republican form of government should be threatened by the plutocracy.

I am one of those who believe in constructive political work. While we favor the acceptance of the smallest political and economic reform that may benefit the working class, we also know that, nevertheless, in the end emancipation of the working class will be hardly brought about by such reforms. And it will surely never be brought about by speeches and pamphlets. The capitalist class will not abdicate as easily as all that.

In the end it will be a question of force. And if the working class is "well prepared," it will not necessarily be bloody force.

A Socialist party that does not want to give up all ambitions and hopes for the establishment of Socialism can, therefore, never be a pacifist party.

Moreover, a democratically organized defense force was always considered by every Socialist party in the world as a means of international peace. There is no such democratic army in Europe today—the nearest approach to it, we find in Switzerland.

The platform of nearly every Socialist party in the world declares for an armed nation. The last International congress which had this subject under consideration was held in Stuttgart in 1907. It decided unanimously:—

"The congress sees in the democratic organization of a military system and in the substitution of a citizens' army for a standing army an essential guarantee for making offensive wars impossible and facilitating the elimination of antagonism between nations."

The American Socialist platform contains nothing on this question.

A Strange Referendum

By Elizabeth H. Thomas

IT is most astonishing to find Socialists initiating a referendum for the recall of Comrade Victor Berger on the grounds proposed by local Marion. What! are we to recall a member of the National Committee for favoring a measure which has been proposed by Socialist conventions in every country of the world and indorsed by the Socialist International?

Do the Local Marion comrades know that if their rule had been applied in the past, Marx, Bebel, Jaures, Vandervelde, and all the other great Socialist leaders would have been pitched out of the party? That the whole international Socialist movement would have been excommunicated? Here is the proof:—

The program of the French Socialist party adopted in 1902, demanded: "Substitution of a militia for the standing army, and adoption of every measure, such as reductions of military service, leading up to it." —Ensor's Modern Socialism, p.349.

The German Social-Democratic party at the Erfurt conference in 1891, demanded: "Education of all to be capable of bearing arms. Armed nation instead of standing army." —Ensor's Modern Socialism, p.319.

The program of the Social-Democratic Federation of England as revised in 1903, demanded: "The abolition of standing armies and the establishment of national citizen forces." —Ensor's Modern Socialism, p.355.

The Austrian Social-Democratic program adopted in 1901, demanded: "Substitution of the armed nation for the standing army. Education of all to be capable of bearing arms. Arming of the whole nation." —Ensor's Modern Socialism p.366.

The program of the Belgian Labor party adopted at Brussels in 1893, demanded: Provisionally; organization of a national militia."—Ensor's Modern Socialism, p. 326.

The International Socialist congress of Stuttgart in 1907 declared: "The congress sees in the democratic organization of the military system and in the substitution of a citizens' army for the standing army an essential guarantee for making offensive wars impossible and facilitating the elmination of antagonisms between nations."

Nor has the Socialist party ever changed its ground on this question. These demands for the "citizen army" have never been annulled or repealed by the International or by any of the national parties.

With what kind of consistency can a comrade claim to stand for international Socialism and at the same time propose to recall those who stand for the measures proposed by the Socialist International?

It is unfortunate that some of our comrades know so little about international Socialism and what it really stands for. They do know that the sort of "preparedness" advocated by Wilson and the munition trust is a bad thing. Therefore, they imagine that all "preparedness" is a bad thing. They do not understand that the kind of "preparedness" (namely, the citizen army) advocated by Comrade Berger and the international Socialist movement would make offensive wars impossible and cut off militarism right at the root.

It is curious that these extreme pacifists want to persecute everybody who does not agree with them. They want peace—but not peace with their fellow Socialists. Those who do not agree with them must walk the plank. This is a ruinous policy and destroys all fredom of thought and speech. Surely our party is large enough to have some room for diversity of opinion. The days of heresy-hunting are past even in the church. Let us put an end to them in the Socialist Party.

But, above all, let us have enough consistency and common sense not to persecute a comrade for sharing the views of the great builders of the Socialist movement, as carefuly and deliberately expressed in all their official utterances.

With the Hustlers

"I shall come to Llano this fall, and also let my family take a look at it; but it would not be necessary for me to make this trip in order to strengthen my belief that such a co-operative community as that devised by you could be prosperous. Even if your enterprise should fail, though I do not see yet any reason why it could, similar ones will be in the next steps of the social development. Fraternally yours, A. K.

—o—

H. S., San Simon, Ariz., says: "I am anxious to receive the next copy of the Comrade, but I am more anxious to be back at Llano. . . I must say I never enjoyed a vacation as well as the short time I spent at the Colony. I am boosting it, and everyone around here thinks it will be a delightful place to go to."

—o—

C. N. D., Panama, says: "You will notice instead of coming to Llano, we have drifted quite a distance. A rather mysterious route, but such is the pass we hope will lead us out of the competitive world. Llano is our goal all the while. With best wishes to the brave and industrious comrades."

—o—

"I'm keen to know all about Llano—that's where I long to be. Yours for co-operation, C. C."

—o—

"It's a stimulator of high power—like reading of the 'Deutschland's' arrival. More power to co-op. Truly, W. M.

—o—

A. K., of Salt Lake, hustler-in-chief among sub-getters, hit the high record mark for July by turning in sixty-one subscriptions. He said in June that he hoped to raise his thirty-eight to fifty, but like a good co-operator, he did not stop when he reached that point and kept on until he had added eleven more. The WESTERN COMRADE surely appreciates his efforts.

—o—

H. M., of Alberta, Can., says in part: "I wanted to subscribe long ago, but there were two reasons; first, dollars are scarce as hen's teeth; second, when I read the WESTERN COMRADE it made me feel so bad that I cursed everything in Canada for not being able to be with the comrades in Llano. . . . If they will use their own heads a little and not let themselves be confused by such tommyrot as the Deputy Commissioner of Corporations gave out in his report, and stick to it, they must succeed."

—o—

F. P. McMahon, Llano, on a lecture tour, writing from Taft, Cal., says: "After seeing conditions in the capitalistic world again, the Colony looks better than ever. The struggle out in the system is getting harder all the time, there is no hope for the worker. As an individual he is doomed. The colonists are surely fortunate, their troubles are as nothing compared to hundreds and hundreds of people right here in this wonderfully rich oil region. Patience should be their watchword. Best wishes to one and all. Yours ever in the cause."

If You Received Two

WESTERN COMRADES this time, pass one of them on to neighbors or friends who are interested. Get his subscription too.

The Soils of Llano (continued from page nineteen)

ganic mass of mineral clay, the organic substance which is so necessary to the fertility of the soil.

Taking this soil in its raw state our gardeners have produced wonderful results, clearing, leveling and applying compost from the barnyard, until we have over a hundred acres of vegetables and small fruits that supply, at the present time, the needs of over seven hundred people.

Methods of Improvement

Plants grow like animals, and in this growth there is a tearing down or wasting away of the tissues. Besides the food necessary to replace these wasted tissues the plant must have food to build more tissue and to store away in its stems, roots, leaves and seeds.

Foods containing carbon help to build the tissues of the stems, roots and leaves. Foods containing nitrogen are stored away in the seeds and edible parts of the plants. We therefore see the necessity of mineral and nitrogenous compounds in the soil. Plants may grow luxuriant foliage which is largely mineral, on a mineral soil, but will not produce seeds or food because of the lack of nitrogen, potash, or phosphoric acid.

Barnyard manure has been used with astonishing results. Last year an experiment was carried on with wheat. It was partly on raw and partly on manured soil. The manured soil produced thirty bushels per acre, and the raw soil about fifteen bushels per acre.

Barnyard manure does not, however, contain the element nitrogen in any appreciable quantity. Nitrogen is produced by the decay of the organic matter in the manure, which under favorable conditions is converted into ammonia or its compounds, which is in turn, through bacterial action, converted into nitrates.

A soil may contain a great deal of plant food and yet plants grown on it may starve to death. For example, if the soil is hard or cohesive, root development is hindered, and the plant food is untouched because the roots can not reach it.

The incorporation of manure with the soil modifies this difficulty. The soil becomes more porous. The organic substance of the manure holds the soil particles apart, and also increases its water holding capacity.

A large percentage of the plant food elements are oxides. The free circulation of air through the soil is necessary to the oxidation of the mineral and chemical elements contained in it. The loose condition of the soil, such as is obtained by the application of manure, is advantageous to the circulation of the air and more food is in this way made available.

The use of barnyard manure is not practicable as a soil builder when working on a large area. The process is too slow when hundreds of acres are being prepared.

Green manure crops have been proven a success and have the added advantage of quickness in their results. It has been proven that the yield of potatoes in Llano can be increased thirty per cent by the raising and plowing under of green crops such as peas, vetches, clovers and alfalfa. The organic matter of the stems, roots and leaves decomposes, and leaves the mineral matter and nitrogen of which they are composed in the soil. These green crops have the further advantage of being able to convert the free nitrogen of the air into nitrates, which are directly available as food to plants.

The conversion of humus into nitrates takes, in some cases, a whole year. We can, therefore, see the advantage of having our nitrates immediately available to the crops. On account of these facts we are planning to seed three hundred acres to alfalfa, which will increase the humus and nitrogen content of our soils and furnish one of the best of foods for our stock.

The Western Comrade

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

ISSUED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year

JOB HARRIMAN, Managing Editor
FRANK E. WOLFE, Editor

VOL. IV. AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1916 Nos. 4 and 5

YOU MAY ASK QUESTIONS

of the editors of the various departments about their work, and they will answer your questions gladly.

¶ Health, Agriculture, Education, Art, Womans' and other departments will be continued as regular features of the WESTERN COMRADE and you are urged to make the fullest use of the opportunities for information thus offered.

¶ Address your inquiries to

Editor, WESTERN COMRADE
Llano, California

To the Editor, Western Comrade:

From various sources and in various ways a propaganda is going forth to the American public, the object of which is to induce the public to believe that stringent legal measures must be taken for the conservation of the public health, and that in order to do this an independent department of health must be established under the Federal government, with its chief officer a member of the President's cabinet. In no instance can the demand for this department, or these activities, be traced to the general public; the demand is entirely from a group of doctors who have become so numerous and so insistent within the ranks of the various political parties that they have come to be known as "political doctors."

These are all of one school of medicine, that which calls itself the "regular" school. Not content with having every office under the public health service, where the office requires one trained as a physician, filled with a physician trained in the allopathic school, these doctors are now attempting an extension of the public health service and a gradual usurpation of the rights and powers of the various states in the matter of public health.

The average man and woman not only feels perfectly competent to select such form of treatment for disease as he or she may prefer, but demands that he or she be left free to make such selection without interference by state or government. State medicine would surely be a step towards state religion, and before any assent is given to a further extension of the powers of a medical monopoly, careful examination should be made as to what is meant by "the enactment of further measures for the conservation of health and the creation of an independent department of health." Yours very truly,

(Signed) Henry Van Arsdale.

TRAIN, AUTO AND HOTEL SERVICE

The Southern Pacific railroad passes through Palmdale, twenty miles from the Colony. There are two trains each way daily. Train leaves Los Angeles at 7:45, arriving at Palmdale at 10:47 a. m. Train leaves Los Angeles in evening at 7:45, arriving at Palmdale 10:47 p. m.

Down train or from San Francisco and intervening points, arrives at Palmdale at 3:55 a. m. and 4:07 p. m.

The Llano stage, which carries mail and passengers, meets the 10:47 a. m. train and picks up passengers arriving from the south and those from the north who have been waiting since 3:55 a. m.

Visitors arriving on the afternoon trains may secure auto service by telephoning the Colony, or better still, if possible write time of arriva addressing Publicity Department, Llano, Cal.

Stage fare from Palmdale to the Colony is $2 for the round trip.

There is daily auto stage service from Los Angeles to the Colony Service can be arranged for at 924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles. Rounc trip $5.00, one way $3.

Hotel rates at Llano, $1.00 per day. Single meals, 25c. Midday meals at the Tighlman hotel, 35c; Sunday chicken dinners at the Sierra Madre (boys and girls) colony, 50c, under Mrs. George Pickett's management.

The Nondescript

By JACK WOLF

I call him that. Perhaps
You'll call him other names.
However, he's a man of God's
Own making. Fame and fortune
Never stopped to place a wreath
Of sweet success upon his brow,
And melancholy lingers at
His side, a life companion.
A nondescript, that's what he is,—
Named and yet nameless. One day
I came upon him unawares, alone he sat,—
A sad, pathetic figure in the park and
In his hand he held a quaint,
Old-fashioned silver watch. I caught
His hand and looked to see
The fading photo of a mother's face
Within the cover. And then I looked
Into the eyes of Nondescript and saw
Some tear-drops glisten. Then I knew,
That even tho Success has passed
Him by, a higher, Godly blessing
Pulsed within the heart of Nondescript.
I have a boy at home and I am praying
He will always be an honor
And a source of pride and joy to both
His mother and myself,—and yet
If this same boy of mine, in years to come,
Will always cherish, love and keep
A quaint, old-fashioned silver watch,
Wherein between the covers is
A mother's face, I then will know
My life has not been spent in vain.

Is your address right?

Please write to the Circulation Department if your Address is not correctly given on the WESTERN COMRADE, as the move to Llano has made a revision of the mailing list necessary.

Circulation Department
WESTERN COMRADE
Llano, California

Letters from Colonists

WHY I CAME TO LLANO

I came to Llano because I could see not only an independent living for myself and family with all its social and moral advantages, but to help solve the problem of co-operation, and I am going to help carry out my intentions. I had, and still have, unshaken faith in its founder, Mr. Harriman. I have spent about seventeen months here, and of course have had to do some pioneering which I fully expected to do, but I am still here and feel that I am one of the many who will eventually show the capitalistic world what co-operation in reality can do. I have no desire whatever to go back to city life. I am for Llano, now and always.

Le Roy Morrison

—o—

Having been located in the Antelope valley, Los Angeles county, California, on Mescal Creek previous to the arrival of the Llano del Rio Colony on the Big Rock Creek, and having been in the struggle for existence under the capitalist regime for some thirty years, the idea of co-operation appealed very strongly to myself and wife. Therefore, when the Llano Colony was in its infancy we became working members, joining the first day of May, 1914. Our experience has shown that united efforts and a little stick-to-itiveness is all that is required to build up for yourself a home which you cannot always do under the capitalistic system on the outside.

John J. Leslie

—o—

I have resided in Llano for more than fourteen months, and consider myself in a position to give a fair and unbiased opinion of this wonderful community. I have been here long enough to be shorn of any illusions that might have been part of my first enthusiasm over the place and I can truthfully say that every phase of life here is superior to the life encountered in the capitalistic world. No, life is not one long sweet song here nor do we expect to be caried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, but I wish to draw attention to the fact that our people possess the necessary requisites for success, namely; a determination to overcome all obstacles and a genuine spirit of co-operation. To those who contemplate joining us, I would say, "Come on in, the water is fine." C. H. Scott.

"THE PEST"

"ADOLESCENCE" and "SLUMMING"

By EMANUEL JULIUS

Three Clever Plays

Something to smile at when you read, or to roar at when you see them played—yet they'll give you something to ponder over, too.

Eugene V. Debs says of Emanuel Julius:
He has a most interesting style and all of his matter has life in it and pith, and appeals strongly to the reader.

You'll make it a great deal stronger than that when you've read "THE PEST," one of the most lucid, straight-from-the shoulder things ever put into print. The others are just as good and they all come in the same little booklet.

PRICE TEN CENTS

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

What Our Visitors Say

I am trying to get to Llano and put my shoulder to the wheel. Am getting all the things I need, so when I go up I won't have to impose upon the Colony for anything, and yet have a few dollars on the side so that when I want something extra that the Colony doesn't supply, I can get it. I can imagine what it is to start in at the Colony, but without hard work and a good spirit you can't do anything. I am making arrangements to come up to Llano the 10th of September with eight people.

I remain your Comrade, F. E. G.

—o—

"Wife and I were highly pleased with Llano, its climate, its purpose, and its people. The best in the world. And we look forward to the time when we can join our Comrades and leave this world of strife and worry." H. E. L., Arizona.

—o—

To our Comrades: We have been visiting for the past two days in the Llano Colony and I would suggest to any prospective investor to come here and see for himself what those 800 people have accomplished in two years, starting with five people. Now 308 acres, 120 acres in pears, 40 acres in French prunes and 100 acres in garden of vegetables, a wonderful rabbitry containing over 2000, 2000 hens, 85 cows and a splendid barn, and we are told there are 85 head on the range, also 30 head of colts. are the result of two years labor.

There are 73 working horses; a large industrial building in which is contained all departments of mechanical machinery, including a fine weaving shop for carpets, etc., a splendid up-to-date printing establishment with modern linotype, a steam laundry, new public bathhouses and swimming pool. The cannery is now ready for operation. Colony also owns farm machinery and implements of all kinds. A library of 1800 books and magazines, hotel of 14 rooms with public dining room. Three musical bands of which I heard two play and their music was excellent. The above I have seen with my own eyes, and I know it is here as related. IRENE M. SMITH

—o—

After spending a week at Llano, I am able to say that, while I have kept up with the progress made at the Colony through the Comrade, yet I was agreeably surprised at the huge problems which have been solved, and the great future that lies before them. I believe those who stick to it will reap a wealth of opportunity that will well repay their efforts. I do not believe their literature exaggerates, indeed it has left me short in my imagination of the things attained.

Mrs. E. C., Pasadena

Musical Instruments Needed at Llano

The band, orchestra, and other organizations at Llano are in need of instruments. Those interested please communicate with

Circulation Department
WESTERN COMRADE
Llano, California

The Cooks' Corner

Edited by Chef Robert

The coupon must be used in asking questions and must be mailed to the Culinary Editor, Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

Cut it out and pin it to your letter.

Any recipe will be given, also translations of French or German menu terms.

This department is not confined to American cookery; it is international—French, German, Russian, Chinese, Spanish, etc.,

Culinary Editor, The Western Comrade

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

You are at liberty to ask any questions you desire, and they will be answered by Chef Robert. This department is instituted for the benefit of the housewives who read The WESTERN COMRADE, and they are urged to make good use of it.

Feeding for Egg Production

coninued from p. 19

What is a good summer food and brings better results if fed with other grains is Egyptian corn, Kaffir corn, and Indian corn. These may be mixed in different proportions, but it is advisable to make the larger portion of wheat in the summer on account of the heating effect of the corn, and in the winter to increase the corn as the weather changes.

Do not feed mouldy food; cleanliness should always be observed.

The natural habit of the hen is to be busy all day. It is therefore necessary to have some delicacy within reach at all times of the day. Keep them busy and happy. The hen solo means eggs; train your singers.

When the foods are being changed do not change too abruptly; make it graduallly.

In feeding lime, be sure it is slacked. Oyster and clam shells make good lime foods for they serve the purpose both of lime and grinders. This and charcoal should be before the hens at all times.

Remember that meat and green-cut bone are excellent foods and are best fed in a fresh state. If handling poultry on a large scale, one shonld have a meat and bone cutter so he may utilize all meat that might otherwise be wasted. Care should be taken in feeding the meat not to feed too much at a time unless you have a steady supply of all they can eat for when they haven't a steady supply they are apt to over eat when fed.

Milk is a very good food especially at moulting time. It should never be fed fresh but sour or curdled, and fed in clean troughs. Care should be taken to have a constant supply, as otherwise the hens may over drink when they get it. Care should also be taken in keeping the vessels and troughs for feeding clean.

PEARSON'S

is the only magazine of its kind

This Is Why:—

Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a **FREE MAGAZINE.**

This was the purpose:—

A plain form would enable the magazine to live on its income from subscriptions and monthly sales. It would not have to consider the effect on advertisers when it wanted to print the truth about any public queestion.

This was the result:—

Pearson's **NOW** prints the truth about some question which affects your welfare in every issue.

It Prints Facts Which No Magazine That Depends On Advertising Could "Afford" To Print.

And, with all this, Pearson's still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts, buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for $1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer until November 1st.

You can get both **PEARSON'S MAGAZINE** and **THE WESTERN COMRADE** for One Year by sending **One Dollar** to

Circulation Dept., Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

After November 1st this rate will be raised to $1.50

Announcement!

Increase in prices of all materials used in getting out THE WESTERN COMRADE has made it necessary to discontinue the low clubbing rate of 25c a year. Henceforth, the subscription price will be 50c a year, no matter what the number of subscriptions sent in.

Those who have read the COMRADE during the last year know that it is easily worth a dollar a year, compared with other magazines. But because we now have our own printing plant equipped with the latest Intertype machine made, and with a cylinder press that does fast work, the low price of 50c a year can be made.

The LLANO COLONIST will soon be in the mail, and every interested reader of the COMRADE will also want it. Those who renew now and subscribe for the COLONIST at the same time will receive both publications for 75c a year. The regular price of the COLONIST is 50c.

Do You Like To Draw?

CARTOONISTS earn big money. Our modern up-to-date home study method can teach you this well paying profession at a low cost. Send 4c for illustrated booklet and sample lesson plate.

LOS ANGELES SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
415c Thorpe Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A 2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS
DENTIST
306 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
Room 514

Subscription Offers

OFFER No. 1

American Socialist, one year 50c
1914 Socialist Campaign Book 50c
Western Comrade or
Llano Colonist, one year 50c

Total $1.50

Combination Offer $1.00

OFFER No. 2

Campaign Book, American Socialist, Western Comrade and Llano Colonist—Total value of all Four, $2.—**Our Combination Offer, $1.25**

OFFER No. 3

National Rip-Saw and Western Comrade or Llano Colonist, 75c—**All Three for $1.00.**

Circulation Dept., Western Comrade,
Llano, Cal.

Important Notice

INCREASE IN PRICE OF WESTERN COMRADE

Because of the increases in the costs of the high-grade paper used in THE WESTERN COMRADE and the other increased costs of materials, the price must be raised to FIFTY CENTS A YEAR STRAIGHT. This will make club rates impossible except for our two publications to one address.

WESTERN COMRADE, 50c a year
LLANO COLONIST, 50c a year

Both to One Name and Address **75c**

You should read THE WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST both. Send in your subscriptions at once and get as many other subscribers as you can.

Circulation Department
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Llano, Cal.

Llano Special Rugs As Premiums

27x54 RUGS, Red, Blue, Green or other Trimming

Each person sending in a club of 25 Subscriptions at 50c each to THE WESTERN COMRADE or the LLANO COLONIST, or **20 Combinations** of the **Two at 75c each** will be given **a beautiful Llano Made RUG FREE.**

Circulation Dept., Western Comrade
Llano, Cal.

When You Want Information About Llano:

ITS PUBLICATIONS
ITS INDUSTRIES ITS INSTITUTIONS
ITS SCHOOLS ITS AMUSEMENTS

Address
The WESTERN COMRADE
LLANO, CAL.

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION BLANKS
INSTALLMENTS, ETC.
Address
Llano del Rio Company of Nevada
JOURNAL BLDG., RENO, NEVADA

KEEP INFORMED ABOUT LLANO

These are the only publications which will bring you authentic information about the greatest co-operative enterprise in the world.

They will occupy distinctive fields. Send us your subscription at once for both of them.

THE WESTERN COMRADE 50c a Year
THE LLANO COLONIST 50c a Year
BOTH to one address for One Year for..... 75c

Does Your Town

Supply you with work when you are out of a job?
Furnish you with free medical attendance?
Take any interest in your affairs at all?
Insure a living for your family?
Establish industries and develop resources?
Give you an interest in the affairs of the town?
Undertake to create an intelligent understanding of its problems?

MOVE To a Town That Does!

Preparedness? No. Just a Llano Drive Against Brer Rabbit.

LLANO offers you many advantages; It owns

Its brick yard, lime kiln and saw mill.
Its planing mill, cabinet shop, paint shop, rug works.
Its swimming pool and baths, its machine shop, blacksmith shop.
The laundry, printing plant, cannery, shoe shop.
Telephone line and hotel; tailor shop and art studio.
Its dairy and creamery; its bees, gardens, orchards.
Its rabbitries, poultry yards, alfalfa fields, hogs, and horses.
A stage line and tractors and trucks. Its fields and nursery.
Many other industries.

YOU are an equal owner in ALL of these things

This is the reason so many people come to Llano. It is the only city in the world that takes care of its citizens. It is the only city that provides for its aged without giving charity. It is the only city that offers equal opportunity and guarantees a living to all. It is the only city that is progressive in every direction. It offers you the things you are striving for, and it offers you independence. It offers freedom from worry, security and pleasant surroundings.

The World's Best Insurance Policy

is a membership in the Llano del Rio Community. There is nothing to equal it, nothing that even approaches it. Investigate it at once.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET "THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM"

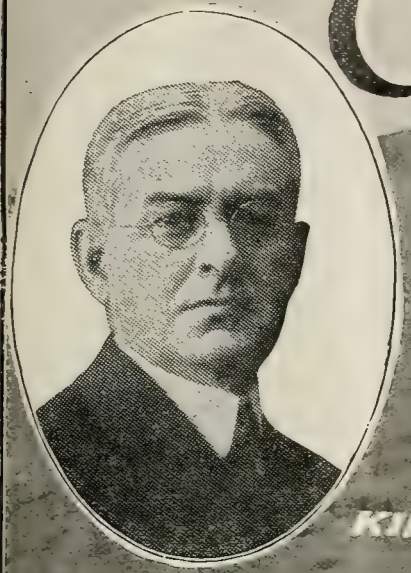
ADDRESS:

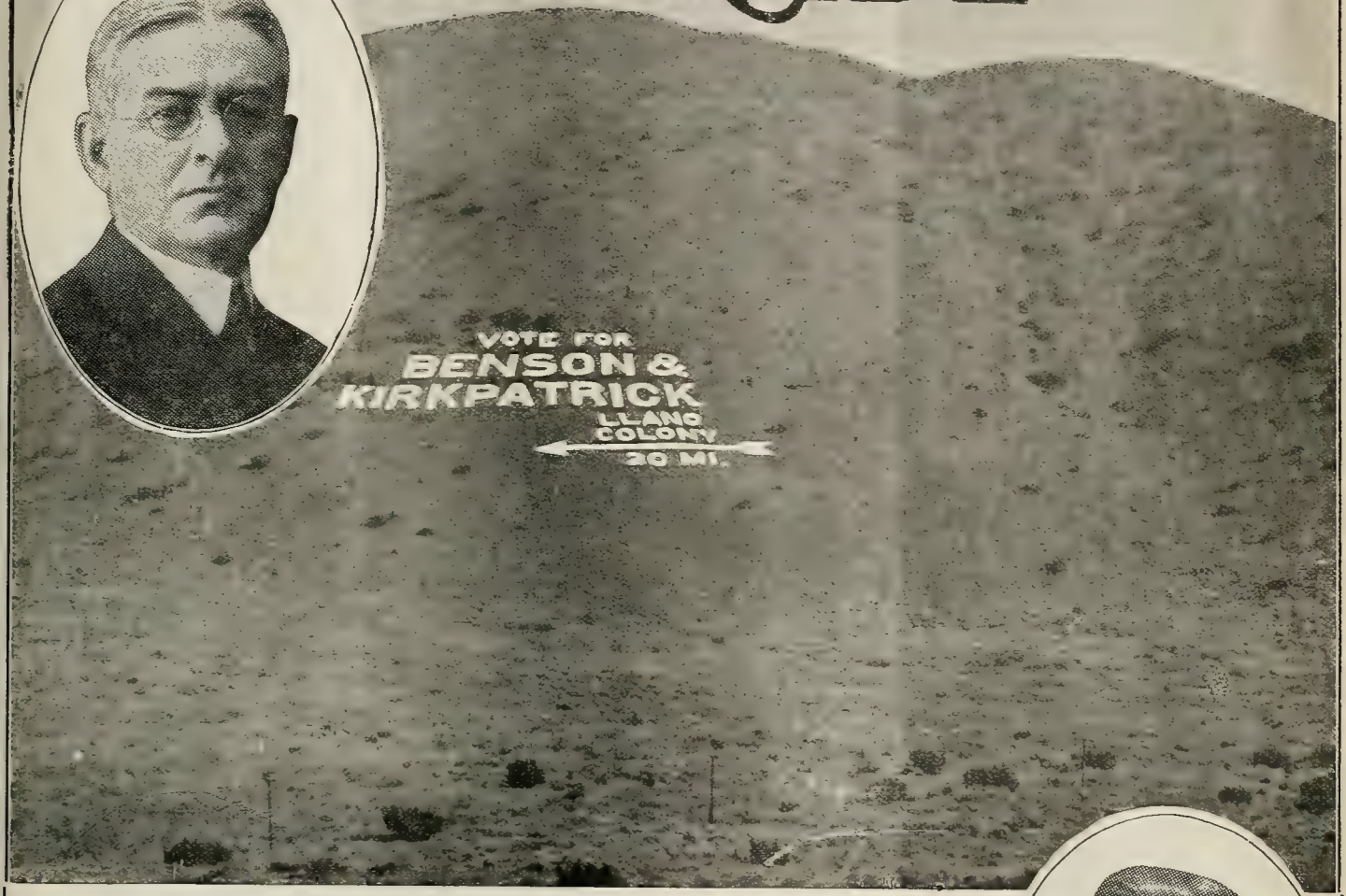
Llano del Rio Company

OF NEVADA

Journal Building Reno, Nevada

The Western Comrade

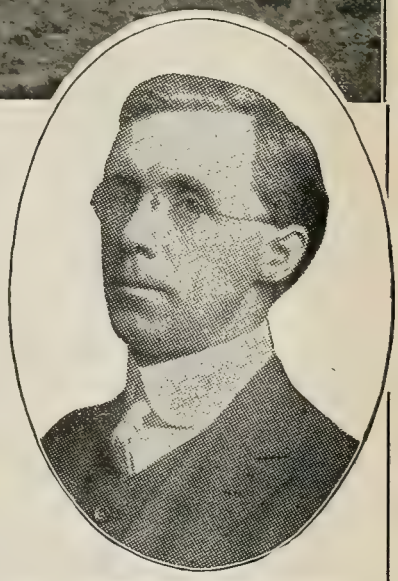




This Issue Contains:

Editorials on Live Subjects . . . . . By Job Harriman
The Story of Boyland . . . . . By Prince Hopkins
Building a Socialist City . . . . . By A. Constance Austin
Woman After the War . . . . . By Agnes H. Downing
The Llano I Saw . . . . . By Walter Huggins
The Soul of Sing Lee (Fiction) . . . . . By Helen Frances Easley
Following the Water . . . . . By Robert K. Williams

Illustrations and articles showing the progress and development of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Community.



October 1916

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley in Los Angeles County, California. The Colony lies close to the Sierra Madre range where an abundance of clear, sparkling water from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown sufficiently. Nearly 800 already live in Llano, and thousands plan to come. Excellent schools, among them the Montessori taking charge of children 2½ years to 6 years of age, a delightful social life, and freedom from economic worries, make the Colony attractive.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as near as practiable. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rest with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications are not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and

the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements machinery and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co operative groups may go to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

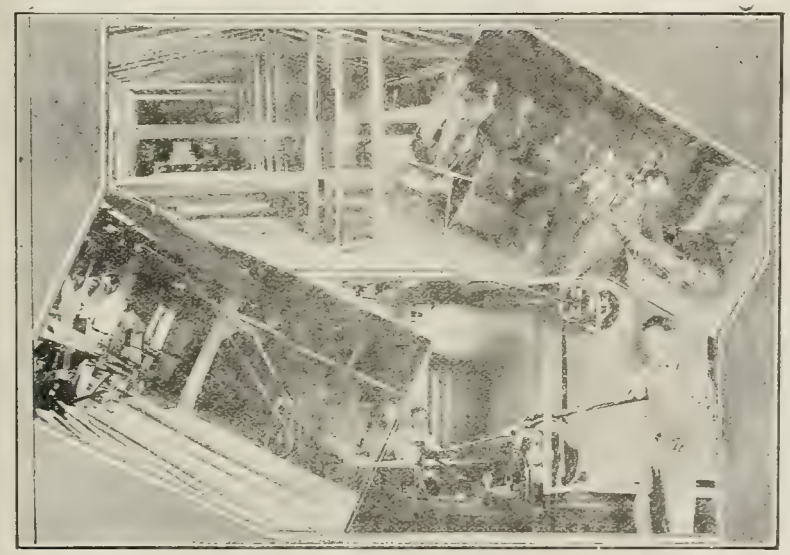
Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

The Directors of the company are: Job Harriman, president; Frank E. Wolfe, vice-president and assistant secretary; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer; F. P. McMahon, vice-president; W. A. Engle, secretary; D. J. Wilson, vice-president; J. E. Beum; A. F. Snell, and Emma J. Wolfe.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS ALREADY ESTABLISHED

New Ones are Constantly Being Added

Print shop	Cleaning and Dyeing	Barber shop
Shoe shop	Garage	Dairy goats
Laundry	Warehouse	Baths
Cannery	Machine shop	Swimming pool
	Blacksmith shop	Studios
	Rug works	Hotel
	Planing mill	Drafting room
	Paint shop	Post office
	Lime kiln	Commissary
	Saw mill	Camping grounds
	Dairy	Industrial school
	Cabinet shop	Grammar school
	Nursery	Montessori school
	Alfalfa	Commercial classes
	Orchards	Library
	Poultry yards	Women's Exchange
	Rabbitry	Souvenir club
	Gardens	Two weekly dances
	Hog raising	Brass band
	Brick yard	Mandolin club
	Lumbering	Orchestras (two)
	Magazine	Quartets
	Newspaper	Socialist local
	Bakery	Baseball
	Fish hatchery	Lectures by visitors



Views of Llano's Cannery, Cabinet Shop, Planing Mill and Print Shop

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will undertake to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

The Weekly Newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist movement and of the Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the colony news, etc. The subscription rate is 50c a year. Both the Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist to one name for 75c.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California

Information About The
Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established in an attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

About 800 persons are residents of the new city of Llano, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 pupils will attend the opening of the schools this year. Plans are under consideration for housing pupils in an economical and very healthful manner. The Montesorri school, the largest in California, will be continued as the first step in the school system. Pupils will be taken through the intermediate work and given High School training. During the summer a Vacation School has been conducted in which botany, domestic sciences, agriculture, biology, languages, practical farming and other subjects have been taught in a very successful manner.

Several industries are being operated by the school, such as caring for the chickens, milking goats and gardening. To please the children the school has been named the Sierra Madre colony. The boys build houses, farm and take care of their own live stock. The girls learn sewing and cooking. The children feed and partly cloth themselves. Rabbits, chickens, turkeys, horses, goats, and many pets are owned by the children. They learn co-operation and develop a sense of responsibility, besides having a good time and acquiring an education. They have 65 acres of garden now and next year they expect to have more than 100 acres. Their poultry department will increase the present one thousand or more to 25,000 chickens.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 Jersey and Holstein cattle, besides about 80 head of young stock ranging from calves to heifers a year and a half of age.

The 75 work horses, large tractor, Caterpillar engine, three trucks, and numerous automobiles do the heavy work and the hauling.

Thoroughbred Berkshires, Duroc-Jerseys, and Poland Chinas are in the hog pens. Experiments will demonstrate which are the best suited to Llano. Stock will be kept pure and high prices will be commanded. About 200 head are now on hand.

In the rabbitry are about 3000 Belgian and New Zealand Red rabbits. The number will be ultimately multiplied by about ten when quarters are constructed to accommodate the increase.

The nursery shows thousands of grape cuttings in the ground, and thousands of shade and fruit trees, as well as berries.

Honey is a part of each day's food supply. Bee colonies number 668 and are in charge of expert bee men. Several thousand stands will be the number in a few years. They are increasing rapidly.

Among the industries are the laundry, printing plant, cannery, hotel, planing mill, saw mill, machine shop, rug weaving plant, fish hatchery, brick yard, lime kiln, and many others. An ice plant, tannery and shoe factory are expected to be among colony industries soon.

By acquiring the timber on a portion of the San Gabriel Forest reserve from the United States government, the securing of lumber for building is made easy. One million feet will be cut at once, without injuring the forest.

Farming on a large scale by use of modern machinery with experienced farmers in charge of the different activities saves labor and expense and gains quick and satisfactory results.

More garden will be planted each year, and each year's success will become more pronounced as the adaptability of different species and the resources of the soil are better understood. Community gardening is highly satisfactory.

Social life is delightful. The Llano baseball team has been victorious throughout the valley. Dancing, swimming, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, are popular. Llano boasts of a brass band and several orchestras. Literary entertainments are an established feature.

The several hundred acres now in alfalfa are to be increased by at least 300 acres more this fall; the land is now being prepared. This year seven cuttings are confidently expected. Two orchards are producing. About 400 acres in all are now planted to trees. All are doing extremely well and are healthy and growing.

More than 26,000 two-year old peach, pear and apple trees were planted last spring.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for the new city to be built. The brick yard and the lime kiln are both running. When it is considered time to go ahead, the construction of the new city will be commenced. It will be different from any other in the world and will be unique, comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings.

Table of Contents

October, Nineteen sixteen

Page

Cover Page
The Big sign on the Mountain Near Llano, and the Socialist Candidates, Benson and Kirkpatrick.

The Gateway to Freedom 2
A Synopsis of the Booklet of the same name

Information About Llano 4
Statistical and other Information

Editorials 7
By Job Harriman.

Following the Water 10
By Rober K. Williams.

The Story of Boyland 12
By Prince Hopkins.

Hand Made Rugs 14
By Frank L. Wright.

The Soul of Sing Lee 15
By Helen Frances Easley.

Building a Socialist City 17
By A. Constance Austin.

Irrigation Systems 18
By Wesley Zornes.

Page

Scientific Management of Soils 19
By Wesley Zornes.

Woman After the War 20
By Agnes H. Downing.

Facts vs. Fancies 21
By Gray C. Harriman.

What Thinkers Think 22
Substance of leading articles in leading magazines.

Thou Shalt Not Kill 23
By Florence M. Reynolds.

The Water We Drink 24
By Dr. John Dequer.

The Llano I Saw 25
By Walter Huggins.

New View of Llano 28
By Frank E. Wolfe.

What Our Mail Brings 30

The Cooks' Corner 30

Our Next Issue

The Next Number of The Western Comrade will be the "Lumber Number"

Telling, with Pictures, about Llano's New Fifty Thousand Dollar Industry.
Send in Your Bundle Orders for this Issue at Once.

You'll be interested in---

Cannery Busiest of All Industries in Llano

Apples, Tomatoes, Peaches and Beans Demand Attention; Tons of Apples Received to be Placed in Storage; Many Canned.

Every available woman and child in Llano has been called on to work in the Cannery during the past week and

SEVEN CROPS ALFALFA TO BE CUT THIS YEAR

With six crops of alfalfa already cut, C. S. Millarr is confident that the seventh can be cured this year, making

BOYS PICK BEANS AND PROVE WILLING WORKERS

With twelve boys to help him, Wesley Zornes proved that the picking of vegetables is no problem at all in

Mandolin Club Turns Hotel into Cabaret

Pleasant Surprise Enjoyed by Diners When Musicians Rehearse

Without entirely intending it, the musicians in the Mandolin and Guitar Club treated the diners at the Hotel to a very pleasant surprise Sunday eve-

MONSTER APPLES ASTONISH VISITORS; WEIGH 1½ POUNDS

Three apples weighing altogether four pounds and a half, and measuring more than 14 inches across

LLANO PICKERS WORKING ON NEARBY RANCHES NOW

Exchanging labor for fruit with the nearby ranches has taken quite a crew of men from the colony. Those who went to the Valyermo ranch are: L. L.

Vegetable Wagon for the Commissary

Delivery of vegetables direct from the gardens to the homes at least three times a week is planned by the commissary department, and if possible will be put into operation this week.

Boys Build Wireless to Send Student Messages

D. L. Davis, Fred Scott, Charles Ferrel, and Allen Batchelor have rigged up a wireless outfit and are studying the code with the intention of mak-

EXPECT NEW MACHINES IN PLANING MILL

Several new machines are expected for use in the Llano Planing Mill, and negotiations are now under way

Llano Is the Only Co-operative City In the World

The Llano Colonist

PUBLISHED AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916.

Read it every week

Llano Souvenir Club Makes Christmas Plans

Installment members all over the United States are interested in the upbuilding of the Colony. It has been

LLANO'S WOMEN'S EXCHANGE

I want to tell the readers of the LLANO COLONIST about the Women's Exchange, one of the newest

New Waterproofing for Llano Houses

John Benjamin, of Los Angeles, who expects some day to become a resident of Llano, was a visitor one day last week. As a painter and interio

THE LLANO COLONIST brings you all of the detailed news of the Llano del Rio Colony fresh each week. It tells you of the things you are interested in. It relates the activities, the establishment and development of industries. It keeps you in touch with the greatest co-operative demonstration in the world.

¶ EVEN DOUBTERS WILL READ of co-operation in action, a practical application of the principles we teach. You can get your unconvinced friends to reading Socialism by reading the LLANO COLONIST and the WESTERN COMRADE. They won't listen to abstract argument but they will read about how we are working out our theories. You can help to bring Socialism by getting subscriptions for the LLANO COLONIST. Get up clubs of trial two months' subscriptions at ten cents each.

THE LLANO COLONIST IS ONLY

50c A YEAR

Six Months for 25c; Trial Two Months for 10c

With New Subscription or Renewal to the WESTERN COMRADE, for One Year 75c

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1916 No. 6

Editorials

By Job Harriman

ARBITRATION. What a sweet sounding word! How remarkable it is that the capitalist who has "nothing to arbitrate" is demanding a law to compel arbitration!

This is no paradox.

It is a live wire with a direct current. Do you doubt it? Touch it. Your flesh will be seared, and your very marrow stunned with the shock.

Would they compel themselves to arbitrate?

The workers want to arbitrate but do not want a law.

The capitalists want a law but do not want to arbitrate.

Does this illuminate the subject?

Back of every law stands the military power ready to enforce it. Do you see the light?

Who manipulates the army in every strike?

Who would manipulate it in every arbitration?

Now do you see the cat?

—o—

"SUITABLE rewards for deserving Democrats."

"What a political crime," says Hughes.

That has been the consistent, conscientious policy of the Republican party ever since the war, in nation and state.

The Democrats have followed the same course with equal conscience and consistency during every inning.

What else can any party do?

With what success could party policies be enforced if their enemies were appointed to fill important posts?

Not only would the party voters be disgusted, but the entire administration would be a rope of sand.

No! No! Mr. Hughes! You are up to your chin in the mire of campaign bunkum. Blow again, there was a false note in your bugle.

—o—

SLANDER is a dreadful serpent. It must strike instant death to the character of its victim, or it will turn and sink its deadly fangs in the heart that gave it birth.

—o—

"TO put peace above duty, honor, righteousness, shows not only a craven, but an evil spirit."

These are the sentiments of Roosevelt on preparedness.

Peace, duty, honor, righteousness, are one and inseparable. He who would separate them to the end that millions may be slaughtered in war, not only has a craven and evil spirit, but he is diabolical in every impulse.

FOR many decades, previous to the European war, it was thought that the social revolution would begin and end in a titanic struggle between the capitalist governments on the one hand and the working class on the other. It was believed that the government by the classes would be overthrown by the revolt of the masses. It was argued that the surplus products taken by the capitalist from the workers would eventually become an unbearable burden, and thus force the revolution. How fortunate it was that this theory was wrong. Had the struggle began between the thoroughly prepared governments on the one hand and the absolutely unprepared hordes on the other, there would have been a merciless slaughter of untold millions, and the siege gun, the zeppelin and the shrapnel would have rivetted the chains of slavery upon the remaining cowed and submissive multitudes.

—o—

IN our propaganda we overlooked one fundamental fact. It seems to have escaped the attention of all writers. That fact is, that the surplus product always develops in unmarketable quantities before wages are reduced or the factories are shut down and the workers discharged.

The crisis in the market conditions always have, and by the very nature of things always must, precede the crisis in the labor conditions.

Improved machinery turned out so many more products than have been consumed that the storehouses of the manufacturing world were glutted.

Markets for these products were imperative. This fact forced each of the powers into a colonization policy until all peacable countries were either conquered or peacably colonized. Then the contest came on between the powers for the world's markets, including the colonies.

Here it must be remembered that the forces controlling the government are the merchant and industrial princes.

Being involved in the commercial and industrial struggle, and holding the reins of government in their hands, they began to combine and direct their power against their most dangerous foe.

For many years England has been mistress of the seas and the queen of the world's commerce. But it certainly will not be questioned that during the last fifteen or twenty years Germany has made enormous inroads on the commercial territory

of the various powers. Every year witnessed new gains by Germany and corresponding losses by other countries.

It was out of this fact that the world war sprang, and it is over this fact that the world powers will struggle until their commissaries are exhausted. The rise in prices indicate the scarcity of food, even now, in the world market.

When the food supply is exhausted, and the armies are hungry, and the governments are impoverished, then the day of retribution will be at hand. The teeming millions, armies and all, will turn to the governments for food. When the answer comes that there is no food, the darkest hour of the world will be on. Crowns will melt, thrones will topple and governments will go down before the rage of the numberless hordes.

Suffering? Yes, such as was never known before, but not such as would have been if these millions had marched against the government in their palmy days of power, with all their resources conserved. Then death or galling slavery would have been their sole reward. Now hunger awaits them for a time, but only for a time.

Never again will they return to the condition from which this nightmare sprang.

The war stands behind them as an impassable barrier, a night too dark to enter, a tomb too terrible to be remembered.

They will move like an irresistible avalanche over the governments that now are, the merchant and industrial princes will be no more, the industries now organized by the governments will stand after the storm is over, like great mountains that have risen out of the turbulent social deep.

Now the governments are organizing the industries for war purposes. Then they themselves will be the government for purposes of peace.

This war is the birth pains of new institutions, the first-born will be the national industries; the second will be an industrial democracy. The third will be peace and good will toward men.

—o—

HOW difficult it is to adjust ourselves to the wants and needs of others. At times it becomes impossible for us to understand even our dearest friends, much less those who are strangers. Our pathways and experiences in life have been so different that their earnest demands ofttimes seem whimsical, childish and unreasonable. We forget that our wants seem equally ridiculous to them. We can never really understand each other. Our home life and childhood training, our social customs, our education, our comforts and habits of food and dress, our privileges of travel and standard of social intercourse are all so different that the mind has no premise from which to reason and reach an understanding of those having widely diverging experiences.

It is here that the intellect fails as a healing balm to social differences. Far more than the intellect is required for such adjustments. This is a field for the heart and the affections. If our sympathies are deep and our affections genuine, we will easily pass by and overlook what seems to us to be the eccentricities of our friends.

They are not eccentricities at all. They are characteristics resulting from inheritance and long years of experience. They are firmly fixed and intricately interwoven into their very beings. Generally speaking, they are stalwart qualities, if only we could understand them.

But with such, the intellect is helpless. It has no kindred experience by which to be guided. In such matters it can only in a way contemplate the past and see what it cannot understand.

The affectionate heart does not need experience. It only loves. It alone can overlook, excuse, forgive, and say, "Yes, he is a little singular sometimes, but he is a splendid fellow." And he is a good fellow. Every one is a good fellow to whomsoever is affectionate. It is the intellect, while striving to analyze and to understand, that too often separates, and keeps us apart. It is the heart that binds us together and enables us to adjust ourselves each to the other. It can forgive what the intellect cannot understand.

—o—

WE KNOW of no more touching experience in life than the fact that the widow and children of our deceased Comrade Ecklund will be provided by Llano with the comforts of life. His death does not leave them to shift for themselves in a heartless world. They are among friends. They are of us. The vine and fig tree of Llano are ours and theirs. We are fed and nourished by them. Nor is this mother and her little ones supported by paltry charity. The children will be placed in the schools and while they are playing in the garden or among the poultry and animals they will produce their own food and at the same time gain an education and a degree of culture that could not be acquired in the world beyond our borders.

What a solace to a broken heart, to know that the ties of friendship are real and lasting. And what a comfort to live free from want and in the heart of a community where social conditions are ideal, and where the children are free from the snares and pitfalls of an inconsiderate world.

Insurance? What an insurance it is to live in such a haven of rest and security, where the approbation of our fellows, the dearest of all prizes, is paid for the tenderest heart, the clearest mind and the kindliest disposition.

—o—

IS the Adamson law, by which the railroad strike was averted, constitutional? What is the difference whether it is or not?

It will be declared constitutional if Wilson is elected.

It will be declared unconstitutional if Hughes is elected.

In either case the United States military force will be back of the respective decisions.

Wilson will enforce the decision he favors.

Hughes will enforce the decision he favors.

The courts will render the decision desired by the victor.

When is a law constitutional anyhow? Is it when the law is right?

Is Wilson right when he is in office, and wrong when he is out of office?

Is Hughes wrong when he is out of office, and right when he is in office?

What a remarkable standard of right by which to measure a constitution.

Is every bill of rights dependent on the "big stick"?

Do not be too sure. May be that might is right even under a Christian administration.

Wilson! Is he not a devout Presbyterian?

Hughes! Is he not a devout Baptist?

If elected, which cheek will the victor turn to the "big stick." Peace be still. It jars the altar.

—o—

DURING the last century the industrial and commercial world has produced a new philosophy of life. Strange to say, it has produced only one world-wide philosophy.

The first to sound the key-note was Marx. It was in his mind that the crucial thought of the labor world was crystallized. He was the prophet of the working class. He saw that labor power was the source from which all valuable things flow. He told the world that the conservation and equal distribution of this power would solve the social problems.

Everywhere, the economic forces have constituted a constant urge toward the development of this philosophy. The world over, the working people have acquired, in some form, this general concept.

The same thought, less pronounced, and only vaguely and indefinitely worked out, developed just prior to the Christian era. In those days industrial machinery had not been developed. Commercial enterprises were accordingly sluggish, and the Roman government found it possible to dominate with its military force, not only its own people, but also the neighboring nations.

Under this iron heel the workers became disheartened; to them the Roman arms were irresistible and they accordingly accepted the doctrine of turning the other cheek when the one was smitten. Christ was the prophet of this philosophy. It was better to turn the other cheek than to die under the iron heel. Better to live a slave than not to live at all.

Under the rule of the Russian Cossack the same condition obtained, and the same philosophy was springing up. The philosophy of non-resistance had already been born before the European war broke out. Tolstoi was its prophet.

This philosophy would have spread all over the world and would have become the soul of a new religion had the world commercial crisis not resulted in a war between the powers, especially if the iron heel of the world had been resolved into one tyrannical military force.

But this war will destroy the powers as they now are. The governments will destroy each other, and open up the way for the working class to establish a new industrial and commercial system in which the interests of humanity will be conserved.

Already the workers of the world are meeting in, and taking possession of the peace palace at The Hague. The Congress of the World will yet gather there.

The federation of the nations will be developed there, and the new order will weave itself about the philosophy of Marx and the movement that followed his thought.

—o—

EVERY child is born with some particular aptitude or tendency.

This tendency is a secret locked up in the child's being. It has not yet resolved itself into definite intellectual processes It may slumber there, forever undiscovered. If so, the child's genius will never blossom. His future greatness depends upon the discovery of this very secret. Unless it is discovered, and the child is permitted to function in keeping with this impulse, his intellectual and heart powers will lie in an apparent stupor and his days will be numbered among the sluggards.

How shall this secret of nature be unlocked?

Shall the parents carve out a future for their child? Can they determine that he shall be a farmer, lawyer, or professor, while he is yet in his swaddling clothes?

How foolish is such a course!

How many men have been forced into the pulpit who should have been permitted to follow the plow? Who can tell in what pathway ones feet should tread?

Least of all should the parents try to choose the course in life for the child. They consult only their own desires, while he has already been created. Any effort to recast him is futile, and at best will produce an intellectual strait-jacket which will paralyze his powers and preserve his deformities.

If the parents are unable to map out a course for the child, by whom shall it be done? Shall the child be cross-questioned as to his aptitudes? Shall he, in his playful childhood years, proclaim to the world that he has made up his mind to become a jurist or a mechanic? How impossible is the thought!

Who then shall choose?

Let us first learn that this is not a question for the mind or heart of man to determine. We are not here choosing a profession or a vocation. That is not the problem that besets us. The problem is — how shall we discover an aptitude?

There is but one way, and that is to give the child a wide range of opportunity to do different things; while close observations are made of his work.

What does he do well, and what best?

What does he enjoy most?

These are the ever pressing questions. Be sure that he will do the work best that he enjoys most. Let him alone. He need not be compelled to follow the occupation he most enjoys. His happiness will be his urge. In such work his mind will grow because it is happy. His perceptions and insight will develop because his attention is riveted by the very pleasure it affords. You have discovered his aptitude. From it will spring his genius, and by it his whole being will be made into a fountain of energy. This is the tide in his affairs that will lead him on to fortune.

Following the Water

By Robert K. Williams

PRETTY nearly everyone who comes to Llano to visit us and look around has a different idea of how things should be and how things could be if such and such a policy were adopted.

It is interesting and refreshing to listen, and talk over the plans for the future and make comparisons with accomplishments of the past.

The people who come here are thinking and observing people. Such a proposition as this does not attract the selfish or self-centered. This is evidenced by the critical and helpful suggestions.

It is astonishing, in a way, to learn that there are so many angles to a seemingly simple thing. As a matter of fact, every mind has a different way of seeing and working out problems. What is interesting to one fails to elicit a remark from another. This simple fact will make Llano great and one of the most interesting places on earth.

We must not forget that Llano is a different world from any other now existing. We are equal economically, we have equal opportunities. The grasping of opportunities is wholly up to the individual. Initiative is a primary desideratum. There is no such thing as mental equality. Some seem to forget this. If we don't mix up our mental states with our economics we can get a pretty fair slant on all the problems confronting the ardent group at Llano.

The object of those here, apparently, seems the same as in any other colony enterprise, but closer observation shows that altruism is the dominating keynote, generally. In the meantime the objective mind is working on alfalfa possibilities and the probabilities of a continuous and ample water flow.

"After all," it was recently said, "to make Llano successful, so that she will set an example that can be safely followed, it must needs be premised upon something more than mere words." Truly. It seems to me that two years of operation has demonstrated that something more than a dictionary was used here.

Water is always and everywhere a necessity. Especially is this true of our western country. There is every reason for a disquisition on water appertaining to our lands. Many have recently arrived from arid parts of the western states and made close inquiry and observed well the fountain of our water wealth. Water is to them a prime consideration.

So, not to be selfish about the matter, let us go into the water development and possibilities and see it as these, our visitors, have seen it.

Llano springs are the origin of the Big Rock. The springs are located ten and a half miles from the present site of Llano. A space af many acres is tree covered and from under the roots of these springs bubble up and form from their separate origins two swiftly flowing streams. More than five hundred miner's inches is always available here. The stream continues down the canyon with here and there a contributing stream. By the time the stream reaches Point Comfort, a distance of two and a half miles from the springs, more than a thousand inches flows over the pebbly bottom. The stream is augmented by fissure water that flows from the Sierra Madre side.

A great subterranean stream underlies these mountains, and it is thought probable that by tunneling a tremendous volume of water could be developed.

There has been a popular delusion for a long time that the Big Rock creek is fed by eternal snow on the sides of Mount San Antonio and North Baldy. This is not correct; the waters are of subterranean origin, but of course increased when the snow begins to melt on the higher reaches of the mountains.

Snow has been vanished for several months on the Baldy mountains. This year the snow did not stay as long as in some previous years. Big Rock creek is lower now than it has been for several years past, and yet more than a thousand inches have been going in at the upper and lower intakes most of the time.

But to go back to Point Comfort a moment. Devil's Punch Bowl is but a short walk from Point Comfort, up a royal gorge that would do justice to Switzerland or any part of scenic America. In the winter great masses of water come tumbling down from the precipitous heights. Water could be developed at this point by tunneling.

When the creek reaches the Shoemaker ranch, a splendid old ranch, a spring further increases the flow, and when the dam site is reached, two miles below, Valyermo ranch contributes more pellucid water. Below the dam site the Pallett creek gurgles down the four mile canyon from the higher levels of the Sierra Madres, and swells the Big Rock.

Where the Pallett joins the Big Rock creek the stream bed is about twenty rods wide. It is at this point the tunnel, with its portal three-quarters of a mile farther down stream, crosses the creek. This tunnel was dug twenty odd years ago by the early settlers to develop the underground water, or possibly to carry off the spill waters from the contemplated dam. The gravel is very deep and an immense amount of water is stored in its loose formation. This fact has been demonstrated many times by holes sunk in the creek bed at a considerable distance from the channel. When the level of flowing water is reached, a fine cold supply of water is to be had.

There have been plausible schemes suggested relative to the increasing and conserving the underground waters around this point. A few rods higher up is the dam site that we have talked so much about and shown to so many people. Brush dams, mud dams, concrete dams, stone dams and submerged dams have been suggested. A submerged dam at the dam site would bring the basin water to the surface where it could be diverted to the side of the northern hill and carried on a contour to the air shaft going down to the old tunnel, where it could be dropped and for three thousand feet would run underground. Probably five thousand inches of water could be developed without much trouble, and made to flow in this way. This plan was recently suggested and is quite seriously considered at the present time.

The tunnel at its upper end is filled in with debris to some extent, but could be cleared out and timbered up; this will probably be done when we get our lumber from the hills, and without further work of development more water would flow through. The stream that now comes from the tunnel seldom varies. It is estimated at between eighty and one hundred inches and flows continuously from its mouth.

Just below the mouth of the tunnel we are now digging a sump. Few people know what a sump is. It is a hole in the gravel down to bed rock. One lady said it looked just like a well her father dug back home.

When bed rock is reached it is calculated that several hundred inches of water will be developed and thrown into the ditches. Even now, while down but twenty feet, about sixty-six inches are being forced up by a pump and delivered to the stream. It is a curious fact that the water pumped from below the surface does not diminish the stream above, though

the sump is not more than twenty-five feet from the channel. The work of digging is slow because a heavy volume of water keeps coming in and the pump has to be kept going continuously to work at all in the watery depths.

One of the great advantages of Llano lands is the closeness to water. In the central part of this state is a water project, the largest in the world, which carries water through open dirt ditches for thirty miles before delivering it to the land. Imagine the tremendous amount of seepage! Long distance from water is a general thing in irrigated countries. This is not true of Llano; Llano lands adjoin the water, and after it reaches the land seepage is prevented by a series of ditches lined with sand, lime and cobbles.

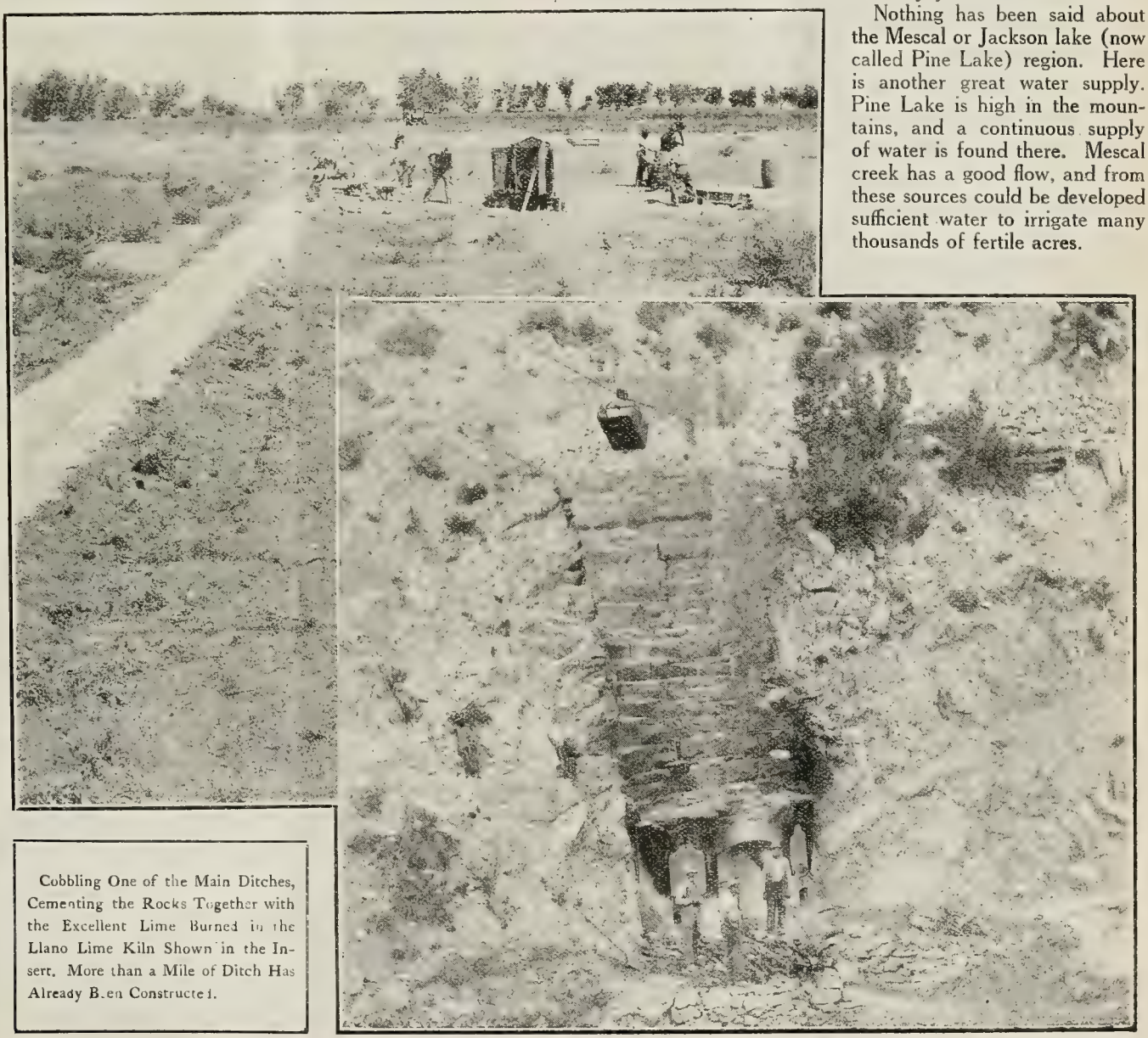
The main ditch, called the upper or Hubbard ditch, is not yet so built. It is surveyed and a large part of it dug, and water is now running in it, which serves laterals already fixed in the manner just stated. This ditch will be capable of carrying at least two thousand inches. Many want it big enough to carry the flood flow of the Big Rock. In all probability this ditch will carry sufficient water to irrigate all of the Colony's most distant acreage.

The laterals from the main ditch north to the Tighlman ditch have been completed. There was some doubt about the ability of these ditches to carry water. It was a pleasant surprise to see two or three hundred inches flowing through the new ditch, and not a sign of the sand-lime giving way. In fact the mixture hardened, and to-day, after constant use, is harder than when put in. The strength and durability of Llano lime has been amply demonstrated.

The main ditch will be continued across the new townsite to the saw mill, and thence north to the dairy, the rabbitry, the new alfalfa on the Dawson eighty, and the present town.

At the present time there are about thirteen miles of ditches on the ranch. If everything goes well, and the same rate of progress in maintained, at least six or seven miles of sand-lime ditches, perfectly secure and tight, will be made by spring. We are clearing land all the time and opening up new tracts. These must have water, and the ditch building crew will have a steady job for several months.

Nothing has been said about the Mescal or Jackson lake (now called Pine Lake) region. Here is another great water supply. Pine Lake is high in the mountains, and a continuous supply of water is found there. Mescal creek has a good flow, and from these sources could be developed sufficient water to irrigate many thousands of fertile acres.



Cobbling One of the Main Ditches, Cementing the Rocks Together with the Excellent Lime Burned in the Llano Lime Kiln Shown in the Insert. More than a Mile of Ditch Has Already Been Constructed.

The Story of Boyland

By Prince Hopkins

WHEN I went to College, I was much interested in designing engines of war. One day, when I was wondering whether such a thing were possible as a completely impregnable fortress, it struck me that the mechanical difficulties of assuring such impregnability were much less than the human ones. I began to wonder what could assure a garrison that all its members would be loyal.

After that I began to lose interest in mechanics and to read sociology. Naturally, the most appealing question was the generously big one "What is the ideal of Social Organization?" But the more I read, the less convinced I was that this question could be solved by academic discussion, because we are still so ignorant as to what are the moral possibilities and limitations of human nature itself. In some experiments in earlier years, I had tried to isolate the elements of human nature, to discover how far it can be moulded by suggestion or other forces. Now, in Boyland, we are trying to solve the two problems of social organization and individual inspiration, simultaneously.

Probably at the beginning, my chief interest in Boyland was in its possibilities as an experiment in community life. But it usually happens that one's interest narrows as he gets more deeply into a problem, and so I find that I shall not be very dissatisfied if I never get any further than to have worked out a method for developing individuals; nay, further, my interest is centering more and more upon a single phase of that development, namely, the production of an intelligently moral character. So, in this essay, I shall pass over rather rapidly the distinctive features of our government and even of our pedagogy to get to the more technical, though to you perhaps less interesting, features which I am attempting to formulate into something approaching a science.

One of the most important things in a boys' school is always precaution taken for the health of the youngster. In considering what arrangements have been made for this at Boyland, I will begin by talking about our living quarters. The younger boys all live down at the main building where they keep under our direct supervision. Their rooms, measuring 8 x 12 feet, are practically open at two ends—at least, they have a special arrangement of windows that fold together, and open outward so that it may be said that all of our boys sleep practically in the open air. The older boys, if they prefer, and most of them do, sleep in the small cottages that we have built on the hillside, one boy occupying a cottage; or two, sometimes three rooming together. Boys only room together where they show no tendency to blame upon one another any untidiness that may be discovered in the cottages, and when in other ways they are fitted to get on well together. These cottages are slightly larger than the rooms which I have described. All of them have a little clothes-press and a private shower-bath. The side of them, fronting toward the main building, is entirely open save a low railing and a curtain which is let down in rainy weather, and the two remaining sides have sliding windows which we urge them at all times to keep open. Thus the cottages are perhaps even more into the air than the rooms in the main building.

In fact, our boys are indoors scarcely any of the time. I set them an example of doing all their work outdoors by having my own desk moved out on to my sleeping porch even during cold weather. Boys take their books and their typewriters out on the veranda and do all their work there, unless wind-storms, dust, or driving rain make this utterly impracticable. I am convinced that this constant living in the open air will be a good thing for them, judging by results which I witnessed when inspecting schools for anæmic children in the environs of Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. In these schools, the anæmic children, living as they desire entirely in the open air, seem able in about three or four hours work daily, to keep abreast of their companions in the regular classes who are giving an hour or two more to their daily schedule.

The report somehow seems to have gone abroad that some special system of diet, vegetarianism or some other, had been adopted in our school. It is true that in the first few months of school, we did have a vegetarian regime and I must say the results of it were entirely satisfactory. The boys were gaining in weight and in general conditions. However, I have decided that it is best, when one has a particular idea that one is trying to work up, not to confuse the issue by introducing a number of irrelevant experiments, and therefore vegetarianism and all other special dietary systems have been taboo since the time mentioned. At present our only aim is to give an all-around well balanced dietary according to the prescirption of the conservative, rather than the "new-fangled" doctors. We have meat three times a week, avoid fried, and other indigestible compositions, all heavy puddings, and extremely sweet or sour substances; in general we try to serve dishes in a way that appeals to other senses as well as that of taste.

We try, in our daily program, not to keep the boys confined to any one kind of occupation for too long a time, but to vary sedentary occupations with pursuits of a motile or exciting nature.

To begin with, the usual day, lasting from rising time in the morning to bed-time at night, is split up into two days of shorter duration — you might say, a morning day and an afternoon day — by the before-lunch siesta.

In each of these half-days, work and play is so arranged that the work comes entirely at the beginning of the day's program with the hardest and the mental work first, and the physical work towards the end; and then, after the whole work period, comes a period of recreation and romping; thus, in the morning, work is from 7 to 11.30, except a short interval for a light breakfast, and then the boys are free for games and other activities until 12:30 when the siesta comes.

This siesta lasts from one-half to one hour according to the inclination of the boy or else according to his nervous requirements. From two until — say, four in the afternoon, is the second work period, and from that time on they are encouraged to play until bed-time.

A study period ends in a lesson in dancing, boxing or wrestling, which they can continue through their play-time or quit at the end of the first five minutes of that pleasure. As to what they actually do about it, I may say that they are very much creatures of fashion. For a month or so, they will be all for boxing; at another time, wrestling, and if we have some new and lively tunes to play upon the phonograph, especially the tunes that have been written for the fox trot, they find a temptation to dance almost irresistible.

Of the two work periods, morning and afternoon, the functions are not the same, even though we go over pretty much the same subjects of study in the afternoon period as in the morning period. The difference consists in this; that during the morning their schedule is more definitely planned and formal, whereas in the afternoon, we encourage more freedom of choice regarding the subjects they desire to take

up. The afternoon, more especially, is the period when we try to get them to put to practical uses the lessons of the morning. Thus, for example, this afternoon that I am writing these pages, some of the boys have been applying the arithmetic lesson of the morning to measuring the wall area of some little tent-cottages that they are building, in order to know how many yards of canvas they will require to cover the sides. The last period in the afternoon generally ends in the application of the geography lesson of the morning to a large map of the world which they all are digging. The science lessons, lessons in camp cookery, in sloyd etc., largely seem to carry their own application with them, as all the boys are passionately fond of laboratory and shop practice.

Our system is to allow them rather more liberty than is customary in schools. For example, when a class, having commenced work on a certain subject, beg to go on with that topic, we usually raise no objection to their infringing upon the time of the next class, as we consider that so strong an interest should be taken advantage of, and that the time lost in the other classes easily can be made up in a subsequent recitation. Often enough, in fact, the recitation which they omit today in this fashion will be the very one that they will get particularly interested in tomorrow. Perhaps the extremest case in which we have applied this principle was one about a month ago, when, in a fit of fondness for English composition, they spent practically two days in writing stories and outlining speeches.

We believe in the general principle of early rising, yet we don't think it a good thing that, no matter how tired a youngster is, he shall be required to tumble out of his warm bed to make an entry upon the cold routine of duty. Therefore, the day's work begins with a study which is so interesting that the boys nearly always are anxious to get up and attend it, which nevertheless is considered as optional with them. This study, too, has an advantage that it does not require them to use their eyes upon first arising, always a rather questionable practice. It is the study of science by laboratory methods. Each of the small cottages of which I have spoken previously has its own little work bench with basin, etc., complete, and cupboard underneath to contain all kinds of apparatus, in case the boys, during their length of time, desire to perform experiments in physics, chemistry or biology. There is, however, a regular class in these subjects conducted the first period in the morning.

One of our teachers, Mr. Coryell, succeeded in getting the boys so interested in arithmetic and algebra that when they were beginning the latter subject, they once asked if an entire morning could not be given to that exclusively. In general, however, I think it will be conceded that mathematics is about the most difficult subject for children and therefore we place it early upon the day's program when their attention is still unfatigued. During the scientific and all other work where it seems feasible, we attempt to bring in mathematical relationships, and in a word, to pervade our whole curriculum with mathematics.

I don't know that there is anything unusual about their composition, grammar and spelling, except that we call the boys' attention to the grammatical structure and ask them if they know the spelling of words during the reading that we do at table. At all our meals, we attempt to stimulate the boys' conversational powers but as boys' conversation has a tendency a good deal like that of adults' conversation, to switch off as quickly as possible to the more inane topics, we find it a good plan to have with us some book of literary merit which supplies us not only with reading matter but also with live topics for intellectual wrangling.

In the beginning of a discussion of the discipline and government which we have, I wish to draw your attention to the fact that its form is not one which we superimposed from above upon the boys, yet at the same time, it is not what a boys' government usually is, simply an imitation of the forms of society that he finds outside of him. Of course, if we left the whole matter simply in the hands of the boys, it would scarcely be worth one's time to try any innovations or idea that they had not imported. We pay as little attention as possible to the outside community. We have to have a great many things in confidence with the boys themselves and have left it to them to try these various schemes.

Severe punishments have very little, if any, desired effect for the simple reason that the boy generally desires to do what is right only he is so lacking in self control as to constantly forget himself.

Of course, you cannot hope to form moral habits except through freedom of choice. Consequently, it is advisable that a boy may always have as much liberty as he may use to advantage; at the same time, it is necessary to put restrictions upon his liberty whenever he is going to use it for habits that are undesirable. It seems to me that the correct principle in regard to discipline is not the infliction of pain so much as depriving the boy of opportunities of exercise in deleterious ways.

Now here is the way that we work this out. Boys are divided into four groups. The first group is composed of boys in whose ambition, influence over the others and general good qualities we have supreme confidence. These boys are then allowed unlimited liberty; even attendance of classes is optional with this first group. No coercion is used upon them whatever, but only discussion and exhortation. If this freedom seems to be too much for a boy, so that we see that he simply idles about and accomplishes nothing, he is voted into the second group.

But suppose that a boy is not fit even for this moderately regulated life; he then goes into the third group. Here his life is regulated pretty thoroughly for him. Here he lives down at the main building instead of one of the little individual cottages and is in imminent danger, if he is not mighty scrumptious about his conduct, of being relegated to the fourth or last group.

In this fourth or last group, each boy has his own little garden with a little shelter upon it where he keeps his carpentering and garden tools, his work bench, some books and a few other necessaries of life—in short, he is sheltered from everything that can tempt him to utilize his time in an unprofitable way, to destroy anything or to interfere with any of the other boys.

Now to retrace our fall from the first to the last group: as the moral weakling who has descended so low begins to improve himself, showing a disposition to assume more responsibilities, he is again put into the third group, or even the second. Only after he has proven pretty thoroughly his reformation of character is he likely to be elected into group one, where he is expected to help in looking after some of the smaller boys, and from which it isn't customary to degrade him, save after a prolonged impeachment.

After a little time spent in group three, he may be ready for election into group two and with others have oversight of the boys in both groups three and four, and finally, certain exceptional boys rise as high as group one, if they seem not only to employ themselves in the best possible manner but to be the sort to be of good influence over and a general concern for the welfare of all their Juniors.

(continued on page 29)

Hand Made Rugs

By Frank L. Wright

CARPETS and rugs have been produced in such confusion of variety by the different nations of the world, under such different conditions and with so many different materials that the subject is large,

Each race of the human family has solved its own problems in regard to floor coverings in such a way as to utilize the material most easily obtained to its best advantage, and the work, sometimes highly artistic, has in each case possessed its own characteristics, so that the origin of rugs from the different parts of Asia or Europe can be readily told at a glance by the connoisseur, and a close examination of the fabric and patterns employed will in many cases reveal even the family who were engaged in the manufacture, as well as a close estimate of the age of the product.

American fabrics can also be studied to great advantage, showing as they do the work of the Indians of the southwest as well as those made by the modern rug weavers. In this article we will have little to say about the strictly factory productions but will confine ourselves to the hand work of the different peoples under consideration. The use of the materials nearest at hand and the employment of tools most easily obtained, and in some cases very rudely fashioned, makes the study very interesting. In some examples the very best work is produced by the crudest implements.

The Navajo and Moqui Indians of America, and the Nomadic tribes of Persia and Asia Minor used similar utensils and until the advent of modern analine dyes treated their wools in almost the same way. Both were nomadic in habits and unlike our New England houswives, had no worn-out clothing to utilize; their materials, mostly from the sheep's back, had to be washed, carded and spun with tools easily made and easily carried from place to place, and finally woven on a loom that could be made from a few poles lashed together in the most primitive manner. Curiously their work in each case is marked by a delicacy of coloring and a boldness of design very similar to each other, though both show antipodal characteristics, as might be expected.

A Llano Home.

The oriental rug is characterized by a close heavy pile of colored wools, knotted to the warp by the fingers of the artisans in conventionalized designs. The old rugs were very artistic in appearance, as the wools were dyed with home-made vegetable dyes in soft neutral tones, but the modern rugs with their more vivid coloring from the use of analine as a dyeing agent are not so satisfactory. In our rug work at Llano we will not be able for some time to make fabrics of this oriental type, although the knot by which the filling is incorporated in the weave is very simple and the process is easily learned. Our lack of a suitable material must necessarily confine our efforts to other lines. However, our southwestern Indians produce a blanket, much used as a floor covering, that for close, durable weave and artistic design is second only to the product of Asia, and materials of such character as may be obtained in the general markets are utilized in their manufacture.

Germantown yarns in natural gray, white and black, as well as some of the more neutral shades, produce beautiful fabrics which have ready sale at remunerative prices. This is hand-weaving of the best type as shuttles can only be employed to a limited extent, and in the zig-zag designs the filling is beaten into the fabric with a heavy comb instead of the sley of the hand-loom. Such a method must necessarily make the work slow and if the fabric is to be worth the labor expended, good materials must be employed as well as designs of high artistic merit.

In the selection of designs the Indian motif may be followed, but every weaver is bound to work in his own ideas, causing an individuality corresponding to his natural ability. Though the difference between the copy and the pattern be slight, there will still be something in the effect that expresses the personality of the artisan, and when home-made dyes are employed the personal feature is more marked. We recently produced a saddle blanket on a Llano loom, in the lightning design, in which, though a Navajo pattern furnished the motif, the design produced an entirely different effect, marking it at once with a personality of its own.

Another Navajo fabric that lends itself to our treatment is the woven fur rug or robe used by the medicine men in Indian ceremonies. Tame rabbit fur is cut in strips of the proper width and twisted like Hiawatha's mittens "with the skin-side inside and with the fur-side outside." These strips are then woven in the loom in such a manner as to leave both sides of the robe covered with fur, the different colors being so blended as to produce a neutral effect. If the fur is saved at the right time of the year and the skins properly treated a strictly sanitary fabric of considerable value is produced. The fur does not shed and the robe is light and warm.

The making of such hand-made articles requires a great deal of labor, though methods employed are easily learned. The Navajo saddle blanket mentioned above is about three by six feet, and required four days of eight hours each to produce, so it can be readily seen that only well-to-do people will be attracted by them. The woven fur fabric is even more tedious as the strips are short and require careful handling to produce the right result.

In another installment we will explain something of rewoven rugs in which so many different materials may be utilized, even when so badly worn that their period of usefulness seems past. Many of our readers do not realize the waste that is daily going on, and the really beautiful and useful articles that can be made from old wool carpets, burlap sacks, and many other things ordinarily thrown away.

The Soul of Sing Lee

By Helen Frances Easley

SING LEE left China for America with the intention of becoming a rich man. He had come to San Francisco when the Chinese were swarming in like rats, but instead of staying in the Bay city, he had worked his way down into the heart of the San Joaquin valley, where he secured employment in a vineyard. Here he worked for years, but strangely enough the wealth he had so confidently expected to gain, did not come to him. His money, of which there was precious little, went to keep himself, his wife and child.

Finally he decided to peddle vegetables. He knew of several of his countrymen who began as hucksters and now possessed comfortable fortunes. Why not he? So leaving off his work in the vineyard, he rented an acre of land at the edge of China Town, built a little shed-like dwelling, planted his garden, and shortly began to go from door to door with his "nice flesh vegitable, lady." He sold vegetables and sold vegetables and sold vegetables, and then he died. His dream was still unrealized.

But Sing Lee's wife was a devoted little person. Although her lord and master had slaved all his life without being able to accomplish anything of importance, she resolved that his funeral should compare favorably with that of any previously deceased Chinese. No matter if it took every cent of money, or necessitated going into debt. She would hire a city band to make lively American music at the head of the procession, There should be a roast pig on which the soul of Sing Lee should feast. She would hire two mourners to walk behind the hearse and howl dismally. She would have a thousand pieces of pierced paper through which the Devil would have to go before he could claim the soul of the deceased, and these she would have cast far and wide, so that her husband would have a fair chance to reach the realm of eternal happiness, At the grave she would have a bed and a new suit of clothing burned, so that as his soul rose from earth it would be accompanied by the smoke of his temporal possessions, and he could appear among the celestial hosts properly housed and clothed. The burning of the clothes was absolutely necessary. No Chinese could ever hope to appear in heaven until the smoke of his raiment had accompanied his soul, and as soon as the smoke began to ascend, if the devil had not already gotten possession, his last chance of ever claiming the soul was gone. All this the wife of Sing Lee knew weii, and her plans were most carefully made to avert any disaster. What if all this magnificence should reduce her to penury for years to come! That would be nothing, just so Sing Lee should have a funeral that would long be remembered in China Town, and perhaps it would be so gorgeous that there would be a notice of it in the morning paper of the Americans. Then indeed, would the soul of Sing Lee rest in peace.

There had been some very heavy rains, and the streets in and about China Town and the road to the Cemetery were wet and slushy, but the day of the funeral proved to be ideal. The sun which had been hidden for the past few days seemed to outdo itself in warmth and brightness. It was a day as beautiful as only a sunshiny winter day in California can be.

With the sun beaming upon them, the funeral procession of Sing Lee started from his humble dwelling. The band came first, playing popular songs, ridiculously inappropriate to the few American onlookers, for so solemn an occasion, but not so to the Chinese, the livelier the music the better, so they think. After the band came the hearse, and beside the driver sat a man throwing far and wide the pieces of pierced paper, which were to puzzle and bewilder the wily Devil. Next came the wagon containing the bed, the clothing and the roast pig which were to sustain the wanderer on his journey into the unknown world. Following this were the hired mourners, howling and yelling so enthusiastically that it was evident that they had been well paid. After them came a string of a half dozen or so carriages, containing friends of the dead man, and in the very last sat his wife and child. The last vehicle was a large wagon in which rode the Chinese band playing the weirdest music imaginable. Truly it was a splendid funeral procession.

All went beautifully until they had nearly reached the burying ground. Part of the road had been washed away, and on either side was a pond of water. The drivers had great difficulty in crossing safely. The hearse had just passed the dangerous bit of road, when the wheel of the following wagon, the one containing the offerings to be burned, slipped, and before the driver could right it, over went the wagon and its contents into the water.

Plague upon plagues! Why did this particular wagon have to be the one to tip over? It would have been better if it had been the hearse. A soaking would not have hurt Sing Lee. He did not have to be burned! But wet pig would not be palatable, and wet wood and wet clothing would not burn, and could not be burned until they were sufficiently dried.

And the Devil!

Sing Lee's wife did not say this by way of expressing her frantic state of mind, instead she thought of it in awe and terror. The Devil was dodging in and out of the holes in the pierced paper, coming nearer every moment. Oh! would that some chance breeze would carry some of the pieces far from the route taken by the procession, so that his Satanic Majesty would be compelled to hunt for hours before he could find the missing papers. Thus prayed the widow as she sat shivering with fright in the last carriage.

After the pigs and other possessions had been rescued from what might have been their watery grave, the procession wended its way to the cemetery. The ceremony was exceedingly short, for with nothing to burn, nor no food to offer the departing spirit, there was nothing to do but to put the coffin in the grave, with its odd oven-like covering. The people disbanded with ominous shakes of their heads. Surely some awful fate was in store for poor Sing Lee or the wagon would have been allowed to pass over the road safely. Perhaps some of the Devil's servants or the Devil himself had been waiting to push the wagon over, and then had hastened back to find the pieces of pierced paper.

But it was all over now, and all that could be done was to make the best of it. The things which should have been burned, were taken back to the home of Sing Lee to be dried before they could be sent where they were so badly needed.

Very sorrowfully, the widow hung out the wonderful new suit, which had never been worn, now mud-stained and wrinkled. The bed did not count so much, that had been gotten more for display, but the clothing was absolutely essential, and the thought of Sing Lee's poor soul shivering and destitute of clothing was heartrending. The sun set before the garments were dry, and the widow gave up all hopes of burning them until next morning. And how was she to know that in the meantime, the Devil had not overtaken the soul of her poor husband, or even then did not have him in torment.

Oh, for some sign!

While this tragedy had been happening in China Town, a contented vagrant had been kicked out of one of the empty fruit cars standing on the switch of a nearby railroad. That is he had been contented and happy until he had been kicked out, but now he was ruefully contemplating the fact that his journey to Sacramento had been rudely interrupted. He was not hungry. Orange groves are easy to enter, and if one has scruples against picking fruit off the trees, there is always plenty lying on the ground, and easier to gather, by the way. So he was not suffering from hunger, the one thing he lacked was money, and of that he had not one cent. So unless he could escape the watchful eyes of the trainmen, he had no way of continuing his journey, unless he walked, and he did not relish that.

For a long time he sat beside the road, but finally thinking it best to take himslf away for a time, he rose stiffly and adjusting the bundle of rags he had used a a pillow, he started away from the track. It was by the merest chance that he headed for China Town. He didn't know China Town from Russian Town, and so no one could accuse him of purposely turning his steps in the direction he had taken.

The moon was shining and as he passed the few straggling little shacks, he looked to see whether or not anything might be lying about unused and unwatched. Finally he spied something hanging limply on a line back of a little shack.

Foolishness for anyone to let anything remain out all night! At any rate it should not remain long. He jumped the fence and felt of the garment.

Silk! Heavy Silk!

He almost collapsed over the greatness of his discovery. The silk was damp and muddy, but that made no difference. It was valuable, and could soon be dried. It would bring him money at some pawnshop, and then if he should be kicked out of his private car, he could offer real money for a ride in the caboose. With trembling fingers he drew the silk from the line, and rolled it into a compact bundle, and placing it on his shoulder, he started for the fence. But he could not carry that and his other bundle comfortably, and try as he might he could not arrange them. But the bundle of rags was of no value, and rather than lose the other he would burn it. Again depositing his load on the ground, he lit a match and burned his erstwhile pillow. Instead of destroying it all together, he took one rag at a time, so that the flame would attract no one's attention. This done he climbed the fence and merrily went his way. Once more fortune had favored him. He laughed softly in his glee as he pictured the consternation of some poor Chinaman, when he discovered the loss of such festive robes. Little did he think that the bundle he was carrying had been meant to adorn a spirit in glory!

The first waking thoughts of Sing Lee's widow were of the dreadful yesterday, and hastening to the window she looked out to see if the clothing was yet dry.

The suit was gone!

In vain she looked in every corner to see if it had been blown down, but there was no trace of it. At last her bewildered eyes saw a heap of ashes. Hastily dressing herself, she went into the yard.

It was the sign!

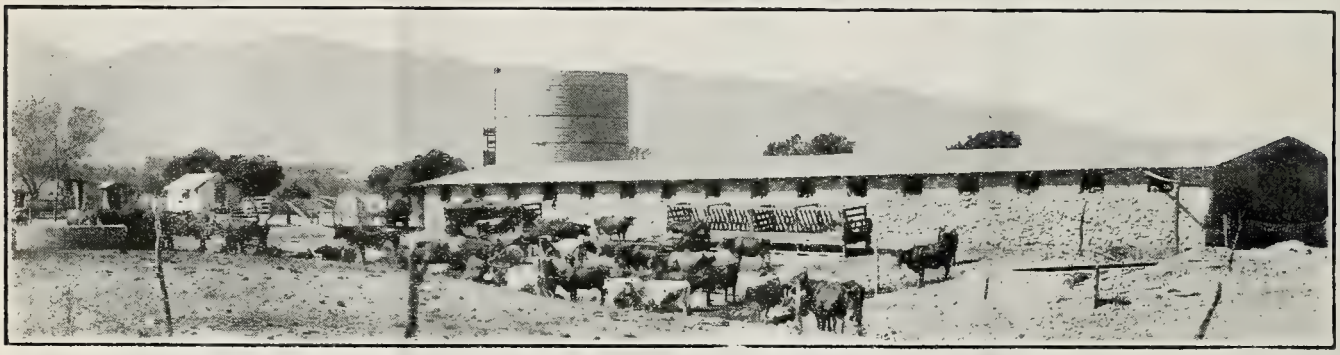
She ran her long fingers through the ashes, as a happy smile broke over her face. She quite understood.

Sing Lee had become impatient for his clothing and so had come back for it. It did not matter that they were wet and muddy. Sing Lee was now a spirit, and to spirits nothing is impossible, wet clothes would burn as easily as dry ones, and here were the ashes. The Devil had not overtaken her husband, instead he had been wonderfully and unusually blessed; and was now abiding in everlasting joy and peace.

She rose and went back into the house, all doubt gone from her mind, and a deep content in her heart. The days might be full of toil, but Sing Lee's funeral had lacked nothing and he had been allowed to come back and give her a sign!

Several miles away in the next town, in a pawnshop where no questions were asked and no explanations demanded, lay the silken garments, and the money which the keeper had given for them was safely tied in a corner of a ragged handkerchief of the tramp, as he lay in an empty fruit car, once more upon his journey.

And if Sing Lee's soul ever found it necessary to clothe itself before appearing in the society of other souls, he was surely compelled to array himself, as best he could, in the rags which had once been the pillow of the tramp.



Llano Dairy is Well Stocked — Silo in Background Now Being Filled

Readers of the WESTERN COMRADE may look forward to other stories by Miss Easley as she has consented to send stories to us at frequent intervals.—Editor's Note.

—o—

Dear Comrades: —

Enclosed please find P. O. for $2.00. One dollar is for a subscription for the newspaper published there, the name of which I do not call to mind now. The WESTERN COMRADE is asked for by outside parties before I have hardly time to read it. They would sign for it if they only—well, "dared."

The other dollar is to have you hand to the secretary of the Socialist Local with the enclosed book, and stamps for dues till end of year. The balance can be used for postage for return, and "special" stamps.

Yours fraternally, E. K——, W——, Cal.

Building a Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

THE Socialist city should be beautiful, of course; it should be constructed on a definite plan, each feature having a vital relation to and complementing each other feature, thus illustrating in a concrete way the solidarity of the community; it should emphasize the fundamental principle of equal opportunity for all; and it should be the last word in the application of scientific discovery to the problems of every day life, putting every labor saving device at the service of every citizen.

It should be beautiful. Beautifying is a very complex problem. The untrained mind is apt to divorce beauty absolutely and disastrously from fitness. The result is horror of confusion. The lady who goes shopping in silks and diamonds, the best parlor that is a junk shop of unrelated reminiscences of travel, the suburban residence street where a Moorish palace elbows a psuedo French castle, which frowns upon a Swiss chalet, are all cases in point. A thing may indeed be beautiful itself, but if it is not studied to fit its environment, and is not adapted to the purpose for which it is made, it will give no real pleasure.

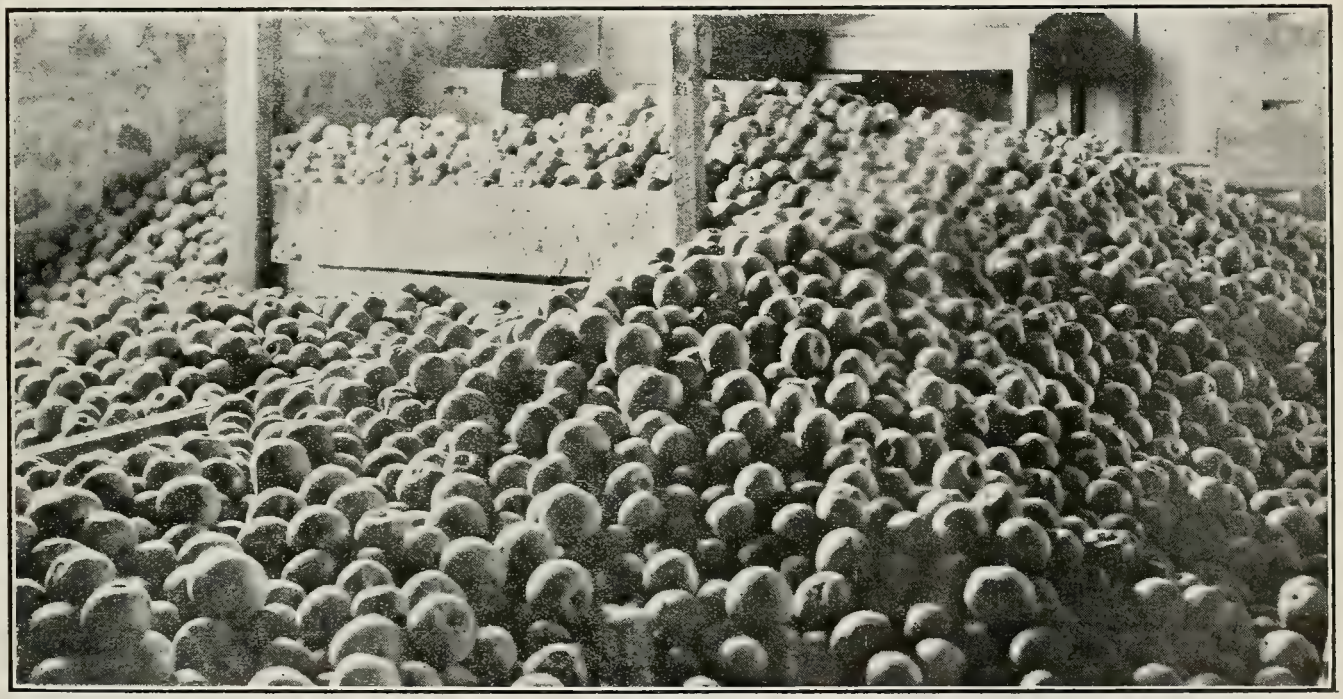
So when we say that the Socialist city must be beautiful we wish to draw attention to the fact that we cannot follow the ordinary individualistic plan of allowing each person to build to suit his own fancy. It is not only that some people have no taste at all—it would be comparatively easy to frame regulations against outrageous eyesores—nor that a really fine building of conflicting design can spoil the effect of a whole harmonious group; but there is the wider application of fitness, that the situation, climatic conditions and even a certain psychic quality, the purpose for which the town exists, should be taken into consideration in deciding upon its constructive ideals.

A town in a mountainous wooded country would call for a different style of architecture from a town in Kansas; a town in a moist foggy climate like Oregon, would call for something entirely different from the construction that would be desirable to meet the dry heat and cold of Arizona; a sea-port should have an entirely different architectural character from a university town, and so forth. The type should first be studied from the point of view of fitness.

Having escaped the Scylla of confusion, we must not run into the Charybdis of uniformity. Having selected a general type of architecture suited to the conditions of the locality, the next thing is to study out every possible variation within the type, and to allow individuals all sorts of latitude in expressing themselves in their homes. The adjective 'deadly' is generally and rightly associated with monotony, and neither word has any place in a Socialist's vocabulary. If a Socialist is anything he is aggressively original, and this gift should be given full play so far as is compatible with the comfort and welfare of his neighbor. New types of architecture should arise under fundamentally new conditions of living, and special blocks or streets set aside for that purpose, providing the discoverer can interest a group of people sufficiently to get them to join him in such an experiment. The new idea should be eagerly sought for in every branch of the community life. Who knows how many original and helpful inventions have been lost and obliterated under the oppressive and crushing deadweight of capitalistic conditions.

The style of architecture which has been selected for Llano has been studied out with due regard to the wonderful setting which this city is privileged to enjoy. On the south a range of mountains rises abruptly ten thousand feet with a penciling

(continued on page 26)



Several Tons of Apples Stored in Llano Cannery for Winter Use.

Irrigation Systems

By Wesley Zornes

IRRIGATION is the application of water to the soil. The results obtained from the application depend upon where and how it is applied. The sweeping assertion of the novice, who contends that it makes no practical difference how the water is applied, are not founded on experience or scientific research.

There are several methods which have both good and bad points. Two methods in use at Llano are deserving of comment. The gravity flood system and the furrow. In the discussion of any system of irrigation we should take into consideration the action of the water on the soil and its consequent effects on the crops grown.

Water has a solvent effect on the plant foods found in the soil, which prepares it for assimilation by th plant. Water is necessary to the plant in certain quantities; an excess as well as total starvation does permanent injury.

Large quantities of water carry away the solvent plant food through the soil and so it is lost to the plant. The leeching of the soluble plant foods in this manner is a common practice in irrigated countries where water is abundant. Some farmers substitute water for the cultivator and attempt to make a dry land plant aquatic. The rule should be to irrigate enough to insure good health to the crop and use the cultivator diligently.

When too much water is applied to the soil it has a tendency to pack it. The particles cohere and in time this condition renders it impervious to water and it runs off the surface. Continued irrigation with the soil in this condition is a waste. Irrigation beyond the point of soil saturation depletes the soil of its plant foods by carrying them off into the subsoil.

$200 Worth of Goats Here. Apparant Double Horns On the Big Angora Back At the Left Is Due To the Fact That One Bashful Fellow Tried To Hide From the Camera.

Water-logged soils become sour, which is evidenced by a superabundance of acids. This is caused by the fact that the alkaline bases have been carried away by the water; leaving acids without bases to neutralize their acidity. Such soils are worthless from an agricultural standpoint until the remedy, continued cultivation and thorough aeration, is applied.

Water fills the pores between the soil particles; as long as water remains in the soil the air is excluded, and as air is necessary to the proper growth of plants, the continued filling of the soil with water will hinder their growth.

A proper length of time for aeration should elapse before water is applied. When the water is removed a shrinkage occurs and the soil bakes. In this condition the air cannot circulate freely through it, and irrigation does very little good, due to the impenetrable condition of the soil. Again the remedy is thorough cultivation.

Any system of irrigation that will leave the soil in a friable and loose condition and wet it to the proper point to insure a good crop is the one to be sought. A system which leeches the soil of its plant foods and leaves it compact is detrimental to plant growth.

In the gravity flood system the water is applied to the surface of the soil and spread evenly over it by the irrigators. It is allowed to run down between the laterals on head ditches placed at intervals over the field. This system is thought by some to be the easiest and quickest method of irrigation. It is the oldest method in existence of applying water to the land.

Level land may be irrigated with few laterals, but on land such as we have in Llano it is better to place them one hundred and fifty feet apart through the fields. This is necessitated by the grade and the character of our soils. The lands between the laterals should be as level as possible, as it means hard work to irrigate rough land with this method. Orchards, alfalfa and gardens may be irrigated in this way. The disadvantage of this system lies in the fact that the land being flooded has a tendency to bake. It carries a great deal of the plant food from the soil into the subsoil. Continued irrigation of this kind will totally deplete the soil of its mineral plant foods.

A system that has been used in our gardens and orchards, the furrow system, is coming into favor and is thought to be a better method of irigating alfalfa in our community because of the topography and character of our land. The water is run close to the plants in furrows, thus confining the water in channels. The soil between the furrows is wet by sub-irrigaton leaving the surface loose and friable and serving as a mulch to conserve the water. Confined in a furrow water will run

a greater distance than when spread out over the surface, because of the fact that there is less surface exposed to evaporation and seepage. The laterals or head ditches can be made six hundred feet apart, four hundred is better. It requires one-third the number of laterals that the flood system does, but it has the disadvantage of requiring added labor in furrowing the land. As the water is confined in the furrow and will sub-irrigate the high as well as the low spots, confined water is easy to handle. Unconfined water turned loose over the field to seek a channel for itself will find the lowest points.

The irrigator must furrow the ground in an attempt to keep the water from the low places and divert it to the highest points. He unconciously uses the furrow system. The difference is that in this case the furrow is made with a shovel, and in the other it is made by means of a plow.

The main objection to the furrow system for alfalfa is that it leaves the ground in a rough condition for mowing. Another objection is that the furrow itself is unproductive land. However, experiment stations have demonstrated that alfalfa planted in rows eighteen inches apart yielded a greater tonnage of hay than the broadcast stands.

We are trying both these systems of irrigation at Llano, and the most efficient will be adopted.

(Articles in this department will be continued, taking up the irrigation of all crops separately. The irrigation of alfalfa will be the subject of an article in the November issue of the WESTERN COMRADE.)

Scientific Management of Soils

By Oliver Zornes

THERE are three important factors to be considered in the scientific management of soils: amount of available and unavailable plant food, physical condition, and mechanical action.

Soil consists of organic and inorganic materials more or less decomposed. Soil may be of coarse sand, very fine clay, or gradations between the two, or it may be of vegetable or animal product. Or it may have a mixture of all these components to a more or less degree. Soils are also classed as to formation; as residue, meaning soils formed by chemical action only; and sedentary, meaning those formed by the action of wind, water, etc.

What kind of soil have we at Llano, and what does all this mean to the farmer? Llano soils are composed of some coarse, and some very fine decomposed rock, but, due to the lack of rainfall, the amount of decomposed vegetation is small. We have some fields of clay loam, meaning a large percentage of clay, with some silt, sand, and organic matter.

What are the good and bad points of such a soil? The soil particles are very fine, hence more surface to a given quantity of land, therefore there is more surface tension and more retention of plant food and water. The clay contains a large amount of silicon, a base with which acids may unite and be made insoluble. Iron and sulphur give the clay its red and blue colors. As has already been stated, clay soil has very fine particles and these particles when wet run together, thus becoming hard, and impervious to the passage of air which has the mother part to play in the soil.

What are we going to do with this soil? At Llano we plant it to alfalfa which produces six to eight bumper crops per year. The roots of the alfalfa penetrate the soil for many feet, thus loosening it and filling it with porous material through which the air may pass. The alfalfa finds all the inorganic matter necessary to the soil for best production.

Alfalfa uses the nitrogen, that part of the air which is unavailable to human beings, but as nitrogen is not soluble in water it is not directly available to the plant. There are many compounds of nitrogen, such as nitric acid, ammonia, and nitrate of soda.

In the soil and on the roots of some plants are found microscopic plants which convert the nitrogen of the soil into nitrates, making it available to the plants. Between the plants of the pea family, peas, beans, vetch, clover, alfalfa, etc., and these minute plants we find true co-operation. Sunshine is absolutely necessary to produce the starch in plants; the microscopic plant has no sunshine and hence no way of producing starch; the alfalfa has no nitrogen in available form, and so the alfalfa trades starch to the little plants for nitrates.

Systems of irrigating alfalfa are being changed, partly due to these small plants, and partly to the conservation of the soil water — the greatest production with the least amount of work.

The bacteria of the soil, for their best development, must have a friable, moist soil. By irrigating in corrugations the surface of the soil is left loose, lessening the surface tension and breaking the capillary tubes. It also lets the air into the soil on which the bacteria feed. At Llano the flooding system is being abandoned. Where the soil is continually flooded the air is excluded and denitrofying bacteria fight the nitrofying bacteria and render the nitrogen unavailable.

What more then are we to do with our clay soils? Plow under a crop of alfalfa, or even the crown, and you are adding organic material from which nitrogen is extracted by chemical action, and made available to the plant. The decay of the alfalfa is necessary before the plant can use it, while the nitrate produced is ready for use as soon as the water is applied. Alfalfa land brings quicker results as a fertilizer than manures. The crop plowed under makes the soil loose and in this way changes the physical condition of the soil and the missing plant food has been added.

There are other ways of making a clay soil more friable, such as adding sand or lime. The lime not only acts as a loosening agent, but also as a plant food and a base for the interchange of bases and acids. Sand also might be added if practical.

The effect of lime and humus on sand is different from its effect on clay. It fills up the spaces between the particles, making the sand more retentive, while it loosens the clay and makes it more easily workable.

In the schools at Llano we are teaching the boys and girls the value of cultivation as a fertilizer, and giving them a knowledge of the chemical changes made by the air in the soil and the physical condition for the penetration of the roots.

—o—

The following is the result of an experiment carried on at the Huntley reclamation project experiment farm in Montana. It shows conclusively the value of pasture for dairy cows.

Three-quarters of an acre of mixed grasses was used, containing brome grass, orchard grass, perrennial rye grass, tall and meadow fescue, Italian rye grass, Kentucky bluegrass, alsike clover and white clover.

This plot was pastured 150 days with two grade Jersey cows. During this time the cows produced $52.07 in butter fat. The supplemental feed amounted to $15.92, showing an income of $36.15 from the three-quarter acre pasture, which is at the rate of $48.20 per acre.

Woman After the War

By Agnes H. Downing

SOCIETY is always changing, but the cntting, driving, sweeping process of change is sharper to-day than ever before. The social and industrial changes made necessary by half of the nations of the world at war are hastening great alterations in all departments of life, and especially in the condition of women.

How much of this change will be permanent? How much is but a makeshift for the emergency?

First let us take a glance at what the changes are. In all the waring countries women are doing a large share of the industrial and administrative work. They are making munitions of war; they are preparing the supplies of the combatants; they are handling machinery as women never did before, and often at a rate of speed and nicety of adjustment that has not been surpassed even by trained men. They are driving cars and cabs; they are farming; they are trading. In many communities, especially on the continent, they are administering the affairs of the municipal governments. Everywhere they are serving in places which require the highest degree of skill and diplomacy.

This has a two-fold effect. First there is the effect on woman herself, and second is the effect on society.

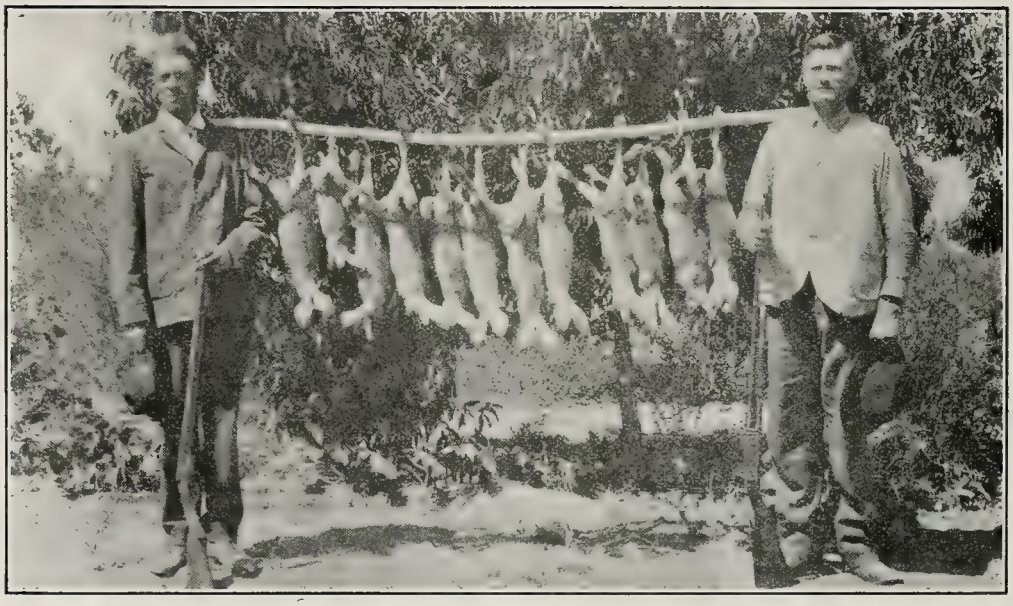
Broadly stated, the most salient effect on woman herself is to give her freedom from worthless conventions. H. G. Wells tells us that in England today women are paying little attention to dress. For the most part they go about with the same forgetfulness of style as the average working or business man. The same is doubtless true in other countries. This means a great release of woman's energy, for heretofore, to escape being considered a sloven, she has had to put much time on the task of "looking her best." Men expected this "smartness" in her. Her dependence made her respond. Now dress is forgotten.

The all-important tasks of rearing children and household service have yielded to national necessity. These things are done in some other way. Woman free from the traditional life of her sex has become an important factor in industry.

From this many predict a stable change in woman's position; they regard the present mutation as permanent. But such a conclusion may be leaving out many important factors. In all wars women have, more or less, taken the places of men, but when the men returned women, in the past, always surrendered the work and went back to the home.

Will they go back again?

There are forces in society that may insist that they do. For instance, there is a recent constant propaganda for larger families to make up the human waste of the war. Assuredly, the rulers are preparing the public mind for a stimulated birth rate. This alone may lead the various governments to retire the women from outside occupations by legal decree if necessary. But such a policy may meet with little response from the outraged feelings of mothers and fathers who have seen their best mutilated and destroyed by a mad war from which their people have not even profited. This distrust by the people with the widening knowledge of birth control may make any artificial stimulus to the birth rate difficult. In fact such an intimate question as birth of children will scarcely come under government advice. Whatever may be attempted the question will doubtless remain, as it should remain, a personal and individual problem. France, during the Napoleonic regime, sought to quicken the birth rate by making the large family the subject of national approval. But France led the world in family limitation. Just so in our own country. We never heard of a birth control society until a certain president declared against race suicide. Since then the agitation of birth control has become fashionable.



Any Game Near Llano? Several Boys Have Bagged Deer This Year. Rabbits Are Common Everywhere.

The more serious question is that of the industrial re-adjustment following the return of the soldiers. Will women find it necessary to yield the places to them? It is quite likely that to some extent they will. But consideration for the war widows who have children to support, and for other women who have lost their supporters in the war will still leave a large contingent of women, larger than at any time before the war, engaged in outside industries.

But whatever woman's work, the world can never again be as it was before the war. Too many things have been changed and the change in women themselves will be one of the most potent changes.

(continued on page twenty-nine)

Facts vs. Fancies

By Gray C. Harriman

THE United States today occupies a very peculiar situation in the making of the world's history. It stands like a massive column of granite in the midst of a world-wide conflagration, ruin and desolation. The question is, will this column also fall and crumble away into the smoke and ashes of this titanic struggle?

Many theories and fancies have been advanced which would appear to save this country from such disastrous results. We are told that if we had a united organization of the workers and were able to call a general strike in case of war, this would be the one best remedy. Others say that if the money power of the United States were in the hands of individuals, war would be impossible. Still others tell us that if we had no ships and no army war would be averted. Some raise their voices to the heavens saying that if we had courts of arbitration we would have no war, and from other countries come other voices telling us we have but to change the economic system and war will forever end. We have but to change the system and we will be led from the wilderness into the promised land where flows the milk and honey of prosperity. Others tell us that the world is coming to an end; that we have sinned and as we have sowed, so shall we reap.

But, in spite of all the philosophies, theories, creeds, sects, and isms, facts must be met with facts and not with fancies. Commercialism must be met with commercialism; bayonets must be met with bayonets; bullets must be met with bullets; armies must be met with armies and not with sermons and fanciful creeds. In other words, might still makes right and might must be met with might. Thus the position of the United States is a precarious one.

A policy must be adopted by the national administration that can meet the contingencies that might at any moment arise. In other words, we should be prepared. In our struggles to adjust ourselves to our present circumstances, we should sanely and thoughtfuly review the world-wide arena and see along what lines we could best insure to ourselves a secure peace.

Let us see what have been the winning elements of the armies of Europe. We find that Germany has been winning battles against terrific odds. Why? Because Germany has for years been building not only a military machine, not only drilling men in military formations and in handling weapons, but she has been drilling and instilling into every German mind and heart the one predominating idea—that each German is a cog in one great big efficient industrial army, and her success in war is not the result of her armies of soldiers, as much as it is the result of her army of skilled mechanics and of her system of trained efficiency.

The fact that she can build and operate railroads, build ships, manufacture, farm and conduct all the industries that supply the needs of a nation, for Germany is a nation in arms, is absolute proof of the practicability and efficiency of a national industrial army.

The reason that England is now coming into her own is that her industries are being organized into a great industrial army, subject to the control of the English parliament, so that she is at last able to bring her unlimited resources to bear on the international drama.

The reason that Russia has "come back" is that at last she is drilling her countless thousands of inhabitants into a great machine that is manufacturing and producing food and clothing for her army and developing her tremendous resources. In fact Russia, too, is evolving an immense industrial army.

The reason that France saved Paris was that every inhabitant of France became a member of a highly organized and highly efficient industrial army.

The reason that Japan occupies the position that she does in the Orient today is that the spirit of Bushido has been drilled into the Japanese and each and every member of the Cherry Blossom kingdom has become a part of that highly organzied and efficiently drilled industrial army that constitutes the backbone of Japan.

So, after looking over the present international situation, we find that an industrial army must come as soon as war is declared in any nation. Therefore, since a national industrial army is the most efficient means of supplying the needs of a nation in arms; then an industrial army would be the most efficient way of supplying the needs of a nation in times of peace. And, since it is facts that must be met and not fancies, then let the United States create an industrial army. Let this army be recruited from all our industries; let the men be paid living wages; put this army to work on our railroads and in our mines and in our factories, and, in fact, in every national industry. If any other system is impossibly wasteful in a great emergency like the present world war—why should we practice an impossibly wasteful system in normal times?

This army, while working in our industries and developing our national resources, would also be self-supporting, and instead of creating a deficit like the present standing army, it would be adding a surplus revenue to the treasury of the government. Great highways could be built, great irrigation projects could be made, arid wastes and desert lands could be reclaimed, mines could be developed, and, in fact, untold wealth could be added to the assets of the people of the United States.

This would eliminate the exploitation of the national resources for the profit of individuals and in time of war, if war should ever come, we would not have to create an industrial army but would have one already created, trained, drilled and experienced, which would be ready upon the spur of the moment to feed, clothe and shelter a nation in arms, for it would have had experience in feeding, clothing and sheltering a nation at peace.

One of the lamentable conditions of our present standing army is its low moral standard. That would be eliminated by an army which was actively engaged in a daily struggle with practical things. It would also be eradicated because of the fact that the men in this industrial army would be paid living wages and would be independent financially, would be able to have families and support them properly and would also be in the pink of condition physically owing to steady occupation and proper exercise. They would not be cooped up in barracks, nor housed under improper conditions, but they would be constantly employed in big, practical industries. They would also have the moral stimulus of being engaged on constructive work and of not being idle parasites upon society.

They would be a part of our every-day life. They would not be bulldogs to watch at our doors.

Labor has the sword of Damocles held constantly over its head and that sword is the surplus labor market. Wherever a strike occurs the labor market is full of men anxious for

(continued on page 29)

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in September Magazines

ATLANTIC

Sing Sing: An Evolution.—The changing of human liabilities to human assets is the chief end of Warden Osborne's new penology. The prisoners are allowed to decide all breaches of discipline, with appeal to the wardens' court. They are allowed to write letters and receive visitors on Sundays and holidays. Mr. Osborne is working to bring about the payment of full wages to the prisoners, enabling them to support themselves and their families. The sale of drugs and liquors has been stopped. When the men themselves determined to stamp out the evil the thing was done. —Frank Marshall White.

WORLD'S WORK

The Government An Employment Agency.—Men unable to secure work where they are, cannot get away to a place where work may be had. They are a dead loss to the government as a whole; they are a burden to the community which must support them, and they are a loss to the community which really needs them and their labor and cannot get it.—Silene A. Harmon.

AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Women in the Krupp Works—In 1914 the Krupp works employed 36,880 men and 1241 women. In 1916 about 14,000 women were employed. Long hours of labor and insufficient food have produced 76.60 per cent sickness among women and 62.31 per cent among the men. Women excel men in the use of automatic machinery. They will play a still more important part in manufacturing after the war.

America and the Russo-Japanese Alliance.—The new Russo-Japanese Convention may be an entente cordiale or a downright alliance, according to the convenience of the high contracting parties. It ensures their respective interests in Manchuria and Mongolia, but also covers the entire Far East. Against what particular powers do Russia and Japan propose to protect their interests after the present war? Japan fears Germany will try to revenge Kiau-Chow and reestablish her sphere of influence in China. On the other hand Russia is a constant menace to Japanese interests in Manchuria and it seems wise by an alliance to prevent the northern bear from setting a snowball rolling down to the gulf of Chili by way of Pekin.—Kawakami.

ILLUSTRATED WORLD

Elecrically Massaged Vegetables.—Richard F. Gloede, an Illinois horticulturist, is experimenting with electrical treatment for plants. Ninety per cent of cutting, planted in sour sand, and too late in the season, rooted and grew into healthy plants. Vegetables grow to extraordinary size, develop more sugar and ripen earlier. Wire is laid along the ground and attached to iron pipes which are driven about three feet into the ground. Overhead is a network of galvanized wire, from which wires extend to a point within a few inches of the plants. Both the ground and overhead wires are connected to a step-up transformer, producing a high potential, interrupted current. Results seem to justify Mr. Gloede's statement that within a few years the use of electricity in agriculture will become thoroughly common everywhere.—W. F. French.

Germanizing the Coal Industry—When coal is broken down the first yield is coke, raw tar, raw gas, and graphite. We make these four things. From raw tar and raw gas comes ammoniacal liquor. We make that. From raw gas are obtained benzol, cyanogen, sulphur, illuminating gas, and ammoniacal liquor. We make those. From ammoniacal liquor comes ammonia carbonate and five other compounds. We make those. From ammonia carbonate is obtained refined tar. This is the keystone of the dyestuff and explosive business, a hundred products in all. These we get almost wholly from Germany. "We have started to Germanize the coal business. And what we start we shall finish."—George H. Cushing

Where You Get Your "Second Wind."—The ductless glands, the pituitary body at the base of the brain, the thyroid gland in the neck, and the adrenal bodies capping the kidneys, pour their secretions directly into the blood stream. The first of these is the "ginger" department, the second is the pacemaker and the third manufactures adrenin, the very essence of life itself, concenrated energy. Dr. Crile calls the power created by the ductless glands the "kinetic drive." Emotion, overwork, bacterial infection, overeating, etc., all produce very much the same results by overstimulating these glands. Dr. Crile's conception of the kinetic drive seems likely to open up a wide field of discovery for the benefit of the race.—William Brady, M. D.

Steinmetz.—Steinmetz was chased out of Germany twenty nine years ago as a Socialist and now Germany wishes it hadn't. His first great accomplishment was to define the law of electrical magnetism. Measured in terms of service rendered it is bigger than the war in Europe. It means that every time a motor hums it sings a song of homage to the little sage of Schenectady. For years electrical engineers had dreamed of harnessing the power of rivers and waterfalls, but could not control the forces they let loose. Steinmetz solved this problem and now we can abandon all the dinky, coal eating expensive power plants throughout the country, and let the rivers furnish us electricity. "Steinmetz is the world's greatest mathematician. He is so wise that we never know whether he is right or wrong. But he turns out to be always right."—Donald Wilhelm.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

A Tale of Two Empires.—At the beginning of the war Germany had a colonial empire nearly as large as the United States. Now it is all lost except a remnant of East Africa which is expected to fall any day. All this conquest has been accomplished by British colonials who in addition are contributing the finest forces in the British ranks at the front in France. This is such a contrasting tale of two colonial empires as the world has seldom seen approximated. The loss to Germany will be irrevocable because it has been afflicted on her by the British colonies, and those colonies are going to dictate the terms of peace at the end of the war, at least as far as the disposition of the spoils of war are concerned.—Editorial.

THE MASSES

Asia and the War.—The wealth of Asia obtained by force and fraud, by flattery and falsehood, has made Europe fabulously rich, and caused its demoralization. But that evil has brought its own retribution, in the shape of the European war. Fighting for dominions and markets, the Europeans are paying the penalty of their crimes in Asia and Africa. In its crushing of India, England taught a peaceful and gentle people that goodness was ruin. England taught India that it is efficiency in killing and robbing that pays. Meekness and humility are preached by a people who mean the opposite of what they say. Euopean hypocrisy is fully understood in Asia. No Asiatic who has learned the lesson of hate from Europe desires an end to this war; they feel that the weakness of the enemy may bring the day of deliverance nearer. Japan's treaty with Russia is a counterstroke against England. The nationalists of India and China do not expect to be able to establish a democratic national government until the foreign exploiter has been turned out.—Lajpat Rai.

The Mexican Labor Movement.—The Mexican Federation of Labor has grown to a strength of 250,000 members, and it is co-operating with Carranza. Under Carranza the workers are not only encouraged to organize, but their organization is part of his plan for the new state which he is trying to create. They have adopted all the modern labor planks, and suggest that Mr. Hearst save the women and children of his own country before he comes down to Mexico to save the Mexican women and children. A great feeling is arising all over Mexico that women must have equality with men.—Edmund E. Martinez.

THE OUTLOOK

Commission Government.—The railways are being regulated by Congress, the Interstate Commision, the State legislatures, and the individual State commissions. Two people cannot regulate a railway at the same time any more than they can regulate a clock. Government ownership of railways bears great possibilities of evil, but the National regulation of railways is the only practical solution of the present discordant and conflicting exercise of auhority. The railways of the country have become the affair of the whole country, and only the Nation should say how they shall be run.—Blewitt Lee.

When Will Peace Come?—The secessionists in 1860 believed that the negroes were only higher animals, that slavery was justified by the Bible and that their peace, property and prosperity depended on separation. They fought what they believed was a purely defensive warfare.

Germans have always lived under an autocratic government and know no other. They have been trained to believe that war is a biological and moral necessity, that only the sword gives strength and that Germany has a monopoly of Kultur, that their State, homes and the civilization of which they were custodians was threatened. The South was not conquered until it was converted. German militarism is a spirit and can never be changed by a force from without but only by a revolution within. There are many signs that this revolution in public sentiment has begun. Editorial.

LITERARY DIGEST

Germany's Peace Campaign.—Not peace but war seems to be the true object of the great nation-wide campaign inaugurated by the German

"National Committee for Securing an Honorable Peace." Dr. Friedrich Naumann regrets "that our achievements so far have not convinced the enemy that the historic decision has fallen in our favor," and he urges a sharper prosecution of the war as the surest way to peace. "It must be carried on with all the means which our superiority in science and in technology places in our hands, and without hesitation, to the end." To surrender a war of intensity means surrendering Germany's economic future, "our goal can be reached if we fight on with grim determination." Implicit confidence must be placed in the men who are guiding the destinies of the Empire, and the sharpened submarine warfare will come in at that moment when the reasons for its postponement cease to exist."—Editorial.

METROPOLITAN

Industry's Miracle Maker.—All our heroes are practical men, and precisely because we are ignorant of the experience of the race—which is called civilization—we daily accomplish the impossible. But there are great problems to meet. Henry Ford's town. Detroit, manufactures six hundred million dollars worth of products every year, yet even here where there would seem to be work enough for all, the familiar slums of the desperately poor are spreading like a plague. Ford started to improve things. He said "it costs as much for a poor man to bring up his children as it does for a rich man. No workman has a pride in his work until he gets something for it, and has enough leisure to enjoy life." He began paying a minimum wage of five dollars a day, and cut the hours from ten to eight, and the output of his factory was trebled. He simply does not see why the rich should have more than they need and the poor should not have enough. Anyone will agree to that statement. The trouble with Henry Ford is that he sets out to make it come true. He is that most dangerous of revolutionists—a man who translates platitudes into action. He is now building the nucleus of a plant to manufacure his earliest dream, a tractor that will make the farmer independent of prohibitive short haul freight rates, and do the heavy farm work. It will be very cheap. It will put the farmer in possession of his land by paying his debt. And he can use all the unemployed making tractors. But the price of gasoline and denatured alcohol keep rising. Ford is patenting a formula for fuel that can be produced on the farm, and he is going to turn it over to the U. S. for the free use of all the people. This will "bust" the motor fuel trusts, and incidentally sell Ford cars and tractors. He heard a rumor that the big interests are going to get him another way—cut off his steel. He is acquiring large iron ore deposits, and some believe that at a pinch he could invent a substitute for steel! He is working now on a scheme that will make farmers and small shop-keepers independent of banks.

His plant has fifty-four acres under roof and employs thirty-three thousand men. There are acres of whirling, clashing intelligent machines—most of them invented by Ford himself. He employs six hundred ex-convicts, as good and sober workmen as any on the plant. He is working out a system for training his workmen, many of whom cannot speak English, for good citizenship. This is only partially successful as yet, it is too paternalistic. Without self government manhood is impossible, and he knows it. His peace plan which brought forth jeers, hoots and laughter without a parallel in the world's history, has grown into the Conference of Neutral Nations at Stockholm, which, at the request of all the belligerent governments has submitted twenty-one peace plans to the chancellories at Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd, Paris and London. And after all the ridicule Henry Ford finds himself the first choice for President in Michigan, the second choice in Nebraska, and a sort of Messiah of the common people of the whole Middle West.—John Reed.

Thou Shalt Not Kill

By Florence M. Reynolds

Why is war? And what is it for?
Does anyone really know?
Why a few rulers should fly in a rage
And start out to murder, in this day and age?
Why they should call on the youth of their land
And form them into a murderous band?
Does anyone really know?

Why is war? And what is it for?
Can anyone really tell?
Why we should tenderly rear our boys—
Hoping they'd share in the best of life's joys,
To have them called out in a terrible war
To kill other boys, they know not what for?
Can anyone really tell?

Why is war? And what is it for?
Can anyone see the sense?
Why at the call of "To arms!" "To arms!"
Men should rush from cities and farms,
Take guns and go where mandate sends—
Perhaps lose their lives, or take lives of friends?
Can anyone see the sense?

Why is war? And what is it for?
Can anyone understand?
Why the women should suffer like slaves
That their loved ones may fill soldier's graves,
Or perhaps return to mother or wife
Crippled and ruined for the rest of this life?
Can anyone understand?

Why is war? And what is it for?
Whom does it really pay?
The men who are taken from babes, wives, and mothers
Or sweethearts, mayhap, or sisters and brothers,
Sent tramping thro' mud and in trenches to lie
In the wet and the cold, perhaps there to die?
Whom does it really pay?

Why is war? And what is it for?
Oh! Answer! Great Kaiser, and Kings!
Which one started this great war game,
(For which the people are not to blame,
But on whom the burdens must ever fall,)
Which one of you is to blame for it all?
Oh! Answer! Great Kaiser, and Kings!

Why is war? And what is it for?
Do tell us, Great Rulers, we pray!
Why you should tax and take from the store
Of your subjects, to build such great guns galore,
Battleships, rifles, powder and lead,
That other "God's" countries might be filled with dead?
Do tell us, Great Rulers, we pray!

Why is war? And what is it for?
Oh! Rulers! So high on your thrones!
Do you each pray the "Father" to bring you success?
On all of your battles to smile and to bless?
Are you praying to "God" to help you along
Regardless of whether you're right or are wrong?
Oh! Rulers! So high on your thrones!

Why is war? And what is it for?
Oh! Emperors, Monarchs, and Kings!
Is it carrying out the Infinite plan
Of the Master Builder, Creator of Man?
Who gave this command, "THOU SHALT NOT KILL,"
Have you tried to obey the "Father's" Will?
Oh! Emperors, Monarchs, and Kings!

Why is war? And what is it for?
Oh! Emperors! Oh! Monarchs! Oh! Kings!
If you'd all prayed aright to the "Infinite One"
For Wisdom and Love, ere this war was begun,
It would never have started, Love would have held sway,
And the dear "Prince of Peace" would be Monarch
today.
Oh! Emperors! Oh! Monarchs! Oh! Kings!

The Water We Drink

By Dr. John Dequer

WATER is the wonder-worker of the universe. Next to air it is the most important substance to our existence. It is a physical, social and industrial essential that brooks no substitute.

We may do without air for a few seconds and live without water for a few hours, depending on circumstances; while we may abstain from food for days and reap only beneficial results. Hence water is second in importance in our physical economy.

The Nature of Water

Pure water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, both highly inflammable gases. Oxygen and hydrogen are elements; their smallest possible parts are known as atoms; thus two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen make a molecule of water. At its greatest density water is 773 times heavier than air. Chemically it dissolves a greater number of substances than any other solvent. It is in this high power as a solvent that its cleansing virtue is found. Herein lies its importance to our physical welfare.

The Water We Use

There is no absolutely pure water in nature. The nearest approach to it is rain water that falls in the country districts, but even that is not absolutely pure. There are always solid and gaseous impurities in the atmosphere, much of which are dissolved by the action of falling water. As soon as the water strikes earth it begins to dissolve organic and inorganic matter, becoming more and more impure as it goes along. Happily these dissolved ingredients are not necessarily harmful. Most of them are eliminated from the system with no ill effect upon our organism.

Sources of Water

Rain, as has already been said, is the purest natural source, especially if the water is collected in cisterns from tile roofs after it has rained a day or so to thoroughly cleanse the atmosphere. This is by far the safest way to collect rain water. Such water is free from mineral poison and, if the cistern is well constructed, the danger from organic impurities is greatly reduced. Rain water can therefore be considered the very best for drinking and domestic use.

Spring water, while generally beautifully clear and always refreshingly cool, is never chemically pure. It always contains more or less mineral matter dissolved from the rocks through which it flows. The nature of the impurity of course depends on the formation in which the spring is found. Thus in a limestone country the spring water will contain a quantity of lime in solution as well as other mineral substances, and if there is a luxuriant vegetation near the spring the water is sure to contain a greater or lesser per centage of carbon dioxide. This much is true of all spring water. There are springs that flow through different strata of mineralized rocks, and here we find our sulphur, arsenic and iron springs. Soda springs are also numerous. These are often called medical springs, which is simply to say that their waters are unfit for human consumption except in small quantities.

River water as a rule carries much mineral matter in solution as well as a vast amount of suspended matter of different kinds. Hence river water is less safe than spring water unless the river is a mountain stream deriving its waters from nearby snows.

Hard water is incompatible with soap so that little or no lather is formed in washing with it. The mineral substances that give this property to the water are chiefly magnesium and calcium compounds. These waters are useless for cleansing purposes until the water has been purged of the mineral held in solution. This process is known as "breaking" the water. Lye is chiefly used for this purpose. There is also a hardness of water due to carbonates that can be removed by boiling and is known as temporary hardness. Permanent hardness, or that which remains after long boiling is usually due to the presence of sulphates.

Potable Waters

It is seldom that the inorganic impurities found in natural waters are injurious to health but the organic impurities are generally associated with living bacilli that may menace both health and life. It is known that such diseases as cholera, typhoid fever, diphtheria and others are easily propagated in water. These elements enter the water through drainage that comes from houses and villages. It is true that through the action of sunlight these waters may become pure again; nevertheless, it is unsafe to rely on this method of purification as brooks and streams are generally sheltered from the sun by overhanging foliage.

In general we may assume that springs, deep wells, and mountain streams are safe sources of supply for general use.

Methods of Purification

In cases of disease or epidemic caused by organic impurities in the water, boiling will render the micro-organisms harmless. For surgical and medical uses the water should be distilled, and regions where the water holds a heavy per centage of inorganic impurities it is well to distill it for drinking purposes.

Filtration

This eliminates most of the organic impurities and should be done to all water entering a town or village for domestic use. If this is not done scientifically the filter may become contaminated and itself thus become a source of danger.

The Physiological Action of Water

"Water, water everywhere
And every board did shrink,
Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

In this stanza Coleridge draws a picture of a terrible physical and mental agony induced by thirst. Water is the only real quencher of thirst. It is also a balm for many ills. Let us review its physiological action. Experience has taught us that not only can water be taken internally as drink but that it may be administered advantageously as medicine, that is, for therapeutic purposes.

For instance, we may desire to flood the tissues with liquid to add weight to the blood column or to increase the tension of the viens and arteries. To increase capillary pressure cold water should be taken in small doses repeated at short intervals, say from ten to fifteen minutes, for several hours. When on the other hand, we desire to abstract water from the tissues, small quantities of cold water should be taken at longer intervals, three or four hours, or more. By this means the blood becomes more consistent, more impoverished of water, and so better able to carry the fluids from the tissues.

In extreme cases water may be withheld for six or even eight hours. The more rapid absorption once initiated is not confined to fluids such as in dropsy, but will also carry with it other morbid products from the system. It is herein that

the systematic ingestion (drinking) of water is an aid in the cure of dropsy.

When we increase the ingestion of water it also has a beneficial effect on the kidneys. It acts as a diuretic, that is, it increases the secretion of urine, and with it goes a vast amount of waste matter from our bodies. Through the elimination of urea from our organism the changing of nitrogenous tissues is materially enhanced.

The drinking of cold water aids the peristaltic (propelling nerve and muscular movements of the bowels), thereby stimulating the circulation in the vessels of the stomach and viscera, especially in the portal vein through which the liver is beneficially affected. A book could easily be written upon this subject alone, and a library upon the uses of water in the care of the body and the treatment of disease, but for lack of space we can suggest only a few of the uses and effects.

Effects of Temperature

Heating and cooling by means of hot water, for instance, has a decided effect upon the nervous system. As examples, we may cite the sprinkling of water upon the face of one who has fainted, or our changing moods and capacities after baths, hot or cold.

Water has an action upon the circulation. It has been noted by the writer that, through the application of cold water, changes in the frequency and strength of the heart beat were achieved. The breathing, and through that the circulation of the blood can be affected. Then we might discuss the internal bath, the use of packing and sponging in fevers, a thousand other ways in which water may be used for therapeutic purposes.

Conclusion

It is the purpose of this department to publish these articles and any correspondence that may be considered valuable in book form after they have run in the WESTERN COMRADE. Any one who is interested in natural methods of healing or who is afflicted with any ailment from which he or she might have suffered is invited to correspond with this department. Enclose stamp.

The Llano I Saw

By Walter Huggins

MANY Socialists the country over are interested in the Llano del Rio Colony. This Colony after years of thought was started by Job Harriman and a few comrades two years ago. It is situated some ninety miles by rail or road from the city of Los Angeles, California.

A number of Socialists in Wisconsin and Illinois were interested in it, and before risking the expense of the membership payments and of moving their families, asked me to go and investigate it — they paying my expenses.

I found it much bigger and better than I had ever imagined, although I had read everything that had been printed about it from the very start. Instead of a wilderness, I found a busy town with over eight hundred inhabitants. This is their temporary town. In it I found over two hundred and fifty houses and tent houses, many of them quite commodious and comfortable.

The industries were a marvel, considering that a little over two years ago this was all sage brush and rabbits.

There are three schools, a hotel, assembly hall, library, general store, paint shop, barber shop, bakery, cannery, machine shop, planing mill, postoffice, sawmill, shoeshop, steam laundry, doctors' offices, and many other enterprises too numerous to mention.

Two tractors, motor trucks, about a dozen automobiles, seventy-five work horses, over a hundred cows, several hundred hogs, thousands of rabbits and chickens, a herd of six hundred and fifty angora goats about to come in; these were among the possessions of the Colony.

Hundreds of acres of the best land I ever saw were under cultivation. Alfalfa produces six cuttings a year. Grain of the best, potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, turnips, beets, onions, lettuce, radishes, cucumber, corn, tomatoes, peas, beans, canteloupes, and watermelons; peaches, pears. apples, figs, almonds, olives, and many kinds of berries.

The buildings being put up for stock and everything else are most modern, clean and sanitary. The cement silo, of four hundred tons capacity, is one of the best.

The fish hatchery will in time supply all the fish needs of the Colony, besides much for the market. The bees supply a ton of honey a month; the cows a thousand gallons of milk each week.

The colonists are now producing for themselves over eighty per cent of the food stuffs they consume.

Their brass band of fifteen pieces is the talk of the valley. They also boast of a mandolin and guitar club and orchestras, and their baseball team is the terror of the neighborhood.

What interests many visitors most is the work the boys and girls are doing in their own separate colony, and the Montessori school for children. The former are cultivating sixty-five acres of garden, and the amount and variety of vegetables and fruit they are producing are wonderful.

They are also raising hundreds of chicken and rabbits and some goats. The bigger boys are assisting in the construction of all their own buildings. These are mostly of adobe brick, the one they are most proud of is their young people's club house, now under construction.

The Montessori school is one of the best in the country. Their school is over a mile from the temporary city, so the children are taken every morning in autos, and brought back in the afternoons, their lunch being served at the school.

The entertainment side of life is a big feature at the Colony. Dances, card parties, musicales, lectures, picture shows, etc. The assembly hall seats about seven hundred and it is one of the busiest you can find anywhere.

I was more than pleased to see this effort of the Socialists such a success. Nearly every trade and occupation is represented by first class workmen, farmers, fruit growers, mechanics, builders, etc., with a sprinkling of so-called intellectuals. All are busy eight hours a day, and four dollars is the amount placed to their credit for the day's work.

The foremen of each department, of which there are a score or more, meet at seven each night for half an hour to arrange and distribute men, teams, machines, etc., for the next day.

All seemed to be enjoying life as it should be enjoyed. I asked not only the officers about things, but enquired of about forty men and women how they liked it, and what they thought of the future of the Colony; and all were more than enthusiastic.

To me it was a revelation. Here were more than eight hundred men, women and children, seemingly ninety-nine per cent Socialists, solving the great life problem, getting food, cloth-

ing and shelter from mother earth. The food and housing question they have practically solved, and the clothing is next on the list. Capitalism touches them less than any group of civilized people on the earth.

They have made mistakes, they will make more. Let us hope that they do so, for if they did not, they would make no progress.

Some have left the Colony, others will do so. It is so different from the life of a capitalistic town that some cannot fit themselves to it. They are used to the glitter of the shops and shows, and the bright lights, and Llano is so different, that some will arrive there and not feel satisfied. But the majority of them stay and will stay, for they see a future there for themselves and their families that is safe and secure, such as capitalism cannot guarantee.

And they would be a lot of weaklings if it did not go. They have the finest climate, soil, and water; and everything in the mountains around them — timber and lime, a material that takes the place of cement; about all they buy now for building purposes is hardware and glass.

Life for man and beast is most comfortable; few flies, no mosquitoes or fleas, no thunderstorms. Who would not like it? I am not surprised that it is growing at such a rapid rate.

I only hope that many such colonies will be started by the Socialists and the working class, but always like this one, in a mild climate, with little or no winter, where the housing problem is simple. I would not waste my time writing of this Colony were it to be the only effort along these lines. I believe that Llano has started right, on a large scale, which is the only safe way these days of starting anything. I feel sure that many others will copy from Llano, and even avoid some errors they have made.

I hope that many, many thousands of the working class will solve this life question, starting with Mother Earth, our natural inheritance.

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & LEVIN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Building a Socialist City (continued from page 17)

of snow on the summit which lasts nearly all summer; a great pine-clad wall, cutting us off from the friction and worry of the distant competitive world. From Llano it looks like a steep faced wall, but when you start to cross it you find yourself winding through rock canyons, along the rushing waters of the Big Rock Creek, or climbing through the giant pines to the wild enchantment of Jackson's lake.

Turning your back on this protecting wall the vast floor of the Antelope valley stretches away to the quaint unearthly outlines of the desert buttes and behind them the far summits of the Tehachapi range show faintly on the horizon. The desert with its immense distances, its mystery and color, the mirages at sunrise and the splendid rose and purple of its sunsets is the keynote of the place. It recalls visions of Arabia, Egypt and Tunis, parts of Greece and Spain, and its construction problems are those that have been met in those countries.

Thick walls ward off the summer heat, cool and shady patios, fountains and ground cover, eliminate the wide, bare spaces where otherwise the wind and sun might riot unrestrained. The dry climate makes it possible and most desirable to live out of doors practically all the year around, and the wonderful scenery calls for an open outlook in all directions. The flat roof, accessible by wide and easy stairs, with carefully planned sleeping accommodations, with walls so arranged as to afford privacy, with comfortable seats, and plants and vines to keep the place cool and restful, will constitute ideal outdoor living conditions.

In the winter, the sheltered patio will cut off the force of the winds, the solid concrete houses will not rock and creak in the heavy gusts and will conserve the heat from the open fireplaces. Even the roof is so arranged that on a minute's notice the open sleeping places can be converted into four tent houses, each with three concrete walls and half of the roof of solid construction. A sun parlor-dining room will also make an ideal living room in cold weather.

The comfort—the habitability of the house having been considered, its outward appearance is next in order. Let us not go at the problem with any cut-and-dried architectural form in mind, but let its external aspect evolve naturally from the material employed and from its internal plans.

Concrete calls for extreme plainness and simplicity. On

A Colonist Invented the Wrench Shown Here

It has SIXTEEN Points of Advantage over any other wrench on the market.

Would you buy one at a reasonable price if you were given a money-back guarantee with it?

Or accept a selling agency at a fair profit that would pay you for your time?

Before getting it manufactured the inventor wishes to ascertain what demand can be expected.

Profits made from the sale of the wrench will be turned to the Llano del Rio Colony.

Please write what you are willing to do.

ADDRESS: INVENTOR, WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

the other hand, from the point of view of economy of construction the concrete wall can be made lighter if buttresses are used. The deeply recessed doors and windows, and the buttresses, if properly handled will produce masses of light and shade of the highest artistic value.

The roof garden almost automatically eliminates eaves. They could be handled in the Spanish way, as a sort of pretence at a roof, beginning near the wall line and projecting outside over the street, but this would add greatly and unnecessarily to the expense. A terrace effect, a light pergola, some vines and a few potted plants, express the constructive reality of the case. It is a roof garden and should look the part. Besides this touch of green and color above the plain, light surfaces of the walls, will be extremely effective.

Now here you have, growing of itself out of the conditions, an architectural style that obtains, with a thousand local variations, all around the Mediterranean. The Italian villa, usually very large, has rows of high narrow windows, a very heavy cornice, and a roof garden with rows of architectural vases and hanging plants. The Spanish house has heavily grated windows, perhaps a highly ornamented gateway, and the flat roof masked by the eaves aforesaid. The Moorish house is absolutely plain on the outside, with neither buttresses nor eaves. There may be a grated window, sometimes a rarely beautiful doorway. But inside, the patio may be a dream of carving and fountains and tropical greenery, and the roof rooms available under different conditions of sun and wind. In Egypt and Arabia the same type of private dwelling is customary, but in Egypt, especially in ancient public buildings, the highly characteristic Egyptian pillars and design, differentiate its architecture absolutely from that of any other country. The same may be said of Greece; the essential points of Greek architecture are so definite and so widely known, that the least experienced eye recognizes them immediately.

We have here an enormous range of decoration that can be drawn on to vary the simplicity of our buildings without going outside the general type, and many will doubtless get a certain amount of aesthetic pleasure in dallying with decorative schemes of different kinds; but those will be best advised who trust to line and masses for their effects.

Our little brothers, the over-rich, are continually hiring some one to redecorate their houses; they soon tire of even the most skillful and artistic decorative schemes..

The one thing no one ever tires of is well balanced, restful simplicity.

¶ BACK NUMBERS of the WESTERN COMRADE are needed to complete our files. January April, May, and July numbers for 1914 are missing. Comrades who happen to have them will confer a favor on us by mailing them to

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

If You Received Two

WESTERN COMRADES this time, pass one of them on to neighbors or friends who are interested. Get their subscriptions too.

Would You Like to Reduce Weight?

Send For This Successful Treatment

"Obesity---Its Cause and Correction"

¶ One user of this treatment reduced from 150 pounds to 117 pounds and found improved health. Many others have used it with satisfactory results.

NO MEDICINES OR DRUGS USED

Complete $5.00 Course Now Only $3.00

because there is no rent to pay at Llano. For full information write to

Mrs. C. M. Williams, Llano, California.

Installment Members Take Notice

¶ The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is in the market for figs, prunes, peaches, raisins, etc.

¶ You can assist in putting us in touch with those who have them.

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, LLANO, CAL.

Photo Post-cards of Llano

The Industries, Views, Scenery, Activities, taken from actual photographs.

5 cents each; 55 cents a dozen

SOUVENIR CLUB, LLANO, CAL.

¶ GET A LLANO RUG FREE. These beautiful Rugs are 27x54 inches and come in red, blue, green, and other trimmings. Artistic, durable, and suitable for any home, they are very desirable premiums. ¶ The Circulation Department will give one FREE for

25 Subs. to the WESTERN COMRADE at 50c
25 Subs. to the LLANO COLONIST at 50c
20 Comrade and Colonist Combinations at 75c

Circulation Department, Llano, Cal.

Home A 2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS
DENTIST
306 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
Room 514

The Western Comrade

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor.
FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.

Contributing Editors

ROBERT K. WILLIAMS — A. CONSTANCE AUSTIN
MILDRED G. BUXTON — DR. JOHN DEQUER
CLINTON BANCROFT — WESLEY ZORNES

ERNEST S. WOOSTER . . . . . Business Manager

In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain the right name is being changed.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1916. No. 6.

LLANO IS MONEY ORDER POST OFFICE

Many of our subscribers complain that Postmasters tell them that Llano is not a money order office. This is not true. Llano has been a money order office for months. Insist on having money orders issued to Llano, California.

New View of Llano

By Frank E. Wolfe

UPON our return, after seven months absence from Llano, scores of the comrades met us with the same question: "Have we grown? How does the Colony look to you? Do you see any changes here?"

These questions were asked before we had an opportunity to look about and once more become acquainted with the new conditions there. Even now, this is written before we have been nearly over the entire ground. Of course we were able to keep somewhat in touch with affairs through our daily routine correspondence with heads of the various departments, but we had no real understanding of the remarkable demonstration that has been made. One day at Llano taken up with breathless activity does not give one an adequate idea of the situation, but in the one day we saw many enterprises that were new to us. Among these newly established industries and activities we saw the steam laundry with its big steam boiler and the tireless and energetic engine which runs not only the laundry, cannery, and printery, but which also saws the juniper that forms a large part of the fuel of the Colony. This boiler was furnishing steam for the cooking vats in the cannery, and hot water for the shower and tub baths in the new bath house. We saw a dozen barrels of vinegar in the making. We saw thirty persons working in the cannery, where fruit and vegetables were handled with expediency but with greater care as to cleanliness than in any other cannery in the competitive world. Everybody realized that they were preparing food for their own table.

In the printery we saw in operation a new linotype, a big rotary press, smaller presses, folder, stitcher, cutter and other machinery that goes to make up a modern printery. This laundry, bath, cannery, printery and the building in which they are housed which were all a dream seven months ago are very real and indispensable parts of the Colony now. In the apple room we found tons and tons of apples which were being sorted and rapidly taken care of as were other fruits and vegetables. A quick look at the rug and carpet weaving plant showed substantial progress made there.

The same held good for blacksmith and machine shop, the cabinet shop and the shoe shop. The planing and finishing mill has been rearranged, enlarged and improved.

A glimpse into the offices of the publishing department showed several active workers in charge of mailing lists and various duties incident to an important phase of Colony promotion. Wrapped copies of "The Llano Colonist" were piled high on the long tables, and it was easy to see reason for the growth of the Llano post office. A brief visit to the Art Studio was inspiring, and deepest interest centered around some of the newer pieces modeled by the master in charge there.

Then we saw the new lime kiln in full operation. This kiln will be the source of a large portion of the building material for the new city. Lime from this kiln is being used in large quantities in the construction of the permanent irrigation system. On the new city site we found half a dozen foundations of a substantial type already finished and ready for the houses that will spring up for the permanent homes of the colonists.

At the sawmill we found a splendid outfit of new machinery installed in most substantial and workmanlike manner. It is ready and only awaits the arrival of the logs to begin turning out large quantities of lumber. These logs are ready, and the day this is written the wagons start hauling logs; millions more feet of lumber await the axe of Colony lumbermen. Thus we found everything moving forward toward the construction of permanent homes and public buildings in the city. We saw a capital logging road that has recently been completed from the sawmill to the mountains. Some time ago it was predicted that it would take us a year to build this road. Ten weeks saw it completed and instead of costing $12,000 to build, as it would have cost any outside parties, the cash outlay has been comparatively small.

We saw in one garden the finest cauliflower and cabbage imaginable, and with it eggplant, squashes, tomatoes and other vegetables. We saw three acres of thriving strawberry plants and heard plans for extension. We saw thousands of quarts of ripe sunberries awaiting the hands of the pickers. We saw teams and crews drilling the last of an eighty acre field of new alfalfa, and heard plans for fifty acres more at once. Three hundred acres of this will be planted by spring. We saw crews of men clearing land with a giant tractor, and other crews cutting and hauling vast quantities of juniper wood for fuel. We saw all this and more. We saw greater activity and enthusiasm, more earnestness and deeper understanding, more pride of achievement and confidence in the future than ever before. We find here the pioneer spirit and the strong and determined characters that will move steadily forward.

Never was there more ground for hope and enthusiasm. Our success is assured. We have, of course, a great task ahead of us, but we shall be equal to it. We shall go ahead, brave enough, bold enough, firm enough in our confidence in ourselves to surmount all obstacles and continue our drive to success.

—o—

Dear Comrades:—

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I have already secured eight subscriptions for the WESTERN COMRADE, for which I enclose you a check of four dollars. I hope to get some more in the near future.

Hoping to live among you comrades, and do my share in the establishment of a real commonwealth, I remain,

Yours sincerely, N. C——. Los Angeles.

The Story of Boyland (continued from page 13)

The system by which the boys are placed in first and others of these groups is imperialistic democracy. Each Monday morning, we hold a meeting of what is called the court; first the boys of the third and fourth group meet together and they decide which of the school belong to their own group. Any upper group boy who has not lived up to the maxim noblesse oblige may feel prètty confident that this meeting of the proletariat will result in his downfall. Upon the other hand, they decide that one of their own members has conducted himself so circumspectly as to deserve greater liberties. Boys of the second group are now called in and determine which of the remaining boys ought to go into the second group and which, if any, deserve first group privileges.

Of course, I, or sometimes one of the other men, am present at their proceedings, since otherwise the harshness of boy "justice" might be carried too far; but our action is only for the purpose of stimulating the mental activity of the boys themselves. These courts teach the boys valuable lessons of self gevernment, discovering traits in each other which would have escaped the observations of us adults and impress upon the boys that standards of conduct held up to them are the characteristics they admire and not merely exotic ideals invented by persons foreign to their own point of view.

Facts vs. Fancies (continued from page 21)

every position at any price. Thus capitalism has a great club in its hands as long as it can keep the labor market flooded and it is for that reason that men are imported from all over the earth, and capitalism will contine this process if possible. It needs a flooded labor market and that means about five men for every job, and that means that capitalism can pay low wages and that means big dividends.

Thus, as we look back over this plan we can see that it would eradicate our unemployed problem, that it would give an outlet to our labor market, that it would train an efficient army, that it would be self-supporting, that it would be a source of revenue instead of deficit, that it would develop our national resources, and last, that it is the only safe and sane policy of preparedness which would adequately meet any contingencies that might arise.

Woman After the War (continued from page 20)

What woman will do in the society that must be re-made is not as important a question as what she will bring to this new society. May it not be hoped that her long ages of devotion to others in the home will give her that sense of patient co-operation that the world so much needs.

Women have seen the agony of their sons in the present pass that has destroyed the wealth and treasure of centuries, and ruthlessly ruined the lives of the present generation, besides leaving a bitter heritage of hatred for the future. Woman awakened will not be satisfied to stop this catastrophe with a treaty that will last only until the time is ready for another clash. They will want to deal with the causes of the war. Commercial and industrial competition, rivalry for world markets, and the power of government in the hands of the commercial and even the feudal class — these are the things that must be reviewed.

And if women are once awakened, the power of maternal protection, that saves even the beast babies of the jungle, will be used to supplant competition with co-operation, and autocracy with democracy.

For Latest Styles
For Newest Fancywork
For Delightful Stories

For Money-saving and Labor-saving Ideas

For Very Best Recipes
For Best Ways In Houskeeping
For Home Building and Beautifying
For Dress Accessories
For Secrets of Beauty and Health
For Sane, Sympathetic Editorials
For Inspiration and Recreation
For All Matters of Interest and Value to Home-Loving Women
For Household Short Cuts
For Practical Child Training
For Best Ways In Care of Babies
For Women In the Spotlight
For Helps In Church Work
For Aids To The Farmer's Wife
For Pleasure and Good Cheer
For All Thoughts That Make Life Richer, Brighter, More Worth While.

BE SURE TO READ

TO DAY'S
MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

¶ Each coming number of TO DAY'S will contain such a feast of Stunning Fashions, Gripping Stories, New Fancywork, Valuable Helps, Recipes, Delightful Entertainment, Labor-Saving and Home-Making Ideas that each number will prove a real joy to you.

What To Day's Does and Does Not

It tells women how to make and wear their own clothes; not how Mary Garden wears hers.

It tells women how to dress, rear and care for their own children; not how the Duchess of Muchmoney dresses hers.

It teaches women how to furnish their own homes, but not by pictures of Andrew Carnegie's dining room and library.

3 for $1.00

WESTERN COMRADE, 50c
LLANO COLONIST, 50c
TO DAY'S MAGAZINE, 50c

$1.50 For $1.00

Any Two For 75c

¶ Make up a Christmas Combination and make your money order payable to

WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

What Our Mail Brings

Dear Comrades:—

Sometime ago you mailed me a copy of the WESTERN COMRADE. I read it with great pleasure and passed it on to others, all of whom were as well pleased to note the progress made by the Co-operative Colony. Four of us decided that we would like to keep in touch with the work. You will therefore find check for four subscriptions to the WESTERN COMRADE. Fraternally yours, J. D——. Philadelphia.

—o—

Comrades:—

Enclosed please find money order for 75 cents for one year's subscription to the COMRADE and the COLONIST.

One WESTERN COMRADE makes the rounds of five different families before I get hold of it, so I am trying to relieve the pressure. R. H——.

—o—

Dear Comrades:—

The WESTERN COMRADE for August-September, came to hand yesterday. Please accept my thanks; it is a dandy, and I am much pleased. I wish I could come up there to see the Colony. I expect there is a great change since I was there two years ago. Perhaps my wife will come up there soon with another lady who intends to investigate the Colony.

Fraternally yours. J. J. H——, El ——, Cal.

—o—

Dear Comrades:—

I enclose check for $15.00, for which send the monthly and weekly publications of the colony as per list enclosed, and the balance in sub-cards to me.

Yours for the Colony, G. C——.

—o—

Dear Sirs:—

I came across your WESTERN COMRADE; it is grand. Please send me the COMRADE and Pearson's magazine for one year. J. D——.

—o—

Dear Comrade:—

I want to keep in touch with this project. I want to come there myself later on. Wishing you success. I remain,

Yours truly, B. B——.

—o—

Dear Folks:—

Enclosed you will find, after moderate search, a half dollar, which you may count as my subscription to the LLANO COLONIST beginning with its first issue.

I take the COMRADE, but am so interested in the work you are trying to do, that I am delighted to get weekly news about that work. Mr. Pickett and wife and the Montessori teachers interest me especially, as I am a teacher myself.

Wishing the Colony and you all the success that your plan merits, I am,

Yours truly, C. W. C——.

—o—

Dear Comrades:—

I spent two days in Llano looking about the place. Though I only reached points I could walk to, I am more than pleased with what I saw. Fourteen months ago I took out an installment membership, but had never seen Llano until Sept. 24. I am thoroughly satisfied with the great co-operative demonstration and I shall close up my affairs as rapidly as possible with the intention of becoming a resident. I shall most certainly advise my friends to take out installment memberships.

W. R. O——. Nevada.

The Cooks' Corner

Edited by Chef Robert

The coupon must be used in asking questions and must be mailed to the Culinary Editor, Western Comrade, Llano, Cal. Cut it out and pin it to your letter.

Any recipe will be given, also translations of French or German menu terms.

This department is not confined to American cookery; it is international—French, German, Russian, Chinese, Spanish, etc.,

Culinary Editor, The Western Comrade

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

You are at liberty to ask any questions you desire, and they will be answered by Chef Robert. This department is instituted for the benefit of the housewives who read The WESTERN COMRADE, and they are urged to make good use of it.

—o—

Chef Robert: Will you please tell me how to make dill pickles? T.C.P., Idaho.

Recipe to Make Dill Pickles.

Choose all cucumbers of uniform size. Cut off both ends, pack in an earthen or wooden vessel, put plenty of dill on top and bottom of receptacle, pour over a brine prepared as follows: boil water enough to cover cucumbers, add to each gallon of water eight ounces of rock or cooking salt, a few cloves, some cherry leaves, or grape vine leaves. When liquid is cold, pour over cucumbers, cover with a wooden or earthen cover—never use tin or other metal utensils. Press by putting heavy stones on cover. The pickles will be ready for the table in ten days.

WANTED.—PLAYER PIANO OR PIANO PLAYER.—Communicate with the Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, California.

WANTED.—THE WESTERN COMRADE IS IN NEED OF AN EXPERIENCED Pressman; must have Union Card in good standing.—Communicate with Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

WANTED BY THE LLANO DEL RIO COLONY: SEWING MACHINES suitable for Shirt and Overall Factory; Cutters and Forewoman for Shirt and Overall Factory.—Give references and state experience.

TANNER WANTED.—TANNER WHO HAS HAD EXPERIENCE AND can give suitable references as to ability.
Communicate with the Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

Do You Like To Draw?

CARTOONISTS earn big money. Our modern up-to-date home study method can teach you this well paying profession at a low cost. Send 4c for illustrated booklet and sample lesson plate.

LOS ANGELES SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
415c Thorpe Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Do You Read PEARSON'S

—The Magazine that prints **facts** which no magazine depending on advertising could "afford" to print.

—The Magazine that prints in each issue the **truth** about something of vital interest to you.

—The Magazine which is supported by its readers and not by its advertisers.

—The Magazine which handles public questions fearlessly—

—And yet which prints delightful and entertaining fiction for the entire family.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer until **November 1.**

You can get both **PEARSON'S MAGAZINE** and **THE WESTERN COMRADE** for One Year by sending **One Dollar** to

Circulation Dept., Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

After November 1st this rate will be raised to $1.50

Socialist Christmas Present

¶ Send your Friends the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST.

¶ The WESTERN COMRADE is 50c a Year, 25c for Six Months.

¶ The LLANO COLONIST is 50c a Year, 25c for Six Months, 10c for Two Months.

¶ BOTH of them for One Year for 75c to one name and address.

¶ Make your checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Pub. Dept., and address Llano, Cal.

Installment Members:

¶ The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is at present in need of

10 Tons of Alfalfa Seed
A Carload of Wheat
Dairy Cows and Range Stock
Angora and Milk Goats
Sewing Machines suitable for Factory Work
Tanning Outfit

¶ We are now in a position to make immediate use of many articles and machines which have not been practicable for us heretofore.

¶ You are invited to correspond in regard to the needs listed above.

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, LLANO CAL.

Subscription Post Cards

For the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST. ¶ Cards of two styles. Those selling at 50c each are for either the WESTERN COMRADE or the LLANO COLONIST.

¶ Those selling at 75c each are special Combination cards for both publications.

¶ **SPECIAL RATES: Six 50c Cards for $2.50; Six 75c Cards for $3.75; Three 50c Cards and Three 75c Cards for $3.25.** ¶ This offer is good only for a limited time.

WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

"THE PEST"

"ADOLESCENCE" and "SLUMMING"

By EMANUEL JULIUS

Three Clever Plays

Something to smile at when you read, or to roar at when you see them played—yet they'll give you something to ponder over, too.

Eugene V. Debs says of Emanuel Julius:
He has a most interesting style and all of his matter has life in it and pith, and appeals strongly to the reader.

You'll make it a great deal stronger than that when you've read "THE PEST," one of the most lucid, straight-from-the shoulder things ever put into print. The others are just as good and they all come in the same little booklet.

PRICE TEN CENTS

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

New Rugs from Old Carpets

¶ Don't throw your old carpets away—they are still good. Have new rugs made from them, beautiful and durable rugs. Old Chenille Curtains and table covers can also be used in

Llano Rewoven Rugs

¶ Old Ingrain, Brussels, Moquette and Velvet rugs or carpets can be re-woven into rugs suitable for any home.

¶ Rag Carpets, Rugs, and Art Squares also woven, every size and style.. Ask about beautiful

LLANO POSTER RUGS

¶ Write for descriptive pamphlet and prices.

We pay freight one way on orders amounting to $5.00.

Ship Direct to the Rug Department

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, PALMDALE, CAL.

This Goat Belongs to Llano Boys

They have a flock of goats, blooded Swiss milk stock. They have chickens, turkeys, rabbits, horses and pets. The boys are building a hen-house eighty feet long. They are building a club house one hundred and twelve feet long.

Does Your Boy Have this Chance?

Or Is He Roaming the Streets in Bad Company?

WHAT sort of a future are you planning for your children? What are your girls learning? Is their environment good? Are they spending their time profitably? Are they following healthful pursuits?

A membership for you will give them the opportunity they need. You can make them healthy, robust, happy. They will learn practicable things and develop as you would like to see them.

There is an opportunity for you and your family at Llano.

Its many developing industries offer your children the scope of opportunity that will permit them to select the occupation they prefer. They can make this selection by actual contact; each child gains a thorough understanding of the different lines of work.

And then above all is the freedom, the independence, the assurance of steady employment, the protection in old age. A membership in the Llano del Rio Colony is the only perfect insurance.

Write at once for "The Gateway to Freedom" and other descriptive literature

Llano Boys Have Their Own Livestock

Llano del Rio Colony

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CO-OPERATIVE COMMUNITY

Llano Los Angeles County California

THE WESTERN COMRADE

November 1916

5c a Copy

Lumber Number

READ IN THIS ISSUE

Llano's Lumber Industry
By ROBERT K. WILLIAMS

Building a Socialist City
By A. CONSTANCE AUSTIN

Job Harriman's Editorials
NEW THOUGHTS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Women and Politics
By EMMA J. WOLFE

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley in Los Angeles County, California. The Colony lies close to the Sierra Madre range where an abundance of clear, sparkling water from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown sufficiently. Nearly 800 already live in Llano, and thousands plan to come. Excellent schools, among them the Montessori taking charge of children 2½ years to 6 years of age, a delightful social life, and freedom from economic worries, make the Colony attractive.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and

the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements machinery and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

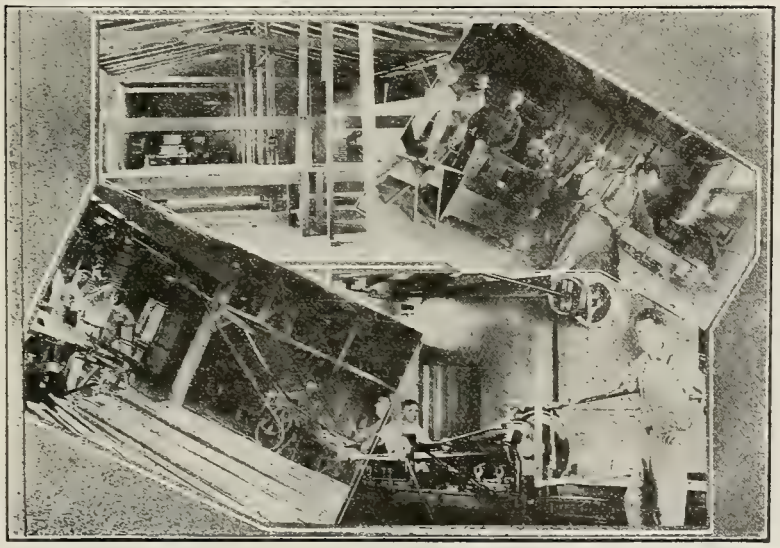
Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

The Directors of the company are: Job Harriman, president; Frank E. Wolfe, vice-president and assistant secretary; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer; F. P. McMahon, vice-president; W. A. Engle, secretary; D. J. Wilson, vice-president; J. E. Beum; A. F. Snell, and Emma J. Wolfe.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS ALREADY ESTABLISHED

New Ones are Constantly Being Added

Print shop	Cleaning and Dyeing	Bakery
Shoe shop	Warehouse	Fish hatchery
Laundry	Machine shop	Barber shop
Cannery	Blacksmith shop	Dairy goats
	Rug works	Baths
	Planing mill	Swimming pool
	Paint shop	Studios
	Lime kiln	Two hotels
	Saw mill	Drafting room
	Dairy	Post office
	Cabinet shop	Commissary
	Nursery	Camping grounds
	Alfalfa	Industrial school
	Orchards	Grammar school
	Poultry yards	Montessori school
	Rabbitry	Commercial classes
	Gardens	Library
	Hog raising	Women's Exchange
	Brick yard	Souvenir club
	Lumbering	Two weekly dances
	Magazine	Brass band
	Newspaper	Mandolin club
	Doctors' offices	Orchestras (two)
	Wood yard	Quartets
	Vinegar works	Socialist local



Views of Llano's Cannery, Cabinet Shop, Planing Mill and Print Shop

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will undertake to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

The Weekly Newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist movement and of the Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the colony news, etc. The subscription rate is 50c a year. Both the Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist to one name for 75c.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California

Was Schmidt Guilty?

Did He Dynamite the Los Angeles Times?

The Jury said YES, and the Court sentenced Schmidt to Life Imprisonment.

Job Harriman, Counsel for the Defense, says NO. What do you think?

Here Are the Facts, NEVER BEFORE MADE PUBLIC. Could You Have Voted for Conviction? Why Did the Jury Do So?

(Testimony from witnesses Clark, Dugan and McManigal was admitted.)

. . . "You, gentlemen of the jury, know this umbrella is telling the truth. Every rib and every stay tells the truth in no uncertain terms, that this fellow Clark is a perjurer. They tell you Clark never placed dynamite under the crane at the Dayton bridge. . . . They tell you that the Prosecuting Attorney knows that the felon Clark **was giving perjured testimony."**

"Dugan! Who is Dugan? He is a self-confessed felon. He was expelled from the Iron Workers Union. He is the Dugan who shot and killed his wife and daughter in Indianapolis."

"McManigal is a self-confessed murderer. The prison doors were opened, this criminal McManigal shook off his chains, walked out, was given $1000 by the County of Los Angeles, and told to go his way in peace."

In identifying Schmidt, witness after witness testified that the man connected with the dynamiting had his cheek bone mashed, but noticed that his eye was all right. Schimdt's eye is gone, but his cheek is all right.

Fair and honorable witnesses were prevented from taking the stand. Competent witnesses testifed that dynamite gases quench flames; while gas sets fire. The Times Building explosion set fires. Could it have been dynamite? Dynamite explodes in all directions, gas upwards principally. The explosion of the Times Building was upward. None of the phenomena of the explosion showed evidence of dynamite.

Witness Rico said the valise found at the Otis home had a time device in it for making an explosion. Said he cut open the suitcase and got a block away before it exploded. Another witness said he saw smoke issuing from it. A clock-work arrangement does not make smoke. Did someone lie? Both could not have spoken the truth.

A valise found at Zeehandelaa's was reported to have had dynamite in it. It was labeled "80 per cent," but these labels were not seen untill after it had gone to the Prosecuting Attorney's office. The city chemist reported that it was not dynamite at all. The prosecuting attorney's office reported that they had exploded it because they feared it was dangerous to have about.

Things the Papers Never Told

are given in this new book about the Schmidt case, the speech of Job Harriman before the jury. Read it and learn how a person on trial can be sent to prison. Read it and learn things you have long suspected. HERE ARE THE FACTS!

EVERY UNION MAN should learn how he may fare in the so-called impartial courts. Any of them may get what Schmidt got.

EVERY SOCIALIST who wants first hand evidence of capitalist-controlled court proceedings should have this book for propaganda.

EVERY FAIR-MINDED PERSON honestly seeking information and loving justice should read this tale of a dishonest conviction.

WHEN CAPITALISM DESIRES A CONVICTION it gets it. Read how it can be secured. The newspapers never told these things. Why? Did you know the real facts about this case? You'll wonder if the McNamaras were really guilty and you'll wonder why they confessed.

Single Copies 25c. Quantity rates to Locals and Unions.

WESTERN COMRADE, Llano, California

Table of Contents

November 1916

Page

Cover Page
George Watkins Drops Another Forest Giant and Prepares it to be Sawed into Lumber.

The Gateway to Freedom 2
A Synopsis of the Booklet of the Same Name; Giving Briefly the Ideals of the Llano del Rio Colony.

Information About Llano 6
A Statement of some of the Accomplishments at Llano During the Short Period of its Establishment.

Editorials 7
By Job Harriman

Reciprocal Relations 10
By Jas. O. Blakeley.

Building a Socialist City 12
The second of a series on this subject by A. Constance Austin who has designed homes and a city plan which will demonstrate new and advanced features.

Jottings of Julius 13
This talented young author trenchantly discusses phases of Social, Political and Industrial Activity.

"If a House Cost ——" 14
Miss Helen Frances Easley tells how a young teacher succeeded where secret service men failed.

Lumber—Llano's New $50,000 Industry 16
Robert K. Williams tells about the New Industry around which Llano progress centers at present.

Women and Politics 19
By Emma J. Wolfe.

Page

Nutrition—The Food We Eat 20
An article on Therapeutics by Dr. John Dequer.

Education for Real Life 21

Plowing 22
By Oliver Zornes.

Irrigation of Alfalfa 22
By Wesley Zornes.

Growing Toward Co-operation 23
Another of this instructive series by Clinton Bancroft.

Printing and Co-operation 24
By George E. Cantrell.

Never Trouble Trouble 24
By Robert K. Williams.

Canada Bars Pearson's 25

What Thinkers Think 26
The substance of articles which were carried in leading magazines for October.

Vitriol and Violets 28
What our Readers say of what they read.

What Our Mail Brings 28

Book Reviews 30

Back Cover Announcement of the Grand Membership Circulation Contest.

December Issue

The Next Number of The Western Comrade will be the "Live Stock Number"

Illustrated with Photos of Rabbits, Chickens, Hogs, Goats, Cattle, Horses, etc., Which Are On the Ranch at Llano.

Information About The
Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established in an attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

About 800 persons are residents of the new city of Llano, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 pupils will attend the opening of the schools this year. Plans are under consideration for housing pupils in an economical and very healthful manner. The Montessori school will be continued as the first step in the school system. New buildings are now being erected on the new town-site. Pupils will be taken through the intermediate work and given High School training. During the summer a vacation school was conducted, in which botany, domestic sciences, agriculture, biology, languages, practical farming, and other subjects were taught in a very successful manner.

Several industries are being operated by the school, such as caring for the chickens, milking goats and gardening. To please the children the school has been named the Sierra Madre colony. The boys build houses, farm and take care of their own live stock. The girls learn sewing and cooking. The children feed and partly cloth themselves. Rabbits, chickens, turkeys, horses, goats, and many pets are owned by the children. They learn co-operation and develop a sense of responsibility, besides having a good time and acquiring an education. They have 65 acres of garden now and next year they expect to have more than 100 acres. Their poultry department will increase the present one thousand or more to 25,000 chickens.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 Jersey and Holstein cattle, besides about 80 head of young stock ranging from calves to heifers a year and a half of age. More cattle are expected to arrive soon.

The 75 work horses, large tractor, Caterpillar engine, three trucks, and numerous automobiles do the heavy work and the hauling.

Thoroughbred Berkshires, Duroc-Jerseys, and Poland Chinas are in the hog pens. Experiments will demonstrate which are the best suited to Llano. Stock will be kept pure and high prices will be commanded. About 200 head are now on hand.

In the rabbitry are about 3000 Belgian and New Zealand Red rabbits. The number will be ultimately multiplied by about ten when quarters are constructed to accommodate the increase.

The nursery shows thousands of grape cuttings in the ground, and thousands of shade and fruit trees, as well as berries.

Honey is a part of each day's food supply. Bee colonies number 668 and are in charge of expert bee men. Several thousand stands will be the number in a few years. They are increasing rapidly.

Among the industries are the laundry, printing plant, cannery, hotel, planing mill, saw mill, machine shop, rug weaving plant, fish hatchery, brick yard, lime kiln, and many others. An ice plant, tannery and shoe factory are expected to be among colony industries soon.

By acquiring the timber on a portion of the San Gabriel Forest reserve from the United States government, the securing of lumber for building is made easy. One million feet will be cut at once, without injuring the forest.

Farming on a large scale by use of modern machinery with experienced farmers in charge of the different activities saves labor and expense and gains quick and satisfactory results.

More garden will be planted each year, and each year's success will become more pronounced as the adaptability of different species and the resources of the soil are better understood. Community gardening is highly satisfactory.

Social life is delightful. The Llano baseball team has been victorious throughout the valley. Dancing, swimming, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, are popular. Llano boasts of a brass band and several orchestras. Literary entertainments are an established feature.

The several hundred acres now in alfalfa are to be increased by at least 300 acres more this fall; the land is now being prepared. This year seven cuttings are confidently expected. Two orchards are producing. About 400 acres in all are now planted to trees. All are doing extremely well and are healthy and growing.

More than 26,000 two-year old peach, pear and apple trees were planted last spring.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for the new city to be built. The brick yard and the lime kiln are both running. When it is considered time to go ahead, the construction of the new city will be commenced. It will be different from any other in the world and will be unique, comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like and modern, and homes will be harmonious with their surroundings.

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER, 1916 No. 7

Editorials

By Job Harriman

AND still the slaughter goes on, and still they bleed and gasp and die.

Have you stopped to think how you would feel if only one of them were yours? Can you see them in the trenches with great wounds in their poor bodies, too weak to help themselves, or to keep the vermin away or the infestuous rats from gnawing at their sores? Can you not hear the death rattle in their throats gurgling along the trenches?

Every death sends an arrow through the heart of a mother, a sister, a wife, a sweetheart, leaving them pierced with pain, broken and alone. And these number by the millions. What a world Gethsemane! Will not this terrible blood sacrifice appease the god of greed? Will it not change our viewpoint? Shall we continue the struggle to save and accumulate property in the hands of individuals and to sacrifice humanity?

It is the craving for wealth and power that has led us to this world tragedy. Our minds have been so inspired by greed and our hearts so petrified that we can witness the slaughter of millions of our fellows, almost without a shudder.

Have we not reached the depths?

Must we still continue, with gun and sword and dagger to shoot and stab and kill? And when this war is over shall we look forward to another war of greater magnitude and severity? Shall we still proceed upon the theory that the human heart is depraved, that greed and ambition are natural and that war has been and always will be the lot of man?

The humanity or inhumanity of man to man depends upon conditions.

Are not the Germans human to the Germans and inhuman to the English during the war? And during times of peace can not the reverse be said?

When the conflicting interests between nations become acute then the citizens of each nation join hands in war and become humane to each other, but brutal to their common enemy.

When this acute international condition subsides and peace is restored, the nations will become humane toward each other, while the conflicting economic interests between individuals will lead to personal struggles, class antagonisms, riots, and civil strife,

Both civil and international struggles arise from the vortex of conflicting interests. Unless our interests are mutual we will ever leave behind us a trail of blood, not because we are by nature brutal or greedy or wicked, but because our interests conflict.

WILSON now stands in the eyes of the world as a statesman of the first magnitude. He has won this election by the force of his own genius. The measures urged by him are far reaching and of vital importance to this country. Some of his measures are revolutionary in character, many are mere reforms, while others of great importance are extremely conservative and most dangerous, both to the country and to the progressive movement.

Among the revolutionary measures, are the law for the prevention of the abuse of the writ of injunction in labor disputes, prohibiting the courts from using anti-trust funds with which to prosecute labor and farmer organizations; the eight hour law; industrial commission; child labor law.

Among the important reforms are the income tax law, the federal farm loan act, the federal reserve act, the Alaskan railroad act, the conservation of national resources, and many others.

The extremely conservative and dangerous acts put through by him are the draft bill and the army and navy defense bill.

The draft bill makes it possible for the government to draft every able bodied citizen into the United States army, while the army and navy bill appropriates $634,000,000 for the purpose of conquering and holding foreign markets.

In the last analysis it is by these conservative measures that the real character of the administration is determined. These measures provide not for a democratic army but for a plutocratic army and navy.

A democratic army and navy are instruments of defense. A plutocratic army and navy are instruments of conquest. A democratic army and navy are in the hands of, and are commanded by, the people; while a plutocratic army and navy are commanded and controlled by the government.

The vote for Wilson shows beyond the question of a doubt that the people are opposed to war. If $634,000,000 had been appropriated and used to arm the people, there would be no danger of war. They would have the power now and forever to declare for peace. Being armed they could not be forced or fooled into war, any more than they could be forced or fooled into voting for Hughes.

But the draft bill gives the government power to draft all able bodied men into service.

The army and navy appropriation provides for a military equipment equal to that of the most powerful government.

While the government is capitalistic and all its departments

are managed for the most part by men who are influential in proportion to the capital they control. In other words the Rockefeller and other great "foundations," the trusts, the railroads, the steel trust, and other combinations, the banking and financial powers, the great dailies and magazines, are in fact the government.

When Wilson steps out, which some day he must, and their candidate steps in, all the machinery of war will be ready and at hand. They can and will then declare war whenever war will advance their interests regardless of the lives it may cost. It is the markets of the world for which the plutocratic governments, the merchant, financial and industrial princes, are striving, while they look upon human lives as mere pawns in their hands to be moved in the game.

The danger to our republic and the weakness of the Wilson administration lies in these two measures. It is in these two laws that lurks the possible throne of an uncrowned king.

—o—

WHY has the working class lost confidence in the courts? Is it because the judges are dishonest?

Have they been corrupted by the interests?

Are judgments bought for so much cash in hand?

Alas, these are frequently the reasons given, but the reasons are almost entirely false.

True, there are to be found judges here and there who have itching palms; judges who are willing to and do sell themselves for cold cash—but they are the exceptions.

For the most part, the judges are honest and their decisions are logical and untainted with any corrupting, or even with unfair, influence.

Why, then has the working class lost confidence?

The reason lies far deeper than the theory that the courts are corrupt.

Our laws are all woven around the theory that the private ownership of productive property is right. This theory was born centuries ago when each man made his war club, his arrow, his stone hatchet, his tomahawk, his wooden shovel or spade, and such other crude implements of warfare and agriculture, has enabled him to cope with his enemies.

These implements were dear to him. His life depended upon them. They were a part of him. He was not his full stature without them. They were tied to him by his own energy and skill. They were his, and the idea of heirship not having risen, they were buried with him.

From these crude implements came all the implements of modern warfare and agriculture. They passed through all the stages of development of the hand and machine tools, growing ever more complex, responding to every necessity of man, until they have passed almost entirely out of the hands of individuals and into the control of great factories and capitalist enterprises. The tool does not belong to the maker when it is finished, nor, indeed, is it buried with him at his death. Yet the theory of private ownership of the tool still lives.

This theory of private ownership not only continues in regard to implements of warfare and agriculture but it continues in regard to the title to land also.

When these sturdy savages captured their neighboring tribes, they appropriated the lands upon which they lived and called them their own. Thus all title to land arose by conquest, though the landlord of most large estates rarely ever tills the soil. He lives separate and apart from it and has no more to do with the uses to which it is put than have the mechanics who make the tools.

Whoever possesses wealth has the advantage over him who has not. By means of his wealth he acquires still more wealth, and the chasm ever widens between those who have and those who have not. The more property one has, the more power he has to acquire property. And, conversely, the more power he has, the more property he acquires. Thus the process goes on and the masses of humanity become the propertyless working class, while the property is ever shifting into the hands of the few.

Still the theory of private ownership of productive property continues to live, and all our laws are made to protect the institutions by means of which property is accumulated.

Those who possess the property are certain that the theory of private ownership is right, and every increase in property and every law protecting them in their privileges confirms them in their conviction. But every such increase and every such law seems wrong in the eyes of the great mass of workers whose burdens are thus increased.

The judges on the bench are capitalists in their point of view and reason sincerely from the premise that the private ownership of productive property is right. It is for this reason that their decisions are logical. The judges as a rule are not corruptly influenced. It is not necessary for the interests to buy them. They are far more certain to reach the conclusion desired by the propertied class without a bribe than they would be with corruption.

But every such decision entrenches the capitalist class by adding to his power while it ever increases the burdens and disadvantages of the working class.

The crux of the matter in regard to all laws is in the construction given by the courts. The eyes of both classes are upon them.

They are praised by the rich because of the advantages gained. They are mistrusted by the poor because of the burdens imposed.

This is why the working class has no confidence in the courts.

—o—

WHY is the Socialist party afraid that it will be connected with some co-operative enterprise?

Is co-operation a myth? Or has it become a real religion with some?

They have shouted the "Co-operative Commonwealth" so long that it has become, to them, a heaven whither they are going and not a condition that they must bring about.

They are having visions of pearly gates and golden streets

where all is rest and play, somewhere in the dim and distant future. They will not have that dream disturbed.

They have forgotten that by the sweat of man's brow shall he eat bread, here and hereafter. They consent to such labor here but not hereafter. "Let the burden be heavy now. And let the Now extend into the endless future, for we are going to the co-operative commonwealth weary and heavily laden, but when there we shall find rest."

"Co-operation?—No, that cannot be under capitalism. We cannot compete with capital." Then, fanatic, if that be true, forget your dream. You will not reach your goal by adding to your burdens. The burden is already so heavy that the mind is becoming sluggish. Let us shorten our hours and lighten our burdens and give our minds a chance to see and understand or we will be slaves forever.

True slavery is an economic condition, but it is also a mental state. It requires more than an elephant to break the chain with which a child leads him. It requires understanding. How gentle a span of fiery steeds may be when held with delicate reins by a single hand. How little they know of their power and of the weakness of their master. The difference lies in the understanding. It is the steed that draws the master. It is the worker that supports the capitalists.

True, the worker knows far more than the horse, but he does not know his power. If the workers knew their power this country would know neither millionaire nor pauper.

The workers do not, nor never will know their power until they learn it through actual co-operative effort.

It is by concentrated effort that efficiency and power develops. Co-operation requires the highest type of understanding on the part of all, but it also requires more than understanding. It requires intelligent action.

The Socialist party may hold their meetings and talk until the crack of doom about the co-operative commonwealth without avail. The Socialist party is, and has been, a great power. But unless that power is soon put to some practical use it will become a rope of sand.

Power once vested must be used or it will be taken away. Let the party connect up with the labor and co-operative movements and become vitalized by them or its days will be numbered.

We must work out our theories by action and not by talking. The judgment of man must ripen by experience, not alone by theorizing. Socialist institutions must be developed by associating with our fellow, not by individual activities.

Let us learn now, once and forever, that we must develop our co-operative institutions within the capitalist system and not after it has passed away. We must live every minute, by means of some kind of effort. Socialist institutions must be developed before they can be used. Until they are developed capitalist methods must be employed.

Society is ready for our message. Henceforth it will be delivered by action rather than by preaching. We have pioneered during the era of propaganda. Let us now pioneer in the era of co-operation. Now is the time to act. Evolution proceeds within the seed, within the egg, within the social state.

Let us act while it is yet time. Let us burst the shell outward before it is crushed inward upon us. Let us act today for tomorrow may be forever too late.

—o—

WHISKY! Yes, all you want over the counter of California. Wet! Yes, wet as a wharf rat.

Wrong! Well, what is wrong anyhow?

It is safe to say that a majority of the heads of families in this State belong to some church. They do not permit liquor in their homes, but they permit liquor in the saloons where their children resort and make merry. The children evidently proceed upon the theory that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountains.

But upon what theory do these good people proceed? If it is wrong to drink liquor, why do they not proceed unqualifiedly upon this principle? If liquor is injurious both to the body and mind, which they so loudly proclaim, why do they not stamp it out? They are in the majority, and possess the power. Surely if liqnor is injurious to those who use it the use of it must be wrong in the eyes of these people.

Evidently if the use of liquor is wrong, and these good people have it in their power to exterminate this wrong and do not do it, they are proceeding upon other than moral grounds.

In 1910, there was a great strike in Los Angeles, California. The saloons and breweries were on one side and the labor unions were on the other. The prohibitionists and church people of that city were not involved but had the balance of political power.

It was then proposed to vote the city dry. The unions were ready, but the prohibitionists, together with the churches, replied: "No. Not until the strike is over."

What is there in a strike that makes it wrong to vote a city dry at any time, if drinking is wrong?

Ah! There is one spot of holy ground in the capitalist system upon which both the flock and the preacher fear to tread. That spot is profits. Whatever interferes with profits shakes the mourners' bench and causes the altar to totter. Put your hand upon one's profits and you can feel his heart palpitate.

"No. Not until the strike is over." Then NEVER says the union, and each stands upon precisely the same ground.

Those who favor liquor as a rule are reaping some material benefit, while those who oppose liquor as a rule are directly or indirectly suffering a loss.

Are not each of these classes right? Sure they are. The benefits conferred are the final arbiter of every problem.

As long as the majority feel that they are benefited by the sale of liquor it will be lawful and moral to sell liquor.

But whenever the majority are convinced that they are suffering a loss by reason of the liquor traffic then it will be unlawful and immoral.

Hence the good church people and the union men clasp hands and vote together for liquor.

Reciprocal Relations

By James O. Blakeley

PERSONAL efficiency is a very popular topic at the present time. It means the ability to accomplish the greatest and best results in the shortest time practicable, with the least possible expenditure of effort. It is generally recommended because of the personal advantage, benefit, and success, which it will most likely bring to its possessor.

On account of the prominence now given to the subject of personal efficiency, and the apparent importance which necessarily attaches to that subject, I am impressed with the propriety of prefacing the consideration of this subject of mutualism by a consideration of individualism.

If we shall say there are three principal sources of inspiration to activity on the part of individuals, as those of purely personal interest, those of benefit primarily to others as family and friends, and those recognizing the idea of general mutuality in interest and benefit as the result of all transactions with others, then I shall say, personal efficiency contemplates primarily individualism, and perchance independent individualism at that, perhaps better expressed as independence in individualism.

But there is no such thing in nature, art or experience as an independent, complete, or perfect individualism. Man is not complete in himself, nor woman in herself, and the highest function in human lives is not, and cannot be realized in individualism, but in mutualism and altruism.

The Ideal Family is Socialistic

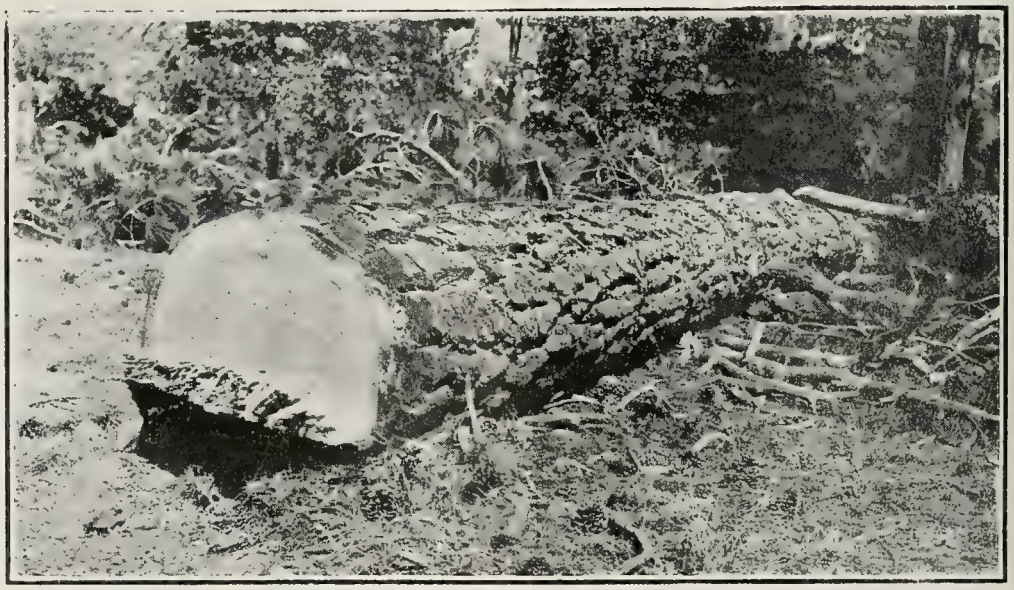
Father, mother, and children, in their best relations, are each supplementary to the other, each contributing naturally to the development and perfection of the other.

An enlightened individualism does not mean an independent self-seeking efficiency and a personal absorption of its results, but on the other hand, a generous, beneficent, and wise regard for the feelings, the rights, the interests and the welfare of all others in association and in all degrees of relationship, especially those of the family. In connection with this trinity of persons, as of father, mother and children in the family, we have in the individual, a corresponding trinity, as that of body, mind and disposition, and in nature throughout, another trinity, that of matter, energy, and an order of combination, manifestation and experience. And to talk about either one of these, and not the others, in their proper relations and proportions is always to leave the matter open, incomplete, inconclusive and unsatisfactory; just as, in the consideration of personal efficiency and its application without proper regard to the rights, the interests, the welfare of others will always prove unfortunate and detrimental, if not actually disastrous.

Socialism Is The Thing

No man is born of himself or to himself and no one can live to himself only; we all act and react upon each other and are more or less dependent upon each other, because co-related. Besides, it is not possible for all to be one hundred per cent efficient in all respects, and wherein one is deficient in one respect, he is in that respect dependent on others, who are efficient in those respects, relating to his deficiencies. The general divisions of labor, the arts and the sciences, are developed on this basis.

And if it be impossible for the most capable to be efficient, in an all round way, then certainly it is not possible for the immature, or the aged, the defectives and incompetents of all sorts to become all round efficients; and they are inevitably doomed and foreordained to miserable failures, in a regime of purely personal efficiency and competitive effort. Our very constitutions, our individual capacities, with their varying characteristics make us all dependent upon one another, for whatever of efficiency we may have. The family, the school, the universities, business of all sorts and even governments themselves, whatever their perversions, contradictory practices, and adverse action are based upon this idea of mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness.



Logs Like This Are Piled On The Skids, And Are Being Hauled To The Saw Mill At Llano Where They Are Soon Made Into Lumber For Colonists' Homes.

Mutualism Among Animals

Mothers and their young of all sorts, wild animals that feed and fight in herds, the deer, the wolves, the wild horses that for mutual protection against common foes form circles with heads in and heels out that they may effectually kick to pieces their enemies, from whichever direction approaching, and the shy quail which reverse the way of the wild horses by huddling in a small ring with tails in and heads out, that they may the more readily alarm their mates and escape their

enemies by scattering in all directions when attacked, are all pertinent and conclusive illustrations of a practical sense among the lower animals of this principle of mutualism, that is of mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness, for self protection and benefit.

But for the sake of the argument, suppose the man or woman to be complete individuals, or units, they are still trinities, with full and perfect mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness existing between them as between the individual physical organs and their functions; as between the stomach, the lungs, the heart, and normal brain activity. The better qualities of their temperament or disposition are a sane psychic temperament requiring a sound physique; any unsoundness of that, if only as indigestion, dyspepsia, or gout, affects unfavorably both the nervous and the psychic conditions, since the digestive organs and the nervous system are interdependent. While the products of digestion nourish the nerves, the nerves in turn, control digestion; and so, if aught injuriously affects either, the other will also suffer. When worry, overwork or shock interfere with digestion, the resulting lack of nourishment weakens the nervous system, causing nerve strain. This nerve weakness then reacts and still further disturbs the already faulty digestion. To the same effect is the recent statement of one of the more successful practitioners in Los Angeles, reported to me as follows: "There is a certain nerve in the system intimately associated with stomach, heart and lungs which, on being injuriously affected in either one of those organs, will also injuriously affect the action of both the others."

Kindness and Its Compensations

Here is what I consider a very apt illustration of the influence and benefits of reciprocity, or mutualism in practical operation, as clipped from a newspaper and which might very properly be entitled "True Teaching: Its Method and Its Compensations." Miss Tuttle, who has trained eight parrots to be both actors and musicians, here tells the story of their accomplishments and how they came to be so accomplished. Starting with the idea that her compensation is the principal thing, the second point in this story may be of first importance, since this seemingly best way of training parrots is also apparently the best way of developing the best in human beings. Unless we shall note carefully both the spirit and the method of the training we shall miss the chief point sought by its quotation.

She says: "My methods in leading parrots farther along than they have ever gone before in the path of achievement as zoologists concede that I have, are those of persuasion and kindness. By patience, confidence and affection, I lead them to do first the things they want to do and then the things that I want them to do. By these means I inject into our rehearsals always the spirit of play. It was through patient play and coaxing that I taught Bob the greatest number of words ever spoken by a parrot; he speaks five hundred sentences.

"Polly, after watching a big policeman stroll past our window every day for a week, began of her own accord to imitate him. Like any other actress, she first studied her part and became letter perfect. She struts, pounds the floor with a club, and marches vaingloriously in perfect time to the air 'We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning.'

"Caruso is a great musician. No parrot has ever equalled his talent in this respect. He sings in three keys—high, soprano, contralto and baritone, then a medley of the three. He sings in any of these distinct keys, 'The Star Spangled Banner' and improvises airs that are really musical. I developed Caruso from what was considered a hopeless squawky parrot. There is no need of any one having a squawky parrot. That he squawks is the fault of his owner. Patiently train him out of his bad habits, as you would a child. In the case of both child and parrot spare the rod.

"Paderewski could entertain an audience for two hours himself. Seated before a baby grand piano decorated with electric lights he plays almost any popular air and accompanies Carusos solos. Besides the piano, he plays the horn and drum. He gives excellent imitations of animals. He whistles popular airs and delights in imitating the police whistle that regulates traffic at Times Square in New York. He can spell his own name and is an expert in gun drill.

"Count de Beaufort has also decided adaptability in music. He plays the cornet and imitates its sounds.

"My little company would not be complete without chorus girls. I have three. Marie, the principal chorus girl severely puts the others through their paces. This little Amazon is a relentless disciplinarian, as is Bob the school monitor. The chorus never misses its cues; it always sings at the right place.

"Following the Greek idea, I have trained my little feathered servants to act as hired mourners. Caruso lying on his back in a little bier, is drawn to his grave by Paderewski. The three mourners follow, shrieking their woe in a high key. The children in my audiences call them the cry-baby parrots.

"Scientists who have called upon me to study my methods with my parrots have been amazed that I have never used a stick. I answer them: 'Fine human beings do not need the goad. If a fine animal is beaten he is ruined. I have trained my birds by patience, affection and appreciation. Impatience, harshness or carelessness would ruin them, would make of them criminal birds.' For my influence I depend entirely upon the qualities and characteristics of affection and appreciation as shown in the voice.

"When I began to train my pets, my own education began. While I have sought to educate my parrots they have educated me; and it has been to me a liberal education to educate my eight parrots.

"Your parrot if well cared for will live for a century and you may bequeath him as a legacy to two generations of your descendants, but be sure to bequeath also the advice: 'Be kind, be patient and keep him well.' "

If kindness and persuasion, patience, appreciation and affection, plenty of food and good care have such a wonderful influence for good in the development of the higher capabilities of the lower forms of life, it occurs to me as a good idea to use these same means generally in developing the higher capabilities of human beings and so enable them to abolish some of the grosser relics of barbarism, as the official club, the glittering sword, the deadly machine gun and all the other murderous appliances of modern military and naval operations.

Vegetation Also Illustrative

Take another instance; this in the vegetable world. Concerning the weeds Mr. Burbank says: " . . . are simply the outcasts of the vegetable world and need only to be properly fertilized and given suitable environment and cultivation to make them nutritious and useful, and at the same time and by the same means given a capacity to be cultivated at reasonable expense." It is currently reported that he has taken the most incorrigible specimen of all those outcasts in the vegetable kingdom, the prickly cactus, and by his method of scientific treatment has actually transformed it into a very valuable forage plant capable of producing several tons to the acre and with profit to those who shall choose to engage in its production.

Building a Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

THERE is always a time when a city begins. In a western town it is day before yesterday. But there is always a definite beginning. Someone puts up a railway station or a store. A few houses agglomerate around these, and then some local magnate says: "I will build a house on this little hill just outside of town; I will have a bigger garden and more privacy." Soon every advantageous piece of ground for a mile around is thus occupied. Then things begin to fill up. Business is increasing; people are coming in; it is found advantageous to cut up the pretty gardens into building lots, and neighbors are looking into your windows. The privacy you were seeking has disappeared. You sell out and move into the country, only to repeat the process perhaps in a few years. But the people to whom you sell have to go on living under the conditions you are so anxious to escape. Why should not they have privacy and pretty gardens? Because they are poor? Well, in the Socialist city this will not be so.

We pride ourselves on our cities of homes. The home is occupied by a small group of people who are closely related and have private interests and occupations. As generally constructed, these homes have glass windows within fifteen feet of the neighbors' glass windows. We have to keep the blinds drawn down if we do not wish our neighbor to watch every move we make, and we have to speak below our breath if we do not wish him to hear what we say. A moment's inattention, and some inaccurately overheard bit of conversation sends a cyclone of gossip whirling through the town. The garden of each house is directly under the neighbor's window, and equally exposed to the passerby in the street. A garden implies relaxation, an escape from the city's overstrain of too much humanity, to the repose of nature. But the city looks down from the neighboring house and over the garden wall in derision of your futile effort to escape. You put the children out in the yard to play. In a moment they are behind the house and out of sight. They have been silent for several minutes. Experience would indicate the wisdom of going to see. In one case I know of, the infant of three had got out into the street, and walked down town in the water behind a watering cart before the anxious mother could locate him. In Llano we have planned a house built around a patio. You look into your own windows, your neighbor retires behind a sound-proof wall, you can swing in a hammock or sit around in your shirt sleeves in your garden, unvexed by prying eyes, and in whatever room in the house the mother may be, the children in the patio are always under her eyes. Building in this way it is not necessary to keep up the expensive struggle to escape the promiscuity of a constantly pursuing city. As a matter of fact this kind of house has to be built in co-operation with your neighbor. You think ahead. The other system of building presupposes an entire lack of experience in the regular processes of civic growth. How common it is to watch a friend select a building site for the view. The proud owner takes you around to the various windows to show you the outlook. Yes, you say, but what will you do when someone buys the next lot or builds opposite? Oh, well, he answers, we are a good way out; nobody is likely to come here soon. A year after you call and find the house neatly framed in a circle of dwellings. Your friend has nothing to say about the ex-views, but explains to you how successfully he is "planting out" the objectionable new houses, and you wonder at the fatuity with which this process is repeated by every new home maker.

There is another way of making yourself comfortable in the city. You begin by saying: "I am not building in the country. I have come into the city for certain definite advantages. One of them is the nearness to things, to the stores, theaters, etc. I am not going to put myself off where I have to take the trolley or automobile every time I go out of the house. I shall not make any attempt at establishing country conditions in a city environment because it is self-evident that such conditions can only be temporary, but I will agree with my neighbor and put up a house alongside of his in such a way that we shall not mutually interfere with one another."

View of a Small Portion of Llano, Looking South. The Permanent City Will Be More Than a Mile South of Here. Houses Will Be Built There When Lumber Is Available for Constructing Forms, Etc.

By building close together and eliminating the waste space of uncared-for back yards and wide expanse of dusty street, turning both of these into parks, we will all of us be able to get in close to the center, and will not have the constant expense of transportation across miles and miles of empty blocks with an occasional forlorn house lost in untidy vacancy. If I plan my house from the first to meet city conditions I shall not have to alter it or move when the city catches up to me. Moreover, if I and my neighbors plan the city right, setting aside districts for business and manufacturing, railways and school gardens, the residence districts need never be invaded.

One trouble which lies behind the chaotic and wasteful evolution of the average city, in which streets, houses and public buildings are constantly being torn up or torn down, moved or reconstructed, to be moved and reconstructed again, is that any group of average citizens thinks itself qualified to lay out a city. If you should suggest to such a group of citizens that they should make a watch, they would laugh at

the idea; yet is not a city a more complicated structure than a watch? Think of the thousands of people whose interests are at stake; the probabilities of business which must be foreseen and planned for; the history back of the city idea from which you must, or should, select the experience which applies most aptly to your case; the engineering problems to be met; and finally, the art side of the matter. You and your children's lives will be affected by the architecture of the city. If you are surrounded by ugliness, dissymmetry and confusion there will be a steady subconscious strain on your nerves and mental balance. It is more than probable that this strain, which is such a constant factor in our mushroom cities, has much to do with the nervous breakdowns on which Americans specialize so unfortunately.

In the ancient cities of Europe you can stop on almost any corner and rest your eyes on some harmonious combination of simple beauty, whereas in our cities we are pounded around from shock to shock, looking up from the rush and clamor of the streets to the ugliness of the buildings and the intentional insults of the advertising. The wonder is that we have any sanity left.

In our Socialist city then, we will plan ahead. We will study the conformation of the ground and say this should be the civic center, this the residence district, this district should be set aside for business and this for manufacturing. We should make the boundaries ample and elastic, and then build compactly and systematically, to stay. If the money that is wasted on this constant process of tearing down and rebuilding were put into carefully planned permanent construction, there would be plenty of money to house the poor as comfortably, if not as extravagantly, as the rich. We may yet learn that it is more blessed to know that our neighbor is not suffering want, than to elaborate luxurious "cottages" and "bungalows" for ourselves.

—o—

"Some day perhaps we shall have roofs which can be slid off somewhere and live under the open sky during hot summer nights."—Table Talk.

Jottings of Julius

By Emanuel Julius

Emanuel Julius

A nation that has healthy men, independent women, and happy children is a nation that is wealthy. A nation can't count its wealth in dollars, but in human happiness. A nation with countless billions of dollars, but scarred with poverty, disease, insanity, prostitution and exploitation is as poor as a dying pauper.

Socialism is the reflection of the desire of millions of people to enjoy life while they are living in this little old world. Socialism is the aspiration of exploited wage slaves who would rise to freedom and independence.

Thomas Carlyle once remarked that "a little while ago we were not, a little while and we are not." Between two eternities some mysterious power has given us existence — let us strive to make it beautiful, clean, human and just. Let us leave the world a fit place for our children.

We must never hesitate to fight for our ideals. He who hesitates remains a victim of capitalism. It is better to fail in trying than fail to try for Socialism.

Socialists are going to conscript all the wealth of this country for the purpose of eliminating poverty and suffering. Wealth, in the form of railroads, mines and factories, will be taken over for a constructive purpose. The means of production and distribution, when collectively owned, will enable the working people to enjoy decent living conditions. The capitalists, through their governments, conscript human lives for destructive purposes. They draw the line at their wealth. They demand their usual six per cent. Socialism takes the principle of conscription and uses it to build, not to demolish.

A real reform cannot come from the top. It must come from the bottom.

Don't wish for Socialism — work for it.

Capitalists are fearless — when an army separates them from the enemy.

Eventually — why not now? That's a familiar line. It might be applied to well meaning chaps who intend to vote the Socialist ticket—eventually.

The cupidity of the capitalist depends on the stupidity of the worker. The plutocrat's rapacity stops only at the labor capacity of the toiler —and ofttimes not even there.

A fresh fellow rises with the barking recrimination that in years to come retired munitioners and armamentists may expect their young hopefuls to ask not "What" but "Whom did you do in the great war, daddy?

Men don't rob because they are inherently bad, but because the capitalists have robbed them of the right to work.

Socialism is as broad as life — and that is why one never knows all about it. The longer you study life, the more you discover.

Bernard Shaw, the famous Irish Socialist and dramatist, writes that murder and capital punishment are not opposites that cancel each other, but similars that breed their kind.

We have been asked to beat our swords into plowshares, but the suggestion does not seem to receive much of a welcome. In this country, just now, the capitalists are abandoning the production of necessary things for the manufacture of war munitions. Instead of beating swords into plowshares, the plowshares are beaten into shrapnel.

Mere numbers are not enough. The workers can't hope for emancipation unless they show gumption.

We hear a great deal about the "pork barrel." Capitalist newspapers, while howling for preparedness, brand any appropriation for useful work as "pork." Thus, the building of national roads and post-offices, of dams and bridges, of reforestation work and irrigation—all are "pork." In other words, the newspapers consider that the government should use money for but one purpose: to turn this country into an armed camp.

Some people have strange kinks in their craniums. They reason thusly: It's all right for the community to own its public schools, library, hospital, electric light system, fire department, road and streets, but it isn't right for the community to make its own bread, clothes, and shelter.

"If a House Cost—"

By Helen Frances Easley

THEY all came back without having accomplished anything. After the first three or four had done so, shaking their heads and with a puzzled look on their faces, it began to be the expected thing. But the Department wouldn't stop until every inspector in the service had gone out to the Reservation and had done his best to find the "leak." However, none had found it.

Inspector Adams was the last man to return, disgruntled and out of patience, but his evident ill-humor did not stop the questions that the other unsuccessful ones put to him.

"Couldn't find a thing out of the way, not one thing! All the books absolutely straight, not a single crooked account. I looked in every corner of the office and I couldn't find a thing.

"And I suppose Murphy took you all over the Reservation in his new model seven passenger Six?" asked young Howe. Howe had been one of the first men sent out to investigate. He had been back long enough to begin to look at the matter as a joke.

Adams nodded with a wry smile.

"Certainly. We took two trips, were out two whole days. And everywhere the Indians were working in their gardens or looking after their stock. I didn't hear one word of complaint from any of them, they all seem contented and what's more, they seem to think Murphy's the greatest "little father" they ever had. He is encouraging them to build houses, instead of living in their old tepees. Says they accomplish more. And after we had our little "look-see," he took me home to such a dinner as I hadn't eaten in months! And while I was eating the best any market could supply, and taking in the furniture that looked mighty new and yelled "money" at me, Murphy told me that he was thinking seriously of sending his oldest boy to a Military Academy this Fall!

"All that on twenty-four hundred a year!" It was a chorus of voices.

"Yes, on twenty-four hundred a year," Adams assented.

"Murphy certainly knows how to spend the money," one young man volunteered.

"That isn't all," another went on, "besides knowing how to spend it, he seems to have a secret way of getting it, but when it comes to finding out, we might as well give up."

And so the matter rested, at least for a time, a sore subject.

The whole affair had started when a school inspector had returned with the information that the new Agent, Major Murphy, seemed unduly prosperous. At the time he had received his appointment, the state of Murphy's finances had been well known to the Department. He was cashier in a small bank in a little western town, a man who had never accumulated anything, except the goodwill of some politicians, who were influential enough to get him the place. The appointment seemed a "God-send." He had just been compelled to mortgage his farm, to meet the expenses of his family. There were six children. So when, in eighteen months time, he was able to pay off the mortgage, buy an automobile, and begin payments on another piece of land, it caused some wonder. Even though the Government furnished fuel, meat, and the use of a residence, it would require magic to stretch twenty-four hundred dollars in the many directions that Murphy seemed to be stretching it.

There seemed to be but one explanation, Murphy was using funds to which he had no right, but the Department flattered itself that such an affair couldn't last long, and so the inspectors' visits began. And they had been occurring at regular intervals for a year and a half, and all that they had found was that not only the Agent, but also the Indians were exceedingly prosperous. "Industry" seemed the slogan of the entire reservation. And during this time Murphy had disposed of his old car and purchased a new one, and consequently the inspectors' trips over the reservation were that much more comfortable! He was extremely affable, and laughed at them behind their backs. He did not once by any word or action intimate that he thought this constant inspection was anything unusual. And so far the inspection had resulted in nothing. Adams was considered the ablest man in the service and he had failed, so there was nothing to do but drop the affair, seemingly, and do some "watchful waiting."

* * * * *

When Jean Best accepted the position of Day-school teacher she did so with a great deal of enthusiasm. For a year she had had letters from Alice Turner, one of her dearest friends, who was the wife of the Agency doctor. Alice loved the great western plains and the Reservation, and Jean felt that she, too, would find them interesting. So she had passed the examination, and her friends had recommended that she be appointed to their Day-school. So it happened that she became a member of the Turner household and a real factor in the affairs of the Agency. She was an instant success, her cleverness and youthful prettiness charmed the few dozen people who made up the whole contingent, while the shy little Indian children adored her. They called her "Miss Best Teacher," and struggled with their English primers, for how else could they hope to understand her unless they could talk "white."

It was after a party, as Mrs. Murphy termed her social gatherings, given shortly after the new teacher's arrival, that Jean learned of the state of affairs. They had scarcely more than gotten home, when Jean asked, in a matter of fact tone, the salary of the Agent.

The Doctor and Alice exchanged glances. They both felt that they knew what the next question would be when they told her, and just as they expected, the question came.

"Then how can they do all they do? Why, I never saw such furniture—and—" she added slowly, "I don't know when I've ever seen such queer people. I don't know so very much about politics, I'm sorry to say, but I overheard the Major telling the Chief Clerk that he always considered the moneyed party the safest, and they both laughed. A lot of them had been discussing the next election, and he made that remark in an undertone, but I couldn't help hearing. Then they looked at each other as if just they two had an understanding. I never have liked Mr. Murphy, he looks so—so fat and piggy, and that remark someway sounded just as he looks. There must be something awfully wrong somewhere."

The Doctor laughed. In spite of the seriousness of it all, he couldn't restrain himself.

"There is something wrong, Jean, it's been wrong for some time, but nobody seems able to find it, so we've tried to stop thinking about it. It's pretty hard, though, with it staring us in the face the way it does. Some of us have tried to reason it out that since the extravagance is so open and apparent, we've been misinformed as to the Majors finances, but we always find that we were wrong in that supposition. At any rate, he seems to consider himself pretty secure. But dont worry yourself

about it, Jeanie, we've all found that it doesn't do any good."

So Jean tried not to think about it, but it was hard to forget the injustice that was being done somewhere. If the Indians were being cheated, it was because the Major could take advantage of their ignorance, and so far no Indian had ever complained.

But something was wrong, and everyone wondered if anyone would ever solve the riddle.

The months slipped away pleasantly for Jean. The little Indians were being led and guided along the intricate paths of "two times two" and "four goes into eight" and other mysterious realms. The School inspector was greatly pleased with the work that was being done and Jean was frankly proud of her "real Americans."

It was along in the winter that she decided to launch them into "analysis" and so the blackboard was adorned with problems of this kind:

"If it cost $400 to build a house, and a man has $500, how much will he have left?"

Since most of the children were living in the little frame houses which had been built within the last two or three years, Jean decided that "houses" would make interesting problems. A number of houses were even then in the process of construction. And after telling the class to have them worked for the next recitation, she called her primer class. Usually there was no need of watching the class that was studying, but this time Jean noticed that the youngsters were staring dully at the board. They would shake their heads and even look despairingly at one another. Jean couldn't understand, and twice she told them to get to work. The third time she spoke sharply and little Johnny Two Strikes timidly raised his hand.

"Well, John?" she asked.

"Those problems are not right, Miss Best-Teacher," he ventured,

"Not right?" Jean looked at the board—If a house cost—"Why, nonsense, they are just as I intended them to be, now all of you get to work."

"But they are not right," John persisted.

Jean was vexed, but she asked the child what he meant.

"Well, you see, a man never has any money left in bank when he builds a house. Houses always cost all the money."

Jean gazed at the child curiously, while away back in her brain a tiny idea began to grow.

"Say that again, John, and tell me all you know about it," she requested.

"It is this way," the boy replied, "my father had $400 and our house cost $400, and Sam Knock Off One's house cost $500 and Sam's father had $500, and sometimes houses cost only $300, because houses always cost as much as a man has, there is not any left."

Instantly Jean knew that she had found the leak. As calmly as she could she changed the problems to "cattle." A man could have twenty cows and sell ten, the children agreed. The remaining hour dragged for Jean, she could hardly wait to get to the Doctor and Alice, and when noon came she almost ran home.

"I've found the leak!" she annnouced breathlessly as she entered the dining room.

"The leak—"

"Yes—where all the Major's money comes from—" and then followed the story of the problem.

Dr. Turner listened gravely. They were now surely on the right track. He went back to school with Jean, and little John Two Strikes again gave his explanation.

In a week's time three Inspectors were again at the Agency, but this time they talked with the Doctor and Jean before they reported at the office.

And this time there was no smiling on the part of the Major. The investigation did not stop at the affice, or after a trip over the reservation. The Indians who had built houses were called in and all corroborated the story the problems had brought to light. It was all very simple when the key to the situation was found, and no wonder Murphy had urged the Indians to build frame houses.

Since only he and the Chief Clerk had access to the books, they had taken advantage of the guilelessness of the Indians, and since their money came easily, they did not appreciate its value, and it was an easy matter to convince one builder that his house would cost more money than his neighbor's did a month ago, since the price of lumber had raised! And all the lumber was purchased by the Chief Clerk at the nearest town, and hauled to the Agency, so no one else handled the transaction and it was outside the Government business, consequently the inspectors had never touched that side of the matter. And the Indians were told they were lucky to build without overdrawing their accounts! In that way the books were kept straight and all the vouchers in order, and when any inspector mentioned the fact that a large number had used their entire balance, he was informed that it was for improvements, so, since no complaints had come from the Indians themselves, none had thought to look closely to see how extensive these improvements were.

Major Murphy and the Chief Clerk had divided the spoils, but the latter, being unmarried and without a home, had not indulged in any undue extravagance, and so had not been suspected.

As for Jean, she was overwhelmed with congratulations, but instead of showing any pleasure when Adams spoke to her, she looked at him gravely as she replied:

"Of course I'm glad it's done, but it has made me think of the thousands of people who are "building houses" that way, you know what I mean, living their whole lives in the same blind way, letting others take all the pleasure and profit—"

But she was interrupted.

"My dear young lady! Are you moralizing, or is that a direct remark about present political situations? Listen people, how would you take Miss Best's idea?

Jean smiled faintly, but she answered Adams' question herself:

"You may take it any way you wish, and anyway, if it hadn't been for Johnny and those problems even this much wouldn't have been done. I never could have done it alone, it just happened. But I'm awfully glad I started in with houses instead of cows."

Hope, O Brother!

Hope, O Brother, though time be long.
And turmoil and strife enshroud the earth;
For out of the chaos and woe and wrong,
Freedom, O Brother, shall come to birth.

Work, O Brother, for work shall yield
A boon to the coming race of men;
And the sceptres the tyrant rulers wield
Shall never oppress the world again.

Clasp, O Brothers, your toil worn hands;
Union of hearts is a thing divine,
And Brotherhood's service, uniting all lands,
Is the noblest work in the world's design.

—Marguerite Head.

Lumber---Llano's New

OCTOBER Twenty-first, Nineteen Sixteen, will be a memorable day for Llano. The first load of logs arrived from the timber reserve on that date.

For months everything in the shape of building has hinged upon lumber. To buy lumber in the open market is an expensive proposition and in the end means a dead loss, while producing lumber from our own preserve, at one cost, is a winning one.

The work of housing has been held back awaiting the arrival of timber from the mountains. There is hardly anything one can think of along constructive lines but requires lumber.

Now that logs are regularly arriving from the Jackson Lake region, twelve miles distant, building will boom and the work of caring for the many eager people who wish to become permanent members here, and who have on account of inadequate housing refrained from joining, will begin.

It is safe to say that one of the things that retarded progress in the Colony more than any other single factor, has been the housing problem. Many comrades have come and looked us over and expressed satisfaction with everything, but have been unwilling to bring their families in until better houses were assured. With this situation taken care of, there is no doubt now that these same comrades will return to stay.

Women like to be comfortable. So do men, but not in exactly the same way. The housewife needs a convenient and pleasant home. The man can put up with a lot of things that would get on the nerves of the wife. Creature comforts remain paramount and the necessity of providing for better living quarters is recognized as very important.

It is felt that with the arrival of the great pine logs to the saw mill the putting of our members in more comfortable homes is on the eve of accomplishment.

It is not the intention to start at once on the permanent homes. We hope to do this within a reasonable time. "Reasonable" means very soon. The necessity of getting the residents here in secure quarters is of prime importance. This can be done shortly, once the lumber is on the ground. It will not take long to erect satisfactory temporary homes.

It is to be hoped from now on that one of the big drawing cards will be good temporary homes for the colonist. This fact will be more gratifying to us than the satisfaction felt by the new member, for this problem has been wrestled with since the inception of the Colony, and figured on from every angle.

When The Logs Have Been Trimmed And Cut Into Lengths They Are Dragged To The Skids Along The Road And Piled Ready To Be Loaded On The Logging Trucks.

It doesn't take much to make people contented. Often a word settles the mind and makes for content. Frequently it is some physical comfort, good meals, for instance. However, one is certain of making people happy and contented who are given good, substantial homes.

The main desire of everyone is to get into cozy little temporary homes where they will be protected from the weather, here to await with security the development of the permanent city which will be the pride of the colonists.

Since the logs are arriving from the mountains, a trip to the logging camp will be interesting. Therefore, go with us to the higher altitudes and see what we find, and have a glimpse out over the great valley below.

The establishment of a logging camp near Jackson's Lake, which we have euphoniously renamed "Pine Lake" is a step

0,000 Industry

By Robert K. Williams

in the right direction and settled our minds very materially.

The Colony has secured a government timber concession, which ultimately means several million feet, twelve miles from the present site of Llano and built a road to it. This road is a fine piece of work and has added to the assets of the Colony more than sixteen thousand dollars. The road was completed within ten weeks, and all who have seen and passed over it say that it is a fine piece of engineering. The grade is gradual, not more than three per cent, and considering the many hills on the way, and the gulches and canyons to be negotiated, the work is most commendable.

The fact must not be lost sight of that colonists built the road. Not a dollar for outside labor was paid. The surveying was done by our own surveyor and the Colony teams and machinery did the grading. The foreman of the work was also a colonist. The road compares favorably with any built by the state that is not macadamized. The actual cash outlay is not at the moment at hand, but it is safe to say that it was ridiculously small. This is the result of co-operative labor and shows what can be done without money. Money, after all, in the final analysis is a figment, which sooner or later will be recognized the world over as such. One of the purposes of our co-operative effort is to show that labor precedes capital and to make our radical friends, and others, believe in the principles they so strongly advocate. This co-operative log road is a true example.

While subserving the most practical of uses, the road will prove to be a pleasure drive. It winds past the lime kiln, where we will stop and inspect the work being done there.

It is a curious fact that we are so accustomed to having things done and completed that the colonists refuse to enthuse over the lime kiln. While it is turning out the finest quality of lime, we accept it as a matter of fact.

Thus it is with regard to the logging road. The road is completed and we accept it as a thing always present. One must remember, in going over the ranch, that a great deal of labor has gone into just such assets. When we ride over the various roads of the ranch, we never think they were not always existent. The reason for mentioning this is that people visit us and ask why we haven't done so and so, or paid more attention to some specialty. A moment's reflection only is required to see that if we spent time on these specialties, general work would suffer.

From the lime kiln, we start on a gradual ascent and pass a little valley claim of an old homesteader. It looks cheerless and hopeless. We wonder at his nerve. Think of his going into the solitude years ago in an attempt to eke out an existence! The primal instinct of man seems to be to own something. To us this is the pitifulness of the system we are living under. It is to escape this needless and losing struggle that Llano's co-operative efforts are being heralded to the world.

Caldwell's Lake is next reached. It is a little body of water nestling in a small gouge of land, nearly 4500 feet above sea level. Docile animals feed on the succulent grasses covering its shores. Caldwell located this spot a long time ago and has done considerable development. Now that a road passes through his ranch, he is drawn nearer civilization. Caldwell appreciates the fact and a broad smile lights his face and we number him among our friends.

The road continues up and up, winding round delightful curves which apparently end at every turn. To the left stretches of plain can be seen shimmering in the dazzling sunlight, miles and miles away. Tree tops wave below us and a soughing sound comes from them. It is indeed, like looking over the ocean. To the north the Tehachapis serenely lie under the haze. The eastern San Bernardino hills, which are in reality mountains, glisten and scintillate with their covering of snow. Occasionally trains of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe can be seen crawling along forty and fifty miles away. The view from various points of the road is inspiring; it is a region of magnificent distances. Every lover of the grand and sublime can get a thrill from a trip over the logging road. One woman, after riding half an hour silently and observing intently vista after vista of beauty appearing and disappearing, distances dissolving mysteriously one after another, finally remarked that the scenery was "cute." Soon after the auto refused to go.

However, the road is not one of adjectives. It was suggested by the earnest editor that cash figures be given as to the value of the materials to be transported down its sloping reaches. After wearing out three pencils we are convinced that there are not enough pencils to compute the value correctly. At present we are paying $35 a thousand for lumber. Suppose we cut and transport a million feet of lumber. The pencil said $35,000, in cash. That is what it would cost us, plus transportation from Palmdale. The same amount of lumber from the hills above would cost, approximately, $11,000. Here the pencil wobbles. As a matter of cash, it won't cost us any such amount, due of course, to co-operative labor. A million feet of lumber would be worth at least $50,000 to us, but we don't figure that way. How much is it worth in use value? That's the test, after all. Some day the 'wets' and 'drys' and single taxers, Republicans and Democrats, will figure in the same way. The lumber costs $2 on the stump cash. The cost of maintaining the men, horses and machinery, in cash, is the only outlay required. What that will amount to is a matter for the bookkeepers to decide upon when several months have elapsed. However, there is no comparison between prices of the outside market and the cash cost here. It is all on our side—the co-operative side.

It might be mentioned that this timber reserve is not attractive to private concerns. It is too scattered and the cost of obtaining it would be too great. They could not

Llano has the only saw mill in Los Angeles County. Co-operation makes possible the utilizing of the timber of the San Gabriel Forest Reserve. There are no markets to find, no overhead expenses, no profits to pay. The Llano Co-operators can do collectively what others cannot.

compete with Oregon timber at all. However, we can and the results will be seen in buildings, and the many other things requiring lumber.

But to continue on this road. Presently we hear the crash of a tree and in a moment or two the swish of an axe disturbs the air and presently George Watkins and Emil Holmberg are seen exultingly gloating over another fallen monarch. Watkins and Holmberg are at the head of the logging crew and have done yeoman service. They have cut a great number of trees and trimmed them so that in many instances logs of 60 to 90 feet are obtained. Some of the pine logs butt 36 and 45 inches. They are cut into convenient lengths for hauling.

The trees are frequently 150 feet in height and when they fall a great noise is made. The trees are not thickly set as in some regions, but for Colony purposes are adequate. The forest ranger marks them and instructions are given to fell them in a certain way so that young standing timber be not injured.

Comrades G. F. Smith and Ed. Sweeney have been busy pulling the logs to the skids, convenient for loading. As a result of their labors, a great pile lay in readiness for the teams below. Smith and Sweeney have no watches. They haven't the slightest conception as to what constitutes a day. Daylight lasts long in the mountains.

The boys assure us that they will be able to fell all the timber needed to keep the log trucks busy.

Two six-horse teams have been used to transport the logs to the saw mill. Comrade B. J. Smith, who has charge of the saw mill and through whose efforts this fine machinery was brought here, has completed three log wagons in our own shop. They will eventually be attached to the caterpillar and made to convey great loads.

Housing has always been a problem. The opening of the new mill gives the colonist material to build houses and to house their products and live stock.

One man is kept busy on the log road patrolling it, watching for slides, chuck holes, etc., and especially after a heavy log wagon passes does he give it close attention. In this way the road will be kept in good repair so that hauling will be facilitated.

At the present time the road ends at the cook camp, which is about a mile from Jackson's or Pine Lake. A fairly good trail goes to these points of interest. A magnificent scenic highway could be made by continuing the road to San Bernardino. Unrivalled beauties can be brought to view in every canyon and mountain crest. The Sierra Madre range is attractive beyond description. Without a doubt the future will see a highway built by the state to add to the pleasure of its citizens.

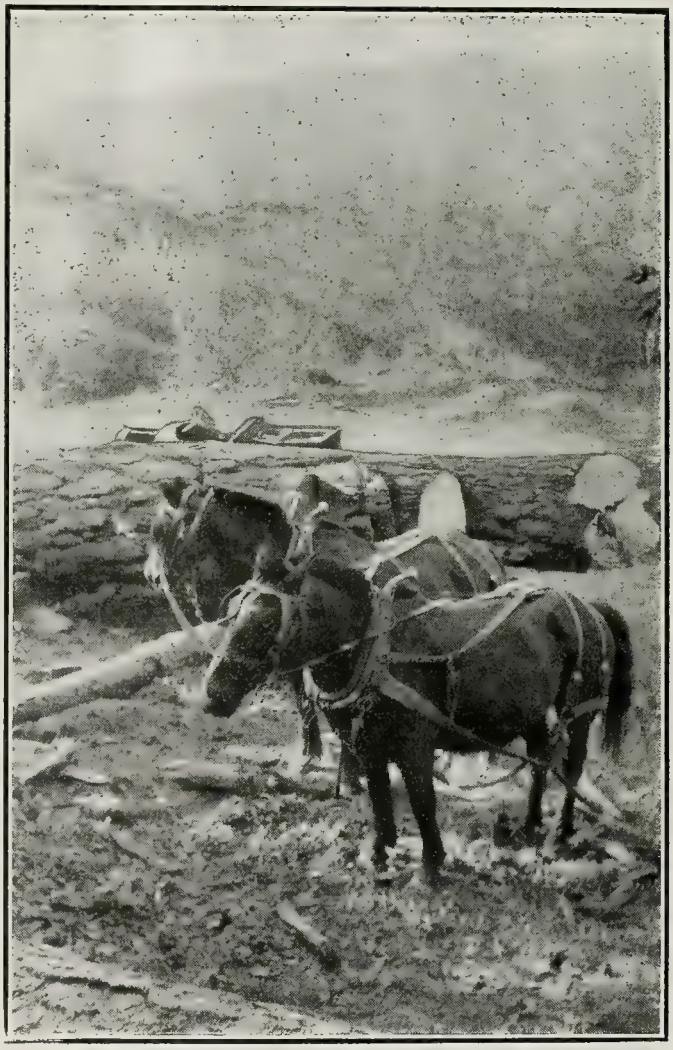
The saw mill, having a 30,000 foot capacity, is in readiness and only awaits steam to begin ripping the logs into boards. The pond, which is to hold the logs while waiting to be cut, is now being lined with cobbles and made seepage proof. The rock is ready and work will begin on this soon. However, the mill can run without this feature being completed. A big ditch has been dug from the Hubbard tract, across the townsite to the pond. This ditch will also be cobble-lined.

Logs will be lifted from the pond, freed from pebbles, etc., and placed on the carriage where they will be sawed into boards by the saw. The pond prevents the logs from warping and cracking, prevents worms from boring them; it also washes out the small stones that collect in the crevices of the bark.

B. J. Smith believes he will be able to complete two three-room temporary cottages a day in the yard of the mill. These will be built on skids and when finished the tractor can be attached and then drawn to wherever needed. In this way it is believed the wants of the Colony can be quickly supplied.

Now that the lumber industry is established and assurance given that more substantial homes will soon be under way, other industries will be discussed and planned. Lumbering will go on steadily and surely without exciting more than passing interest from Llanoites, who accept it as a fact and immediately look forward toward the next step in the realization of their dreams.

Our hopes are high. It is confidently expected that shortly we will be able to take the visitor over the ranch and if he is satisfied with the prospects shown, as assuredly he will be, give him a temporary abode, comfortable and pleasant, should he care to cast his lot with us in the greatest co-operative enterprise in the world.



Logs Are Dragged From Where They Are Felled, Horses Being Used For This Work. Opening Of The Lumber Industry Has Increased The Need For Teams.

Women and Politics

By Emma J. Wolfe

NOW that the battle is over, the tumult and shouting has ceased and the Captains, Kings and Queens have departed we may review the effect of a futile attempt to establish a sex solidarity in the Western suffrage states. No such solidarity was shown, or ever can be shown. "The Hughes' Special" is in one of the railroad yards and only the memory of the lavish expenditure and the notable trip remains for those who participated in this "cross country run" to line up the women of "the suffrage states" for one Charles Evans Hughes.

"The woman's part" is also a memory. It will go down in history as one of the factors used to try to blind the women who have the franchise to their own best interests. There seems to be no greater method for making the women think, and to act as they think, than to give them the right to exercise their franchise. The suffrage states did not crowd eagerly forward to elect a reactionary president. The time is right for the women to take a stand against militarism and war policies. In voting for Wilson they felt they had taken this stand. California has spoken, and the world held its breath to hear her speak. No more can the excuse makers say that it was a stay at home vote which elected Mr. Wilson. There was no stay at home vote. It was a vote of the great majority.

Many of the radical women even thought it right to cast a vote for a sure thing and voted for Mr. Wilson.

When the Hughes special came to the West, some of our most brilliant club women went to the state border to meet them, and travel with them through California and try to convine the women of this state that it was the duty of all women to stand together. We heard such phrases mouthed as "the solidarity of the women," "line up the women for the Anthony amendment. But they did not line up. One great reason that the women did not rally to this call and vote for a reactionary Republican is that the Republican party has never stood for the Anthony amendment or any other amendment which had for its object the giving to women the right to enfranchisement.

The eleventh hour statement of Mr. Hughes was that he would do personally all he could for Women's suffrage. What Mr. Hughes could have done would have been to have taken the trouble to go home to his own state and cast one small single vote for the women. Now history tells us that this gentleman never exerted himslf to vote for anything or anyone. But he might have had a change of heart. We are not saying that he did not.

But how about our Eastern women and the party they represent? Thousands of dollars raised to conduct a campaign for the most reactionary man that could have been put before the people of this nation.

There is a party which has always had in its platform the Anthony amendment and for all other conditions which would make women the equal of man in all walks of life. Why did not our wealthy Eastern friends come out and stand for this party if they were sincere in their statements that they would stand for the party which would have for its policy the granting of suffrage to women?

A stand of this sort would have brought to it women from all parties. Those who want all of the women to enjoy the privilege that we have in the West. And we-all do want all of the women to have a right to vote. But we are reminding our sisters in the East that we have had suffrage too long to be blinded by the clever poilticians at the last hour. There is no such thing as sex solidarity. We are not women and men, but just people. But by interpretation of some wise politicians the women have been barred from being people.

Suppose that the women had had the courage and strength to come out into the open and declare they would vote for the ticket which would promise to give them suffrage? Suppose a vote of three million had been rolled up for Benson and Kirkpatrick? Does anyone think for a minute that the suffrage amendment would not have gone through at the first hour of the first convening of Congress? There can be no greater incentive to our good representatives who keep an ear close to the ground than a big radical vote. They have to run ahead of the race. They must keep the people tolerably well satisfied. The protest vote is the vote which makes for progress.

There will never be sex solidarity. Class lines are drawn among women as among men. The law of economic determinism knows no distinctions. It is a hopeful sign, however, that the women of the suffrage states refused to be led. They are showing signs of progress. There will ever be a strong hope of appealing to the mother heart and any mass action that may come from women will be from some compelling emotional surge toward emancipation of humanity.

—o—

When Love Would Beg and Whine

By Warren McCulloch

War, why came you stalking back
To a welcome so scant as ours?
We have taught our children to hate you,
As to love the fields and flowers.

"I came for a parcel I had left
To Mad Attilla's grace.
There, too, is the spite of your children,
Which no fields and flowers can efface.

"Think you to block my path with spite?
Oh, pity for thoughts like thine!
The doctrine of Hatred is sure as Fate,
When Love would beg and whine!—

"The whining love that covets
A neighbor's lands and wine—
The whining love that seeks for more
When enough and to spare is thine.

"For dove-white words a blighting scourge,
When the stream beneath runs red.
For blending the blood of such peoples
Takes water and soil—and lead.

"So I come with my old, old message,
Bringing no corn, no wine;
Teaching my doctrine of hatred—
When your love would beg and whine!"

Nutrition—The Food We Eat

By Dr. John Dequer

THE processes of nutrition in the light we propose to consider it is the method by which the daily decay of tissues and fluids of the body is compensated by the appropriation of new matter.

In this process many of our bodily functions are active. Circulation, respiration, alimentation, digestion, absorption and secretion all play a prominent part. Man is to a large extent but a machine for converting stimuli into reactions, as London suggests.

Before the phenomena of nutrition our most learned savants stand in awe. The reason for the fact that each part of the body from the complex mechanism of the brain to the extra vascular tissue such as hair take their respective nutriment from the blood are but indefinitely known.

One thing, however, is certain, that is, the blood contains all the elements needed to build the tissues of the body. The blood receives these principles from the food we eat. The substance required by each tissue are brought to it through the medium of the circulation, and oxygen, which is indispensable to the manifestation of life, is introduced through the act of respiration. The blood being constantly depleted of its substance through the demand made on it by the tissues, takes on fresh material from the food eaten. To render the substance taken from the food adaptable to the needs of the body certain secretions are required. These are produced in the various glands. Every function of our body practically is engaged in the work of assimilating food or excreting effete matter. The effete matter thrown off from our bodies is taken up by the vegetable kingdom; thus nature maintains an equilibrium between her two great departments.

The why of these phenomena may forever baffle the mind of man. It is on a par with the speculation about the soul. It is a problem that reaches into the infinite.

Flint says: "The giving of a new name to organic matter without any addition to its physiological history does not advance our definite knowledge. For example, it has been known that certain nitrogenized constituents of the organisms classed collectively as organic principles, seem to give to the tissues their property of self-regeneration and development. It may seem to those not engaged in scientific inquiry that a recital of the wonderful properties of 'protoplasm' affords some additional information concerning the vital phenomena in organized bodies; but the true definition of the term leads us back to our former ideas of the so-called vital properties of organic matter."

Clodd says in substance: "We cannot analyze protoplasm, for to analyze it means to destroy it, and when destroyed it is no longer protoplasm." Thus the basis of life is shrouded in mystery and the substance of this mystery is closely associated with the action of nitrogenous substance.

This substance must be continually fed from the animal or vegetable kingdom. The whole problem of life without exception is one of nutrition. We may study life from any angle we please, whether as an effect of chemical action or as a principle in nature, nutrition must be dealt with.

Let us study the fertilized ovum. Here life seems to be a principle enclosed with a wonderful power of attracting to itself needed substance for its unfoldment, from a little microscopic globule of but slightly differentiated parts to a highly differentiated organism, an organism that develops in a definite time, a definite structure of parts, and has within itself the power to perpetuate its species.

It would be interesting to discuss Wiesman's theory of the germ-plasm, Virchow and cellular pathology, Alexis Carroll. and "Tissue culture in media," and many other men and their discoveries, but we have not the space. We can only point out the vast importance of nutrition to the wonderful mechanism of our bodies, so that we may learn to aid, instead of hinder, in its sublime function.

The process of nutrition begins with the taking of food into the system, and continues until it is excreted, in the forms of urine, faeces, and perspiration. Many substances pass from the body in the same form in which they were taken into it. From this it must not be inferred that they have been useless to the body. Our organism needs common salt in the process of absorption, as salt has a strong affinity for water, while part of its chlorine becomes a constituent of every body tissue. Chlorides are so intimately associated with nitrogenous substances that they cannot be completely separated without burning, and, as we have seen earlier in this article, the nitrogenous substances are a part of our very vital properties (protoplasm). Salt is freely thrown off by the kidneys, skin and tear glands when it is superabundant in the tissues. Nature takes only as much of the substance as it can use, and endeavors to regulate the quantity as much as possible.

In the processes of nutrition some elements pass into, and some pass through, the tissues. For instance, we find in the body a variety of gases: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carburretted hydrogen, and sulphurretted hydrogen. Of these oxygen alone is absolutely essential to the process of life. The others are more or less non-essential. They pass through the system, but do not become, strictly speaking, a part of it. These gases are formed in the union of various elements and have but an occasional function. To discuss this here would make this article much too technical.

Water is taken into the system as drink, and with all kinds of food. It becomes a part of every tissue. It is also formed independently in the body through the union of oxygen and hydrogen. When we speak of water being present in every tissue, we do not mean that it is present as in a sponge, but that its elements enter into the make up of the tissues. In a former article we treated of water and its functions in our bodies. Let us repeat. Water dissolves, cleanses and carries nutrition in the body. Further, it gives elasticity to the cartilages; to tendons, their pliability and toughness; and to the bones their resistance. To waste matter it acts as a solvent.

Next to oxygen and water, the body needs common salt. It is a principle constantly asscoiated with life, existing even in the ovum. It exists, more or less, in all fluids and solids in the body, except the enamel of the teeth. Professor Loeb contends that the salts of sodium, potassium and lime enter into the protective membrane of the cell—a process which he calls "tanning"— and that any marked departure from the normal ratio of these salts in the blood is followed by a more or less rapid degeneration of the protoplasm. Common salt has for its chief function the regulation of moisture in the system, and any disturbance in the chain of salt molecules in the circulation gives rise to pathological conditions of the tissues. These become inclined to watery exudations and swellings. The patient may crave salt, and take it in large quantities—and yet the body may not be able to assimliate it. In these conditions, Dr. Schuessler advises the administration of salt in highly dilute form, so as to have it taken up

(Continued on Page 28)

Education for Real Life

WHAT is the object that we have in mind when we force the children, all the children, to spend the greater part of what should be the happiest period of their lives in school. The parents' point of view is that they are preparing them for the battle of life, and they have been trained to believe that the more schooling they can get the more advantageous their future position in life will be. Besides this, they believe that the discipline and training in self-restraint involved in the handling of children in large groups, is beneficial to them. Incidentally to the average American mother, who does the housework and sewing for the family, cooks three meals a day and looks after their amusement and nurses them in sickness, the only thing that keeps her from going quite mad with the strain, is that for part of the day at least they are in school and presumably out of mischief. This in itself would be a sufficient reason for sending them there. The parents who have any idea of culture in their mind are quite rare.

The general public, the taxpayers, have before them almost solely the idea of efficiency; the children must be trained to be useful citizens.

When, however, we get away from the child as he relates to his parents, or to the taxpayer, and consider things purely from the child's point of view, you have a very different situation. The child is supposed, as per the Declaration of Independence, to have the right to the pursuit of happiness. The greatest happiness in life is to exercise our highest powers to the fullest extent. It is this instinct that gives the tale of adventure its universal appeal. The hero is doing what we all long to do. He has broken away from the dull routine of little duties, has thrown aside the little habitual cautions—imagine a hero concerned lest he should wet his feet!—and has thrown himself wholeheartedly into the achievement of the impossible. If he succeeds he will have great applause, which will mean little to him, because the memory that he once achieved the ultimate expression of his being will be the real reward, and the real triumph. If he fails, this real reward will still be his, and no after suffering can take it from him.

It is to the opportunity of the exercise of his highest faculties that a child has the right. We are not justified in starting with the idea that perhaps his parents were hum-drum vulgar folk and that he must follow in their steps. Every child is something entirely new that has just begun to happen. What is it? That is the great question. How can we clear the road so that this wonderful thing can have free scope.

Our public schools will teach him how not to starve to death, how to keep out of jail, to still his imagination and forget his birthright of happiness, to be bored to extinction and never, never, to wake up. Is this the only end to the miracle of being?

What does the child really need? He rarely gets anything worth while from books. He needs the constant society of charming, capable, and cultivated ladies and gentlemen. They must be charming that he may follow them eagerly and enthusiastically.

And is there any more delightful service in the world than to lead a group of enthusiastic young people to develop whatever ability they may have latent in their innermost being, and which you alone can draw forth? In the early days of New England, the schoolmaster was the acknowledged leader in the community. The schoolteacher now not only does not lead but is not admitted as an equal in the "best society." This is because this commercial age offers all its prizes to those who have the art of accumulating money, and the people of ability are irresistibly drawn into the "struggle for wealth." But the children who grow up in constant contact with inferior minds are handicapped from the first to a degree for which no later conditions can compensate.

But it must be personal association in small groups. The mass instruction forced upon us by the economic pressure, which is perhaps more disastrous to the community in this form than in any other, deteriorates society in the very springs of its being, by crushing out the vitality of the children. But the privilege of daily living in close touch with a high minded and highly trained personality—that is education in its highest aspect. Such a person will brush aside and eliminate the endless grind of trivialities with which we cumber and obfuscate our souls and lead the child to the conquest of the higher planes on which his youthful enthusiasms will establish themselves in fertile soil. As for the routine work—if a child always hears good English he will not know of any other way to speak. If he always hears bad English no amount of grammar work will affect his daily speech. If his parents are careless, after twelve years of schooling he will use double negatives and say "I done."

The normal way for a child to get information is to listen to his elders discussing the problems of the day, and referring him to the best sources of information as occasion offers, and to do the necessary work of the community with the men and women who are especially trained to perform those tasks. However, merely being a good workman does not qualify a man to teach a child. He must be capable, that the child may imitate the ease and skill with which he accomplishes things, but he should also have charm and culture. If the child is not interested in him no real results will be attained, and if, while he is teaching the child how to plane a board he is also teaching him to say "that there tool ain't got no edge," the child has gone a long step backward instead of forward.

For in no other thing is the happiness of the child involved as much as in this question of language. Pure English will admit him into the society of people who live the intellectual life; bad grammar will force him to content himself with the society of the ignorant and undeveloped members of the community. Nothing is so hard to overcome as careless habits of speech, and nothing will cut you off so definitely from the higher forms of enjoyment. English first, last, and all the time is the only safe rule to follow.

All the really essential features of education can be acquired by association with cultured people who are doing the work of the community, except higher mathematics and professional training. A child need never spend an hour at a desk if from babyhood he has had these advantages. But this form of education presupposes a Socialist community. In society as generally organized, the cultured people pride themselves on never doing any useful work and fill their lives up with the endless entanglements of selfishness and vanity which make their existence a detriment to the community. Such examples of culture would be the last people to whom children should be entrusted, and they themselves would be the last people to volunteer for such a service of love.

But they who believe in Brotherhood, what greater joy could they have than to set the golden age of youth triumphantly on its way to high accomplishment?

Plowing

By Oliver Zornes

THERE has been considerable said about plowing but too much can never be said. It is practiced more than any other form of cultivation, but at the present day few farmers know its real value. Plowing is an art of its own. Throughout the world plowing is being done for many different crops, and in many different climates.

In many places fall plowing is practiced, for the purpose of conserving the moisture that falls during the winter months. Many plow indiscriminately, thinking that if the ground is plowed, that is all that is necessary.

There are three methods of turning the furrow slice, and the study of these is important. The flat furrow slice, which is completely turned over and lies flat in the preceding furrow, is used mostly in covering trash, weeds and anything that might hinder cultivation. Little thought is given as to whether this method is beneficial or not. The furrow slice is not well pulverized, and lies so close to the ground that the air is not able to circulate through it, and this is the chief object of plowing.

The lap furrow slice is one that laps the preceding one. The soil is lapped and left standing on edge, which tends to pulverize it more and leave larger air spaces, in which oxidation may take place.

The third method is the inverted furrow slice, which does not lap, but is turned on edge. It is more pulverized than the lap, but leaves ridges in the field.

Plowing mixes and pulverizes the soil particles, thus making chemical union more pronounced. It also loosens it so as to permit of a freer circulation of air, which comprises seventy-five per cent of plant and animal life. It acts as a mulch to conserve moisture that may fall.

Different depths of plowing are practiced for different crops, but one should not, at any time, turn up a large amount of the soil that has not been exposed to the air. That is, plow but little deeper than you did last year, for the reason that it takes time for the plant food to become available in such soil.

Deep plowing is usually practiced in the cultivation of deep rooted plants, and shallow plowing on shallow rooted ones. This is because moisture content is usually low in loose soil, and the short roots cannot reach the more compact soil. By deep plowing root systems are forced down, thus protecting them from the drying weather and allowing for a deep mulch, which conserves the moisture and holds the water table more uniform. Deep plowing is practiced is orcharding; shallow plowing in the growing of onions. A common practice is to plow for seeding onions in the fall, thus allowing the soil to settle, and follow by harrowing in the spring. This raises the water table, and holds the moisture nearer the surface. There are many other crops that might be mentioned, and it is to the interest of every former to study this question more thoroughly. Ofttimes it has paid to plow as many as three or four times for one crop.

Irrigation of Alfalfa

By Wesley Zornes

THE most important factor to be considered in the care of alfalfa is its irrigation.

The proper moisture content coupled with our warm days and nights makes the production of alfalfa one of Llano's greatest assets.

This year we have harvested seven crops of hay. This cannot be excelled anywhere. The water was handled in a manner to give each crop as good a start as possible.

Under the direction of Comrade Kennedy, our alfalfa fields were irrigated last winter. This was intended to supplement our winter rainfall which is not abundant. The filling of the subsoil when water is abundant is economical, and has resulted in a saving of at least ten per cent on our summer irrigation. Winter irrigation, if practiced with care, is good; but on the other hand, if overdone, can result only in harm to the succeeding year's crops.

Soil leaching is a common practice among irrigators. The available mineral plant foods of the soil are soluable in water and may be carried off into the subsoil where the plants can not use it if excessive irrigation is practiced. A leached soil is evidenced by thinner and weaker stands. A lack of vitality is noticed in the plants and each succeeding crop becomes less and less in quantity. The remedy is temperance in the use of water and thorough cultivation. One winter irrigation in Llano should be enough, after which the soil should be thoroughly pulverized for the next year's crops.

Cultivated soils are more retentive of soil moisture, hence less leaching takes place.

Some farmers are too conscientious about breaking up the crowns. Go into the field and stir it as if desirous of destruction, and the ideal condition will be more nearly reached. Breaking of the crown simply causes more to form, increasing the stand. We cannot over-estimate the value of cultivation of alfalfa in its irrigation. If a system of cultivation could be adopted after each irrigation, it is safe to say the crop would be increased and the amount of water used would be lessened. On some Arizona farms, this is practiced with success. Its practicability is yet to be demonstrated on a large scale.

A common practice is to renew leached and run-out fields by plowing and planting to some other crop for a few years. A system of rotation may be practiced, such as alfalfa, beets, some cereal, and then planting to alfalfa again.

The time of irrigation can only be determined by close observation on the part of the irrigator. In Llano two irrigations suffice for a crop; one just before and one just after cutting. The irrigation before cutting is to start the basal shoots of the next crop.

Well irrigated alfalfa should have a bright green color. When the leaves turn a dark green the water should be applied. Irrigating too early in the spring is a common error. Evaporation by frequent cold winds keeps the soil cold and unfit for plant growth.

Irrigation and cultivation must go on together. Apply moisture when the plants need it, not before. Apply water when the sun shines. Early irrigation has a tendency to hold back plant growth.

Water and sunshine are the determining factors in plant growth. Llano is blessed with a perpetual right to both. Llano is destined to become one of the greatest agricultural sections in California. We have the soil; we have the climate; we have the water.

Growing Toward Co-operation

By Clinton Bancroft

THERE are many living today who can remember the beginning made by some individual in business or industry in a small way which has developed into a monopoly of that industry against which an individual operator can not successfully compete with the means and machinery at his command—a flouring mill, an oil well, a coal mine, a cotton gin, an elevator—opportunity to repeat these achievements seems to have vanished. But is must be remembered that the individual has not accomplished all this by himself. He may have been the sole owner, but from the first he began forming combinations with others—partnerships, companies, corporations, syndicates, trusts—all founded upon the principle of combination and co-operation among the owners of the property and medium of exchange. It was not called co-operation, however. These combinations, then, from first to last, engaged labor to operate the industrial machine so organized, allowing labor a share much less than was produced, one of the reasons for which was alleged to be that as the workers owned no machinery their share of the joint product of labor and the machine should not exceed what they could produce by hand without machinery, and the surplus above such share being credited to the machine should belong to the owners of the machine. Thus at the beginning of social production injustice ruled where co-operative distribution should have been established.

And labor accepted that philosophy (not always without protest, however), but the individual always cherishing the hope that he might some day become the owner of a machine and himself, in turn, an exploiter of his fellow workers. Here lies the secret of industrial power—combination, ownership of machinery, and labor exploitation. And so, while machinery has been constantly and progressively improved by labor itself, and the powers of nature made to operate it so that the output has been mulitplied many times, labor's share has not kept pace with such improvements and increases of the product but practically remains at what it was at first, just what it could produce by hand without a machine or with the crudest of tools.

Each of these successive combinations was larger and more powerful than its predecessor out of which it had been developed, and each represented a stage in the growth and succession of industrial ownership. Each combination prepared the industry it operated for the next stage in the succession of private ownership and control, but none of them realized that the immutable law of industrial evolution would eventually demand another transition from the highest stage of private ownership which they could attain, to one higher than they could control or operate successfully with justice to the people, one that would be much better for all the people—the stage of public ownership.

And so industrial co-operators may take a lesson from capital ownership, which, however, was not intended to be a lesson to them, that the preparation of industries for public ownership should be the purpose and final object of all industrial organization; it is the final stage in the succession of ownership as far as the future of industrial organization can be foreshown today. And wherever a majority of the voters of a community by their negative attitude and conservatism refuse public credit and supervision in the construction and operation of industries, the minority should in their private capacity initiate a movement through a private association organized with that declared object in view, and construct and operate such industries as are adapted to the locality and conditions and requirements of the community interested until the consent of the necessary majority is regularly gained upon the question of public ownership and operation of such industries so prepared. Such public consent may not be gained through political action in ten years or in twenty years after the industry is organized by the private co-operative association; but if its operation results in a just distribution of the product to the labor employed, and is satisfactory to its patrons, whether the legal title were vested in the private association or in the public would make but little difference.

But the reader must not misunderstand this proposition of preparing industries for public ownership. It is not meant by this that the people should undertake to duplicate public utilities of any character of great producing or manufacturing industries. Wherever an industry (be it public utility or private producing industry) has destroyed lawful competition and become a practical monopoly, wherever such operation and management has become despotic and contemptuous of the law and its service unsatisfactory, its charges oppressive and its profits excessive, it may be said that it is as thoroughly prepared for public ownership and operation as private, associated effort is capable of preparing it; equally as much so as though its organization had originally been effected with that object clearly and consciously in view by its owners. Many industries have now reached that stage in the succession of ownership (it is the capitalistic ideal), so clearly so that their operation and control by the public has now become an imperative necessity to industrial peace.

As already stated, opportunity for the workers to engage in business or industry independent of and in competition with the great industries already established, seems to have faded away. But not so. Opportunity for the individual to repeat the former achievements of the small private owner, or to exploit labor for profit is very much restricted; but let individual workers combine their means and labor power and establish co-operative groups and search for them, and they will find opportunities present on every side. The first stage in the old succession of private ownership has been found to be too slow, unsatisfactory and wasteful. The individual is being effaced in the private ownership of industries by combination; and henceforth, the organization of labor-employing industries is to begin with the co-operative group or unit. It is the steam roller of evolution eliminating individualism from the industrial organism and introducing social labor (socialism) in its place. It is in perfect harmony with the law of industrial economy—the elimination of waste and inefficiency.

Then let the object of co-operative organization be to prepare industries for public ownership, and opportunities and their rewards will be forthcoming. They are everywhere. That is what the private capitalists are unconsciously doing today, as shown, but with a different object in view on their part. They would make private ownership and labor exploitation for profit a permanent institution. They are satisfied with the present economic order and would stop where they are. But like the herd driven to the brink of the precipice by the wolves of want behind them, they must "keep moving." The deep sea of co-operation lies before them and the devil of industrial conflict behind. They hesitate to make the fatal plunge; but they can not turn back, and they can not stand still.

Co-operation and Printing

By George E. Cantrell

AMONG the industries of Llano, not the least important is its printshop. Insignificant indeed is the community of today without a printshop and its products.

Printing is truly an art. A printer without artistic tastes is in the wrong pew. Although it is but twenty years since the printer was known as the prize booze fighter amongst the workers, this does not, however, exclude him from artistic claims. He has always been an artist, and it is only with the advent of huge printing plants that he is delevoping into an automaton.

Printing for profit has embraced the efficiency bug which makes but little allowance for the individuality of the printer. Performing the same work continuously day after day is not conducive to artistic ideals.

The individuality of the printer should not be throttled by a consideration of an alleged efficiency system which often means "more profits." The foreman is often appointed for his ability to drive rather than for his knowledge or experience. He may be unartistic and his men must lower their standard to a level which meets his approval. They can not use their judgment nor introduce individuality in their work. It does not pay. Profit is the first and ultimate cause in the printshop of today.

Llano's printshop, as with all of its industries, will be different. As it grows in size and importance, it will also improve in the quality of its product. As against the modern sweat-shop methods of efficiency, the co-operation of its employes will surely prove of value and will encourage art in printing.

Printing for profit is the slogan for a Printers' Board of Trade, an organizations of printshop owners. The elimination of the profit system will revolutionize the industry. While profit is the chief consideration in the printshop of today, a day will dawn when the art in printing will be the paramount ambition.

Remove the customs and agencies which bind and stifle the free play of individual tastes—the profit system with its time limits, the driving boss, the so-called efficiency system—and what a change will be observed.

Llano's workers are not time servers. The fascination of the art in printing will keep the printer to his task, thus producing efficiency. The fact that each man shall judge his own product will inspire quality in the work, for what artist would produce that which he could not admire in the work of his neighbor?

With the more liberal application of the new and beautiful processes, the individual expression of the printer will mould itself for the encouragement of art in printing.

Co-operation in the printshop will be a factor in the development of individuality. How can co-operation be obtained? By equality of opportunity and responsibility, and the common interest of the workers. It is the only way.

Llano's co-operative system provides the way.

Never Trouble Trouble

By Robert K. Williams

VEXATIONS and annoyances come to all of us. In the final analysis most of them are petty and trivial. If we allow ourselves to be put out and disturbed over some foolish remark a nervous condition ensues that destroys the mind for hours.

Often it seems that vexations are designed to test strength and character. They are in our road daily. Every word is subject to misinterpretation, and every action an object of suspicion. When a statement is repeated four or five times the sponsor of the thought wouldn't recognize it. An action seen from a distance becomes distorted and bears a false relation to the mental impulse when seen by eyes of callous doubt. To be doubted when your speech and action is true and noble vexes the spirit and tests the sweetness of character.

But don't worry. Explanation is so difficult and leaves the explainer in a more doubtful position than before. Leave it to understanding and time. Time rights all conditions, levels all inequalities and stills every tongue.

When you are vexed, say to yourself that you cannot afford to worry as you must reserve your strength for real troubles.

You are told people are gossiping about you. What odds? It can no more harm the real self than a flea bite. Gossip is only for unoccupied minds—it shows a lack of interest in affairs of moment. Gossip is born of envy and suspicion, and hurts the one who indulges in it more than the subject.

Self control to most of us is simply a phrase, like the old adage "know thyself." If we allow small things to annoy us, where is the control? Your coffee is weak, your cakes are underdone, your seed didn't grow. Will it be rectified by fuming and fretting about it? The thing is done; it is a fact, therefore adapt yourself to conditions and strive to better them.

Things can get only so bad. When you get sick, you get sick enough to die, or you get well. It is useless to fret one way or the other.

Worry over vexations leads to more worry and vexations. Vexations are handed you from every angle of life, and the finest paths have thorns here and there. Avoid them by ignoring their presence.

A man loses in efficiency and degrades himself who thinks much over trivial vexations. When one consumes his working power in recrimination the job remains undone, and the individual as well as society receives a setback and a shock.

Logically reason an action and weigh a word before forming judgment. Get the other's viewpoint. He may have something different in his mind.

"Remember" says H. Addington Bruce, "that by letting our minds dwell on petty troubles, we distract our attention from the important things with which we ought to be occupied—the duties and tasks, the responsibilities and opportunities of our daily life.

"Consequently no man who lets trivialities annoy him need expect to maintain a high level of working power for any length of time.

"That is to say, a surrender to the trivial involves a handicap on efficiency as well as on character.

"Everybody wants to succeed, everybody wants to be happy, everybody wants to be strong. These are laudable desires, all of which the little mishaps of existence can frustrate—if we allow them to.

"Mastering them by ignoring them, we shall find ourselves speeding more swiftly to the goal of our desires. Test this statement for yourself without delay."

Canada Bars Pearson's

ALTHOUGH no specific reasons are given. Pearson's Magazine has been barred from Canada by the Chief Press Censor of that country. The only article in the November issue of the magazine that could have been objectionable from a British viewpoint was that by Miss Connolly, daughter of James Connolly, the Irish revolutionist, who was taken from a hospital and shot. In Miss Connolly's article it was said that a British officer tortured and terrorized a fifteen year old Irish girl, Molly McLoughlin, by pretending to shoot her as a spy.

The only editorial comment that might prove objectionable to the Canadian government is contained in the October issue, in reference to the starving people in Poland. The editorial said: "These unfortunate people have been harried and ravaged by the Cossacks and starved by the English blockade, so that half a million of women and children, it is estimated, have perished of hunger. Little boys and girls have been found who have gnawed their own arms."

Harris' Appeal

Frank Harris, the editor, added an appeal to President Wilson, asking England to permit America to extend Poland such relief as was being afforded Belgium.

The article concludes as follows:

"The British," he wrote, "will not allow American supplies to pass to the starving Poles save under conditions much more onerous than those applying to Belgian relief. This crime against humanity is, perhaps, the blackest in the whole war."

"In other words," concludes the statement, "to speak on behalf of suffering women and children is a crime in the eyes of the Canadian Government, and an American's appeal to his own government in the cause of humanity is boycotted."

Following is the letter sent to Pearson's by the Chief Press Censor for Canada:

> Your telegram to Postmaster General referred to me. Pearson's Magazine forbidden circulation in Canada because it published communications and reports concerning the operations of the present war and the movements of the forces of His Majesty and of His Majesty's allies, and commented upon the policy of the government of a neutral state, such communications and reports being likely to cause disaffection to His Majesty, to prevent, hinder or interfere with the success of the allied forces by land or sea and to prejudice His Majesty's relations with a foreign state or otherwise assist or encourage the enemy, and to prevent, embarass or hinder the successful prosecution of the war. As to failing to give you warning, I do not presume to dictate to publications printed in foreign countries.
>
> ERNEST J. CHAMBERS
> Chief Press Censor for Canada.

Reply from Pearson's

The following letter was sent in reply by the Pearson Publishing Company:

October 28, 1916.

Mr. Ernest J. Chambers, Chief Press Censor for Canada.
Ottawa, Canada.

Dear Sir—I have your wire advising us why Pearson's Magazine has been excluded from the Canadian post. I thank you for your very prompt response and I wish to express the regret of all connected with this magazine that this action has been taken by your government.

The people of the United States hold a variety of opinions concerning the European war, depending on previous racial birth, ulterior financial interests and the propaganda of the so-called capitalist press. Our financiers and munition manufacturers have profited immensely by the war, and, inasmuch as this profit has come directly from sales of munitions and supplies to the allies and by loans to the allied governments, the ultra-capitalist interests of the country are in consequence pro-ally. The big daily papers are either owned by these same capitalist interests or effectually controlled so that our daily food in the way of news and propaganda has all been favorable to the allies. On the other hand, there is a pro-German party, backed by a German press and supported by a section of the English press, which is as violently pro-German. As a consequence, it has not been possible for our people to be neutral in thought.

Standpoint of Pearson's

Pearson's Magazine has discussed the war, but never from a political standpoint—purely an economic one. Our special writers have been instructed to keep all partisan bias out of their articles and to discuss the war only in relation to its economic phases. In the war articles which have appeared in our columns we have pointed out, among other things, that the German government has done more to make the life of its working class secure and comfortable than any other government in the world, and we have drawn the conclusion that this fact is responsible for the intense loyalty of the German working people to their government and their Fatherland. In other articles it has been pointed out that the government of England has done little to raise the standard of living of her working class, and that this was responsible for the lack of enthusiasm in the enlistment of the English class in the first year of the war. We have also pointed out that next to the German, the French government has excelled other countries of Europe in safeguarding the economic interest of its working class, with the consequent loyalty of the French working people to their government.

When the Irish rebellion came and those who had participated in it were so brutally dealt with by the English government, it gave a moral shock to the people of the United States —a shock which would have been greater had not the capitalist press of America suppressed the gruesome details.

Americans do not and cannot forget that we have erected a monument at Bunker Hill to commemorate the deeds of men who did what the Irish people were trying to repeat at Dublin. Pearson's Magazine published some of the facts about the Irish revolution—facts which did not appear in the American press.

Years ago this magazine adopted this rule of editorial action concerning all matters of information:

First: Is it true?

Second: Is it important that our readers know it?

Your telegram assigning a reason for barring us from the Canadian post is a complex mass of verbiage which multiplies words and says nothing other than to convey the fact that we are barred from access to our Canadian readers. We therefore draw the conclusion that we have been barred out of Canada because we have told the truth, and the truth hurts. It has been hinted to us from other sources that our mailing privilege could be restored under certain conditions, but they are easy to guess: We can get back into Canada if we will agree to suppress the truth. This we will not agree to do. Therefore, we are fully prepared to face the fact that we are out of Canada until such time as the present rulers of Canada are no longer its rulers. Very truly yours,

THE PEARSON PUBLISHING CO.
A. W. RICKER.

—From the "New York Call."

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in October Magazines

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

The Heavens Through a Spectroscope.—Until 1885, astronomers could only measure the distance of fixed stars by triangulation. It was then discovered that the spectroscope not only showed what stars were composed of, but also their motion, if in the "line of sight," either towards you or away from you, by the displacement of the lines of the spectrum toward the violet or red. Dr. Adams has recently discovered a more effective way, by comparing their absolute brightness with their apparent brightness. Certain spectrum lines vary in importance with the absolute brightness. So close is this relation that the astronomer, when he sees the character of these particular lines can tell what the absolute brightness is. If then we know the apparent brightness of a star, and the absolute brightness as determined by these lines, the difference between them stated in miles instead of degrees of brightness, will represent the distance of the star form the earth. Adams has expressed this process by a numerical formula which he tested on all the stars whose distances were accurately known by tria•gulation, and found it well substantiated. This system can be applied to stars of extremely great distance, for which the method of triangulation absolutely fails. The new telescope on Mount Wilson has fifty square feet of light gathering surface, and this extraordinary increase of power should bring great results on these lines of investigation. The nebulae and sun spots also yield much information on processes of cosmic evolution. From birth to death we can watch the stars, for the spectroscope has opened the windows of heaven and we are learning to look through them at the universe as it is.—C. G. Abbott.

PEARSON'S

The Inside of the Pork Barrel.—The chairman of the Rivers and Harbors bill admitted that 60 per cent of it was bad, but though you could not bribe those Senators with millions, the threat of not being re-elected frightens them into supporting navigation according to the new definition "making the public funds flow like water into the pockets of the poor but deserving rich." Back of most of the projects is some form of Big Business like the Southern Water Power Combination, which is the chief beneficiary from these government improvements of boatless creeks. Mr. Frear, Senator Kenyon and a few others, appeal the case from a Congress drunk from extravagance, to a people sober, meditative and very discriminating.—Charles Edward Russell.

Shall the Government own the Munition Plants?—Government contracts are very profitable, so munition makers promote war scares to keep their plants busy. The munition makers provide the hillmen of India, and other tribes with the modern munitions with which to keep up border raids which cost England millions, and the chronic revolutionists of Spanish America contribute immense sums to this world trust. The threat of the armor plate makers to increase the price of their product by over $200 a ton if the government goes into the business, would be treated as treason if it came from organized labor. Only since commercialism became identified with war has it been demanded that human beings should give their all, while property should not only be free from requisition, but enjoy collossal benefits as well.—Frederic C. Howe.

The Story of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks.—Legislative progress for postal employees dates from the moment of their affiliation with organized labor. Since then their salaries have been regulated, they have an eight hour law, they have obtained liberty to organize for protection, (the men who achieved the first organization all lost their positions) and they come under the workmen's compensation act. Their organization now comprises 10,000 members. A postal employee is a highly trained specialist who can find no other employer if he loses a job. Their big fight now is for a hearing on appeal, before arbitrary dismissal cuts them off from their livelihood.—Frederick Monroe.

Saving Families From the Scrap Heap.—The mothers' pension law in Michigan is doing good work. After two years experience, its scope was greatly broadened. The expense is great, but a family kept together generally becomes self supporting; separated, each individual degenerates. It pays the state better to make the family efficient than to keep up asylums and prisons.—Franklin Harvey.

SCRIBNER'S

After Two Years of War.—The great war has brought confusion on previous judgments of national character and previous theory and experience in the art of war, but economic methods and financial machinery have changed portentously. The huge expenditure and huge borrowing are not without proportional precedent, but the relinquishment of the gold hoard of the French and German people, at the mere request of their governments, upsets completely the fundamental principle of old fashioned political economists, to whom self-interest was the only governing influence in the actions of communities as a whole. If they would have been amazed at this, the expedient known as "mobilizing securities" would have impressed them as something inconceivable. A month ago, the British Government placed a $250,000,000 loan in New York City, against which it pledged as collateral U. S. stocks and bonds, which it had forced out of the hands of the British investors, who were loath to let go, by a special war tax of two shillings on every pound. A third innovation has been the systematic taking over of railways and industries by all the nations involved. Also it is not at all certain that these new functions will be readily laid aside after the war.—Alexander Dana Noyes.

The Fallacy of the Short Cut in Art Education.—Memory training gives us parrots instead of citizens; the panacea of the period is self expression, but we must not forget the sacredness of our obligation to have something really worth expressing. Most of us know that teaching is not a put-in-and-take-out process, like banking or dentistry, and we can understand that a child is not a child if he is a jar. However, he cannot be left to his untutored choice. Day and night you safeguard him in his choices in the material world. How does it happen that you think it safe to give him a free hand in his spiritual choices. Neither young nor old can reject the expert in aesthetics. Our advertisements overtop our cathedrals. The world's art has had of late its staggering recoils, its incredibly futile choices. Almost the whole object of education should be to find out what one really and whole-heartedly likes and wants.—Adeline Adams.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Binocular Vision.—While insects have many eyes, the higher orders all have two eyes. Very few have binocular vision, that is, see the same object at the same time with both eyes. Even the dog centers but one eye upon the object of interest. Th evolutionists say that man himself has not yet fully learned this lesson. It is a rare thing to find two eyes exactly alike in one person, hence eye-strain, nervous headaches and a shirking of the effort to combine the images. To do so is to lose a large part of the satisfastion of normal human sight. Close one eye and glance out of the window and you will be amazed to see how flat the field of vision seems. By reason of the little separation of about two inches from center to center, a beholder possesses a parallax, whereby he exercises stereoscopic vision, and obtains a constant space perception of the objects contemplated, giving a comprehension of both their distance and their shape. Hence binocular vision should be insisted on, and the necessary optical aids obtained from a skilled oculist.—Frederick Campbell.

LITERARY DIGEST

The Negro Moving North.—The South revels in cheap negro labor as the basis of its prosperity, dwells upon the absence of negro labor unions, and exults that the negro protects the south from the hordes of foreigners. Now the negro is moving north by the million, and the south is considering legislative means to prevent this. If various sections and large interests begin to bid for the negro, he will rise in the wage scale, precisely as have the Hungarians and other races, who now get three dollars a day for unskilled labor. If the southern negro, finding social and political conditions intolerable, were able to migrate to the north, he would have in his hand a weapon as effective as any he could find in the ballot box. Thus the negro, a half century after emancipation, is today entering upon a new stage in his progress 'up from slavery.'—Editorial.

Our Future Hybrid Race.—The processes of extinction and fusion of races have been taking place in America's short history with such rapidity that they can actually be observed. The spread of man over the whole of the habitable earth and the development of communication are destroying isolation and are rapidly reducing the hindrances to the amalgamation of the races. It seems clear that there is destined to be but one race of mankind in time, a highly hybrid stock, about as homogeneous as the present European population. The resultant race will have a great variety of unit qualities to be manipulated in eugenic marriages. Can eugenics register in human betterment? Surely, if we will have it so. The ideal of a race wholesome in its innate character is so beautiful that it must win its way. Not a race of men that are decent because they are restrained

from following their natural bent, but a race whose natural quality is wholesome, who need not so much to restrain, as to develop themselves.—Editorial.

Our Trade Bursting its Jacket.—Goods from abroad are coming in greater volume than ever before. The world, with one hand tied by military activities, is doing as much work with the other hand as was formerly done with two hands. Workmen are doing more per hour, the retired have been summoned to employment, the leisure classes have ceased to be parasitic, women have taken up tasks and shown great competence—the army of the idle has disappeared. All these things have great bearings on post-war conditions. They suggest that when the armies are mustered out, there is not likely to be a long period of painful reconstruction. Man now has machines and has learned how to co-operate with his fellows. —Editorial.

THE FRA

The New Woman and Business.—The new woman remains a true woman, but she is going to insist on being a woman in more places, and more of the time and on a bigger scale than she has wanted to before. She is going to appropriate the streets and railway trains, hotels and city halls, and make a city as snug as a cottage. The touch that pulls any particular man together from the beginning of the world is going to be the touch that pulls all men together. Labor and Capital—those two grave, solemn, old he-fools—have blundered into nearly everything that is the matter with them today because the things any woman would think of in male human beings, the litttle big things a woman sees and plays on in human nature, have been passed over.—Gerald Stanley Lee.

ATLANTIC

The Criers of the Musical Shop.—"We catch glimpses of vast vistas where dissonance is king; slow iron twilight in which trail the enigmatic figures of another world; there are often more moons than one in the blood-red skies of his icy landscapes." "Cacophany rules, . . . this episode is repulsive in its aural cruelty . . . Often we cannot hear the music because of the score . . . Richard Strauss is the musical enchanter of our day . . . What a gorgeous, horrible color scheme is his. He has a taste for sour progressions, and every voice in his orchestral family is forced to sing impossible and wicked things." "The unsophisticated perceptions of children, half-witted human creatures and of animals . . . having rid himself of experience, of learning, of tradition . . . " Thus boast the musical critics of the day in books published by reputable houses. One was written by an Oxford professor. The remedy for this sort of thing is a sense of humor, and genuine culture can comfort itself with the fact that music cannot say these things. Emotion and imagery are not thought, and language alone can convey ideas.—Sherlock Bronson Gass.

Our Relations With Great Britain.—The liberal party in England has always been friendly to the United States, and in harmony with its ideals, but the present coalition government is controlled by the army and navy, the social castes which are hostile to all democratic ideas. The Liberal party accepts the modern thesis that International law rests on the consent of those interested, and not simply on the will of the mightiest. This rule was embodied in the declaration of London, and at the ouset of the war President Wilson suggested that all should accept this treaty at least for the duration of the war. The British cabinet however decided that there was to be no sea law, and the "scrap of paper" on which Britain promised fair play at sea, has been torn up. The doctrine that might makes right, which they pronounce immoral when their enemies apply it on land, somehow becomes justifiable for them at sea. The confiscation of bunker coal, the closing of the Suez canal, the blockading of neutral coasts, and interference with neutral mail, are all damaging to the interests of neutral nations, and profitable to British commerce. Great as are some of our "new fortunes," they are not to be compared with those that are piling up in the belligerent countries. The Censor does not allow the people of England to know these things. They think that the Germans are preventing us from sending relief to Poland, everyone else felt that this obstruction came primarily from London. They say "Oh, the neutrals, they have no reason to complain, they are getting rich." But the greatest prizes are going to the shipping companies, the coal owners, the bankers and the food speculators of Britain. It has been easier for us to remain neutral than it would have been if the English had kept their heads level and refrained from "hitting below the belt."—Arthur Bullard.

THE NATION

The End of the War and After.—The division of Europe into two sets of economically hostile nations will be opposed by the English instinct for fair play, humanity and uprightness, which has already found striking expression in the words of the President of the British Trades Union Congress, who spurns for the workingmen of Britain the attitude of those, who "some from sordid motives, others from a desire for revenge," look forward exultantly to "trade wars and tariff wars." "We, the working people, are not going to let it be supposed" he declared "that we countenanced our entry into this terrible war for the purpose of capturing German trade," and the declaration was enthusiastically applauded. Lord Bryce has also expressed the same idea. Many men in Great Britain, he says, have been anxiously considering the subject of the prevention of future wars. A trade war would prolong, would embitter afresh, those hatreds that ought to be allowed to die, and it assumes a continuance of those very things from which we expect our victory to deliver us once for all.—Editorial.

CURRENT HISTORY

A Silent Revolution in England.—The British are not a nation as the French are a nation because the revolution of social equality has never yet been made. The great mass of the nation are not fighting even now for an England which is themselves, but for an England which inherits noble traditions and fine qualities, but which is separated from them by the impalpable barrier of caste. This separation has been wonderfully bridged in the trenches. Life seems wider and more impersonal. Rank and caste count for less. All have suffered alike and all have served alike, and all have the same world to live in and repair. Social superiority and privilege must give way to common humanity and common sacrifice. —Editorial.

THE OUTLOOK

The South: Backward and Sectional or Progressive and National.—If the test of a section is "not where it stands, but how it is moving," the South is unmistakably progressive, and no section of America is more broadly national and patriotic. In a schoolroom in Dixie the pictures of Washington, Lincoln and Lee hang on the walls, and no Southerner regrets that we are in the Union and not in the confederacy. There is no section where commercialism and lust for money are less rampant, where the public service has been freer from graft and corruption, or where such notable progress has been made in grappling with the whiskey evil. North Carolina was the first state to establish a regular official department to help farmers in marketing their crops and the first to establish rural credit unions. As to negro lynchings, it is probable that there have been as many of these proportionally to the negro population, North as South. No Northern state has made more progress with regard to compulsory school attendance than the South has in the last five years.—Clarence Poe.

LITERARY DIGEST

The Coming Medical System.—Apparently Dr. Cabot is not alone among eminent medical authorities in believing that the downfall of the individual fee system is at hand, and that some kind of corporate regulation of health will succeed it. Health insurance is now compulsory under government auspices in Great Britain. How are physicians to be paid under the new system? The lodge system of so much per person per year is an encouragement to careless work. Payment per visit, while it affords more considerate care for the patient, has the disadvantage of being very costly. Another solution is the employment of salaried physicians. It will require earnest study to evolve an organization which will do no injury to the profession and will improve the medical service available to the American wage-earner.—Editorial.

WORLD'S WORK

Chemistry and Preparedness.—In some of our chemical industries the United States has only been able to deliver five per cent of its war orders; if we were at war ourselves we would be helpless. Even if we had the plants, one single act of an untrained employee might stop work for months and cause terrific disasters. The Germans, by developing their coal tar products established plants which could manufacture explosives in time of war. Nitric acid is of fundamental importance in war time and we get it from Chile. It is equally important as a fertilizer in time of peace and we can produce it by water power by the 'arc' or the cyanide process. What we need most is a trained army, trained to ideals of service worthy of this Republic. We have spoken enough of rights, let us speak of duties. Let each man and woman give at least one year's work to our Republic, and so earn the right to vote. They could develop great public works and great national resources and would be trained for efficient service in time of war.—L. H. Baekeland.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

Harnessing the Sun.—Mr. Shuman has erected a sun-power plant near Cairo, which raises water quickly to the boiling point. As water is heated the molecules vibrate faster and move in longer paths. The pressure of steam is due to millions on milions of infinitesimal molecules. At what temperature the molecules will fly off depends on the pressure to which the liquid is subjected. Mr. Shuman has designed an engine for he express purpose of utilizing steam at a low pressure as produced by the solar method.—Waldemar Kaempffert.

The Western Comrade

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year
Canadian Rate 75c a Year

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor.
FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.

Contributing Editors

ROBERT K. WILLIAMS — A. CONSTANCE AUSTIN
MILDRED G. BUXTON — DR. JOHN DEQUER
CLINTON BANCROFT — WESLEY ZORNES

ERNEST S. WOOSTER . . . . . Business Manager

In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain the right name is being changed.

VOL. IV NOVEMBER, 1916 No. 7

LLANO IS MONEY ORDER POST OFFICE

Many of our subscribers complain that Postmasters tell them that Llano is not a money order office. This is not true. Llano has been a money order office for months. Insist on having money orders issued to Llano, California.

The Food We Eat

Continued from page 20

by the tissues direct. Later in this series we will revert to this again, under the head of "food chemistry." There are two great classes of food that the student of life must carefully consider. They are the proticels (nitrogenous foods) and the carbo-hydrates. Nitrogen is a very active element. Dynamite is an instance in point. When we want to train men for great strength and endurance, such as the prize ring, we put them on a nitrogenous diet; in training athletes, starch, sugar, fats and liquids are avoided, while rare meat, eggs, stale bread and oatmeal gruel are freely given. Nitrogenous food gives strength; non-nitrogenous food gives weight and heat.

Therefore, in selecting a scientific diet, the bodily activity of the person should be taken into consideration. Fat, oils, sugars and starches are heat and weight producers. They may be given freely to lean people in low temperatures. To those who are inclined to be stout, lean meats, cheese, eggs, milk, stale bread, together with appropriate exercise, should be prescribed. But—whatever happens—do not become a diet crank, and worry your brain as to what to eat, and when. Guard yourself against over-indulgence at all times, and the result will be that, with an appropriate amount of exercise and cleanliness, you will be able to digest almost any kind of wholesome food. Nature is, after all, the wise physician, and when she warns us through pain that a substance is harmful, it is wisdom on our part to heed.

This department of the WESTERN COMRADE is at all times ready to answer any question with regard to health and the care of the body, confidentially to those who enclose a stamp for reply.

—o—

Most of the sickly sentimentalism about Americanism and stars and stripes is only the direct and ever apparent excuse for the protection of men and interests and measures that stand against everything that flag stands for.

—Dr. Preston Bradley.

Vitriol and Violets

What Readers Say About What They Read in The Western Comrade

To the Western Comrade and its Readers:

In your issue of October, 1916, you have an editorial by Comrade Harriman on surplus production and the present world war. The said article is so close to the substance of a statement I made in August, 1914, just after the war broke out, that I desire to repeat it to the readers of the COMRADE, coupled with a further statement I am now making in my present campaign.

I then stated, "If the war could only last 90 days that thereafter it could not be checked or stopped until it had exhausted the governments involved and levelled all of the thrones of Europe and cancelled all their public debts, and possibly all their private debts."

Then after our money lords loaned the $500,000,000 to the allies I revised the statement, adding, "And when the crash comes it will take down to ruin with it the whole financial system of the United States."

In that contingency America will be placed in the position that Comrade Harriman pictures the people of Europe would have been placed in "had they marched against their own governments in their palmy days of power, with all their resources conserved." And his forecast "death or galling slavery" will face us for solution with the possibility of a bloody holocaust as the central attraction of a theatrical staged on the Western continent. As soon as the election is over every citizen that desires to avoid that possibility must become a member of a closer and more compact political organization than this country has ever known heretofore. If not organized in peace we will spill blood in strife. The reaction hinted at by both of the capitalist political parties recognize this very possibility and capitalism is preparing to rule or ruin even though death and devastation spread their pall of darkness over the land. Will we, the advocates of peace, get organized to meet this contingency?

W. Penn Collins, Boulder, Colo.

What Our Mail Brings

Comrades:—

Sometime ago I received a copy of the WESTERN COMRADE, and after reading, I feel very much interested in the Llano Colony. While I am not at present in a position to take an active part with you, I would like to keep in touch with what you are doing, and know no better way to do so than to take the COMRADE, and the LLANO COLONIST. Will therefore enclose seventy-five cents, for a year's subscription.

Yours very truly, R. P——. Chico, Cal.

Mr. Robt. K. Williams, Llano, Cal.
Dear Comrade:—

While I was in Llano about two months ago in company with my brother and nephew, you asked me to write you personally regarding my impression of the Colony on my return.

I have had an opportunity to hear the other side of the question, but this has only strengthened my faith in the colony plan as the entering wedge which will eventually split asunder the capitalist system.

Of course, this might have been different had I not visited

Llano, and there seen what a comparatively small number of determined comrades have already accomplished.

Fraternally, W. F. K——, Nevada.

—o—

Walter Huggins, 4106 Gladys Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, who visited the Colony several months ago, finds that interest is keen in the Middle West. He receives many letters and is directing a number of interested persons toward Llano. Comrade Huggins is as enthusiastic as ever and is advertising the Colony extensively among those interested in co-operation.

—o—

Mrs P—— and I spent several days in the Llano del Rio Colony and found it to be far better than it was represented to us, though our daughter had visited Llano and had painted its picture in pretty strong colors to us.

The spirit is magnificent. Though the work day is supposed to be but eight hours, we found many of the men putting in many additional hours, though they received no credit and expected none. When a crew was desired to pick apples on a neighboring ranch on Sunday in order to save a portion of the crop, plenty of men responded; many more would have liked to have gone, but had the excellent excuse of having other necessary work to do. The work being done is inspiring, and co-operation as practised in Llano is the soundest business principle that I know anything about. I believe that the development will go ahead with far greater speed than if individuals were to attempt it. In fact, this is amply proven by the settlers who take up land and fail miserably. So strong is the example of success set by the Llano Colony that many of the unsuccessful neighbors are anxious to turn in their holdings and take stock in the Llano del Rio Colony.

Both of us are delighted with the progress made and the sound management of the Colony. It is a revelation and the days we spent there went all too rapidly. We saw all we could see in the time and were thoroughly satisfied, but we could have spent many more days and still not have seen all of the interesting things there were to see.—Mr. and Mrs. C. P.

(Mr. and Mrs. P—— were so well pleased that they have taken out memberships, and expect to return in a month or six weeks and become permanent residents.)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC. OF THE WESTERN COMRADE, OCT. 1st. 1916

Published monthly at Llano, California.
Managing Editor: Job Harriman, Llano, Cal.
Publisher; Job Harriman, Llano, Cal.
Editor: Frank E. Wolfe, Llan,o, Cal.
Business Manager; Ernest S. Wooster, Llano, Cal.
Owner; Job Harriman, Llano, Cal.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders holding one per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities; None.

(Signed) JOB HARRIMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this third day of November, 1916. F. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California. (My commission expires May 19. 1920.)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Space in this column: Twenty five cents a line, payable in advance.

TANNER WANTED.—TANNER WHO HAS HAD EXPERIENCE AND can give suitable references as to ability.
Communicate with the Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

Comrade and Colonist Clubs

LLANO COLONIST 50c
WESTERN COMRADE 50c
BOTH FOR 75c

¶ **COMRADE or COLONIST** with your choice of **The National Rip Saw** or the **American Socialist, 75c**

¶ **Pearson's Magazine** with the **COMRADE OR COLONIST, $1.75; All Three for $2.00.**

¶ **LLANO COLONIST** or **WESTERN COMRADE** for One Year, with One Year's Subscription to the—

	Regular Price	Our Price		Regular Price	Our Price
Appeal to Reason	$1.50	$1.25	N. Y. Call (daily)	3.50	3.25
Milwaukee Leader	4.50	4.25	N. Y. Call (Sun.)	2.50	2.25
Masses	2.00	1.75	Call, daily and Sunday with Comrade and Colonist	6.00	5.25
To Days	1.00	.75			
Inter. Soc. Review	1.50	1.25			

¶ Add 25c to any of the above clubs for BOTH the COMRADE **AND** the COLONIST.

¶ Add 35c to any combination less than $1.00, or 25c to any of $1 or over, and receive a **50c Statuette of HENRY DUBB with his "Llano Smile."**

¶ Add 50c for **Socialist Campaign Book.**

NOTE: These rates subject to change at any time without notice.

Christmas Combination

WESTERN COMRADE 50c
LLANO COLONIST 50c
STATUETTE OF HENRY DUBB 50c
TOTAL VALUE $1.50

ALL FOR $1.00

HENRY DUBB is the creation of the Llano Art Studio. It is cast in plaster and is the typical figure popularized by Ryan Walker, the Socialist cartoonist.

Mrs. Mary Fox, the sculptress at Llano, has conceived the idea of showing Henry with his usual doleful expression and also with the LLANO SMILE. The back of the head of Henry Dubb has been made into a face. The statuette stands about four inches high and is useful as match holder or tooth pick holder, or ash tray for a smoking set.

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

Book Reviews

The Color of Life.—Emanuel Julius.

Concise, dramatic flashlight photographs, the record of a very wide experience joined to the ability to see or imagine the possibility of tragedy in the meanest and most forlorn lives. As an antidote for smugness and satisfaction-with-things-as-they-are, this book is most highly to be commended. He brings a keen wit and delicate irony to bear on many strongly contrasted situations; the public executioner who cannot bear to step on an ant; the genius slowly nagged to death by an unsympathetic 'helpmeet;' the sociological grafter who knew how to play on the prejudices of a conservative community; and the reformer, reformed by prosperity into a defender of vested interests, whether or no. "The Journey" is worth the price of the book. "The Eternal Triangle" and "The Lonely Girl" are exquisitely delicate examples of insight into the psychology of imagination. "Tragedy" and "A Patron of Art" and—oh! many of the stories make you want to start right out and straighten things up. By all means be a committee of one. Get a copy of the book and send one to a friend.

Our National Kitchen.—Anna Agnes Maley.

A very clear and simple presentation of the fact that a woman's sphere is the home, and that the home is the place where she and her husband and children live. It is largely true that they only eat and sleep inside the four walls which they call the Home, and that their life goes on in the larger environment outside of those walls. Why the housekeeping in that environment is so poor, and what can be done about it, are explained with much wit and lucidity in this little volume. However well informed you may be on these subjects you will enjoy reading this presentation of the case for its humor, intensity and fairness.

The American Labor Year Book, 1916.

A very valuable book to distribute among such of your friends as may be capable of thinking. It is difficult to open it anywhere without coming upon an array of facts of startling and engrossing interest. It would seem impossible for anyone to look through it without having their eyes opened to the real status of the civilization of which we boast. It is also invaluable as a book of reference, as it gives both a history of important labor and socialist movements, a mass of tabular data and excellent articles describing the plans and ideals of various progressive movements. The articles on education and community centers are particularly valuable, as indicating the lines on which individuals can "start something," in almost any environment.

The Human Scrap Heap.—Anthony M. Turano.

Mr. Turano's brilliant and dramatic little pamphlet gives a very concise statement of the great world problem "the shifting sands beneath the State." A standing army of unemployed that never goes below four millions and rises to ten millions in hard times, and two million children working when they ought to be growing and learning constitute the human scrap heap. Mr. Turano shows that unemployment is not the result of choice or laziness as any advertisement of "hands wanted" is sure to bring hundreds of applications. He proves from government reports that the statistics of crime rise and fall as opportunities for work are plentiful or deficient, and that the average wage of the worker is $268 less than the lowest estimate of the living wage.

Increased Rate—
Pearson's $1.50 a year

The rate went up on November 1st, but we are able to make this special combination rate:

Pearson's, regular,.....$1.50
Western Comrade OR
Llano Colonist.....50
Both for $1.75

Pearson's, The Western Comrade AND The Llano Colonist; All Three.....**$2.00**

PEARSON'S

—The Magazine that prints **facts** which no magazine depending on advertising could "afford" to print.

—The Magazine that prints in each issue the **truth** about something of vital interest to you.

—The Magazine which is supported by its readers and not by its advertisers.

—The Magazine which handles public questions fearlessly—

—And yet which prints delightful and entertaining fiction for the entire family.

WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO CAL.

Subscription Post Cards

For the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST. ¶ Cards of two styles. Those selling at 50c each are for either the WESTERN COMRADE or the LLANO COLONIST.

¶ Those selling at 75c each are special Combination cards for both publications.

¶ **SPECIAL RATES: Six 50c Cards for $2.50; Six 75c Cards for $3.75; Three 50c Cards and Three 75c Cards for $3.25.** ¶ This offer is good only for a limited time.

WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

Do You Like To Draw?

CARTOONISTS earn big money. Our modern up-to-date home study method can teach you this well paying profession at a low cost. Send 4c for illustrated booklet and sample lesson plate.

LOS ANGELES SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
415c Thorpe Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building **Los Angeles, Cal.**

"THE COLOR OF LIFE"

The New Book — Just Out

By EMANUEL JULIUS

Propaganda in stories from real life; they teach while they entertain.

The price of "The Color of Life" is Fifty cents.

With the WESTERN COMRADE, **OR** the LLANO COLONIST, $1.00

ALL THREE FOR $1.25.

"THE PEST"

"ADOLESCENCE" and "SLUMMING"

By EMANUEL JULIUS

Three Clever Plays

Something to smile at when you read, or to roar at when you see them played—yet they'll give you something to ponder over, too.

Eugene V. Debs says of Emanuel Julius:

He has a most interesting style and all of his matter has life in it and pith, and appeals strongly to the reader.

You'll make it a great deal stronger than that when you've read "THE PEST," one of the most lucid, straight-from-the shoulder things ever put into print. The others are just as good and they all come in the same little booklet.

PRICE TEN CENTS

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

Photo Post-cards of Llano

The Industries, Views, Scenery, Activities, taken from actual photographs.

5 cents each; 55 cents a dozen

SOUVENIR CLUB, LLANO, CAL.

Would You Like to Reduce Weight?

Send For This Successful Treatment

"Obesity---Its Cause and Correction"

¶ One user of this treatment reduced from 150 pounds to 117 pounds and found improved health. Many others have used it with satisfactory results.

NO MEDICINES OR DRUGS USED

Complete $5.00 Course Now Only $3.00

because there is no rent to pay at Llano. For full information write to

Mrs. C. M. Williams, Llano, California.

Home A 2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS

DENTIST

306 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Room 514

Installment Members:

The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is in the market for figs, prunes, peaches, raisins, etc.

You can assist in putting us in touch with those who have them.

¶ The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is at present in need of

10 Tons of Alfalfa Seed
A Carload of Wheat
Dairy Cows and Range Stock
Angora and Milk Goats
Sewing Machines suitable for Factory Work
Tanning Outfit

¶ We are now in a position to make immediate use of many articles and machines which have not been practicable for us heretofore.

¶ You are invited to correspond in regard to the needs listed above.

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, LLANO CAL.

Socialist Christmas Present

¶ Send your Friends the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST.

¶ The WESTERN COMRADE is 50c a Year, 25c for Six Months.

¶ The LLANO COLONIST is 50c a Year, 25c for Six Months, 10c for Two Months.

¶ BOTH of them for One Year for 75c to one name and address.

¶ Make your checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Pub. Dept., and address Llano, Cal.

New Rugs from Old Carpets

¶ Don't throw your old carpets away—they are still good. Have new rugs made from them, beautiful and durable rugs. Old Chenille Curtains and table covers can also be used in

Llano Rewoven Rugs

¶ Old Ingrain, Brussels, Moquette and Velvet rugs or carpets can be re-woven into rugs suitable for any home.

¶ Rag Carpets, Rugs, and Art Squares also woven, every size and style.. Ask about beautiful

LLANO POSTER RUGS

¶ Write for descriptive pamphlet and prices.

We pay freight one way on orders amounting to $5.00.

Ship Direct to the Rug Department

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, PALMDALE, CAL.

¶ GET A LLANO RUG FREE. These beautiful Rugs are 27x54 inches and come in red, blue, green, and other trimmings. Artistic, durable, and suitable for any home, they are very desirable premiums. ¶ The Circulation Department will give one FREE for

25 Subs. to the WESTERN COMRADE at 50c
25 Subs. to the LLANO COLONIST at 50c
20 Comrade and Colonist Combinations at 75c

Circulation Department, Llano, Cal.

$2,000 A Llano del Rio Membership is to be Given Away to the Person who Sends in the Greatest Number of Subscriptions to THE WESTERN COMRADE or THE LLANO COLONIST between January 1 and July 1, 1917. It Will Be Absolutely FREE

Other Valuable Premiums

Every Contestant Who Sends In TEN Subscriptions Receives a Premium

FIRST PRIZE
$1,000 Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony

SECOND PRIZE
$500 worth of Llano del Rio Stock

THIRD PRIZE
$200 worth of Llano del Rio Stock

FOURTH PRIZE
$100 worth of Llano del Rio Stock

NEXT FOUR PRIZES
$50 worth of Llano del Rio Stock
Totalling $2,000 In All.

¶ Those not winning major premiums, yet who send in more than TEN subscriptions will be awarded valuable prizes. These will range from statuettes of Henry Dubb to more valuable ones, depending on the number of subscriptions turned in.

¶ Send in your name at once. The Contest will be held if a sufficient number sign up to justify it. Those who wish, may begin sending in subscriptions AT ONCE and they will be credited in the Contest. Subscription cards will be credited at the time they are purchased.

¶ All who do not win major premiums will be given valuable considerations that will make their time well spent. Even though you may not send in enough to win any of the prizes, your efforts will be rewarded.

¶ Here is the opportunity to win a membership in the greatest co-operative enterprise in the world. It is worth more than an automobile. It is worth more than a house and lot. It is worth more than a trip around the world. It is worth more than an insurance policy.

¶ Don't wait! Sign up at once! Get full particulars on the Grand Membership Circulation Contest. Only those who indicate that they wish to enter the contest will have their subscriptions counted for prizes.

Contest Depends on Having 100 Entrants by January 1. Send Your Name at Once

(Cut Out and Mail to Us At Once)

WESTERN COMRADE AND LLANO COLONIST:

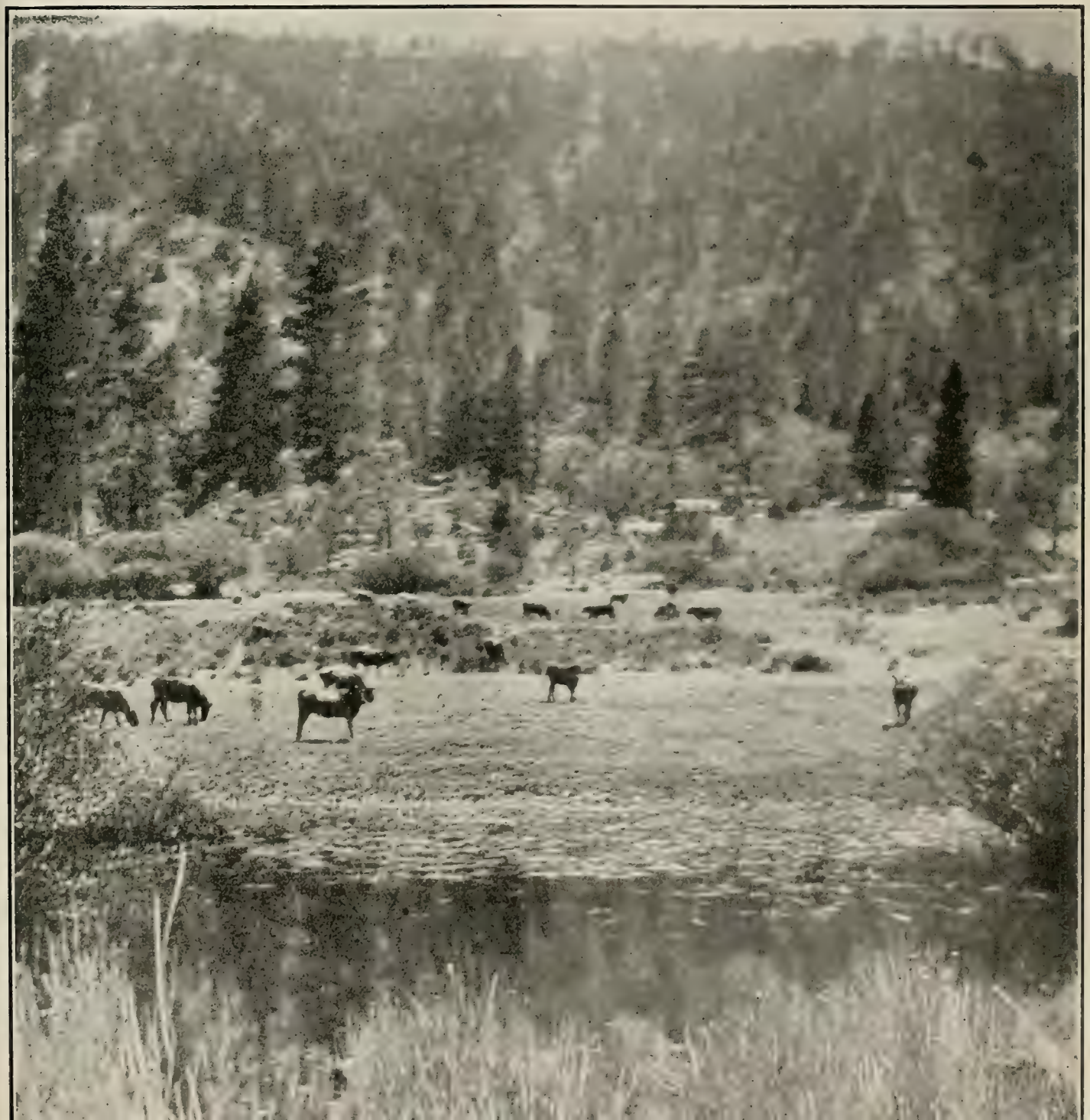
I enroll as a contestant in your **GRAND MEMBERSHIP CIRCULATION CONTEST** which is to be held provided 99 others enter. Please send me full information.

Name..... City.....

State..... Street or R. F. D.....

or P. O. Box.....

The Western Comrade



The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is situated in the beautiful Antelope valley in Los Angeles County, California. The Colony lies close to the Sierra Madre range where an abundance of clear, sparkling water from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery, and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money.

The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, poultry yards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, brick yard, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial school, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for he future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children boarding at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation. High school work is planned. In the Industrial school botany, domestic science, languages, agricuture, biology, practical farming and the regular grammar school subjects are taught by competent teachers. Manual training will be installed soon; the building is now under construction. The children care for a flock of milk goats, chickens, turkeys, and many acres of garden. They are very successful. They build their own buildings; the girls learn sewing and cooking; the children produce much of what they consume; portion of their clothing is made by the sewing classes; they have their own horses, wagons and farm implements; they own pigs and a number of pets. Besides learning co-operation and developing a sense of responsibility, they enjoy acquiring an education under these conditions. They plan to go extensively into the raising of chickens and turkeys during the coming year.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, more than 110 of which will soon be in the milk string. More than 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up o 2 years of age. Nearly 120 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractor and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

Thoroughbred Duroc Jersey and Berkshire pigs, as well as many grades, are in the extensive new pens just built. Pure strains will be developed and registrations kept up.

In the nursery are thousands of grape cuttings and shade and fruit trees. More than 26,000 trees were put out last spring. Many will be planted this year. About 400 acres of orchard are now in.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and the sawmill is in operation. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

A great deal of alfalfa has already been planted this fall. Several hundred acres are expected to be added to the acreage. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime cement, making the ditches permanent, conserve water and insure economy. Seven cuttings of alfalfa were made this past season.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

The Weekly newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist and Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the Colony news, etc., The subscription rate is 50c a year (Canadian subscriptions, $1 a year). Both the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST to one name and address for 75c (Canada, $1.50).

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California

Was Schmidt Railroaded?

Did He Dynamite the "Times"?

Read Job Harriman's Address to the Jury and Judge for Yourself.

. . . "You, gentlemen of the jury, know this umbrella is telling the truth. Every rib and every stay tells the truth in no uncertain terms that this felon Clark is a perjurer. They tell you Clark never placed dynamite under the crane at the Dayton bridge. . . . They tell you that the Prosecuting Attorney **knows** that the felon Clark **was giving perjured testimony.**"

"Dugan! Who is Dugan? He is a self-confessed felon. He was expelled from the Iron Workers Union. He is the Dugan who shot and killed his wife and daughter in Indianapolis."

"McManigal is a self-confessed murderer. The prison doors were opened, this criminal McManigal shook off his chains, walked out, was given $1000 by the County of Los Angeles, and told to go his way in peace."

(Testimony from witnesses Clark, Dugan and McManigal was admitted.)

In identifying Schmidt, witness after witness testified that the man connected with the dynamiting had his cheek bone mashed, but noticed that his eye was all right. Schimdt's eye is gone, but his cheek is all right.

Fair and honorable witnesses were prevented from taking the stand. Competent witnesses testifed that dynamite gases quench flames; while gas sets fire. The Times Building explosion set fires. Could it have been dynamite? Dynamite explodes in all directions, gas upwards principally. The explosion of the Times Building was upward. None of the phenomena of the explosion showed evidence of dynamite.

Here are the facts, NEVER BEFORE MADE PUBLIC. Could you have voted for conviction? Why did the jury do so?

THINGS THE PAPERS NEVER TOLD

are given in this new book about the Schmidt case, the speech of Job Harriman before the jury. Read it—and learn things you have long suspected. HERE ARE THE FACTS!

Every Union Man should learn how he may fare in the so-called impartial courts. Any of them may get what Schmidt got.

Every Socialist who wants first hand evidence of capitalist-controlled court proceedings should have this book for propaganda.

Every Fair-Minded Person honestly seeking information and loving justice should read this tale of a dishonest conviction.

When Capitalism Desires a Conviction It Gets it. Read how it can be secured. The newspapers never told these things. Why? Did you know the real facts about this case? You'll wonder if the McNamaras were really guilty and you'll wonder why they confessed.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE
Single Copies 25c. Quantity rates to Locals and Unions.

WESTERN COMRADE, Llano, California

Increased Rate—

Pearson's $1.50 a year

The rate went up on November 1st, but we are able to make this special combination rate:

Pearson's, regular,.....$1.50
Western Comrade OR
Llano Colonist.....50
Both for $1.75

Pearson's, The Western Comrade AND The Llano Colonist; All Three.....**$2.00**

PEARSON'S

—The Magazine that prints **facts** which no magazine depending on advertising could "afford" to print.

WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO CAL.

"THE COLOR OF LIFE"

The New Book — Just Out
By EMANUEL JULIUS

Propaganda in stories from real life — they teach while they entertain.

The price of "The Color of Life" is Fifty cents.

With the WESTERN COMRADE **OR** the LLANO COLONIST, $1.00. ALL THREE FOR $1.25

"THE PEST"

"ADOLESCENCE" and "SLUMMING"
By EMANUEL JULIUS

Three Clever Plays

Eugene V. Debs says of Emanuel Julius:
He has a most interesting style and all of his matter has life in it and pith, and appeals strongly to the reader.

PRICE TEN CENTS
THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

Table of Contents

December 1916

Page

Cover Page

A Scene at Pine Lake, one of the Beautiful Mountain Retreats Near Llano.

The Gateway to Freedon 2

A synopsis of the form of organization, ideals, and achievements during the two years and a half the Llano del Rio Colony has been in existence.

Are You the One? 6

A poem by Ernest S. Wooster.

Editorials 7

Note particularly the one on page seven in which the Socialist Party is asked to adopt a new plank. Comrade Job Harriman points out how this is a vital question.

Up From the Earth 9

By Max Ehrman

Livestock at Llano 10

The subject of livestock has been carefully handled and the facts gathered first hand from the departments. The whole article gives an idea of the tremendous value that livestock has already become to the Colony and what can be expected from it.

An Active Week at Llano 17

This time Robert K. Williams uses his typewriter as a moving picture camera, and gives us a few kaleidoscopic scenes when the big Idaho immigration began.

Page

How They Hate Publicity (Short Story) 20

People strive to get into the public prints, but their activity along that line is tame compared with what they will do to get into the movies.

Jack London and John Barleycorn 21

Frank E. Wolfe pays his respects to his personal friend, Jack London; he also pays his lack of respect for John Barleycorn, also soon to go into the Great Beyond.

Children and Livestock 22

Mildred G. Buxton shows how livestock at Llano has a big place in Education at the Industrial School.

The Clothes We Wear 23

Dr. John Dequer takes up this phase of Therapeutics this time.

Poultry as a Business 24

Selection in Breeding 24

Under the head of Agriculture Oliver Zornes tells of making money with chickens, and Wesley Zornes explains the value of careful selection in breeding stock.

Building a Socialist City 25

A. Constance Austin shows how flat-roofed homes are ideal for the dry, clear climate of Llano.

What Thinkers Think 26

Two pages of the condensed subject matter of leading magazines for November.

Our Mail Bag 29

Our Next Issue

The January Number of the WESTERN COMRADE Will Tell of Another Source of Wealth at Llano —

Agriculture and Horticulture

It Will Tell of What is Already Accomplished, of What Will Be Done This Year, and of the Plans for the Future. It Will be Another Smashing Llano Number. Send it to your Friends. We will Mail it to Three Names for Ten Cents.

Are You the One?

By Ernest S. Wooster

If I should one day tell of a land where happiness may be won
And point you the road where it stretches away o'er the hills toward the setting sun
And I'd give you the secret of how and where — the key to this wondrous land
Do you think you'd have the wisdom and faith that it takes to understand?

If I told you the gate were open wide and the way were smooth and clear,
And you could enjoy the things you like and the day were almost here
I am sure that you would be glad to go. But suppose that the way be long
Would you have the unfaltering endurance then to prove that your faith is strong?

If I told you the road to this wondrous land lay over the searing plain
And you'd have to toil and sweat in the dust, and toil and sweat again
Would you do your part as a strong man should, with your shoulder to the wheel?
Would I find you there with the loyal host in the fight for the commonweal?

Such a land there is, and I know it well, but I wonder if you're the one
To toil and moil from dawn till dark in the heat of the broiling sun?
I wonder if you have the brain and the heart to work and to think and to stay,
Or will you trail along when the fight is o'er and the troubles have passed away?

Have you the strength of the pioneer and have you the pluck within?
Have you the purpose it takes to stick, the courage that's needed to win?
Or will you, after the battle is won and the trophy is safe and sure,
Come trooping in with the host of those who follow the path of the Doer?

The road lies straight ahead of you through the mountains, across the plain,
But the weak ones fall, and the fools return, and only the strong remain.
But you'll not come if you have Fear, for Courage is in demand
If you're a practical man you'll never learn what the dreamer can understand.

If you rest at ease and you stay at home while the dreamers work and build,
If you merely watch you can never know how the soul of the dreamer's thrilled:
And Llano will grow and her vision will live, but you'll never realize
The joy of the fight as a pioneer with the courage to work for the prize.

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1916 No. 8

Editorials

By Job Harriman

SENATOR CLARK has discovered a solution for all our social and industrial ills in the practices of the early English people.

He tells us that "in olden times in England, a man who boosted food prices was escorted to a blacksmith shop and his ears nailed to the door."

It is plain to be seen that the army of the unemployed would be quickly absorbed by the enormous demand for new blacksmith shops and doors to which the price boosters are to be firmly hitched by the ear.

The only serious question that would confront the execution of this policy is the size of the ears, it being generally conceded that stingy and penurious people have small ears. However, we presume that the Senator investigated this point before making this propositon and found that this peculiar breed of Baalamitis possess ears amply sufficient for the occasion.

What a charming and inspiring picture it would be for the young and untutored child to look upon these ear tied boosters, and how the soul would be inspired by songs of this new species of Arizona canary, especially as their voices mingled with the clang and ring of hammers in the forging of new ear nails.

Truly a great philosopher is this man Clark.

—o—

EMBARGO on wheat? Would not this interfere with the rights of personal property? Would it not infringe upon the freedom of contract, and the pursuit of happiness?

The farmer sold his wheat at threshing time for $1.25 per hundredweight. Now the same wheat is selling for $2.50.

How happy is he who buys for $1.25 and sells for $2.50? Who shall say no? Upon the profits of one good deal he may live for a life time. Is not the pursuit of happiness guaranteed by the constitution as a fundamental right?

Then, too, the soldiers in the trenches would not be able to fight were they not fed. And as for the starving people in the United States; might not that be worse if our exporting business were cut off?

Of what use would our ships of commerce be in case of an embargo? And what would become of our markets? Let them go to other nations? What nonsense! For what could our navy be used if not to protect our foreign markets? We must not forget that we have just appropriated $635,000,000 and this would all be lost.

We must not keep our wheat at home. This would not be business. If we do not feed our sister countries while they slaughter each other, they would never forgive us. We must remember that there are courtesies of state.

Those in charge of governmental affairs cannot be in the trenches. They are the guardians of the public interests. If they were slain how would the machinery of government be manned; and who would preserve the great fortunes; and who would conduct the commercial affairs of the country; and who would be able to decide when the millions of citizens should be sent to die in the trenches for their country?

Those who urge embargo surely do not understand the blessing that war always brings; the prosperity that always follows in its trail; and the tremendous fighting qualities it develops. True, a certain brutality develops, but this always follows and accompanies all our business transactions, even in times of peace. We cannot be too chary of our conscience in business. Were humanity to adopt this course, no fortunes would accumulate, culture would disappear; humanity would be reduced to a common level and there would be no class wise enough to guide and care for the millions of helpless creatures who are always present in times of peace and whose numbers are multiplied by every war.

—o—

ANOTHER plank should be added to the Socialist platform which would read as follows:

"All genuine co-operative enterprises shall hereafter receive the sanction and support of the Socialist Party."

"We object." Who are you? How many are there of you?

Do you object because you arre opposed to helping the Llano del Rio Colony? Well, if that be true, you may rest upon your oars, for we are not calling for help. We are offering aid to the Party. Will you accept our assistance? Then let us discuss the advisability and the reasons for this new plan.

Do not be afraid that the Party will be injured in case of failure. Far less injury would accrue to the Party if your co-operative enterprise fails, than if you had never tried to co-operate.

Failure is always present where there is no effort. Nothing is worse than stagnation. Stagnation is death. The stagnant pool or decaying body is unworthy of nature, except to protect one's self from disease.

Though voting is necessary, yet voting alone is only a process of fermentation. If such fermentation proceeds long

enough, the whole Party will become intoxicated with mere abstractions. This begets a kind of insanity, of fanaticism, that destroys efficiency and leads but to the tomb.

Teaching is fine, but teaching without action is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Teaching without action ends in quarrelling and bickering over abstractions and technicalities; until the heart is sickened, hope is abandoned, and the mind decays.

The elements of growth are not to be found in such mental processes.

The problems of life will not be settled by such methods, even though every motion is unanimously carried. New conditions follow so fast, the one after the other, that constant turmoil follows unless those involved are continually applying their theories to the affairs of life. Theories, however correct, must be practically applied or they will breed dictators and demagogues.

Theories separate from actual experience have no cohesive social force. For a time the imagination is dazzled by them, but only for a short time. The large majority so attracted soon lose interest and go their way. It is for this reason that our party is a gateway through which our Socialists pass from conservative to radical schools. Once gone they rarely return. They leave us to hunt for recruits among new material. It is in the old material that our greatest vitality should be found. And it is in them that it will be found when we put our theories of co-operation into practice.

We are afraid to apply the principles in which we believe. Are we afraid that capitalism is too efficient? Will it ever become less efficient?

Afraid! It is capitalism that makes us cowards. Fear is its strongest chain. We are bound almost as strongly by fear as by our economic conditions. Our ability to work depends upon the freedom of the mind as well as upon our courage and understanding.

Slavery is a result of ignorance. We learn slightly through theory, largely through action. An ignorant man is as helpless as an ignorant horse.

However much we may know theoretically, no fruit will be gathered without action.

We must understand that as long as we work in industries owned by others the fruits of our labor accrue to the benefit of others. It is for this reason that every stroke of labor adds power to the institutions that beset us.

The dominating and controlling power of every age abides in the institutions of that age.

Before the working class can grasp the powers of government they must develop working class institutions in which their energy throbs and through which they gain their subsistence. Political power is a result of economic institutions, and, at best, are in turn only secondary causes of them.

When the workers learn this fact the gates of freedom will swing open. Until then, they will remain locked and barred, and the chains will rattle about our feet.

ENGLAND may not be as belated in regard to the socialization of shipping as would appear from some statements in British newspapers. Winston Churchill has written an article that is attracting widespread attention because he points out a number of "State Socialistic" institutions that England has yet to put into operation.

England realizes now in the stress of circumstances that Germany far outstripped her years before the war began. At the outset of the struggle the men upon whom fell responsibilities for men and equipment found that the gentle art of muddling through helped but little when by organization and system alone could they hope to meet the splendid and efficient socialized machinery of the German Empire.

Despite this late day utterance the government has already assumed ownership of forty-five percent of the shipping, and the move commits England to full possession of her shipping. Ownership of railways, trams, and steamships will be followed by the inevitable ownership of the means of operation and replenishing. This will force ownership of the more important sources of supplies—fuel, steel, and timber. It will compel the seizure of mines and forests.

Mr. Churchill says many of these things would have been done long ago had the English people "not been foolish." The statesman includes himself, thus admitting he has only recently seen the light. He has gone a long way in urging socialization upon England and his utterances will carry much conviction to his class, but whether such men as he see the great necessity and give warning, or not, the forward movement will not be retarded. They may accelerate it, however, and all such educational acts have their value. Churchill and his class will want to stop short of real Socialism—elimination of profits and profiteers. This they will not be able to do. Capitalism will find that "State Socialism" will not stop conveniently at a point where profit and exploitation may continue.

The sturdy Briton will learn the ease with which one may jump from a tenth story window and the difficulty of stopping in midflight, opposite the fifth floor. It's the long plunge for England.

—o—

REAMS have been written about California climate. Much of it is true, much untrue. There is one true source—the meteorological observation chart.

We are far from the tropics, and far from Medicine Hat.

No other spot we know has the high average sunshine that we have at Llano.

In November the daily newspapers carried stories of temperatures far below zero, blizzards and snowstorms in almost every part of the country. At Llano on November 4th we had a cloudy day. The remainder of the month was clear. On six days there was some wind but no heavy wind—the other days were calm.

The lowest temperature was 27 above zero early in the morning of Nov. 13. but during the day the sun warmed the llano, and the temperature rose to 46. A month of sunshine.

THE feeling of discouragement now widespread in the Socialist Party is so intense that it is beginning to merge into despair. Only in a few localities has the vote increased and stimulated the hopes and activities of the local membership. Even in such localities there is felt the depressing effect of the more general sluggish conditions.

The question "What shall we do to be saved?" is pressing ever harder upon us.

Our party is incorrectly organized. We have no connection with organized labor. We are endeavoring to found a labor movement by drawing large numbers of unorganized working men into a political party. This cannot be done. Labor movements are fundamentally economic in their character and we are endeavoring to make them fundamentally political. True, this is not our philosophy, but it is our conduct politically.

The party proposes to capture the powers of government first; then with the powers of government it is proposed to take over the economic institutions.

This policy is likewise impracticable. To some extent it can be successfully carried out. But, as a general and final policy, it must ultimately fail.

What is the "powers of government?" Is it merely offices? Is not the element of authority involved in every office? And whence comes the authority?

All governmental power, which is only another name for authority, springs from the institutions upon which the government rests.

Before the government can revolutionize the institutions upon which it rests it must gain the consent of those in control of those institutions.

Within the European war zone this transformation is now going on, but the necessities of war have forced the consent of those in control of the industries. The capitalists themselves have willingly stepped out of their own factories and turned the management over to their own capitalist government.

But no such consent has ever been, or ever will be, given by the capitalist class who hold the institutions, to a socialist political machine, even though the popular vote supported the machine.

In such case the resources of the industries, the army and the implements of war would be turned upon the populace before the vote became overwhelming.

Had such a crisis developed in any of the powerful European governments the working class would have gone down in defeat, in pools of blood, before the siege gun, the shrapnel, and the other powerful artillery.

The powers of government lie in the institutions from which the subsistence of a people is drawn, and not in political offices when these offices are separate from those institutions.

The institutions and the political party must be intricately bound up together before the political machine can be pregnant with power. Without a vital connection with industrial and economic institutions the political machine is but a hollow shell.

The Socialist Party has no connections either with the industrial or economic institutions. For this reason it has but little vitality, and its growth is checked with every adverse storm.

Vitality and power will come only when the whole movement, political, industrial, and economic, are unified and under the control of one central power.

—o—

EVERY phase of human thought and activity is being revolutionized by the European war. The political state is gradually and unconsciously being transformed into an industrial state, while the warring spirit of commercialism is dying, and a spirit of brotherhood is growing under the unifying influence of the many new government industries, and the grief, sorrow and sympathy following the indescribable suffering in the trenches.

Under the influence of the nationally-owned industries the commercial and industrial spirit of each country will become as one; under the influence of sorrow and sympathy it will be made sweet; and under the influence of both it will be made whole.

Up From the Earth

By Max Ehrman

LET me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of former times. May I not forget the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, and the light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of changing years.

Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world knows me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

Live Stock of Llano

HORSES, mules, dairy cattle, range cattle, goats, rabbits, hogs, chickens, turkeys, bees, and trout, not to mention the expected acquisitions of sheep, guinea fowl, pea fowl, pet stock, and fancy stock—these can all be listed as Llano's livestock. When the list is complete—and the time is not far distant when it will be—Llano can boast of a live stock industry which will be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, which will employ scores of persons, which will breed stock of superior quality, which will go far toward sustaining the Colony, and which will be a source of pride as well as a source of income.

These departments are all well managed, and are rapidly being well equipped. The men employed in them are experienced men of high ideals and a thorough understanding of their callings. With the sense of responsibility requisite to success, and with the broader ambition and higher motive of building up their portion of the greatest co-operative enterprise in the world, the livestock men are demonstrating the value of their efforts.

Every department of the livestock industry has been developed to the point where, from now on, it will make many times the apparent progress it has made in the past, and the figures representing values will be multiplied rapidly.

It is an inspiration to review the livestock departments at Llano and to forecast their growth. The figures given here and the descriptions are conservative and represent the facts as they actually exist.

Dairy Has Great Future

JANUARY 1, 1915, nearly two years ago, the first herd of cows came to Llano. It was a day of rejoicing, the beginning of a new industry, another source of income, and also promised better living conditions for Llano residents. The entire population, almost, went to the "wash" to meet the incoming herd. It was an occasion to celebrate.

Previous to the arrival of the herd from the Imperial Valley there had been a few cows in the Colony, but the number was wholly inadequate to supply the demands of the rapidly increasing population. To-day the herd numbers about one hundred and ten fine Holstein and Jersey cows, and the value is placed at about $11,000. More cows are being negotiated for, young heifers now on the range will soon be ready to add to the herd, and there is no reasonable limit placed on the ultimate size of the Llano dairy herds.

Recently a registered Holstein bull has been secured to head the herd. He is a splendid animal and comes of a family of Holsteins noted for high milking averages.

The dairymen in charge—George Milligan, head of the department, assisted by Otto Swanson and the Murray brothers, Clarence, Luther, and Elmer—are proud of their dairy; incidentally the rest of the Colony is proud of the dairy and the dairymen.

Out on the range, being herded by Onie Morris, are a fine lot of young heifers, varying in age from four months to two years. They are growing strong, sleek, fat, and healthy. When about seven months old the calves are turned out on the range. About forty calves are usually at the calf corral. When the young heifers are added to the dairy herd, and when the many small herds which are expected to be secured through memberships, are added, the Llano dairy will require the services of many additional men.

Holsteins are the preferred stock. They are larger, rustle better on the range, and are hardier. They give a greater quantity of milk, and the amount of butter fat to the cow is as great as produced by any breed. The skim milk is a valuable consideration. It is now being fed to the hogs and calves. When the creamery buildings are established at the dairy, this milk will be converted into cheese, giving Llano another food product. It is because of the large quantity of milk that the Holstein has won its way with the Llano dairymen. It is quite as important that the young stock be good rustlers, for this is essential to their welfare while on the range.

Conditions at Llano are healthful. Since the question of the health of cattle was raised many years ago and inspection for tuberculosis became mandatory, the fight against tuberculosis became keen. Tubercular cattle are like tubercular people. The conditions that prevent it are about the same in either case. The dry air of the Antelope Valley is insurance against this dread disease, and Llano dairymen have a distinct advantage.

The fresh water is another desirable feature. A concrete drinking fountain, always full of fresh, pure mountain water, stands in the corral. It is circular, about twenty feet in diameter, and is kept clean all the time.

The soil at Llano, being of a granite formation, does not become muddy. This is quite important where cows are kept in a corral constantly.

THE LLANO RABBITRIES ARE BUILT ABOUT A QUADRANGLE, two sides of which are shown here. The building is commodious and modern, and is one of a series which will ultimately be built to house the greatest rabbitry on the Pacific coast.—Photo by Banbury.

LLANO TEAMS GOING OUT TO WORK. Taking care of the teams is no small job. The Llano corral is like a huge construction camp. To give protection from the storms and adequately house the horses a stone barn is being built which is to be more than 160 feet long and 80 feet wide.—Photo by Banbury.

One of the most valuable advantages possessed by Llano, is the quality of the alfalfa. It makes a quick growth; seven crops were harvested this year, which is remarkable. Because it is so sweet and fine stemmed, the cows eat every straw of it. They relish it and there is no waste. This becomes more significant when it is remembered that the cows are fed alfalfa almost exclusively.

The climate of Llano does not necessitate elaborate housing and green feed is available for nine months in the year. Llano cows are not fed grain. They produce enormous quantities of milk on alfalfa alone and they thrive on it and keep healthy.

The big concrete silo, with its capacity of three hundred tons, is filled each fall. It is one of the largest silos built anywhere and it is a good one. Ensilage is made mostly from corn stalks cut up in small pieces and packed in tightly. In the silo it goes through a fermenting process that makes it extremely palatable to the cows. It has fat-producing qualities that supplement the alfalfa.

Pumpkins and root crops will be planted each year to become a part of the dairy supplies. They grow well at Llano and will be included in the plans for producing stock foods.

The housing situation is fairly well in hand, but some more building must be done as soon as stone masons can be spared from other work. The dairy barn is built of rock and is a good piece of work. It is of ample size and well constructed. The cows are put in stanchions to be milked. A concrete-lined cesspool catches the manure, which is later hauled to the gardens.

Across the road is the calf corral and a pasture for the young calves not yet large enough to be put on the range. Here a calf barn is being built sixty feet long and fifty-two feet wide, a portion of it to be completed first and put into use. It will also be of rock and when completed will be convenient in arrangement and intended to be adequate for some years to come.

At present the creamery is located near the commissary, in the main town of Llano, which is half a mile from the dairy. Plans have been drawn for a new creamery which is to be established convenient to the dairy. Here the milk will be handled in a modern and sanitary manner, separated, bottled for the milk route which will then be established, made into butter and cheese, and cared for after truly up-to-date methods.

The centralizing of the dairy industry in this manner will be economical in many ways. It has not been done before this time simply because this has not been possible. Among the plans and dreams that Llano residents indulge in is one that contemplates the establishment of an ice factory before another summer arrives. When that time comes the Llano creamery will be in a position to handle its products with complete satisfaction to the men employed in the dairy as well as the residents generally.

Much credit is due those employed in the distribution of milk and the making of butter; Comrade Charles Groves, assisted by Mrs. Groves part of the time and by George Grazier all of the time, perform their duties in an efficient manner.

Last year the production of butter, as given in the creamery report to the state, was 17,120 lbs. Besides this, 7,320 gallons of whole milk were used during the year by residents, and sixty gallons of skim milk were available daily. These figures include the period from October, 1915, to October, 1916. The Llano dairy is well managed, sound, profitable, and intelligently directed. The men in charge understand their business and have ideals. They are ambitious of making it one of the model dairies of the state of California.

Wealth from Ranges

LYING to the north and east of Llano are thousands and thousands of acres of plain. Apparently it is close at hand, so close that the newcomer not infrequently underestimates the immense scope of the territory over which the eye so easily skims. Directly across the valley rise the Lovejoy Buttes; easterly rears the huge bulk of Black Butte, and further away Gray Mountain is seen. Between these points and east of them stretching off towards the point where sky and earth meet, hundreds and thousands of tons of feed grow and die every year. And here is potential wealth for Llano. These acres of pasture can be made her acres, and her flocks and herds can graze on them.

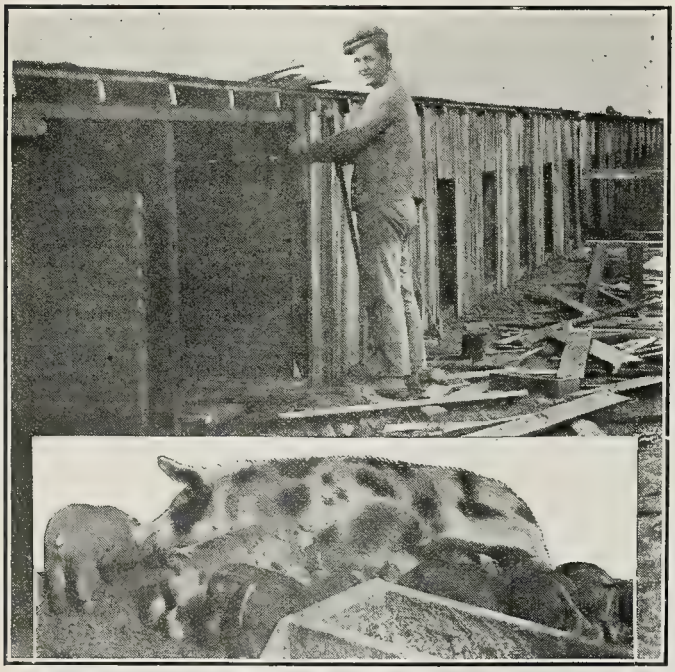
Onie Morris, cattleman for many years, assisted part of the time by his brothers, Melvin and Gerald, takes his little herd of something over 130, and sees them fatten on the hip-high grasses of the plain below. They are the calves of the milk herd and most of them will become docile milk cows in time. He also has about twenty head of young horses and mules on the range.

But Comrade Morris sees beyond that. He sees into the future, sees the time when the Llano herds, "beef herds," will dot the valley. It is a matter of water. Years ago the

Antelope valley was a cow country. Cowboys of the old school coiled their lariats, rode their tough bronchos, and rounded up their cattle. Then came the settler, intent on making a home on cheap government land. The old fight was fought, the fight of the cattleman being dispossessed of his domain by the prosaic farmer. And the "nester" won. The cattle left; where thousands once fed, only hundreds now are seen. But gone, too, is the settler and the whole valley is almost a blank. He fought a losing game. Water is deep and expensive to develop out there, and he could not make the home he had dreamed of. Herein lies Llano's opportunity.

No one can develop water so cheaply as can the colonists. No one can secure labor so cheaply. It requires water only to make the herding of cattle profitable. Just water and the cattle. The Colony controls enough of this rich pasture land to support five hundred head of cattle. Limitless acreage is available. Wells will be bored. Cattle will be bought, traded for, gotten somehow. The plan is workable. There is wealth for the Colony in it. Nowhere on earth is there better range. The feed comes early; it is good; it lasts. The beef round-up can be made early in the year, months ahead of the ranges of the older cattle regions.

Onie Morris says he can take care of five hundred head of cattle with the water and the ranges we now have. He wants these cattle as soon as they can be procured. Then he will begin forming a herd that will number thousands. It is his dream. It is a feasible one. The range is there. The water can be pumped. We have the labor. The markets are close by. It is just a matter of time. Not only will the Colony herds furnish the Colony with beef, but there will be a surplus besides. It will command highest prices because it will reach excellent markets. The old cattle days will come again, but they will be Llano cattle days. The climate is the best; there is no loss of stock through bad weather. As a source of wealth for the Colony the ranges offer vast possibilities.



LLANO BUILDERS PUT UP MANY PENS for the housing of the pigs and one of the builders is shown here extending a string of pens which were filled almost as rapidly as they were built. The insert shows why Comrade John Will believes the hog department will have thousands of pigs in it within a few years.—Photo by Banbury.

Pure Bred Hogs

IN discussing hogs the subject of climate is once more brought up. Agreeable climate is as much a matter of benefit in raising animals as it is in attracting people. Llano's mild climate, the clean soil, the pure air, the absence of neighboring hogs to communicate disease, and the fact that the herd is already clean, insures continued success, if even but reasonable care be given.

But John Will, in charge of the hog department, is not satisfied with ordinary care. He wants them to have ideal care. He wants the little pigs protected from the weather. He wants them to have comfortable quarters and running water. He wants to keep them clean.

Clean hogs? Yes, clean hogs. The old saying "dirty as a pig" will go out-of-date in Llano if John Will has his way. He says clean hogs are healthy hogs. So he is building pens for them, yards for them, bringing running water to them. He has signs which read "Do Not Feed the Pigs." He looks after his pets more carefully than many folks look after their children.

But John Will is not a crank on hog culture. He only insists on commonsense methods. He doesn't believe in fads, but he follows proven theories.

Poland-Chinas, Berkshires, and Duroc-Jerseys are the stock. Most of the breeding is done toward the Duroc-Jersey, as experience shows that they are better suited to conditions here at Llano.

Llano hogs get good treatment. Long houses have been built and each brood sow has her own apartment. The little pigs play about in their own front yards. It is an interesting sight and one that always impresses visitors to see the fat little pigs playing about as happily as puppies.

Breeding For Fancy Stock

The ideal of the hog department is to have all high bred, registered stock. A good start has already been made. Colony Berkshires of royal pedigree and Duroc-Jerseys of imperial lineage took premiums at the Antelope Valley Fair at Lancaster. They took firsts and seconds, and earned them. "Jimmie," the great red boar, is valued at $150. One of the Berkshire boars is three years old and worth $100; the other is a year old, and his value is placed at $75. Two Duroc-Jersey sows are worth $50 each. One Berkshire sow is valued at $100, a younger one at $50. These are conservative figures.

In this department are one hundred brood sows valued at $25 each, and ninety shoats worth $15 each. Of small pigs there are probably two hundred at the time this article reaches the reader. They vary in age from three days to three months. No estimate is placed on their value.

With this nucleus of Berkshire and Duroc-Jersey thoroughbreds, the hog department is expected to soon have some extra fine stock for sale. Pedigreed hogs are worth, when four months old, from $35 to $40, when the reputation of the herd is established. Inside of three years, John Will expects to have at least five hundred brood sows; as rapidly as possible these will be eliminated until only pure bred stock remains.

In one corral at the hog ranch are the shoats; in another, the older pigs. No feed has been bought; no cash has been expended. The garden furnishes the feed, supplemented by the garbage from the houses. This department can show almost all profit to its credit. It will be immensely profitable within a few years. Last year the meat furnished by the hog department was valued at $1043.45.

The hogs are gentle and unafraid. Two long pens provide shelter for the brood sows and the little pigs. These are built with wooden roofs, the partitions of adobe and part of the wall of adobe. The hogs are rapidly being housed in a suitable manner.

Hogs with length and breadth, the kind that provide the most meat at the least expense, breeds that are healthy and prolific, the kind that are in demand in the markets everywhere as breeding stock — these are the kind that Llano will exhibit at the fairs and breed for profit.

Llano Uses Many Horses

HORSES are now most important in doing the work of the ranch, and will continue to be important for some time to come, but in the opinion of J. C. Crawford, who has charge of the corrals, the day will come when virtually all of the work now being done by horses and mules will be performed by machinery. The climate and soil and contour of the land present no problems not easily surmounted.

A Jack worth $1000, horses and mares worth $7000 and mules worth $2600, make up the work stock of Llano. There are twelve mules and eight-five horses. Wagons and harness are valued at $2000. About thirty head of work stock and several wagons in addition could be used to advantage in the opinion of the farmers.

Though it is the expectation that eventually machinery will be substituted for horses and mules, nevertheless it is the intention of this department to raise as many mules as possible, and the twenty brood mares are expected to produce colts that will add materially to the value of our livestock.

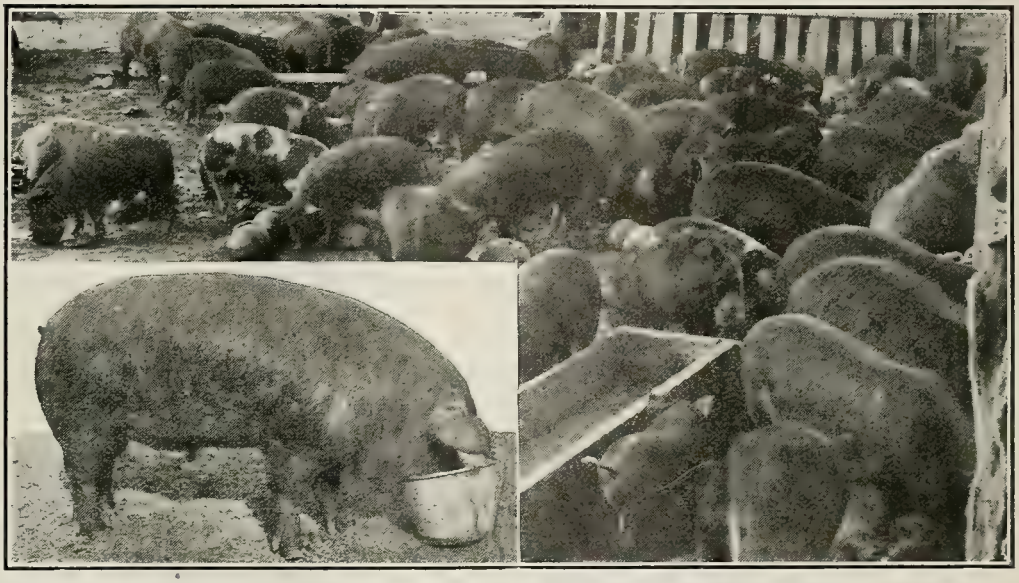
The horses and mules are kept to the north of the present town of Llano. A huge new stone barn is already under construction. It will be eighty feet in width, and one hundred and sixty-two feet in length and will be modern and convenient. The horses and mules will be sheltered along the sides, while the vast interior of the building will be filled with hay. Harness rooms, feed rooms, and all equipment that makes a really up-to-date horse barn, will be built in. Though it is expected that machinery may take the place of horses, yet that day is still some time off, and as Llano has the material necessary, and the men who know how, to build a barn, the work stock are to be given adequate shelter.

Two men are kept constantly employed in addition to Comrade Crawford. They are E. O. Musselman, who works in the harness room, keeping the harness in repair, and Frank Szillat who is the yard man.

The horses and mules were all turned in as payment for stock in the Llano del Rio Colony, and have not cost the Colony a cent in cash. Some are saddle horses, but most of them are good strong work horses. The health of the horses, like that of all other live stock at Llano, is uniformly good. Though fed only alfalfa hay without any grain at all, the horses perform the heaviest work and keep strong and in good condition. It testifies to the quality and value of Llano alfalfa. Occasionally some of the stock is turned out on the range.

About thirty men on the ranch use teams. They are all interested in the management of the corrals and are pleased with it. One team is kept busy in corral work. The corral resembles a huge construction camp's equipment, with the many horses, the feed racks, the wagons and farm implements. Everyone is proud of this department and the way in which it is conducted.

With the regular handling of timber, the establishing of deliveries of vegetables, milk, and groceries, the hauling of materials for building at the permanent city, and the herding of more livestock, a greater number of horses will be required. The Llano del Rio Colony will use many horses.



FATTENING PORKERS FOR LLANO TABLES. The finest pork to be bought anywhere is served to the residents of Llano. The insert shows "Jimmie" the high-priced registered Duroc-Jersey boar of which the hog department is so proud. He is a blue ribbon winner.—Photo by Banbury.

Thousands of Rabbits

LLANO claims to have one of the largest rabbitries in the West. Within two years more, following the plan of W. L. Kilmer, who has charge of it, Llano will have the largest in the West, if not in the entire country. This is plausible because it is the property of all.

Established March 24, 1915, by Comrade Kilmer, who preceded the rabbits by about a month, the industry has grown steadily. Fifty New Zealand rabbits made up the nucleus; it has been increased till now there are about three hundred breeding does. It will have eight hundred as soon as Comrade Kilmer can raise and select suitable stock to bring it up to that number. Comrade Kilmer is assisted in the work by Comrade H. H. Montgomery.

The entire cash outlay for feed and for materials to build the rabbitries has been perhaps $600. The rabbits have cost nothing in cash. This is a very small cash outlay considering the fact that so much of it has gone for equipment and that, besides increasing his breeding stock enormously, Comrade Kilmer has turned in meat to the commissary which the books show to be valued at $747.00. This figure was for meat turned in from January 1, to November 1, 1916.

Before coming to Llano, Comrade Kilmer was engaged in the rabbit industry, and he knew its possibilities. With meat becoming more and more scarce it was apparent that some substitute for beef and pork and mutton must be found. Rabbits seemed to offer the solution to the problem. All over the United States others were learning the same thing. The market value of rabbits leaped from practically nothing to 25 and 30 cents a pound.

Morris Brothers, who take care of the range herds and who expect to make their department one of the most important of the Llano del Rio possessions within five years. —Photo by Banbury

Rabbit raising at Llano is a scientific and carefully handled industry. Though Kilmer knows his business he claims to be merely a student. He is always open for new ideas, and constantly studies his pets.

In the selection of breeds he paid little attention to the claims made by the fanciers of the different breeds. Instead, he is comparing and keeping records. He has New Zealands, Flemish Giants, Belgians, and Angoras, besides a few albinos. His comparisons of the breeds under identical conditions at Llano has shown him the following facts; though he has not yet finished his studies and is withholding judgment.

The New Zealands breed true to color and are therefore growing in favor with fanciers. They are comparatively small eaters, yet they grow as large as any rabbits, and command a better price at one to one and a half pounds in size, the time when it is most profitable to dispose of them. This is the size the market demands.

The Belgians vary in color more, but are excellent off-season breeders. They do not seem to be greatly different in many respects from New Zealands.

The Flemish Giants are much like the Belgians, breeding less true to color, perhaps, than even the Belgians. When fully matured they are larger, but do not make the quick early growth characteristic of the New Zealands.

The Angoras have the long, white, fluffy hair which gives them their name. It has been Comrade Kilmer's experience that they make probably the best mothers. They are chiefly in demond as pets.

The Albinos are considered chiefly as sports, and are not taken seriously.

Comrade Kilmer confesses to a preference for the New Zealands at present, though he has a larger stock of Belgians. When he has built up the rabbitry to 800 or 1000 breeding does he intends to maintain the greater number in New Zealands. Stock is now being graded, and will gradually be worked up to pure bred stock of different breeds.

Alfalfa hay is being fed, with some roots, such as carrots, and a little grain for the breeding stock.

Outlook For The Rabbitry

The new rabbitry has been pretty well completed, or rather, the first unit. It has been built quadrangular, 15 feet in width, three completed sides measuring 72, 84, and 91 feet respectively. A three foot aisle down the center of each house permits strings of hutches two feet wide, four feet in length, and three in a tier. Stock intended to be marketed is kept in corrals, a hundred or more in each corral. The inside of the quadrangle, forming a court, will be devoted to this purpose. The feed house is separate. Hay is hauled and stacked conveniently near.

It is the ideal of the rabbit department to furnish meat for Llano, to have meat to sell, to find a profitable method of using the pelts of the rabbits, and to sell stock to fanciers. These things are possible of achievement soon. Every condition here indicates the highest success.

A great deal of meat has already been supplied. For lack of housing, the rabbitry has been hampered. Rabbits are healthy here, food is cheaply produced, and now the immediate housing requirements are satisfied.

The chief demand is for New Zealands, Belgians, and Flemish Giants. Comrade Kilmer expects to raise many prize winners. He plans to cater to the class of fanciers who pay from $2 to $1000 for rabbits that catch their fancy. Rabbits make suitable pets; there is money to be made selling them. The demand for fur and leather suggests great possibilities in disposing of the pelts; when the tannery is established here is a fruitful field for investigation and study. It is planned to can the meat for profitable marketing. It is also possible to sell the meat fresh in the Los Angeles markets.

One man can care for 300 to 400 breeders and the young. Some interesting figures are brought out. An average litter is six; they are ready for market at four to ten weeks old, and will dress out between one and two and a half pounds, the meat being worth twenty-five to thirty cents. Four litters are produced in a year. The cost of feeding is one cent a day for the mother and young. This is far cheaper than any other meat can be produced.

Llano rabbits are already profitable. They will soon become a source of income and their importance will grow with the development of Llano.

Plan for Much Poultry

THERE is probably as much misinformation and as much superstition regarding the raising of chickens as can be found anywhere. From the unfounded belief that pointed eggs produce roosters, to the scientific handling of poultry, is a wide sweep.

A few years ago a gentlemen in Kansas City put poultry into the highly commercialized class of products by exploiting them as breakfast foods and automobiles are exploited. He produced a $10,000 hen and took along a trained nurse to take care of her on her trips to the poultry shows. Eggs sold

at fabulous prices. Whether the owner made any money or not, he put the poultry business on a new basis.

Another commercial minded poultry man advertised extensively how he became rich by intensive poultry production. His fad was chickens in the back yard. He didn't mention what the neighbors had to say regarding chickens under their windows, but he probably made money telling others how to transform the back yard into a profitable hen yard.

From these extreme cases to the producing of poultry at Llano is a long way. In Llano there are no fads being tried out. The chickens are White Leghorns, acknowledged to be good layers. A tested laying strain will be developed. It is the ambition of the poultrymen to raise ten thousand chicks during the coming year.

George T. Pickett and the boys of the Junior Colony are now in charge of the chickens. They have a good start, have a poultry house seventy feet by sixteen feet and expect to make it larger. They are planting alfalfa to produce range and green feed. They expect to have running water in all of the yards. The sandy soil, the pure air and water, and the range over the alfalfa field constitute ideal conditions. The house is of adobe brick.

It is the plan to purchase day-old chicks this year instead of putting in an incubation system. The latter will be developed next season when the poultry business will be well established.

Hope To Have 1000 Turkeys

Early last spring, we bought some baby turkeys, poults, as they are called. George Pickett took charge of them, and had exceptional luck, losing but few. Now he has on hand a flock of a hundred and thirty fine turkeys, one hundred of them being hens. Two great Toms, 28 to 30 ponuds each, head the flock and strut proudly ahead, gobbling their defiance of anyone who would dare suggest making them the center of the Christmas dinner. The thirty smaller Toms have gone the way that most turkeys do during the holiday season.

Starting with this fine flock of 100 Bronze Turkeys, Pickett and the boys at the Junior Colony expect to develop a flock of 1000 for the holidays next year. Grain fields are to be planted this winter and when the turkeys are large enough—along in April or May—they will be taken to these fields to grow and fatten.

During the first three weeks of the young turkey's life, he is carefully handled. Hard boiled egg, chopped onion, and milk curd form the bill of fare. This is the critical period. Safely past the first month of his life, the young turkey becomes rugged and hardy and can stand inclement weather and all sorts of hardships. But a mere chill during the first three weeks is enough to end his career.

Comrade Pickett figures the value of the turkeys he will start the year with at about $350; this is a conservative estimate. If he is able to repeat the success of this year he will be able to raise a thousand turkeys, worth more than $3000 in all. And that is but the beginning of what he hopes to do.

Duck, Quail, Pheasants, Guineas, Pea Fowl.

Hopes and ambitions for the poultry department are far-reaching. Just at present chickens and turkeys are the stock on hand. But ducks, geese, pea fowl, guinea fowl, pigeons, quail and pheasants can as well be added, and it is the ambition of the poultry department to have them before another year has passed. Correspondence from those having any of this stock is solicited.

Bee Industry Pays

ONLY a bee man can appreciate what these busy little co-operators are worth to the Llano del Rio Colony. Llano has 700 colonies, 40,000 to 60,000 residents in each, and they are the most loyal workers that are to be found anywhere.

Comrades B. G. Burdick, Wm. F. Bragg, and C. B. Shrock, the latter living at Riverside to care for the Colony bees at that place, handle the 700 stands of bees. Two years ago last November when Comrade Burdick brought 150 stands to Llano, he established an industry that last year turned into the commissary $1350 worth of splendid honey. But that was not all of the wealth produced; the increase in bees was worth $1000. Its present value, bees in hand, and honey produced during the season of 1916 makes it a $4850 industry. There are no inflated values in these figures; they are standard and are taken from facts familiar to any bee man.

Comrade B. G. Burdick has been a bee keeper for twenty three years. He was president of the California Bee Keepers' Association for three years. He understands the business thoroughly. He expects to have 5000 stands of bees in Llano and vicinity within a few years. A stand of bees is worth about $5.00; the average of 120 pounds of honey from each is worth

MANY FINE JERSEYS IN THE LLANO DAIRY. These cows are fed only alfalfa hay, yet the milk production is very high. The Jerseys and Holsteins in the herd are splendid cows and the herd is now headed by a thoroughbred registered Holstein bull of royal lineage.—Photo by Banbury.

from four to eight cents a pound, and averaging at six cents brings the yearly production to $7.20 for each hive. Adding the value of the swarm to the value of the honey produced gives $12.20 for the annual value. Multiply this by 5000, and you will gain some idea of the value of the Llano bee industry within a very few years; the huge total is more than $60,000. The Llano del Rio Colony will probably be the largest bee keeper in the world by that time.

Bees can be artificially swarmed every thirty to forty days during a part of the year, but this necessarily cuts down the production of honey. During the coming year the Llano stands will be increased to 1500 or more. Their present value is $3500; by the beginning of next year the value will be $7000, with the value of the honey produced in addition to this. $3000 worth of honey should be produced during the season of 1917.

About half of the Llano bees are near Riverside, where they make orange blossom honey. The rest of them are scattered about the district adjacent to the Colony. Eventually many persons will be employed in this department.

The honey producing season commences in earnest in June and is at its best through June, July, and August, but continues to be profitable unil the frosts come, usually in October. Llano bees in the San Bernardino valley begin work in April, and work through April, May, and June.

The bee department's requisition for 25,000 feet of sugar pine and 15,000 feet of cedar for hives was one of the first large orders for the Llano sawmill. Most of the equipment for the bee business will be manufactured at Llano, so the cost of the bee industry will be very small to Llano. The present equipment is adequate and will continue to be sufficient with very few purchases because so much can be manufactured in the Colony.

It is the ambition of the bee department to increase the number of stands as rapidly as possible and to sell the honey by mail order. Many inquiries for Llano honey have already come in, but it has been impossible to fill them, as the entire output of honey is consumed here. Honey is a part of each day's menu. The intention is to extract the honey, put it up in 3, 5 and 10 pound cans, and deliver it by parcel post.

Honey is extracted by machinery. The comb is "capped" by cutting off the tops of the cells. The combs are then put into baskets in tanks and whirled rapidly, centrifugal force throwing the honey out. The uncapped combs are then returned to the hives to be refilled by the patient exploited bees. Their production is thus greatly increased as they do not have to build new combs each time.

Another source of income from the bee department at Llano, and one that has not been considered in reckoning the probable value of this department, is the propagation and sale of queen bees. The Colony stands are largely Carnolians and Italians. These bees are in great demand. The exceptional conditions existing at Llano offer opportunities for developing a good business in selling Llano queens. Women can handle this work very nicely, and Comrade Burdick is hopeful of interesting them in the work. As queens are worth one dollar each and are not hard to rear, it is plain that this can become a very profitable industry.

Some interesting facts concerning bees are learned by studying them. The average life of a worker in the busy season is four to six weeks. Bees have been known to fly fifteen miles with honey, and can work with advantage over a radius of three miles. The bee earns its reputation for thrifty industriousness by beginning at daylight and working till dark. The quality of the honey produced depends on the blossoms on which the bees work, so the different seasons of the year as well as different localities make a great difference in the honey produced. The lighter in color the honey, the higher the price, though an effort is now being made to grade honey differently to prevent exploitation of bee keepers by the buyers and wholesalers. It is the intention of the Llano bee department to standardize in as few grades as possible, and then hold to these grades, so that any order can be exactly duplicated at any time. This will be acomplished through careful blending.

To Have Wool Goats

THOUGH it has not been given special attention, there is one industry at Llano which is making progress steadily, and promises to take its place as not only unique, but highly remunerative.

This is goat raising.

A herd of twelve nannies, most of them blooded Swiss milk goats, are the nucleus of the herd. The patriarchal Billy who

THIS $1000 JACK WON THE FIRST PRIZE when he was exhibited at the Antelope Valley Fair. He is the finest in the valley and is truly a splendid animal.—Photo by Banbury.

heads the flock is valued at $500; he is a goat of marvelous size and impressive appearance.

The boys and girls of the Junior Colony have charge of the goats, and have had for some months. The boys and girls milk and feed the goats and claim them as their property. They expect to develop a herd that will become a source of revenue to their colony.

Goat milk is coming more and more into favor. It is very rich and raises a cream just as cows' milk does. In some cities there is an established business in supplying goats' milk. Sometimes the goats are rented. Many physicians prescribe goats' milk for their patients. The milk is very rich and highly nutritious. Some of the goats in the Llano flock give a gallon of milk a day. It is richer than cows' milk.

Llano's goats are fed alfalfa, garden truck, turnip tops, and similar food. They are allowed to browse on the brush

(Continued on Page 28)

An Active Week at Llano

By Robert K. Williams

IT has been said often that we are too near the flying events to perceive them in their true colors and meaning. Therefore, it seems to me that the most interesting thing this month for all our good friends on the outside would be to tell them of the happenings here during the week of November 28 to December 7.

This article is not what the editor asked for. I was supposed to write a poetic description of the valley, of its ever-changing colors which are perhaps the most charming in the world, the surroundings, the geography, the topography, etc.

But somehow the muse would not come, and yet the callous editor kept calling for "copy." I was not in an inspired frame of mind when I climbed into bed at midnight and proceeded to chew my pencil in a vain attempt to get started.

Then from an unexpected source came a flood of ideas when good old Comrade La Franchi of Idaho drove in at 1:15 Sunday morning with fourteen more new arrivals and wanted to know where to put them for the remainder of the night.

The Saturday night dance was over, and Llano was quiet. I thought the day's work was over except for the story that I must have ready for the December issue. The past week had been one of the most strenuous from a housing standpoint that the Colony has ever experienced. Idaho had fallen on us like an avalanche and had taxed our accomodations to the uttermost. Fifteen new members with their families had arrived. Besides them there were visitors from Canada, Texas, Arizona, New Jersey, Minnesota, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania, and also some nearby neighbors. Housing was the paramount problem. In all more than seventy-five persons had to be immediately provided for, and made as comfortable as possible where conditions were already crowded. However, all were good natured and understood what was possible and what was not.

It was not long before everything in the hotel was full. Our good colonists, and we certainly do have hosts of them, volunteered space, bedrooms, blankets and everything necessary to make the people comfortable.

Our kitchen and dining room force, the finest in the world, I actually believe, with smiles wreathing their faces, pitched in and catered nobly to the demands of the tired and hungry arrivals; the commissary force, just as much interested, but horribly perturbed lest the supplies would run short, filled all our demands with grace; the creamery supplies were drawn on with unusual persistence, but Groves and his force dug up supplies from some mysterious source that has always been a wonder to me.

This was the condition on Friday and Saturday. People generally were comfortable and truly good natured, and enjoyed to the limit the Saturday evening dance. One of the greatest crowds ever assembled for a dance gathered, and the contagion of fun entered everybody. The musicians, ever enthusiastic, pitched in and fully ten strong got on the platform and amazed everybody with the music furnished. There were no delays between dances, and no one who cared to get on the floor went without a dance. The big crowd surely demonstrated that the hall was too small. The hall which is also the dining room, is 65 by 75 feet, yet if it were twice as large it would not be sufficient to accomodate those willing to take part in the festivities, and fully accomodate the crowds that twice weekly gather to attend the entertainments.

Comrade La Franchi of Idaho, had been writing us for a long time saying: "Look out! I'm coming with a whole bunch of people." We believed him, and started to prepare for them. A group of volunteers, one Sunday, went out to the "wash" about a mile east, and gathered boulders to build a dormitory. We made a good start that day, sending in some twenty-five loads. The following morning Comrades Will, Tygeson, Swanson, Loring, Moulton, Pascoe, Lewitzky and others got busy with the lime and sand that Comrade Irwin of Idaho had hauled in, and the foundation of a dormitory 134 feet by 32 feet was started. Stone work is slow, but fine time was made on this building; but before we could get it half completed, the influx from Idaho started, and at the same time comrades from Illinois, New Jersey, Minnesota, California, and elsewhere arrived.

As I said, everyone had gone home after the dance and I was trying to get out a story. Comrade La Franchi had said, earlier in the evening, that he was going down to the railroad station to get nine more people from Idaho. When he did not return by midnight we gave him up and I started to write.

When, at one hour and fifteen minutes after midnight, La Franchi's voice sounding like a lost soul through the tent walls, informed me that he had fourteen more people, I had my inspiration for a story. They were not the people he had gone after; they were relatives and friends of the earlier arrivals from Idaho. After considerable skirmishing we got them settled comfortably for the rest of the night.

Sunday was spent looking about for places of shelter. I discovered that Charlie Leedom had recently purchased a large tent which he had not yet had a chance to use. An idea struck me that perhaps this could be fitted up and used for some of the new arrivals. He agreed to give it up, and Mrs. Leedom suggested moving it to a new location. While my slow head was wondering how soon teams could be procured, she announced that it could be carried on the shoulders of the Llano stalwarts. Just at that moment ten men and boys finished moving a piano for Dr. Peterson, next door to Leedom's. Just the thing! They agreed with alacrity to help move the tent, and within a few minutes fifty men and boys were ready, took hold of the tent, and moved it to its new location.

After this affair, several carloads of nearby friends, as well as the new members, were sent over the ranch and returned late for supper.

A most inspiring sight met their eyes as they opened the door. A line of hungry diners almost a hundred feet long, was passing before the servers at the cafeteria tables. A hum of conversation, laughter and noise filled the hall. Everyone seemed happy.

For weeks the youngsters, as well as the older people, had been keyed up to a high state of expectation over the minstrel show that Comrade A. A. Stewart, NOT of Idaho had been advertising. Stewart likes minstrels. Perhaps it is because he is a continuous minstrel show himself, and likes to appear natural. At 6:50 the crowd began to gather. The show was advertised for 8:00, but this made no difference to the eager spectators. The tables were still occupied by diners, but chairs were arranged and a vigil began. Considerable difficulty was experienced by the dining room girls in catering to the wants of the diners, but all were served and everyone was happy, though the little tots were very much in the way.

La Franchi again! He appears and says that nine more from South Carolina, relatives of Mrs. McBride of Idaho, were at Palmdale, and he and another were going in for them. Poor

La Franchi! He came all the way from Idaho to see the Llano minstrels, and had to miss seeing them.

In the meantime a tent with three beds was discovered unoccupied and the new arrivals had a place to go.

At 8:15 the curtain rose on a circle of black-faced minstrels. The hall was filled to overflowing. It was an interesting sight. A year ago there were scarcely enough people to fill even the smaller hall. Two and a half years ago, scarcely a dozen could have been gathered to hear a minstrel show, if such a show were possible.

One can now foresee a larger and still larger halls which will be required to accommodate the folk who will come to this mecca, this great drawing magnet of the radical world. One cannot help but foresee a great community here. The Llano enterprise is growing in spite of everything, and nothing but a calamity yet undreamed of can keep the Llano del Rio Colony from being the most widely known co-operative movement in the world.

The minstrel show was good despite lack of practice. It was evident that much talent exists in the Colony, and like everything else that has a start will develop into something bigger and better. Dramatic clubs, choruses, glee clubs, and soloists are developing, and getting on to a working basis. An opportunity is afforded in Llano for the development of genius, and all that is required is purpose and initiative.

The jokes were good, and generally the singing was better than is usually found, though all the soloists make apologies. Their efforts were appreciated, and everyone having the courage to get before a big audience and do anything deserves sympathy and credit. The Colony is always sympathetic and generous, one of the finest traits found here.

Recently Comrade Job Harriman gave us a talk and in the course of his splendid remarks said that the success of this Colony depended on the state of mind. Bert Engle, one of the original members of the organization, who acted as "Jingles" and rattled the bones as end man, said to Interlocutor Allen of Idaho: "Mr. Allen, yo' 'member Pres'dent Harrman saying dat de sucksess of dis yer Colony dapended on a state ob mind?" "Yes. sir," said Comrade Allen, "I remember that remark and think that it is perfectly true. I believe that the success of the Llano Colony does depend on a state of mind."

"I muss disgree wid you, Mistah Allen," was Jingles' reply, "I'se been thinkin' dis yer thing over, and hab concluded dat de sucksess of dis yer Llano Colony depends mostly on de State ob Idaho."

Thus the jokes went. The big audience was kept in a continuous uproar.

On Monday morning the Idaho contingent was asked to assemble before the hotel to have some pictures taken. A big surprise was in store for many of the colonists, who had not realized how well the State of Idaho is represented here. More than 125 lined up in front of the camera, and Comrade Banbury snapshotted them.

While the housing conditions are inadequate and the needs pressing, some way always seems to be open to take care of the newcomers. At the present time we are asking all who can possibly do so to advance a sufficient sum, usually from $100 to $200, to buy lumber for immediate needs. We are talking of the immediate needs only. The saw mill, it is true, will solve these difficulties, but various things conspire to keep us from getting a sufficient supply from there. For instance, we have several big jobs on hand that seem to be pressing. The dormitory, surely much needed, will require several thousand feet of lumber. The horse barn will require a lot of lumber. The Montessori school is to be a big building and will also require a considerable quantity. The enlarging of the hotel dining room and assembly hall is another requirement. Roofs have to be put on many old frames now standing—a hundred places require lumber, and it will tax the capacity of the teamsters, the woodcutters in the hills, and the sawyers at the mill to keep abreast of the demand.

GOAT RAISING can be developed into an extensive and profitable industry in Llano. The brush on the hillsides and on the plains below will support thousands of goats. It is the intention of the livestock department to procure a herd of wool-bearing Angoras. The bucks shown here have a value of $200.

I wish I could impress upon everyone intending to come here the true housing situation, and the necessity of coming prepared with tents, bedding and the like. If we were just an ordinary community with settled conditions we could organize and take care of everything arising, but it is quite impossible.

The ordinary hotel would be delighted at the number of arrivals, and would be waxing fat on the profits. With us it is different. Each new boarder at the hotel means more work in the kitchen and calls for more equipment with which to do the work. We are kept enlarging and extending, and before we get the job finished a new lot of arrivals comes in, and we have to do it all over again. There is no possibility of saying how far to enlarge or how big to make anything. We don't know and have to meet conditions.

We know this:—Now that the first big installment of Idaho people are here, and are as comfortable as possible, it will not be long before a new force of eager colonists will come from Arizona—how many I don't know, but the promises are for many. When they come and are absorbed into the great growing movement, another crowd will come with money, stock, implements. etc., from Walter Huggins' territory in and about Chicago and the Middle West. It would not surprise us to see a couple of carloads come in from the Mississippi valley in the early spring. Our weather has been delightful, Rarely does the thermometer go below freezing point. People in the east and north contrast this condition with those they are contending with, and decide in favor of California.

Now is the time for men and women to show the spirit that counts. As a matter of fact, we are pioneering de luxe. We are together and have social life. We have plenty to eat, and we have amusements, and we have everything the pioneer does not have. Round about us are families who have been pioneering for fifteen years, and they are not through yet and never will be. They are isolated from neighbors, far away from markets, and the life is lonely and discouraging. This condition does not, and never has, obtained in Llano. We have our social delights, our dances, concerts, minstrels and other entertainments, and I believe people here who want to be busy and fully occupied, can reach that state more easily and quickly here than anywhere else on earth. The days are not long enough, or enough of them in the week to permit of working out the plans we have.

As I said, this is the time to be sports. Pardon the word, but it fits. A sport is one who takes things as they are, be it win or lose. The difference here is that there is no losing. But it takes spirit to keep in the game. Life in a measure is the game. So few of us know how to play it. Anyone easily discouraged and easily disappointed and suffering from ingrown pride—for heaven's sake, keep away from Llano. Freedom is offered here for all those with purpose and a desire to better their social and economic welfare.

I have seen many students of psychology, that is, character readers, and most of them were studying books. I've come to the conclusion that the human mind with its myriad slants has never been touched in the books. It is this phase that makes life so interesting in Llano. We all think we are liberal and can fit anywhere. Just take a long breath here. We're like Achilles; we have a vulnerable spot It seems that we can find it quicker here than elsewhere. When the little tender vanity is touched the whole world is tinged with yellow. When the hole in our armor is found, just remember this, that never more than one or two know anything about it, and unless you rave and wave your arms and cry that you are hurt, the social circle will continue on as before, troubling itself not with your troubles.

We are here in a group, almost a thousand now, with a purpose, and that purpose is to improve ourselves in every way. It is already done and can be bettered, but the better the man and woman, the better the result. The world of Llano has little use for the weakling or the morose or the blind follower of fad. One can expect but little sympathy if a disposition is not shown to go half the distance. Meet the other fellow half way and then some and the troubles here as well as elsewhere will be solved. It is much finer to give than to receive. Remember the more you give the happier you will be. Service is the test. In service one can be lost from troubles and grow bigger and better.

I suppose when the editor sees this, he will throw his hands in the air and tear his blond hair, for I have violated all precedents and disobeyed his orders. But his story wasn't in me this month. We have a condition in Llano to be met. I am anxious to see it met. We are meeting it and will continue to do so. The people that come will do more than their share, and anyhow this story is not written for home consumption. It's to give you folks on the outside some idea of what we are and what we need. It also is for the purpose of telling you that you cannot do better than come here, but when you come, come prepared to adjust yourself to conditions. Bring your own tents, all the furniture you have and all the clothing you possess. Just figure if you can, that you are coming to a desert where you cannot procure a thing for a long while, and then when you arrive you will find that conditions are better than you expected and that a warm and generous welcome awaits you, and where with God's blessing, all your hopes can be realized.

Now to sum up how you should prepare to come to Llano.

Give notice as far in advance as you can so we will have time to prepare. You will be better satisfied if you send money in advance so that a temporary house can be constructed for you. Write for particulars about this. Bring all of the warm clothing you can, overcoats, underwear, sweaters, shirts, dresses, stockings, socks, etc. Bring shoes, plenty of them—heavy, stout ones. Things you think are not nice enough to wear where you have been living are just exactly what you need here. Better bring what you will never need than to throw away or give away things which will be useful here. Bring bedding, lots of it, more than you think you will use. Bring beds, furniture, EVERYTHING. You will make everything easier for everybody if you do this. Try to arrange to have some money to make purchases of small luxuries and necessities that the commissary may not have when you require them. The more independent you can make yourself of the commissary in the matter of clothing the more satisfied you will be. The idea I am trying to convey is that you should come as fully prepared as you possibly can. While we expect someday to have woolen and cotton mills and shoe factories, we want you to come prepared as fully as possible for the time that must intervene. Remember, a membership is not a pension; as a co-operator you must be as self-reliant as possible, making your expense as light as possible and thus hasten the day when the Colony can be entirely self-supporting. Last of all, be sure to write as far in advance as you can so that preparations may be made for you.

INSPECTING THE WORLD'S MYSTERIES. This inquisitive little fellow was caught by the camera man as he put an inquiring nose out to inspect a visitor.—Photo by Banbury.

How They Hate Publicity

IN just three days more the great Peach Day would be celebrated. For weeks we had been supplying the press of the country with stories. Peach Day was among the first of the commercial holidays which have become a factor in advertising and popularizing products, and as pioneers we were forcing the public to observe the day. We urged the world to eat peaches on Peach Day and on every other day in the year. We issued statements, government statistics, and the results of the investigations of certain subsidized "professors" to show that peaches had extraordinary food value, that they were historical, that they were anything and everything good.

Though we had boosted Peach Day all over the country by means of impressive posters, magazine articles, and press stories, we had done nothing at home. The city which boasted of being "the peach center of the Western hemisphere" had done nothing to celebrate the day it asked the rest of the world to observe. Interested persons elsewhere were asking embarassing questions.

Our prosperity was founded on peaches. We talked them, raised them, sold them. They displaced the weather as the opening sentence of casual or time - filling conversation.

This was the condition when Sam Levers strolled into the office about three days before Peach Day. He was advertising manager for the Morning Democrat. His specialty was ideas, which was one of the reasons he held his responsible position on the leading paper of the state. There was no birth control of ideas when he was concerned.

Sam wasted no time. "You know, we oughta celebrate Peach Day right here at home. If the rest of the country knew that we don't even do what we ask them to do, Peach Day would be as popular as Yom Kipper in Hong Kong. We gotta put something over. It's up to us to make a noise. Can't you fellows think of something? You'd oughta; you're advertising it."

It's always easy for the fellow who gets hold of the skeleton of an idea to put it up to someone else to work out, and then if it succeeds to throw out his chest and take all of the credit. I suppose there are people who suggested to the Wright brothers that they should make an aeroplane, and who now take the credit of having given the idea to them. But I must say that Sam was usually able to work out his own ideas.

We remained silent. That's the usual way of concealing a mental vacuum. Sam continued: "I'll get you all of the space you need in the paper. You write up the stuff and we'll stir up something. Say, I'll tell you what we want to do," Sam warmed up to the subject, "let's get up a Peach Day parade. Get out the Fire Department, and the police, and the militia, and the band, and make a showing. Duval has just bought a moving picture camera. We'll get him to shoot the parade."

This was in the days before moving picture cameras were so widely used. Moving pictures were common enough, but probably not one person in a thousand in our town had ever seen them made, and not one in ten thousand had ever had the proud honor of appearing on the screen, even in a crowd. We jumped at the idea.

The boss deemed it time to prove that he was the original home of productive thought. "We can pull the biggest crowd that ever came to town. We'll play it up that the moving picture companies want to get this stuff for the circuits to run in the weeklies. Most of these people never saw pictures taken and they'll all want to get into it. It'll be good advertising for our city."

I have noticed that it is the firm conviction of every resident of every city that the rest of the world just hungers to see his little town on the film. My own observation has been that the average audience hates to see any other town but his own on the screen.

"I betcha a million people will come to town" said Sam excitedly. He had the habit of using big figures; it grew out of telling advertisers about the circulation of the "Democrat." It wasn't the circulation, but the telling of it that brought in the big figures.

LLANO CALVES ARE SLEEK AND HEALTHY. They are kept in the corral near the dairy barn until they are large enough and sturdy enough to make their way on the range. Then they are put into the range herd and kept till they come fresh and go into the milk herd.—Photo by Banbury.

So it was arranged that I should write a story to run under a three column head, telling the credulous public of Peachtown that a celebration was to be held. Sam promised to see the mayor and the city council and the Merchants' Association, and have the holiday proclaimed. This was also deemed good publicity that a holiday should be proclaimed in honor of Peaches. "We'll get 'em all in close-ups and they'll fall for it," concluded Sam with the confidence that comes from a personal knowledge of how public officials and officials of Associations yearn for the spotlight.

So Sam left to see the city officials and fix up for the holiday. I wrote the story telling that Peach Day was to be officially celebrated; that it was to be a holiday; that the first moving pictures ever taken in Peachtown were to show our prosperous and thriving city to a waiting and curious world. The story made a good showing when it appeared with a three column head. It was really the big story of the day.

Jack London

By FRANK E. WOLFE

JACK LONDON IS DEAD. The bold, brave, hearty, wholesome Jack who lived a life story as wonderful as the stories he wrote is gone. Lovers of real strong men will miss him. Socialists the world wide have most cause to mourn his loss.

He understood the workers better than any American writer. Some of his least known writings were his best. His "People of the Abyss" was the most vivid picture ever painted of the submerged, teeming millions of England. Thousands of the obscure who knew Jack personally will silently grieve. Jack lived and loved and laughed through life despite a rather dismal outlook for the future of the workers. He saw surcease only after the cataclysm of the Iron Heel. For this Jack held. In the last note I received from him he responded to my goading by a terse reference to the Iron Heel as the inevitable outcome. "What life means to me" meant much to all of us.

The solution came for Jack as we should wish—quickly and without expectation or knowledge of its nearness. His imprint will long remain. Our comrade has passed and the world will long turn in the lathe of time before the workers shall have a champion his equal.

Good-bye John Barleycorn

GOOD-BYE, JOHN BARLEYCORN: You are on your way. The inexorable law of economic determinism has you skidding. The moral issue failed utterly to destroy the Demon Rum. King Alcohol laughed defiantly at the devices and puny efforts of the few preachers whose hearers nodded approval and shouted amens, but who straightway went and voted wet so it wouldn't hurt business. Now it has been discovered that in dry towns there are more profits for the small capitalist and the Demon has instantly lost its staunchest supporters.

With the election returns, the map shows that one may travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf through territory as dry as a Death Valley lizard. The four new dry states Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Montana make this possible. Detroit becomes the largest dry city in America.

Truly, John Barleycorn is on his way, and the Socialists should rejoice. This demise will clear thousands of muddled brains and make stronger fighters in the cause of the emancipation of the workers.

The next morning the paper carried interviews with the mayor, the chief of police, the secretary of the Merchants' Association, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and others, with cuts of such of them as were to be found in the "morgue" of the "Democrat." The interviews were secured by telephone. the method pursued being to call up the official tell him about the holiday, the parade, the moving pictures, and ask him if he didn't think it would be a splendid thing for the city. Of course he did, and the next morning he was quoted to this effect. Some of them were made to say that it would draw the attention of millions to the city of Peachtown. They all saw the desirability of appearing in the parade, I didn't have to point that out. The story carried in the headlines the astonishing information that it was to be shown in five thousant picture theaters throughout the country and that it would be seen by millions of persons.

On the third day, Peach Day, the paper told of the police arrangements made to handle the immense crowds, of how the people from neighboring towns were coming, of final preparations, and reiterated all the glaring assertions made on previous days. The parade was set for ten o'clock promptly; the pictures were to be taken where they would show the "Democrat" building, of course.

In the meantime Sam had got busy. He had seen Duval and got the latter's consent. But Duval had just bought the machine and had never yet turned the crank. He was a novice at the business, too. Moreover, he had but five hundred feet of film. This last fact sealed his fate. When I learned that we refused to allow him to try out his camera. We feared he would use up all his film.

Long before ten o'clock the crowd was on hand. Every owner of an automobile was lined up ready to parade for the movies. Pedestrians shrewdly figured that if they became a background they would remain in the picture longer. So far the celebration was a success.

Sam was exultant. "Nothing of this kind ever happened in this man's town before." He was right about that.

I was nominated and unanimously elected to handle the parade. The committee consisted of the boss and Sam and myself, so I was hopelessly in the minority at all times because the boss and Sam wanted to ride in an automobile and be of the spotlight brigade themselves. Duval was there with his picture machine, doubtful as to results, and fearful as to his reputation, but spurred on because he didn't want to offend Sam Levers who gave him much work on the "Democrat." He had pleaded for leave to use it in advance and become accustomed, but we were afraid he might lose courage, and we would not consent.

When the eventful hour arrived the police were on hand, resplendent in all their pompous glory. They also thirsted for film fame. The plan was for them to lead the parade, and then double back and hold the surging mob in place, while the automobiles had the right of way. The streets were jammed with a screen-crazy mob. We had plenty to do to keep the crowd back.

(Continued on Page 28)

Children and Livestock

By Mildred G. Buxton

THE livestock of Llano plays an important part in the education of the Colony children.

At the Junior Colony several hundred chickens claim and receive the close attention that successful chicken raising requires; more than a hundred turkeys strut majestically about quite as though they were not dependent on the thoughtfulness of the young people.

Many rabbits owe their good health to the warm hutches built by the boys, and the fact that meal time is regularly observed. Several tiny pigs, too weak to be cared for at the hog ranch are sent to the children for their tender care, and Porko, one of the first to come, who used to run across the floor on his little legs like a mechanical toy, is now a good sized fellow who lives outside in a pen and helps the children take care of the six or more other weaklings.

Several horses, Peanut, Queen, Jack, Lady and Della are cared for and driven by the children who use them for all the work around the children's colony. They haul alfalfa, lime, rock, sand, bricks, and wood; and they plow, and harrow and use them for the work that horses are used for. It is an inspiring sight to see a young boy who was considered unmanageable, manage a fine spirited horse and so learn to control himself.

When the goats were first turned over to the children the little kids had to be fed from bottles and such a time as the children had learning how to hold and handle them at feeding time! It was quickly learned and now no animal that lives and eats could daunt the boys and girls of that Colony. It was funny to see their first attempts at milking the goats. One boy clasped her firmly around the neck, while four others took a leg apiece and another boy did the milking. The milking was soon figured out on a more economical labor basis and now goats' milk is one of the staple products there.

One of the young boys was helping at the dairy last winter and the assistant superintendent said he would as soon have that thirteen year old boy for help as any man he had ever seen. Four a. m. was not too early for the little fellow to be on hand and he felt a real responsibility and took an intelligent interest in the work. It was not that he had to work, nor was it merely the curiosity a new occupation could excite in the child's mind, for he stayed at the work during the cold and wet when many a man of less sturdy fibre would have asked to be changed to an easier job.

Even the wee ones of the Montessori school learn much of animal life and care by observation. Little Jean, aged three, surprised her teacher one day when riding home past the cow corral, by pointing out a sick cow and going on to state that she was sick because she had eaten too much alfalfa and that the bit was put into her mouth so that she would eat more slowly and so get well. She was not the daughter of a farmer, either.

In fact, it is the observation developed that constitutes the educational value of the care of these animals. Regularity must be adhered to, the laws of nature are inexorable, and it takes but a short time to get this into the head of the smallest children, and when that lesson is learned, the child is well on the way to learn other important matters.

Four coyotes, one porcupine, one badger, a hawk, several road-runners, a crow, two bob cats, a big rattle snake and some gopher and king snakes, while not exactly coming under the head of livestock, yet call for the same care and return the same educational value, have been intersting mmbers of the Junior Colony this last summer. The bob cats are the only ones of the larger animals left. The departure of the others really speaks more for the sagacity of the animals than of lack of care on the part of the children. The hope is, in time, to have specimens of all the animals that are to be found in this part of the country and there is little doubt but that among all our children some close students of both livestock and wild animals will be found.

Comrades Mr. and Mrs. Pickett are always close at hand and a few questions at just the right time will lead the young students along the path to an intelligent understanding of Nature and her ways, and will stimulate them to search for first hand information both in books and their daily life.

A SNAPSHOT OF HUNDREDS OF RABBITS. The camera caught part of the hundreds of rabbits being fattened for Llano tables. The insert shows one of the big bucks which head the rabbitry. New Zealands, Belgians, and Flemish Giants are in the lot here, the single buck being of the latter variety. He won first prize at the Antelope Valley Fair.—Photo by Banbury.

The Clothes We Wear

By Dr. John Dequer

HERBERT SPENCER, in the opening paragraph of his book called "Education," tells us that, in point of time, ornamentation precedes utility. Especially is this true in the realm of dress. Primitive man did not clothe himself to protect his body from the ravages of heat or cold, but as an adornment to attract attention, chiefly from the opposite sex.

His earliest concepts were to have bright bits of bone and shell, on his lips, ears, and nose. After these were sufficiently loaded a string around the neck served as a rack upon which to hang additional ornaments, and next the hips were engirdled for the same purpose. Thus our early artificial covering was for advertising purposes only. The male with the largest amount of "frumpery" around his body was naturally the most desired.

The Rev. Speke, quoted by Spencer, tells us an instance in point: Having provided his negro servants with sheepskin coats to protect them from the inclement weather in the nights; they wore them in the blazing sun on the plains, and, when they arrived at their destination, laid them in the wagon, and went about shivering in the rain. The idea of utility in their dress had not yet found a lodgment in their minds. To these primitive savages a sheepskin coat was something to "strut" in, while their naked hides could not be spoiled by water. From this, and other instances, we could quote from sociological literature, it is plain that the idea of using clothing for a protection against atmospheric inclemency has been gradually developed from our primordial desire to enhance our charms (with some of the present generation this is still too true).

As late as the sixteenth century the male was the bird with gay feathers. It still survives in military circles. The gold lace and grotesque trappings of officers are simply a survival of past barbarism, and as of yore these trappings are very potential in the world of romance. Brass buttons will take, where honest worth could not touch.

However, with the development of commercialism, and the segregation of the military and business professions, dress for utility has for the most part taken the place of dress for ornamentation.

Modern activities of life in useful fields compel it. With middle-class femininity, and to a great extent among those of the better paid working class, who are not class conscious, but imagine themselves a part of the middle class, clothing is yet worn chiefly for ornamentation, and exerts a pernicious influence upon the health and morals of the wearer. For this lamentable state of affairs, commercialism is largely to blame; while the capitalistic organization of society, where the woman has to capture a man for a doughnut tree, supplies the other factor. The underworld of Paris is hard pressed to capture the eye of men and hold them while their money lasts. To do this garments are evolved strikingly grotesque, advertising the business of the "demi monde." If these women succeed in landing their prey successfully, it is whispered upward to the commercial centers of the city, and its machinery of advertising is set in motion, by means of which latent bourgeois insanity is stirred up so as to demand the new fad. Commercially this is profitable while its social origin is never questioned, and is known by but few. Thus, like all good things, our fashions have a lowly origin. Were it not for woman's economic position in society, as a direct dependent upon a man for support, there would be no such phenomena to deal with. But woman must capture man in order to gain shelter from economic storms, and in so doing, she resorts to competitive advertising of her charms, real or supposed. It is in this fact that commercialism finds its profit. So much for the social and economic question of dress.

The ills that result therefrom should by right be classed as social economic diseases.

After the "merchant prince" has grown fat upon the profits made off body-deforming, health-destroying frumperies, the pelvic and abdominal surgeons get a chance at the victim, and his fees for treating adhesions, misplacements, tumors, and other "blessings" that follow in the wake of high heeled shoes, pays the mortgage on his house, and sends his boy through college. "Every cloud has its silver lining."

Then there are our corsets; they are never laced tight, they just keep the body in shape like a Sears, Roebuck fashion plate. They squeeze the liver against the diaphragm, and the viscera into the pelvis. They weaken the muscles of the back, and just slightly interfere with innervation. Of course, they have nothing to do with neurasthenia, indigestion, constipation, miscarriage, and a thousand other ills. No, not at all. They just keep the body in shape. Nature made a mistake in not fashioning us according to the latest styles. What does it know about shape, anyhow?

Nature made our bodies to meet the requirements of life; each organ is placed so as to perform its special function. It never considered the merchant, the advertiser, nor Anthony Comstock. It is the habit of the capitalist to use every human weakness to enhance his wealth and, through that, his power. Thus the native love of the beautiful that naturally flows in the veins of man, beast and bird is taken from its normal channel of adornment, and prostituted, much the same as Billy Sunday prostitutes emotion.

It is not our purpose to deride or decry the graceful or artistic. In our present mode of life dress is needed, and to advocate the ugly, the inharmonious of color and texture is a psychological crime of the other extreme. Nor is it the purpose to discourse upon the moral influences of certain forms of raiment. The healthful and artistic alone are to be considered. For that which is worn with ease, and affords no hindrance to the normal functioning of the bodily organs, can easily be made graceful.

Speaking of the immorality of nude art and the supposed crime of indecent exposure, people who wear bizarre bathing suits, these cannot be compared with the fashionable crime committed by the malformation of the human body to suit the triple-headed monster, commercialism, vanity and public opinion. It must at all times be our purpose to aid nature in her normal work for the good of the present and succeeding generations.

Utility should take precedence over ornamentation; the aesthetic sense should be subordinate to, but not separate from, the utilitarian.

—o—

Brothers!

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.—Robert Burns.

Poultry as a Business

By Oliver Zornes

POULTRY is a science closely related to other sciences. A person to understand the care of poultry must have an understanding of other forms of agriculture closely allied to it, and an understanding of the chemistry which is connected with all life and death. The study of foods and conditions which conduce health is also essential. A person wishing to make a success of any business must not make that business a side issue, but must devote his time to that business. In saying a success, I do not mean that you can get rich. How many farmers have become rich from their farming? Not one! If there has been much money made on the farm, it has been by speculation, and the rise in land values. My readers will pardon me for mentioning an experience of my own. At one time, when I was just starting into the poultry business, a neighbor came to me and said "You are doing the wrong thing." He had tried it, This neighbor lived in an irrigated district, and his place happened to be in a low area which was covered with drainage water, with the exception of about one acre which was very sandy. He had hatched and raised about two thousand on this piece of land, and when they started laying, had them housed in the same house in which they were raised, thus crowding them. He took his eggs once a week to a neighboring town, and brought back feed. He stated that his eggs just paid for the feed, that there was nothing in it but just hard work. What other farm business would have paid on this place? Do not exaggerate the possibilities of the poultry business in your own mind, but give it the same chance that you would other farming.

In the first place, you must do your work because you like it, not because you expect to get rich. You should study the success and failure of other poultrymen. Make a study of conditions of climate, food elements, and provisions to supply the needs of your poultry flocks.

In selecting foods you may save money by knowing the prices of other foods that may take the place of the one you are using. Use judgment in selecting the breed you wish. In selecting a breed for egg production only, remember that a dairyman never selects a large boned cow for a large production of butter fat to a given amount of food. Why keep up a large framework when a small one serves the purpose? For example: at one time, in Llano, we had about five hundred leghorn hens in one pen, and about two hundred and fifty of a larger breed in another. We fed the large hens nearly as much as all the leghorns, and only received the same ratio of egg production.

You may have a flock of barred rocks or hens of any other breed which lay well, or you may have the contrary, but this does not disprove the above statements; all this depends on the strain, the selection, and the breeding.

All who desire information on the subject of selection should write to Walter Hogan, at Petaluma, California, for his book on this subject, "The Call of the Hen."

Selection in Breeding

By Wesley Zornes

BY a process of natural selection nature weeds out the unfit. Slight variations may decide the fate of a single individual. If the variation is of use to the individual and gives it advantage over others it will survive. Likewise man, by a process of artificial selection in preserving the variations suitable to his use, has built up a magnificent type of draft horse. Our shorthorn cattle were at one time running wild on the grassy meadows of England. By a process of breeding and selecting we have today a fine type of cattle, which has few, if any, of the ancestral marks.

Excepting for slight variations like will produce like. This is true of all life, which includes both the animal and plant worlds. In breeding live stock this great law of heredity should be kept constantly in mind. The most rigid selection of individual breeders should be the rule. Carelessness in this respect means only disastrous failure.

In looking over his herd, the questions constantly before the careful breeder are: Which variation should I select? What rule shall I go by? There are many good points in my herd, which shall I select? If the breeder has no conception of the ultimate ideal type he wishes, he is as a ship without a rudder. The first requisite in selection for breeding is then, an ideal type.

This ideal will depend on circumstances. For instance, if bacon is in demand, a bacon type of hog may be more desirable and profitable than another type.

In Llano we have no market troubles. We consume what we produce and our idea is to produce for use, and not for profit, threfore we are developing a lard and bacon type of hog.

Our hog department is a good example of what systematic selection will do in building up a herd. In a little over a year Comrade Will, head of the department has built up a herd of grade Duroc-Jerseys. In comparing the offspring with the parents the difference in quality and color shows that a careful system of selection has been practiced.

With the introduction of new blood on the male side supplemented by a careful selection of brood sows, we now have a herd of which we can boast.

In selecting the male, importance was placed upon the breed, Durocs being chosen because of their ability to reproduce, and their hardiness. Conformation being necessarily the next consideration, the broad even backs and long sides of our young stock tell just how successful has been the result of one generation of breeding from a pure herd of Duroc Jerseys.

We cannot over-estimate the importance of the selection of the male. The prepotent powers being stronger, he must have desired points well marked. Individual variations are hard to perpetuate unless in the ancestry of the individual these points were also predominant. In the selection of either the male or female, the ancestry must be considered. For instance, in selecting a dairy cow, if in her pedigree her ancestors show a great capacity, we are tolerably certain that she also has this quality to a more or less extent.

Pecularities of breed carried out in three or four generations become immutably fixed and transmutable.

Our boar, because his ancestors had the conformation, color, and reproductive capacity, becomes the determining factor in building up onr herd of hogs.

The female, although selected, has not the long line of ancestors which had her conformation or even color. As a result her prepotent powers are much less than those of the male.

(Continued on Page 29)

Building a Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

ONE of the questions of the day among people of progressive thought, is that of creating conditions under which modern folk can spend more of their time in the open air, without sacrificing too much hard-earned modern comfort. In New York and some other places a serious attempt has been made to put the schools on the roofs. On account of the very high price of land in large cities, the schools are piled up many stories high, the children in the lower stories having insufficient light and air, and in many places no playground except the streets. The problem of the children on the streets of large cities is equally acute from the point of view of the children, who are subject to the most undesirable physical and moral environment, and of the grown-ups, who are subject to constant annoyance and even danger from the reckless pranks of undirected youthful energy.

On the other hand there are many square miles of roofs over which the precious sunlight is freely poured, and the fresh air streams with life giving vigor, for the benefit of an occasional cat or sparrow. A great mass of laws and conventions and habits has been built up to separate the child from the priceless privileges of the roof, but these are being overcome, and it is hoped that before long it will be a serious offence for a child to be found on the streets of a large city, while playgrounds and schoolrooms bask in the sun over the heads of the canyon dwellers of the business world.

Then comes the problem of sleeping in the open air. Even in the mild, dry climate of California people have been slow to learn the surprising benefit, the tonic quality, of the sleeping porch. Habit, of course, is the great stumbling block, but perhaps a graver one is the fact that it is very hard to find a house with a sleeping porch attachment. One of the difficulties is that with the small one-story houses which are so common the porch must necessarily be on the ground floor. Many women are nervous about sleeping on the ground floor, and besides this, the air near the ground level is damper and less pure than it is higher up.

The difficulty in this case is the same as in the large cities. The roof is being wasted. The possibilities of usefulness in an elaborate and expensive feature in the construction of a house, are being sacrificed and thrown away. It is evident that, even in California, the roof must protect from the rain, even if there are only half a dozen days in the year when it is to be expected. But anyone who has performed the gymnastic feat of climbing on to the comb of a roof must remember the elation of spirit which comes from the sudden sweep of the outlook from horizon to horizon. Why should we deprive ourselves of the privilege of the most desirable part of the house? If you discuss this subject with persons who have not given it much thought you will find them loaded with a certain number of objections. "The roof will leak." "So-and-so has a flat roof and never uses it." The answer to the first question is merely one of intelligent construction. There are many ways of making a perfectly tight flat roof, but it would take too much space to go into that here. As to the second objection, it is true that it is very rare indeed to find a flat roof where the questions of accessibility and "habitability" have been properly studied. In one case I know of, the only access to a beautiful roof terrace is through a bathroom, up a very narrow, steep stair. In dozens of other cases the railing around otherwise desirable roofs is only eighteen inches or two feet high, and a person attempting to enjoy the prospect is visible and conspicuous for miles around.

HEALTHY WHITE LEGHORN PULLETS and Bronze Turkeys at the Junior Colony have given the children a start in livestock raising that will soon be a source of income to the youngsters. They take care of the poultry and have done much of the building work on the poultry house which is more than 70 feet long.—Photo by Banbury.

There are certain first principles to be borne in mind in constructing a "living" roof. The access should be by a wide, easy stair, which should, preferably, start from the livingroom, and have a landing with a window and window seat within sight. This tempts the unwary to a little exploring expedition, just a few steps; and from the landing one sees the opening on to the roof, possibly protected by a little glass conservatory, and one just has to go on and investigate that. And then—why, one is out on top of the house, and is not the view perfectly magnificent? Having arrived, the next thing is to be comfortable on this second story of a one-story house. The wall around the roof should be four feet high, with a bench two feet high running below it. Then when you are sitting down, you are not visible from the neighborhood. If possible have the wall on the side from which the prevailing winds come higher, and with eaves along it. Then you can have beds

(Continued on Page twenty-nine)

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in November Magazines

ATLANTIC

The Nation's Crime Against the Individual.—Democratic tendencies have done more to free the race from the tyranny of its rulers than to free the individual from exploitation by the race. But man does violence to his own conscience if he presses the interests of his race against the interests of the wider spiritual community in which he lives. The principal cause of modern warfare is commercial rivalry. Only their economic ambitions seem to call men out to physical combat with their neighbors. The crime of the nation against the individual is, that it claims a life of eternal significance for ends that have no eternal value.—Reinhold Niebuhr.

Our Relations with France.—Some of our institutions we inherited from England. Some we consciously chose from France. We are in sympathy with English liberalism but we do not wish to become involved in an Anglo Saxon Imperialistic Alliance. Democracy has never survived such imperialistic adventures. Calling it a League to Enforce Peace would not alter the facts. The ideals we borrowed from France are the basis of our well known sympathy with the French and indeed of our Republican institutions. By allying ourselves with a people whose political institutions correspond with ours, we could establish inclusive not exclusive accords, and such a Franco-American understanding would be of great value to British Liberals in working towards a federal organization of the whole world.—Arthur Bullard.

Some Fallacies in the Modern Educational Scheme.—The old system of teaching accepted as a self-evident truth the value of hard and strenuous work per se; the new denies this value save as that work is directed towards a definite end and along the line of the pupil's interest. In particular Dr. Eliot lays stress on observational studies and a return to natural conditions. But much of the farmer boy's work was done from a sense of duty and as a matter of course. The purely practical and materialistic education so highly extolled fails to develop the higher mental attributes of imagination and philosophic thought. However, personality, not rules and methods, is the determining factor in education.—A. E. Stearns.

Neutral Europe and the War.—The enemy to be overcome is not one group of the nations now at war, but the militarism, imperialism, and Jingoism in each of them. And so far this fight has not even got a start. It is only when no one can really claim to have been victorious—when nobody can dictate terms, when the end will have been brought about what could have prevented the dire beginning—a collective conference to thrash out the difficulties and allow everybody fair play and his due—that the ground will have been cleared for a future which each of the nations at war professes to fight for.—L. Simons.

THE MASSES

Railroads and Revolution.—The railroad trainmen did not do any of the things that revolutionists would like them to do. They did not strike. They did not turn to the million or more track men, car men, and laborers working on the roads, who are ineligible at present in the Brotherhoods, and consolidate them all in an agressive organization. The Brotherhoods did not want a settlement through legislation. In collective bargaining their course is direct and known, in the labyrinth of national politics it is unknown. But rather than involve the country in a strike they accepted legislation. They do not believe in legislative regulation of wages as a method, but they do believe in their country. If the Supreme Court reverses the decision of Congress—the country sells out the trainmen. When that happens we may—I do not say we will—have to face the wrath of good men. I hope they will reward us for its postponement.—Helen Marot.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Okuma and the New Era in Japan.—The resignation of Okuma, the last of the "Elder Statesmen," marks the end of an era. The Tolstoi of Japan, a man with an international mind, the key to his career is found in his faith in education. When military strength was advocated as the nation's only salvation, he urged the elevation of women as the nation's safeguard. Ancient Japan gave women a high place in the State; it was Confucian notions which lowered her status in Japan. His actions and sympathies show that he strives to follow the "Samurai of the ages," Christ, but perhaps he waits to see the savagery of civilization eliminated from Christianity before he comes out openly for it. In ethical and personal purity and in ferreting out the abundant Japanese scoundrelism in high places, none has excelled this believer in clean poverty.—William E. Griffis.

The Morality of Force.—Captain Andrillon, in a recent much read book, discusses the German belief in a Teutonic superman, and decides that the pitting of conceptions of law, justice and humanity against the doctrine of force, have only served to imperil the civilization they express. The just man is of all men the most defenseless, for he will not commit injustice even to save himself. Plato's reply to the Sophists applies in our day as it did in Ancient Greece. "The consensus of mankind not only applauds justice but makes it powerful." The allies might use it against Germany: "The law of life is the law of battle; let the fit survive." And this is Socrates' last point: "There is an eternity in righteousness which makes it stronger than any power of a day, and to go to the world below having one's soul full of injustice is the last and worst of evils." The heroes of he world are not the Caesars and Napoleons; they are men who, like Socrates, feared the laws of eternity more than the laws of life, and so preferred to live well rather than to live long. Belgium lies wounded, panting, but fighting on, and all nations bend over her with their love and veneration.—Hartley B. Alexander.

THE INDEPENDENT

Socialism vs. Militarism.—The most urgent danger of the present day is the tendency of the American capitalist class towards militarism. The Wilson military appropriations are greater than any other nation ever made in time of peace. The military laws sprung on the people of New York State are an even more striking danger signal. We Socialists believe that militarism is as dangerous in the U. S. as anywhere else, and that these military appropriations are not made for defense in any true sense of the word. We are building more merchant ships than any other nation to hold the trade we have won as a result of the war, and we need this navy to hold the foreign markets in which goods can be sold for a private profit, which American workers cannot buy because of the difference between their wages and the value of their product. We know that prosperity from this foreign trade, while it means hundreds of millions for the capitalist class, means only more work for the workers for wages that, however "high," are only as high as the cost of living. What the nation needs is not foreign trade, but such economic arrangements as shall enable productive workers to consume the full value of their own products. Socialists, this year as always, advocate public ownership and democratic management of the nation's great industries—combined with another innovation—public ownership of the government.

—Allan L. Benson.

PEARSON'S

Uncle Sam's False Teeth.—England calculated several years ago that no German invasion of more than eighty thousand men was to be feared, and that even this number would be brought over so slowly as to give her ample warning. How very much greater would be the difficulty of landing on our shores by either Germany or Japan? Our army is worse than waste. It will be used as an instrument of capitalism or not at all. There is an army of over ten millions of wage earners existing below the minimum level of living. The 661 millions about to be spent on armaments would lift these families to a standard of health and efficiency.—Editorial.

New York Night Court for Women.—A dozen visits to the Night court leaves a nightmare vision of the lazy selfishness of our profession of Christianity. There is not love enough in the community to redeem those erring brothers and sisters. It is simpler to punish them in our self-righteousness and so have done with them and put them out of mind. When confronted with some of the awful wrecks of the night court, the only possible reflection is: "What were we doing that we let her fall so low."—Editorial.

Uncle Sam as a Slavedriver.—Civil service positions are very poorly paid. The work is steady—but so is work in most jobs—too much so. Promotion is very slow and many of the employees work after hours at some other occupation to make both ends meet. They have a month's vacation and many of them work during that period to be able to live decently. Workers for Uncle Sam cannot improve their conditions by striking. Thanks to the introduction of machinery and efficiency systems labor produces more wealth at less outlay for wages, but a process of industrial slavery is going on which, if allowed to continue, spells the final subjection of the workers of the country to those who own and do not work.—William Leavitt Stoddard.

WORLD'S WORK

What Kills the Babies?—There are two and a half million babies born in the United States every year of whom 300,000 die the first year. High scientific authorities declare that, under proper surroundings, the death rate of babies would be practically negligible. The idea that the toughened offspring of the poor developes qualities that make for better success re-

ceives a hard knock from investigation. In city wards where hygiene is at a discount the infant death rate reaches 27 per cent. In the wards where the highest standards prevail it drops to 5 per cent.—Editorial.

A New Period In Air Service.—One reason for the slowness of the evolution of the airplanes has been the excessive multiplication of types and systems of control. It is the standardization of the army airplane in Europe which have brought the amazing results of which we hear. An eminent aeronautic engineer expects soon to see aviation so fool-proof "that it will be safer to fly than to run an automobile in the streets of a city." Such things as stabilizers, landing devices, automatic parachutes, for aviators, and automatic pilots which will keep an airplane going in a given direction despite wind currents and pockets, without the aviator touching the steering apparatus, are either accomplished or within the realms of immediate possibility.—Frank C. Page.

EVERYBODY'S

A Free Theater Refreshingly Human.—The Washington Square players are making a diverting and worth while attempt to uplift the American drama. Edward Goodwin supported by some generous and enthusiastic young artists rented a small theater and went through a season with union wages fixed at nil. Props., post card publicity and programs were the only items added to the rent. On such sane foundations has been built up a really spontaneous and unspoiled success. They specialize in one act plays.

LITERARY DIGEST

To Save Waste Energy.—There is an enormous amount of energy wasted and unnecessary wear on wheels, tires, and roads in braking wagons, autos or trains in going down hill. The energy wasted is equal to the amount necessary to raise its weight through the distance dropped, less the axle and rolling friction. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad uses this energy to generate power, applying the principle that a motor reversed becomes a generator. This changing of the motor will transform it at once into a dynamo, which will be operated by the weight of the train as it descends the mountains, generating the same quantity of electricity as the motor would consume in pulling the same load up hill. This current will be fed into the trolley wire above, to be added to its store of energy.

The Future of War Books.—Which of the intolerable mass of war books will survive? Not the "hymn of hate" or the writings of men who invent a race mythology to justify the clash of empries. Not books based on the barbaric delusion of omnipotence, nor the flabby utterances of the sedentary optimist. But the world will remember silent, steady, indomitable France, and the common heroism of the common people of all the nations, struggling for the right as they saw it. But especially it will remember the men who stood out against the herd. Those few men in each nation who spoke for Europe, who had enough iron in their souls to withstand hatred and illusion. There is no surer prophecy than that peace will bring a revolution.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

Is Jupiter Launching a Moon?—All the planets together do not weigh one half as much as Jupiter. Only the sun surpasses Jupiter in size. He is a great globe of gaseous and molten matter and there is some reason to believe that he possesses inherent light of his own. The belts on Jupiter are probably rifts in his dense cloudy envelope, exposing the more solid portion of the planet below. In 1878 a great red spot appeared which floats freely in this envelope. It moves round with the planets axial rotation as did our moon in its early stages of evolution, all the while just grazing the surface. Our moon through the ages gradually increased its distance and is still increasing it. The inference denotes a Jovian moon in embryo.

CENTURY

What is National Spirit?—Man is invincibly social in his make-up and his craving for group gratifications and loyalties is commonly quite uncritical. Loyalty to one's group seems to be fixed in the nervous tissue, like self-preservation itself. Men who would not contribute eight cents to the public weal, drop their commercial prospects and go toss in their lives like a song at the bidding of an alien abstraction called the State. These political states are not founded on common ancestry, common language or even natural frontiers. The instinct of the savage to stand by his tribe, which is really a family relationship instinct is developed by training and environment to cover any sort of political agglomeration. Now that the world is being bound together by steamships, railroads, and telegraphs society is confronted by the duty of finding means to sublimate this ancient instinct into a general realization of the co-operative nature of civilization, and the essential oneness of the human race. To the modern historical student familiar with man's long past and aware of the possibilities of the future, national arrogance appears well nigh as farcial as the pomposity of an individual man.—James Harvey Robinson.

REVIEWS OF REVIEWS

A Revolutionary Musical Genius.—No revolution in musical art—perhaps in the whole history of arts in general—is more striking than that effected by Alexander Sriabin, the greatest musical genius of Russia today. When a composer feels himself forced to abolish the major and minor keys, thereby renouncing modulation (though retaining tonality surely enough), and when he builds up all his harmony on a completely novel system, it is seen at once that a book is needed to do justice to this composer's creations. He has founded a new chord which his disciples have stupidly christened a "mystery chord." He simply selects the sounds he prefers from nature's harmonic chord and builds them up by fourths. Scriabin adopts the system wholeheartedly and all that it involves, the abolition of major and minor modes; the dispensing with key signatures; the complete acceptance of equal temperament in tuning. He is a king in the world of absolute music, music— a thing of the spirit—which "takes us to the edge of the Infinite."

Arabs versus Turks.— The young Arabs are trying to free themselves from the Turks who are trying to Ottomanize them on German lines. The Turks have never controlled the interior of Arabia. They have plundered and abused the Arabs whenever an opportunity occurred and are now engaged in murdering any leaders of the Young Arab movement they can capture. France has done a great work in developing and educating Syria and Syrian Arabs are showing their gratitude by enlisting in the French army. Great Britian has made friends with and protected the Arabs in several emergencies and would like to have a sphere of influence there to protect her route to India. The Independent Arab State would include all the territory bounded by the Red Sea, the Mediterranean, the Tigris, and Euphrates, and the Persian Gulf. She will have time to establish her new relations while Turkey is settling her war problem.—Isaac Don Levine.

Big Christmas Special

WESTERN COMRADE 50c
LLANO COLONIST 50c
STATUETTE OF HENRY DUBB 50c
TOTAL VALUE.....$1.50

ALL FOR $1.00

HENRY DUBB is the creation of the Llano Art Studio. It is cast in plaster and is the typical figure popularized by Ryan Walker, the Socialist cartoonist.

Mrs. Mary Fox, the sculptress at Llano, has conceived the idea of showing Henry with his usual doleful expression and also with the LLANO SMILE. The back of the head of Henry Dubb has been made into a face. The statuette stands about four inches high and is useful as match holder or tooth pick holder, or ash tray for a smoking set.

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

The Western Comrade

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Subscription Price Fifty Cents a Year
Canadian Rate 75c a Year

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor.
FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.

Contributing Editors

ROBERT K. WILLIAMS — A. CONSTANCE AUSTIN
MILDRED G. BUXTON — DR. JOHN DEQUER
CLINTON BANCROFT — WESLEY ZORNES

ERNEST S. WOOSTER . . . . . Business Manager

In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain the right name is being changed.

Vol. IV December, 1916. No. 8

Live Stock of Llano

Continued from Page sixteen

of the hillsides occasionally. The cost of their maintenance is very low. The kids are valued at $25 each, and the herd is being increased as rapidly as possible.

Many people have a prejudice against goat meat, but those who know say it is not greatly different from mutton, they say it is difficult to distinguish any difference. Since January goat meat to the value of $16.00 has been turned into the commissary.

The ideal of the goat raisers is to have a herd that will supply enough milk so that goats' milk cheese may be manufactured and sold. The same conditions which were found to be so favorable for other live stock, are quite as favorable to the goats, and keep the herd healthy.

There are great possibilities for handling wool goats to good advantage and it is expected that in time a herd of Angoras will be secured. Negotiations have been under way for some time to that end.

The Colony is also communicating with various owners of sheep, with the expectation of securing a flock of them for Llano. A woolen mill is expected to be numbered among our industries within a very short time; in order to secure the greatest profit from it the raw materials must be produced here, and it is the intention of the Llano del Rio Colony to supply its industries with the raw materials as far as this is possible. It is a matter of time only till sheep will be numbered among Llano livestock.

Fish Promise Profit

IN the mountains due south of the Colony, well up where the last storms of the springtime leave their drifts of snow and where the first white flecks of the fall storms cover the slopes of the Sierra Madres, are a series of ever flowing springs.

The location is ideal for the propagation of trout. Comrades F. W. and Mrs. Eddy expect to establish here an industry which will be highly profitable. More than that, it will be a pleasure resort for colonists.

Though the Big Rock has trout in it, yet it is not big enough unless the fishing be guarded. Llano Springs can be dredged and enlarged and transformed into an ideal place for producing trout as a commercial venture.

In his spare time Comrade Eddy has been building the equipment for his department. Troughs and tanks are being constructed and within a few years thousands of trout will be there.

Two methods of marketing are apparent. The first is to sell in the Los Angeles markets where prices are excellent. The other is to sell the uncaught fish. Sportsmen anglers who are enthusiasts will willingly pay good prices per pound for the fish they catch when the privilege is given to cast their flies where success is virtually assured and good sport certain.

The value of a fish hatchery in the mountains south of Llano is apparent to all who know anything of fish propagation, and the time is not far distant when thousands of fingerlings will dart about in the waters of Llano Springs. Comrade Eddy is an experienced hatchery man and is ambitious of developing an industry which will be unique in Southern California and at the same time highly profitable.

An attempt was made to establish the fish industry at the springs sometime ago, but for lack of experienced persons to care for the fish the undertaking languished and died. Now that a comrade who knows has joined the Colony and is giving his attention and energy to the work it is certain that the time is drawing near when this department will be listed among those returning dividends to the Colony.

How They Hate Publicity

Continued from Page 21

After the police had marched past with conscious pride, the mayor, city council, fire chief, officials of civic bodies, lesser officials and private automobiles followed. We had set the camera so it caught them as they came toward it, and on about a level with them.

It is possible that there is a rule it taking moving pictures that was not violated, but I do not know what rule it could be. Every person in the entire parade gazed unfalteringly into the camera. The drivers took desperate chances in order to achieve this, but they all managed it. Most of them wore the self-conscious smile of the posed person. Not a few gestured. They tried to make themselves as conspicuous as possible.

At first it was difficult to get the parade to move on, once it was past the range of the camera. Every driver wanted to stop and look back. But I soon noticed that the cars al speeded up and it was not until my duties took me to the rear of the parade where it was still forming that I learned why. Every one of the automobiles was hurrying across a side street and back into the parade again!

After things were straightened out and running well, I hopped on to one of the cars and rode into the range of the camera. DuVal was standing there looking foolish. "What's the matter, Clyde?" I asked. "Outa film," was his dejected response. The 500 feet hadn't lasted long. He stood with his hands at his sides, wondering what to do. The crowd hadn't noticed it yet. "Well, keep your hand going 'round anyway; they won't know the difference. Give them a run for their money," I told him. He did.

I stood by the camera a while and watched. Ignorant that the film was not running, the paraders continued to pose. It was excruciatingly funny to see the forced smiles, and the artificial manners. One police judge, Benjamin Franklin Brown, stood up bowing majestically to right and left, his white mane flowing in the breeze in a manner truly patriarchial. He didn't know that the camera was not registering this. Proud citizens looked into the eye of the camera, racing the engines of their cars, and posed desperately in every way they thought would make them more conspicuous. They wanted to impress the mil-

lions of people in 5000 theatres everywhere. And all the time the film was not running; only DuVal's hand turned the crank continuously on the empty magazine.

I went back and tried to disband the parade, but it took a long while. The spot-light fever burned strong within them and they wanted to be seen by "one million people in 5000 theaters."

That night the film was rushed to the developing station and in about a week it came in. We had given a great deal of publicity to the fact that the Peach Day Parade was to be exhibited in a local theater first. We had the theaters bidding against each other for it.

When it was shown on the screen we got our first real lesson in moving picture photography. When we set the camera, we had put it just across the street car tracks. Then we permitted every driver to race his engine. They all did it to attract attention. The sun shone brightly on every windshield and reflected from the brass work and nickel work. The focus was not right and the cars drove directly toward the camera.

The result was that every car came into view with bright, vibrating reflections puncturing the fog of smoke. They almost immediately hit the street car tracks and bounced up and down as they grew larger and larger till they finally bounced out of sight with a dizzying, dissolving effect. It was impossible to recognize anyone and the whole parade became a blur lost in a smokey mist.

One million people in 5000 theaters never saw the first movie ever staged in Peachtown and never will, but everyone had a good time, and the mere incident that the picture was not usable did not mar our satisfaction in having "put it across." And we learned how they hate publicity.

Building a Socialist City

continued from p. 25

arranged to upend against this wall when not in use, and partially protected by the eaves. If you intend to use the roof to sleep on, by all means have a dressingroom and bathroom up there. No one likes to run around the house "en deshabille," looking for a place to dress.

In Llano we will have two such sleeping roofs on each house so arranged as to provide four recesses which are practically separate sleeping porches, making it possible for eight people to sleep out of doors with a certain amount of seclusion, and with two bath rooms to dress in. The natural fall of the land on the site of the permanent city will give each of these roofs a clear sweep over the wonderful and mysterious distances of the plain below. It will be worth a little climb, either by day or night. As there is no fog, and very, very little cloudy weather, you can count on either moonlight or the full panorama of the stellar universe, about three hundred and sixty nights in the year.

The desirability of the flat roof is gradually overcoming the inertia of custom, and in the last year or two it has acquired quite a vogue in some sections. The Queen Anne period is probably forgotten by most people of this generation, yet not so long ago it ruled the American home with a rod of gimcracks. The bungalow, which at present is in the saddle, has come to us from India, where its wide spreading, steep-pitched roof has evolved from the necessity of dealing with the tremendous and continuous torrential rains of the monsoon. It is peculiarly ill-adapted to the California climate, though it is not unsuitable to country homes in the east. Now that a start has been made in discovering the neglected possibilities of the top side of the house, the probabilities are that the bungalow will soon be as completely eliminated as the Queen Anne cottage, and a long stride will have been taken towards living under more healthful and cheerful conditions.

Our Mail Bag

Find enclosed P. O. for $1.25. Send the COMRADE to R. J. S——, Ancon, C. Z., Rep. of Panama. The other 75c you can apply on my subscription for the COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST. Hoping everything is moving along well, and everybody happy, I remain,

Yours for success W. E. D——, Balboa, C.Z.

—o—

. . We certainly need just such a weekly paper as this (The COLONIST). It gives news from the Colony that the COMRADE could never publish. I liked its spicy make-up all through, and it is full of the very news that I wanted to hear. I am sure all interested in this grand enterprise will appreciate its weekly visits. With every wish for success and growth, I remain, Yours fraternally, A. M. C——.

—o—

Please find $1.00 to pay for the WESTERN COMRADE and Pearson's for one year. Am much interested in the success of the Llano Colony. Have been a Socialist for about twenty years, and believe that more direct and constructive work is necessary to the realization of the Co-operative Commonwealth. With best wishes I am,

Yours for the Revolution, C. S. E——, Arizona.

—o—

I received your letter and the "Gateway to Freedom." I have read and studied them with much interest and passed them on to others. The work that you have undertaken is GREAT, and I think that all the Socialists in the country should take interest in it. I think your "Gateway" should be sent to every Socialist local, and every comrade should buy shares or at least subscribe to the COMRADE and COLONIST. If your Co-operative Colony is successful, we shall start similar Colonies all over the world. I am enclosing $1.00. Please send the COLONIST. M. J. B——, Chicago.

—o—

Enclosed please find money order for which put me on the mailing list of the LLANO COLONIST and Pearson's Magazine I read every piece in the WESTERN COMRADE with deep interest. It inspires me with more hope than did the Bible inspire my grandfather, and I know he loved it. I certainly agree with you that more converts can be made by demonstrating the benefits of co-operation than in any other way. I have hustled a few subs for other Socialist papers—and will hustle more—have found too many Henry Dubbs who cannot catch the spirit by theories. A. O——, Minnesota.

Selection in Breeding

Continued from Page 24

The ancients selected their livestock according to a whim or centered their attention upon some individual which pleased their fancy. They were ignorant of the laws of heredity. The artificial selection practised was unconscious.

Some breeders still cling to the policy of breeding for fancy. Until recently poultry breeding was almost entirely a matter for the fancier.

Llano has no use for a beautiful Leghorn hen if she doesn't lay. Likewise, some of our unproductive cows have served to replenish our larder.

In selecting breeders, the first requisite is in knowing what is wanted.

The selection of the male is important, as a greater number of the offspring will have his characteristics. Utility is the watchword in Llano. The unproductive man or beast has no place in our world.

Installment Members:

The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is in the market for figs, prunes, peaches, raisins, etc.
You can assist in putting us in touch with those who have them.

¶ The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is at present in need of

10 Tons of Alfalfa Seed
A Carload of Wheat
Dairy Cows and Range Stock
Angora and Milk Goats
Tanning Outfit
Many Other Things.

¶ We are now in a position to make immediate use of many articles and machines which have not been practicable for us heretofore.

¶ You are invited to correspond in regard to the needs listed above.

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, LLANO CAL.

Socialist Christmas Present

¶ Send your Friends the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST.

¶ The WESTERN COMRADE is 50c a Year, 25c for Six Months.

¶ The LLANO COLONIST is 50c a Year, 25c for Six Months, 10c for Two Months.

¶ BOTH of them for One Year for 75c to one name and address.

¶ Make your checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Pub. Dept., and address Llano, Cal.

New Rugs from Old Carpets

¶ Don't throw your old carpets away—they are still good. Have new rugs made from them, beautiful and durable rugs. Old Chenille Curtains and table covers can also be used in

Llano Rewoven Rugs

¶ Old Ingrain, Brussels, Moquette and Velvet rugs or carpets can be re-woven into rugs suitable for any home.

¶ Rag Carpets, Rugs, and Art Squares also woven, every size and style.. Ask about beautiful

LLANO POSTER RUGS

¶ Write for prices.

We pay freight one way on orders amounting to $5.00.

Ship Direct to the Rug Department

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, PALMDALE, CAL.

Comrade and Colonist Clubs

LLANO COLONIST.....**50c**
WESTERN COMRADE.....**50c**
BOTH FOR.....**75c**

¶ **COMRADE or COLONIST** with your choice of **The National Rip Saw** or the **American Socialist, 75c**

¶ **Pearson's Magazine** with the **COMRADE OR COLONIST, $1.75; All Three for $2.00.**

¶ **LLANO COLONIST** or **WESTERN COMRADE** for One Year, with One Year's Subscription to the—

	Regular Price	Our Price		Regular Price	Our Price
Appeal to Reason	**$1.50**	**$1.25**	**N. Y. Call (daily)**	**3.50**	**3.25**
Milwaukee Leader	**4.50**	**4.25**	**N. Y. Call (Sun.)**	**2.50**	**2.25**
Masses	**2.00**	**1.75**	**Call, daily and Sunday with Comrade and Colonist**	**6.00**	**5.25**
To Days	**1.00**	**.75**			
Inter. Soc. Review	**1.50**	**1.25**			

¶ Add 25c to any of the above clubs for BOTH the COMRADE **AND** the COLONIST.

¶ Add 35c to any combination less than $1.00, or 25c to any of $1 or over, and receive a **50c Statuette of HENRY DUBB with his "Llano Smile."**

NOTE: These rates subject to change at any time without notice.

Photo Post-cards of Llano

The Industries, Views, Scenery, Activities, taken from actual photographs.

5 cents each; 55 cents a dozen

SOUVENIR CLUB, LLANO, CAL.

Subscription Post Cards

For the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST. ¶ Cards of two styles. Those selling at 50c each are for either the WESTERN COMRADE or the LLANO COLONIST.

¶ Those selling at 75c each are special Combination cards for both publications.

¶ **SPECIAL RATES: Six 50c Cards for $2.50; Six 75c Cards for $3.75; Three 50c Cards and Three 75c Cards for $3.25.** ¶ This offer is good only for a limited time.

WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Space in this column: Twenty five cents a line, payable in advance.

TANNER WANTED.—TANNER WHO HAS HAD EXPERIENCE AND can give suitable references as to ability. Communicate with the Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

Do You Like To Draw?

CARTOONISTS earn big money. Our modern up-to-date home study method can teach you this well paying profession at a low cost. Send 4c for illustrated booklet and sample lesson plate.

LOS ANGELES SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
415c Thorpe Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Have You Entered Your Name

IN THE GRAND MEMBERSHIP CIRCULATION CONTEST FOR THE

Free Membership

The Membership will enable the fortunate winner to become a resident of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Community immediately after the contest is decided.

$2000 In Premiums to be Awarded

Every Contestant Who Sends In TEN Subscriptions Receives a Premium

FIRST PRIZE
$1,000 Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony

SECOND PRIZE
$500 worth of Llano del Rio Stock

THIRD PRIZE
$200 worth of Llano del Rio Stock

FOURTH PRIZE
$100 worth of Llano del Rio Stock

NEXT FOUR PRIZES
$50 worth of Llano del Rio Stock

Totalling $2,000 In All.

¶ Don't wait! Sign up at once! Get full particulars on the Grand Membership Circulation Contest. Only those who indicate that they wish to enter the contest will have their subscriptions counted for prizes.

¶ All who do not win major premiums will be given valuable considerations that will make their time well spent. Even though you may not send in enough to win any of the prizes, your efforts will be rewarded.

¶ Those not winning major premiums, yet who send in more than TEN subscriptions will be awarded valuable prizes. These will range from statuettes of Henry Dubb to more valuable ones, depending on the number of subscriptions turned in.

Contest Depends on Having 100 Entrants By January 1st

You May Enter At Any Time, But The Sooner You Commence The Greater Your Opportunity

(Cut Out and Mail to Us At Once)

WESTERN COMRADE AND LLANO COLONIST:
I enroll as a contestant in your **GRAND MEMBERSHIP CIRCULATION CONTEST** which is to be held provided 99 others enter. Please send me full information.

Name..... City.....

State..... Street or R. F. D.....

or P. O. Box.....

REDUCE WEIGHT!
Send For This Successful Treatment
"Obesity---Its Cause and Correction"
¶ One user of this treatment reduced from 150 pounds to 117 pounds and found improved health. Many others have used it with satisfactory results.
NO MEDICINES OR DRUGS USED
Complete $5.00 Course Now Only $3.00
because there is no rent to pay at Llano. For full information write to **Mrs. C. M. Williams, Llano, Cal**

Home A 2003 Main 619
A. J. STEVENS
DENTIST
306 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
Room 514

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & LEVIN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Trees Like These—

Lumber Camp Where Logs Are Prepared For The Sawmill at Llano

Are now being made into lumber

¶ The Llano Sawmill earns from $100 to $1000 every day it runs—another wealth producer for LLANO.

¶ Through the development that will be made possible on account of the sawmill and the hundreds of persons who will become residents of the Colony as a result, the sawmill will add

$100,000 in Value to the assets of the Colony within the next twelve months

¶ Other industries are being established—Watch the development of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony from week to week and month to month in the Colony publications—the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST.

¶ There are good prospects for a woolen mill, for a shoe factory, and for the beginning of permanent building within the near future. Subscribe for the Colony publications. Join this big, vital, constructive movement NOW, and do your part to bring about the BIG CHANGE you have worked for, talked for, voted for, advocated. Take out an installment membership at once.

Send for Full Information and Application Blank.

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

LLANO, CALIFORNIA

January 1917

The Western Comrade

Something New in the Progress of the Socialist Movement

Read the Impressive Proposition Offered in the Editorial by

Job Harriman

Scenery About Llano

By R. K. Williams

Declaration of Industrial Independence

By Clinton Bancroft

Agricultural and Horticultural Number

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is situated in the beautiful Antelope valley in Los Angeles County, California. The Colony lies close to the Sierra Madre range where an abundance of clear, sparkling water from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery, and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money.

The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, poultry yards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, brick yard, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial school, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for he future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children boarding at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation. High school work is planned. In the Industrial school botany, domestic science, languages, agriculture, biology, practical farming and the regular grammar school subjects are taught by competent teachers. Manual training will be installed soon; the building is now under construction. The children care for a flock of milk goats, chickens, turkeys, and many acres of garden. They are very successful. They build their own buildings; the girls learn sewing and cooking; the children produce much of what they consume; portion of their clothing is made by the sewing classes; they have their own horses, wagons and farm implements; they own pigs and a number of pets. Besides learning co-operation and developing a sense of responsibility, they enjoy acquiring an education under these conditions. They plan to go extensively into the raising of chickens and turkeys during the coming year.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, more than 110 of which will soon be in the milk string. More than 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up o 2 years of age. Nearly 120 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractor and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

Thoroughbred Duroc Jersey and Berkshire pigs, as well as many grades, are in the extensive new pens just built. Pure strains will be developed and registrations kept up.

In the nursery are thousands of grape cuttings and shade and fruit trees. More than 26,000 trees were put out last spring. Many will be planted this year. About 400 acres of orchard are now in.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and the sawmill is in operation. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

A great deal of alfalfa has already been planted this fall. Several hundred acres are expected to be added to the acreage. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime cement, making the ditches permanent, conserve water and insure economy. Seven cuttings of alfalfa were made this past season.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

The Weekly newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist and Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the Colony news, etc., The subscription rate is 50c a year (Canadian subscriptions, $1 a year). Both the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST to one name and address for 75c (Canada, $1.50).

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California

Was Schmidt Guilty?

Why was he sent to jail? Did you ever read the testimony on which he was convicted? It was not conclusive to most people. Witnesses gave conflicting testimony. Their identification of Schmidt as the man they saw was far from saticfactory. Many were vindictive.

Job Harriman Says "NO"

in his summary of the evidence—says that Schmidt was NOT guilty. He shows the character of the witnesses. Some were felons. He tears the fabric of misstatements apart. Read his wonderful address to the jury. Every Socialist and every labor man should have this book. The newspapers never told the whole truth; read it for the first time.

"Dugan! Who is Dugan? He is a self-confessed felon. He was expelled from the Iron Workers Union. He is the Dugan who shot and killed his wife and daughter in Indianapolis."

"McManigal is a self-confessed murderer. The prison doors were opened, this criminal McManigal shook off his chains, walked out, was given $1000 by the County of Los Angeles, and told to go his way in peace."

(Testimony from witnesses Clark, Dugan and McManigal was admitted.)

Every Union Man should learn how he may fare in the so-called impartial courts. Any of them may get what Schmidt got.

Every Socialist who wants first hand evidence of capitalist-controlled court proceedings should have this book for propaganda.

Every Fair-Minded Person honestly seeking information and loving justice should read this tale of a dishonest conviction.

When Capitalism Desires a Conviction It Gets it. Read how it can be secured. The newspapers never told these things. Why? Did you know the real facts about this case? You'll wonder if the McNamaras were really guilty and you'll wonder why they confessed.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE
Single Copies 25c. Quantity rates to Locals and Unions.

WESTERN COMRADE, Llano, California

Western Comrade 75c After May 1

Increasing costs of production make necessary a raise in rates. Beginning with May 1st, 1917, the Colony's third birthday, the yearly subscription to the WESTERN COMRADE will be 75c.

The rate for the LLANO COLONIST will remain at 50c a year.

Combination of both to one name and address, $1.00 a year.

Subscription cards sold prior to May 1 will be redeemed at the present rate if used before July 1.

Canadian rates will be $1.00 a year for either the COMRADE or the COLONIST. Combination rates for the Llano Publications will not be made outside the U. S.

Costs continue to go up. The WESTERN COMRADE is too good a magazine to be sold a 50c a year. The increased rate will permit making improvements. Friends of the Colony, all who are interested in co-operation, and those who can discriminate between the constructive method of teaching Socialism and the pessimistic method, are urged to do all within their power to extend the circulation. The LLANO PUBLICATIONS have a definite place in Socialist propaganda work. They tell the tale of Co-operation in Action, the most absorbingly interesting story ever told. The man you have failed to interest in Socialism, the man who scoffs, the man who "doesn't believe it will work"—these fellows will gladly read of the greatest co-operative demonstration in history.

Subscribe or extend your subscription at once. Urge your friends to do so. Contest workers should buy cards at once to be used during the contest.

Tell the Comrade Office

if you don't get your paper. Make all remittances, complaints, and subscripions direct to the WESTERN COMRADE. This office cannot be responsible in other cases. Don't ask the Membership department, the information bureau, the postmaster, the stage driver, the hotel people, or any one else, to do this for you. They have their own work. Come or write to the WESTERN COMRADE.

Non-Resident Readers.—When you have any requests, any information, want samples, certain numbers, bundles, or wish to change your address, make complaints, or send subscriptions, write a separate letter and direct it to the WESTERN COMRADE, not to any individual, or any other department. When sent to other departments or individuals, or in letters with other business, they are likely to be delayed. You will confer a genuine favor on the Llano publications by observing this rule, and also secure greater satisfaction.

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS, LLANO, CAL,

Table of Contents

January 1917

Page

Cover Page
Llano products, both of them, and highest in quality

The Gateway to Freedom 2
Synopsis of the booklet of the same name.

A Letter from Florence Margolies 6
Miss Margolies, who is well known in the radical movement in the East, especially in New York City, came, saw, and was conquered. She was fair enough to admit it and we gladly reproduce her letter.

Editorials 7
In which Job Harriman discusses questions of the day as well as other subjects of interest.

Environment and Invention 10
L. Walter Millsap, Jr. discusses in an able manner the connection, and shows why Llano should produce men of rare ability along this line.

Fruits of the Soil 11
This number is devoted most paricularly to agriculture and horticulture, and the writer of this article went directly to the men in the departments for information; they substantiate every statement.

Scenery about Llano 15
Robert K. Williams takes the environment about Llano this time and shows the setting, with some side lights on other things.

Declaration of Industrial Independence 16
By Clinton Bancroft.
Insert poem "A Friend's Greeting."

Letters from Constructive Socialists 18

Our Industrial School 19
Miss Mildred Travis, a teacher in the Public School, writes on the advantages of Llano's Industrial School.

Page

Training for Service 20
Frank E. Wolfe, from his wide experience as a journalist and observer, writes on this timely subject.

The Senses of Plants 21
By Wesley Zornes

Natural Fruit Soil 21
By Oliver Zornes

Combat Pear Blight 21
By Oliver Zornes

What Thinkers Think 22
A summary of leading articles in leading magazines.

Women in Agriculture 23
By Mildred G. Buxton.
Insert poem "The Song of a Woman Free," by Ruth.

The Lieutenant Governor and the Pigtails 24
Another charming story by Helen Frances Easley.

The Socialist City 26
A. Constance Austin tells more about what a city should be.

Our Homes 27
By Dr. John Dequer.

Was Schmidt Guilty? 28
(From the book by the same name) An excerpt from the address to the jury made by Comrade Job Harriman at the conclusion of this spectacular trial. Read it. Then make up your mind whether you think Schmidt should be in jail today.

What The Mail Brings 29
Excerpts from interesting letters and news of the Grand Membership Circulation Contest in which 120 persons are participating.

Our Next Issue

The February Number of the WESTERN COMRADE will tell of the Social good times and the social institutions, and will carry some propaganda material that will open the eyes of all readers and stimulate their thinking powers.

Social and Propaganda Number

Llano has some unique social institutions, the Children's Dance, Free Medical Service, and others. Read about them in the next issue.

Letter from Florence Margolies

It is difficult for me to recall when I was so hard put for finding adequate expression, as I am now, to convey, even in a small measure, the profound and thrilling impression the Llano Co-operative Colony has made on me. Yes, really and truly thrilling. It was a revelation to me. The impelling motive of my visit to Llano was, frankly, a yielding to keen curiosity; curiosity not unmixed with scepticism and a sort of mental flippancy. I was prepared and armed to the teeth, figuratively speaking, with adverse criticism, a quantity of bitterness and a frame of mind beautifully calculated to repel Llano. Thus equipped, I was on my way. Then I came upon Llano as the last of the lingering sun kissed and glorious mountains that gird the expanse of luring desert, through which I heard the resounding laughter of children. The people of Llano I found superb—one and all of their faces bear the imprint of their hearts, love for humanity. Their clean, wholesome, disinterested lives at Llano must perforce prove a guide for those who are privileged to behold this unique, elevating and truly awe-inspiring New World—Llano.

And throughout this splendid, immense, big little world can unmistakably be felt the lute-like vibration of that big hearted, whole-souled man in whose beautiful mind that great vision was born—the vision now embodied in the supreme achievement—Llano.

New York. Florence Margolies.

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA. SUBSCRIPTION RATE, FIFTY CENTS A YEAR; CANADIAN RATE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

STAFF

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor.
FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.
ERNEST S. WOOSTER . . . . . Business Manager

Contributing Editors

ROBERT K. WILLIAMS
MILDRED G. BUXTON
CLINTON BANCROFT
A. CONSTANCE AUSTIN
DR. JOHN DEQUER
WESLEY ZORNES

In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1917 No. 9

Editorials

By Job Harriman

THE following should be added as an amendment to the constitution of the national Socialist Party:

"Any labor union, farmers' organization, or co-operative enterprise, or any number of members thereof, shall be permitted to become a Socialist Party Local, without regard to political subdivisions."

If the Socialist Party will incorporate this measure in its constitution, it will glide smoothly over what will otherwise become an early grave.

The Socialist Party lacks vitality. It has no source from which to draw power. It gathers men from the four corners, but it has no connection with economic or industrial organizations. It is the food supply from which power springs, and the Socialist party is a stranger to that source.

Many Socialists seem to think that political power lies in the heads of men. Political power is an offspring of economic power and must rest upon a solid economic base before it can become of any material force. If the Socialist locals were rooted in the unions and the co-operative enterprises and the farmers' organizations, they would draw force and vitality from those institutions. It is true that the affairs of the party would pass into other hands, but those hands would be guided by experience in the affairs of the world, and not entirely by theories gleaned from books. The party would soon resolve itself into a practical political machine, the purpose of which would be to look after and protect the working class institutions from the attack of their enemies.

Unless this step is taken, and that at once, the Socialists of judgment will move out of the party and into other radical organizations, as was done in Dakota.

This is a day of action, and action must be our watchword. If we are delinquent in this, rest assured that the world will not be delinquent. It will leave us, as it should, to split hairs and theorize over philosophic platitudes and to chant our revolutionary songs. We must wake up and connect with the living acting forces of the world. We have fed the mind with theories; we must now feed the stomach with bread. Fail in this and our party will turn to ashes in our hands.

THE Llano del Rio Company is not controlled by any man or group of men. The stock is owned in substantially equal proportions by all the stock holders. The stock is sold by the office force and the expenses are paid out of the company funds. Each and every one of the office force receives the same remuneration as the other colonists for services. No one is making money out of the sale of stock.

This statement is made in answer to enquiries from parties who have confounded us with other enterprises.

—o—

AFTER years of work direct legislation was incorporated in the laws of the State of California. It now remains to be ascertained what the people want.

It goes without saying that there are many who know what their neighbors should have, but whether or not the neighbors want it, is quite another question.

We have hitherto proceeded upon the theory that whatsoever makes life's pathway smoother and our burdens lighter will be sufficiently alluring to enlist our support, but how are the public to distinguish between the measures that will lighten and those that will add to the public burden?

The many promises that have accompanied the so-called public measures have so signally failed that the people have grown pessimistic in regard to almost every political reform.

There is an excellent reason for such failures. Behind every important measure there has lurked some possible material advantage to the promoters of the legislation. It is not surprising that this should be true. At the foundation of our industrial and commercial system lies a possibility of realizing from every transaction not only a sufficient sum to cover all expenses, including interest on the investment and a salary for the owners, but also a clear net profit in addition.

It is this clear, net unearned gain that corrupts mankind and causes an unconscionable strife which ends in the violation of the letter and spirit of the law, and the accumulation of great fortunes that ever remain at the command of those who acquire them.

We can never hope to remedy this fundamental defect

in our industrial, commercial, and political life, while this possibility lasts, and while this all but irresistible temptation is offered to every man especially those inspired by ambition and greed.

It was for the purpose of eliminating the possibility of great profits to individuals that the Llano enterprise was launched. To gain this end we have seen fit, as a community, to own and operate all our industries in common, permitting all increase to accrue to the entire community. Within Llano there exists an industrial system upon which there is arising a harmony of interest that is conducive to the most congenial mental and spiritual companionship.

It is upon such a basis that our state must be founded if our civilization is to escape the entanglements of war, and to move substantially and majestically onward.

It is with this end in view that we propose the following measures as a kind of highway leading toward that happy consummation.

1. State ownership and management of the water power and telephone systems of this state.
2. A complete system of macadamized roads, connecting all agricultural, commercial and industrial centers with the state highways.
3. Packing houses, cold storage plants, flour mills, and granaries to be built, owned and operated at cost by the state at all practicable points.
4. State-wide freight and passenger automobile service to be owned and operated by the state at cost.
5. Freight and passenger steamship line plying between both home and foreign ports, to be owned and operated by the state at cost.
6. State to market all products at cost to the producers.

Bills are now being drafted for each of these measures and will be initiated and submitted to the people of the State of California for their approval.

When these measures are put into operation, the enormous net profits now accruing to the few and corrupting our institutions will accumulate to the credit of the people in the various industries and will become a purifying and wholesome force. The fruits of industry are always purifying when the producer receives them as a reward for his effort, but they are corrupting in their influence when received as a reward for business cunning, intrigue and strategy.

Getting something for nothing is the curse of the age. It palsies the conscience, steels the heart, and leads the mind to vicious transactions.

At Llano we have laid a foundation that is rapidly undermining this tendency. We are now introducing a program that will go far toward accomplishing the same results in the state. We know that this program is not complete, but we are practical and know that we can move in state affairs only as fast as re-organization can proceed. We have arrived at the time when these steps must be taken. Commercial necessity demands it. There is no escape from this conclusion. The belligerent nations of Europe have been compelled by military necessity to take this step. Let us take the step before the blood of our first born be called to the trenches to demand it. With the industries in the hands of the state, we may preserve peace. Without them we are commercially at the mercy of nations that have taken the step. We must defend our state commercial interests either by industrial efficiency, or by military efficiency, or by both.

——o——

WOULD it not be better for the government to take over all the industries in times of peace, than to wait until the necessities of war force the step? There can be but one answer —it is best. But it will not be done. Why? Because all capitalist governments are the results of greed and greed knows no law but to gorge greed.

The balance of trade during the past three years in favor of Uncle Sam from warring Europe, is seven billions of dollars.

Who is this "Uncle Sam" to whom this balance of trade has gone?

This particular "Uncle Sam" is the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Guggenheims, and their kind.

Seven billions!—Oh—no wonder they hold fast to their mines, their oil fields, their steel plants, their railroads, and their money bags. Greed! What a monster.

——o——

"CONCERTED action of powerful bodies of men shall not be permitted to stop the industrial processes of the nation, at any rate before the nation shall have had an opportunity to acquaint itself with the merits of the case as between employee and employer."—Woodrow Wilson.

What a remarkable statement from a president who has just been elected to office by these very same powerful bodies of men.

For many years these union men have struggled against the railroad magnates until finally, by adding to their numbers, they have actually become more powerful than the magnates themselves.

While these two tremendous powers stood glaring at each other, a third power, like a monster from the social deep, arose, with its arm of steel around the magnates.

"Thou shalt not strike."

The government has spoken.

The six hundred million dollar army and navy are now talking, and they will be heard.

"No politics in the union?"

"Reward your friends and punish your enemies?"

Will not the union men now see that more than friends are necessary in such an hour of need? The workers must hold in their grasp the power, both to make the laws and to command the army that enforces them.

Are not the laws now made to protect the ownership of private property?

And who will say that the government shall not enforce its own laws?

Can not the working men see that they must make the laws

or submit to the army while they enforce the laws made by the oppressing interests?

Whenever there is a clash of interest between two powers, the power that is in office will pass laws protecting its interests and will enforce the laws it passes.

Not only will the army be commanded, if necessary, to coerce the union men, but the union men themselves will be drafted into the army to coerce themselves, if they refuse to submit to compulsory arbitration.

But those who have power to make and to enforce the law, likewise have power to appoint the arbitrators. Rest assured that they will arbitrate in their own behalf with the same determination that they pass laws and command armies. Hence the results of arbitration conform to the ends gained by enforcing the law.

Those in power therefore demand compulsory arbitration laws, while those out of power resist compulsory arbitration laws, even to the point of rebellion.

Whenever the labor unions, by virtue of their power, overcome the owners of a national industry, they are immediately and necessarily confronted by the government. The owners step out, and the government steps into their shoes. The weak master is dislodged for the irresistible master. Failure to obey this master is an appeal to arms.

Workingmen, you are forced to enter politics as a class, to put your own men in office, to make laws protecting your interests and to use the government force, the army, to enforce your laws, or you will have to submit to their laws and their armies.

You are confronted with a fact and not a theory. Govern yourselves accordingly.

———o———

TWENTY millions dead, wounded, and missing, and still no peace.

Blood, blood, blood, a sacrifice of human blood to the God of Mammon.

A false and fiendish god has demanded and taken the best blood of Europe.

And now, mothers of America, hold up your hands in holy horror, for your sons are about to be called to kill their brothers who have done them no wrong.

Already we are paying the debt for the terrible crime committed across the seas.

We have fed them that they might kill each other. We should have starved them to prevent the slaughter.

We have emptied our storehouse for cash. Now high prices are starving the poor. We are bearing the burdens of war by the advance in prices of food.

Already our government has advised against further investments in the securities of belligerent nations.

England's debt alone has increased to seventeen billion dollars. All the other belligerents have increased their burdens accordingly. The debts can never be paid. Soon the nations will shift from a gold to a paper basis. Wall Street will then demand its gold at the mouth of the cannon. Europe will not—nay, cannot—pay. The gates of war will open and we will enter.

Six short months ago they beat their drums and forced a vote in Congress for six hundred million dollars for preparedness. Then we were told that an army and navy were necessary to preserve peace. Now it appears they were necessary to collect a war debt.

Peace—resounds in the columns of every great paper. But there will be no peace. Russia is on her way to the sea by way of Constantinople. She will not take "No" for an answer. England must help her open the gate at whatever cost. But when Russia enters the Bosphorus, it will only be a matter of time until England will be cut off from India.

England knows this, but to refuse would be to force an alliance between Russia and Germany. England would then not only lose India, but she and France would lose all.

Constantinople is the great prize to be won, and Russia will win it by England's aid.

Until then there will be no peace. In the face of this fact a peace note will fall on deaf ears among the allies. It is Russia that is holding her hands over the ears of the nations. They will not hear peace until Russia sails the seas freely through the Bosphorus.

Armistice? Perhaps; but peace, never, before this consummation. In this great fact world interests are involved.

This accomplished, Russia may have power to absorb Turkey, and India, and to divide China with Japan, and to grasp the Balkan States with Norway and Sweden.

At the door of this possibility lies the prospect of a real world war.

In looking at this gloomy prospect it must not be forgotten that the people of the respective countries are mere pawns being moved in the game.

They have no feeling of hatred or revenge toward their brothers in the other countries; they have nothing to gain and only their lives to lose. Their destinies are determined by their respective governments. The people have no control over, and as a matter of fact, have practically nothing to say about the policies of their government. Governmental policies are determined by those who own the industries of the nation. Whatever course adds to the power of those industries will constitute the policy of the government. War and peace do not depend upon humanitarian, but upon economic advantages.

It is for this reason that governments so often go to war in violation of the interests of the people. It is the interests of the economically powerful only that are considered.

It was the struggle for the world's market between the powerful merchants and industrial kings that brought about the war. Out of the war has grown the necessity of the governmental management of all the industries. In this fact lurks the death knell of the old, and the germ of the new, civilization.

We need not fear. The hope of the world is in this fact. Bound together by these industries and inspired by the spirit of democracy and sick at heart with the thought of human gore, the people will abolish all governments as now known and establish an industrial order where peace and goodwill shall reign.

Environment and Invention

By L. Walter Millsap, Jr.

IT has long been known that the present method of developing inventions and rewarding genius is faulty if not fundamentally wrong; but the people who would improve it have not fully realized that it is the result of capitalist philosophy, and capitalist philosophy falls down hardest when it comes to dealing with the more elusive, more subtle human qualities, such as art, invention, music, and various forms of genius.

These qualities are rather timid, and an atmosphere of bitter competition crushes them completely and blasts the lives of those individuals in whom they develop or else it causes them to lie dormant while the individual is forced to develop other qualities of which there is already an abundance.

Notwithstanding this fact, the world at large has blunderingly tried to stimulate invention by the competitive method, and by the offering of large rewards to individuals, and this method is failing miserably at the present time.

I do not mean to say that there are no inventions but that the very best ideas that develop spontaneously are for the most part lost and there is a reason.

Go into any community and, if you will get into touch with mechanical people and get their confidence, you will find many who have seen the need of some device. With heroic labor they have secretly worked out their ideas in material, and spent their last dollar, in many cases, to obtain a patent.

Not knowing the real conditions they thought that if they could only get a patent their difficulty would be over.

In reality getting the patent is the simplest part. It is a lawyer's job, and the difficulty lies in deciding which lawyer to employ. One will draw up the claims to really protect the important points and fight to a finish to see that they are allowed. Another will get a lot of unimportant things and fail to see the valuable feature on which all depends. Still another will get the important points but he will allow them to be rejected one by one by the board of examiners until there are only a few unimportant claims left, and this is found out only after the inventor or the party to whom he assigns has spent a small fortune in development and litigation. However, the obtaining of a patent that at least looks good is easy enough, and many inventors have gotten this far.

Then the bitter realization has dawned upon them that a certain class of people had control of this situation. New ideas disturbed established methods and the results of their labors were therefore not wanted. The products of all their toil, together with the ashes of their fondest hopes, are laid away on some shelf or in the cellar to be covered with cobwebs or destroyed by the elements, while the individual clenches his teeth a little tighter and shows a little more bitterness on his countenance. When a brilliant idea illuminates his mind again for an instant, he mutters a curse under his breath and forgets it. Then both the world and the individual lose. The privilege of giving to the world the best they have is thus denied to the large mass of people who come directly in touch with the needs of the world. These constitute the source of the freshest, most virile, and brilliant ideas the world knows of. About the only way that the world can benefit from this immense source of ideas is by theft, and that is precisely the condition that obtains today.

What a sad spectacle! But what a startling contrast is presented when one studies this question under absolutely reversed conditions, in the atmosphere of co-operation that is devloping in the Colony! People who have had their ideas blasted, their hopes crushed, and their lives embittered, on the outside, begin to breathe the life-giving atmosphere that is a natural product of our co-operative plan, and freshen up like wilted flowers when placed in water. The looks of hardness, bitterness, and disappointment begin to disappear, and expressions of kindness, love, and hope begin to illuminate their countenances. Their faith in humanity is renewed, their confidence in each other grows, there is no need for secrecy. They begin to feel the thrill of enthusiasm again, and this is fertile soil for the subtle qualities mentioned above to grow in. In some this enthusiasm bursts forth in music, song, poetry and art, and this, even when it is crude, has in it a quality that the world is hungry for but cannot find where bitter competition holds full sway. In others it shows itself in mechanical ideas or along lines of invention and each idea stimulates others until one is bewildered when he begins to dream of the outcome.

Some boy working in the garden perhaps sees the need of a better form of gate to control his little supply of water for irrigation. Full of enthusiasm he tells it to someone who is interested. Freely they make suggestions for improvement and it is put up to a mechanic or carpenter, who also takes a personal interest in it and in the boy, and uses his best efforts to make it up in the best possible form. It is tried out, found to be a valuable aid in the work, and everyone is proud of it. The boy is happy. Everyone that added a mite to it is happy. The whole Colony receives the benefit of it, and yet no one has received any money reward. They have simply had an opportunity to express themselves and to receive their share of the benefit resulting from the expression.

A man in the dairy department has worked out some ideas in the line of motive power that give great promise and, as soon as possible, every effort will be made to provide facilities for developing these and dozens of other things that are springing up spontaneously from every corner of the ranch. It is the aim to build an experimental shop later on when more immediate problems have been solved, in which these things can be developed, and an effort will be made to provide skilled men and machinery to encourage this in every way possible.

At noon-time, or in the evening, when men are peacefully discussing the day's problems, some matter will come up like clearing rocks from the soil, stacking hay, improving an auto truck, or feeding calves with less effort. Some one says "Why don't you do this way?" Immediately a lively discussion starts without fear or restraint. Ideas are passed back and forth and one thing is added to another with lightning speed until, within a very short time, an idea for a new device or method has been completely worked out. More has been accomplished in this time than could possibly have been done by an individual working in secret, building up a crude idea in material, tearing it down again and again until a tremendous amount of time, energy, and money, has been consumed.

This is what happens daily. Who can foretell what the future will bring forth when we have means and material in abundance? Who can say what the children raised in such an environment will bring forth? We can only dream now and keep at work on immediate problems, but the vision of the future is an inspiration that makes big problems seem small, makes hard work seem light, and makes rugged faces radiant with hope — and that is the most beautiful result of all.

Fruits of Our Soil

CHIEF among the Llano industries are agriculture and horticulture. They will undoubtedly always be the most important. The wonderful fertility of the soil, the warm, balmy climate, and the ease with which the land can be irrigated will probably make fruit growing the foremost undertaking.

Because fruit can be marketed to better advantage, and because natural conditions give Llano an immense superiority over most districts, fruit growing will be developed most extensively. Yet gardening, alfalfa raising, and the production of grain and field crops will keep pace with the increasing needs of Llano.

The gardeners, the fruit men, and the farmers at Llano agree that the climate is almost ideal, and that the soil could scarcely be better. True, the soil will require building up to supply it with humus, but that comes with systematically working it, the application of fertilizer, and scientifically cropping it. The gentle slopes, the long season, the favorable climate, the rich virgin soil, the comparative ease with which the soil can be worked—these are all natural advantages which appeal to those who can understand the real ins and outs of farming.

Looking across the sunberry patch, with the Tilghman group of homes and a part of the Tilghman hotel in the background. Sunberries furnished delicious fruit for scores of families last summer and a good acreage is to be planted this season. The sunberry or wonderberry is a Burbank product, and the quality is particularly good at this altitude.

Llano Gardens Thrive

WHETHER gardening at Llano would be a success or not was a moot question for many months. Practical gardeners insisted that good vegetables could be grown in sufficient quantity. Those who saw the first pitiful attempts at gardening thought otherwise. It was a matter of demonstration and soil knowledge. Now the matter has been proven, and this year will see more than a hundred acres of garden planted on ground that will return well for the labor expended on it.

The soil here lacks just one element and that is easily given to it. Manure supplies this quality and manure has been liberaly applied to the soil. Cultivation enriches it still further. There is no better place for the production of watermelons, tomatoes, muskmelons, canteloupes, casabas, sweet potatoes, onions, cabbage, and many other vegetables. Their quality is superb. It is a matter of surprise and astonishment to the visitor to see the heavily laden tomato vines, scant of foliage but heavy with fruit. Quality and quantity gladden the hearts of Llano well wishers.

There are several gardeners—P. A. Knobbs, Geo. T. Pickett, J. Mauricio, and W. J. Newman, the latter to a more limited extent. Of these, Pickett and Mauricio will probably have the main gardens this year. Though Comrade Knobbs is an old time gardener he wants to be otherwise employed for a change.

The varieties of soil to be found at Llano permit the growing of many varieties of vegetables. Comrade Pickett has worked out a system of irrigation on the garden plot, variously estimated at sixty to one hundred acres which he will have in connection with the Industrial School, and the ground is in excellent shape. Flumes will lessen the amount of labor required and will permit of a more satisfactory and ceonomical distribution of water. With the aid of two men, the two Comrades Ferguson, and the children of the Industrial School, it is expected that these gardens can be adequately cared for.

Comrade Mauricio will have about twenty acres of land. An old alfalfa field is to be used for this purpose; it will be almost contiguous to the Industrial School gardens. Comrade Mauricio expects to grow melons, tomatoes, and cucumbers mainly.

Gardening is a continuous process. At Christmas the Industrial School gardens exhibited lettuce, beets, onions, carrots, rutabagas, spinach, Swiss chard, mustard, radishes, cabbage, and parsnips. Vegetables of some kind are available every month. Tomatoes were in the commissary as late as the fore part of December, though they had been picked several weeks previous and stored to ripen. The principal crops will be peas, corn, beans, and tomatoes, probably. It is expected that the increase in garden will be five to one. Six to eight crops will frequently be grown in the same ground during the year.

The vegetables which seem to thrive best are beets, carrots,

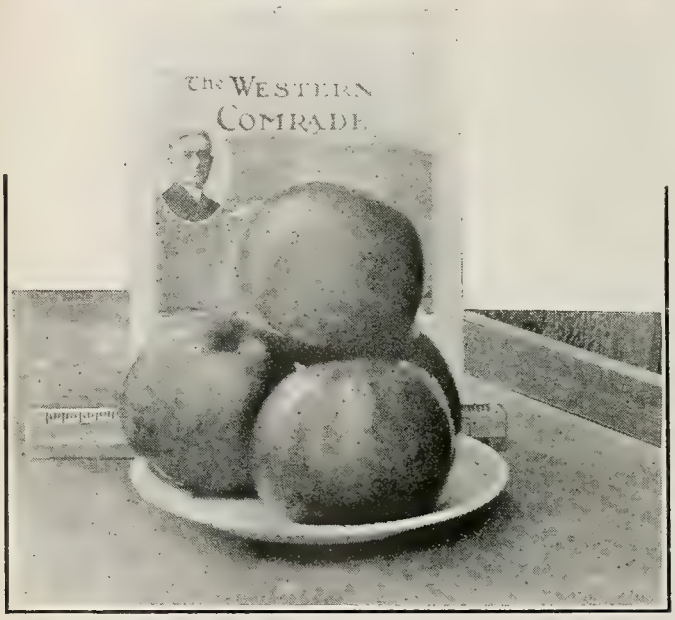
sweet potatoes, parsnips, lettuce, eggplant, peas, beans, peppers, tomatoes, melons, pumpkins, squash, and cucumbers.

While a great deal of water is required for the gardens, this can be reduced by cultivation just as it is reduced in the orchards by cultivation. There are few weeds in the soil, which is a distinct advantage and greatly lessens the amount of work.

In the Industrial School gardens there will be some chicken feed grown in addition to the vegetables. Food for the rabbits will also be an output of the gardens.

Among the vegetables which have been successfully grown, some only in small quantities, but enough in every case to justify the assertion, are: water melons, musk melons, pumpkins, squash, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, peppers, turnips, carrots, lettuce, radishes, sweet corn, pop corn, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, onions, salsify, beets, parsnips, leeks, kale, ground almonds, and rutabagas.

The value of the garden lands is estimated by Comrade Knobbs, who has had many years of experience as a market gardener and who has successfully competed against Chinese gardeners and who knows his business thoroughly, at $1000 an acre. He says this is a conservative figure to place on them.



LLANO-GROWN APPLES. The three shown here weighed 4½ pounds.

He is enthusiastic over the gardens, and states that it is merely a matter of building up the soil, much of which work has already been done, in order to make it as fine a garden as can be found anywhere. He has grown onions that weighed three pounds each.

Comrade Newman is not giving his attention so much to gardening as to berry raising, but as Mrs. Newman is an enthusiast in this work they will continue to grow vegetables in connection with the berries, planting between the rows of young vines. The Newmans grew cauliflower that would compete successfully in any market, sweet potatoes that were of wonderfully fine quality, celery that is sweet and tender, cabbage heads that are of good size and sound, and beans of such length that to tell it would make it incredible. In the garden they had French beans of a variety that grew to nearly three feet in length, and they expect to grow more of these next season.

The boys and girls of the Industrial School greatly simplify the garden problem. They learn as they work and they prove to be efficient gardeners. They will be directed in their work by experienced agriculturists and horticulturists who will instruct them in the practical study of botany and entomology.

The gardening industry is one that will expand, and it will require prudence, care, and foresight to provide for the wants, to supply the demands, to rotate the varieties, and to maintain the quality that will be required. It means careful study and the keeping of adequate records. But the possibilities are here and they have been demonstrated. They have been proven beyond a doubt. Llano soil is good garden soil.

Like all of Llano's products, the marketing must be done in the most concentrated form. Most vegetables will probably be canned. However, that problem is in the future; the gardeners will have all they can do to supply the demands of the Colony for this season. Cannery will put up peas, beans, corn and tomatoes if the gardens can supply the garden truck for this purpose.

The successful Llano gardens are another link in the chain of industries that will make Llano a self-supporting community. The pendulum is swinging back again. In the pioneer days of America each family conducted all of the industries necessary to maintain life. The growth of the factory system took these industries from the home one by one and the people lost control of them. Now the backward swing is bringing to the Llano community the control of its industries, is making it independent, is putting into the hands of its residents all of the industries to maintain life.

Berries for Llano Use

THOUGH berries are usually considered as fruit, Comrade W. J. Newman has been given charge of this department, his seven years of experience fitting him perfectly for making the production of berries one of the Llano industries that will be put on a satisfactory basis.

In the nurseries and in the gardens are the Everbearing and other varieties of blackberries. In the nursery are many dewberry plants which bore last year, and the high quality of the fruit as well as the prolific way in which the vines bore, demonstrate the value of the berry department. Himalaya and Mammoth blackberries and currants are added to the list. Several acres of sunberries, or wonderberries, were grown last season and were highly esteemed. Gooseberries, raspberries loganberries and other varieties will also be grown.

Comrade Newman wants to get in touch with all who have berry plants, and he asks that all who can spare them to send them in as soon as possible.

While Llano is not a natural berry country because of its excessive dryness, yet when the plants are properly irrigated they seem to do about as well, and to produce as heavily as do berry plants anywhere. At Christmas Comrade Newman exhibited ripe strawberries and strawberry blossoms, which is satisfactory evidence as to the length of the season.

About three acres of strawberries are planted and will be in bearing this spring. The plants begin bearing a few weeks after being put into the ground. Those planted in August had berries on them six weeks later. The productive life of a strawberry plant is about four to five years. The life of blackberries, raspberries, loganberries, dewberries, etc., is indeterminate, as they will produce profitably for many years.

Berries should be picked every other day during their heaviest bearing season. Children will probably be employed to do most of the picking. Berries require close attention and must be irrigated frequently. It is stated on fairly good authority

that the production of loganberries in regions best adapted to them has been as high as seven tons to the acre.

The quality of the berries grown here cannot be surpassed even in the finest berry districts of the country. They are prolific, too. Most of the berries are to be planted on the Tilghman place, where the present berry tract is. Strawberries which have a great deal of foliage are preferred for this climate, as the leaves protect the fruit.

Hay and Grain Production

"THE soil at Llano is unsurpassed anywhere for alfalfa." This statement was made by John Van Nuland, one of the farmers, and reiterated by C. S. Millarr, head of the hay and grain department. It was repeated by others who are practical, experienced farmers.

Comrade Millarr has been in charge of the hay and grain department since June. He has been a resident of the Antelope Valley for about eight years, and is authority for the facts given. They are substantiated by other practical farmers.

Last year the cutting of alfalfa began in April and continued until in November, the past season having been a very favorable one. Seven crops were cut. Six crops can be reasonably depended on any average year, the last cutting being made in October. Comrade Millarr, a very conservative man, says we had about one hundred and sixty acres of alfalfa at the beginning of last season, but he expects to start the 1917 season with more than three hundred and sixty acres. This is an increase of more than two hundred acres. Most of the young alfalfa is up and in splendid condition. The land has been prepared carefully, many cobble and lime ditches have been built, and the corrugation system of irrigation has been adopted. A good stand has been secured and there is every indication that the alfalfa land will be in full bearing by the close of the 1917 season, at which time it should be producing a ton to the acre per cutting. The opening of the following season should see it producing crops that any alfalfa district in the world could boast of.

The land the alfalfa is planted on is exactly the same as land that can be bought in this district at prices not to exceed $12 per acre. When it comes into full bearing, has been corrugated for irrigating, cleared, leveled, seeded, and is producing, it is worth from $150 to $200. That is genuine, legitimate increase in value. Alfalfa was worth $10 a ton last year. The returns are excellent.

The quality of the alfalfa produced at Llano cannot be surpassed. This is not an empty boast; the stock men prove it every day. Moreover, alfalfa is easily started, produces heavily, as has been shown, and is not difficult to irrigate when planted on properly prepared land, as is being done now. It is irrigated just after it has been cut, and once between cuttings. It can usually be cut once a month, though last summer it was cut three times in forty-two days, that is, twenty-one days from one cutting to the next, this being repeated. It is believed by some that the Hairy Peruvian alfalfa is best suited to this district, and some experiments are being made to determine which variety is best adapted.

While alfalfa will be the chief forage crop, peas, beets, etc., will also be grown, though no definite program has been decided on for them. It is certain that wheat, oats, barley, rye, Milo maize, Egyptian corn, feterita, soudan grass, sweet clover can all be grown with profit to the Colony, and some of these crops have already been tried. Experiments and demonstrations will be carried on by the agriculturists. Dry farming is practicable at Llano, as it is carried on in other portions of the Antelope Valley. It is expected that about one hundred acres will be put out to various crops this year to show what can be done. Probably the most important thing will be the preparing of the soil for these crops.

Mrs. Newman holding up a bunch of beans, some of which measured more than two feet in length and were of delicious flavor. This variety will be planted extensively this season. In the back ground are fig trees. Mrs. Newman holds some egg plants in her right hand. The insert shows Llano onions. These grew to as much as three pounds and the quality is of the best.

The farmers have entire charge of their department. The tillers of the soil—gardeners, alfalfa men, grain men, fruit men, berry men—meet frequently and lay out their work. Much better results are being secured by this means. They have elected their own assistant superintendent of the ranch. It is complete industrial departmental democracy. It combines the freedon of democratic management with efficiency and a just sense of responsibility.

One other source of wealth which has not yet been developed, yet which the alfalfa men say will be profitable, is the sale of alfalfa seed. It is claimed that two or three crops of hay can be cut, then the alfalfa allowed to go to seed, and the seed threshed and sold. It is singularly free from weeds, is clean and healthy and will undoubtedly command highest market prices.

Scenery About Llano

By Robert K. Williams

WHEN I was a little chap my mother told me of a country where all the seasons of the year could be encountered in one day. She said that in the morning it would be summer, a little later in the day fall would come with its chilly blasts; next in order cold and bleak winter would set in, and quickly following, spring, and then summer again. For ages this state of weather had existed. It was a wonderful country. I asked her where this country was and she said, "California."

For years I longed to see this land where the four seasons of the year would come in one day. When I finally arrived in California I found out that my mother had told me the truth, but,— she had failed to mention that the seasons could be brought about by climbing high mountains and then descending them.

You see, I had read an idea into the statement. The story was so pleasing I did not want to investigate, and when finally the real truth dawned I smiled at my childish credulity.

People are prone to read between the lines. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to tell the exact truth. Should anyone doubt this let him try it for a while. To carry truth to its logical conclusion would be to destroy imagination entirely.

No two people see things exactly the same. What to me is a gorgeous prospect might be a leaden cloud to another. One has to take into consideration the state of digestion, previous experience and late associations.

The 17 apples shown here filled a five-gallon oil can more than full.

There are people excessively sensitive and so positive that they are capable of expressing themselves that they dislike the idea of anyone else saying anything about them. Nine chances out of ten if you do say anything even as a compliment, they will take offense and write the editor about it.

Llano is a much talked of place. Thousands of people have heard of us. More thousands will continue to hear of us. Each individual has his own notions of what we are like and what the place is like. Some arrive and are not disappointed —the farm lies as they thought, the scenery is just as they pictured, and everything else quite satisfactory. Others come and are surprised that it is as it is. You see they had pictured things and lived in a world of Make-Believe. We are fond of lying to ourselves. It is one of the most delightful human characteristics. If we had to live always with practical people, life in a mosquito-infested swamp would be preferable.

It is amusing to hear "Now let us get down to brass tacks." Look out when you hear this. If it is a business transaction and you are not a business man, better hire a lawyer.

All this sounds away from the subject of scenery and our surroundings, and it is. The editor of this magazine has a most provoking habit of assigning subjects. He had an hour's conversation with himself on the subject for me this month. Upon looking through my pockets, I found the assignment, and here it is. It will be interesting to you for it interested him, or he wouldn't have typed it off as a guide.

"Write about the Antelope Valley—tremendous expanses, grizzled pioneers, coyotes, ox-teams—and don't forget the superb view from the townsite."

This is some job!

The Antelope Valley imperceptibly merges into the famed Mojave Valley east of Llano. In the Antelope Valley there are two and a half million acres, and seventy-five per cent is tillable providing water can be secured. Numerous pioneers have come to this great expanse in hopes of making for themselves a domestic paradise. Failure after failure dots the valley. Almondale and Old Palmdale are recollections of the past, and old corner post identify lots once worth $500. Orchards are yet visible among the sage brush. A comrade recently walked over a tangled expanse and discovered sixteen acres of olive trees still living, with fine olives on them. They had had no water for twenty years, except that from heaven.

Twenty odd years ago quite a settlement was near the present site of Llano. Like most other individual efforts it failed and the Colony is now heir to its early efforts, and we are building well.

Ox teams wended their way to the north from Los Angeles, and numerous bands of sheep and great herds of cattle were driven over these plains years ago. That sort of thing has now ceased. Concentrated farming and stock raising is now the rule of the day.

The view from the townsite, so often mentioned, is certainly grand. But it is unsafe to attempt to describe it. The Tehachapi mountains lie to the north and west and act as a great wall, and no two views ever seem the same. They are from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five miles away. The San Bernardino mountains are to the east of us at least forty-five miles. In the foothills there are many mines, and Victorville, thirty-two miles away, is a trading point for the mountaineers and miners. Some very high peaks are in this range and snow is visible most of the year on a few. Farther east are the Sierra Nevadas, still farther, the Rockies, and beyond them the Mississippi valley, the Appalachian chain, and finally New York and the Atlantic Ocean.

I want to make this geography plain so that our eastern

friends may know just where we are and how to find us.

Nearer home, in our own valley, are the Lovejoy Buttes, a rugged mass of rock with much mineral, and at their base gushes a spring. To the east are the Black Butte, the Gray Butte, the Three Sisters, and numerous other great hard lumps that have not yet been eroded by Nature. A mirage, many days of the year, makes beautiful these lonely sentinels of the plains. Cities and oceans, ships and forests, buildings and people can be seen in the early morning if the imagination is vivid enough, and it makes one feel that these things cannot be so far away, or else we should not see them just out there.

The Sierra Madres lie just south of us, and on moonlight nights this snow-covered range is transformed into mountains of pure silver. It is a tentless creature indeed, that cannot see a beauty in these southern hills, ranging from 6000 to 9500 feet above sea level. It is from these snow sides that the Big Rock receives some of its water although the real origin is from a series of springs at an elevation of 6500 feet, ten and a half miles south of the Colony.

When the hand of man has overcome the harshness of nature and brought under control the land, magnificent fruit is grown, and according to our farmers the best alfalfa in the world can be raised in the Antelope Valley.

Back of us lie the Shoemaker, the Valyermo and the West ranches. Each raises fine fruit. The Colony picked the pears, apples and peaches of these ranches last season, and our share, many thousands of gallons, were canned in our cannery. These are old ranches. The country was wild indeed when these hardy pioneers plotted these farms and started development. Today however they are show places; and a brief visit to them will show what the land is capable of.

Llano is not old enough to demonstrate the agricultural and horticultural possibilities, but it can safely be said that if the people who come here will be patient for a few years and put as much effort to the soil as have these old ranchers, the Colony will have a magnificent estate. We are more favorably located than any of them, and with co-operation in action we surely should be able in a few years to create a veritable garden in the midst of the desert.

Still farther to the south, and considerably higher, lies the Pallet Valley, in which are several prosperous ranches. It took considerable courage years ago to go into that virgin wilderness and break ground. Comrade Burkhart started seven years ago in the Pallet valley and is just beginning to reap returns from his lands.

As a rule we look for finished products and are only satisfied with them. To see the Valyermo ranch is to satisfy the mind, and at Little Rock, ten miles to the west, hundreds of acres are to be found in pears, with the reputation of the finest pears in the world. Llano has pear orchards growing.

It requires a botanist to do justice to the vegetation of the Valley. Nearly every month in the year a flower blooms here. The spring months bring forth an abundance of small ground flowers of great beauty. Millions of them strew the sands like a carpet, while waving above them the five different varieties of sage nod and bloom, and afford succulent forage for the millions of bees.

Junipers dot the hillsides just above the Colony and are evergreen. Mistletoe often displaces the natural foliage and finally kills the twisted but hardy juniper.

The foliage and the vegetation create a tremendous impression on the mind. The colors of the valley, looking from above, are bewildering, and our artist friends go wild about it. Once in a while a prosaic individual, when well-fed, can even enthuse over its beauties.

The opals and blues and ultramarines, and the kaleidoscope of colors morning and night must be seen to be appreciated, yet I am aware that thousands would say that the important thing is the raising of beans. But artists differ from the agriculturist and the machinist. I know this for I have taken lots of photographers over the ranch, and to an artist a photographer is nothing but a machine.

A friend back east wants to know from a friend here if Llano is as picturesque as I paint it. Yes, and more so. But we can't eat it, and from now on I am strong for beans, peas, and lentils, and other useful things of that nature—so that when we are full of these things we can see the picuresque side. Whether or not your feet are cold makes a lot of difference whether or not Llano is picturesque. It may not be picturesque to you, but it is the most interesting place in the world, and the nucleus of the biggest idea in the universe.

We have splendid people here. It takes strong people to like this idea. If they weren't above the average, Llano would have no attractions.

This fine field of cabbage shows convincingly that the Llano lands are fertile and productive. The more than 100 acres to be planted this year to vegetables should amply provide for the expected growth in population.

Cauliflowers, pumpkins, squash, cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, produce splendidly at Llano.

Declaration of Ind

By the Co-operativ

BELIEVING that the remedy for the larger part of the existing social and industrial evils that afflict our times lies in the most thorough and scientific organization of industries under a system that legally guarantees a practical and certain uniformity of results, and the responsible and just administration of the industrial powers so organized:

And believing further, that such an industrial system can best be initiated and developed under the auspices of a national association having for its declared purpose,—

First,—the acquisition of land for social use and the founding of an industrial system by which the workers shall at all times be guaranteed the laregst measure of freedon in the exercise of their physical and intellectual powers and faculties, the broadest range of opportunities to engage in producing the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life, and in the enjoyment of the full social value of their labor.

Second,—the establishing of a system of co-operative banking and exchange by which the extortions of the money-lender and exchanger of the products of labor may be avoided; and,

Third,—the founding of an educational system under which the workers may be made familiar with the principles of co-operative ownership of industries, and the best and most modern methods by which the greatest economic results are today achieved:—

We, the undersigned, tender fraternal greetings to all who are working and hoping for a free and just industrial system and for a safe and sane political regime; and we hereby announce and proclaim the foregoing principles as the foundation upon which we ask you to join in establishing such a social order.

We declare that the exercise of public functions by private combinations for private profit is wasteful in its general results, unjust to the laboring and producing classes, and constitutes the last remaining barrier to industrial freedom and social justice.

We declare that the world has arrived at an age in the development of the machinery of production and distribution in which it is physically possible to produce and distribute an abundance of everything for every human need if industry were freed from private ownership of public utilities and monopoly of fertile but unused land, and production for use instead of for profit were made the law of industrial life.

We declare that throughout the country millions of workers are without employment; millions of consumers with nothing to consume; millions of producers shut off from all means of production; millions of superfluous men for whom there are no places, and that these millions, starving for places no less than for bread, constitute a constant menace to the tenure of those who have employment.

We declare that monopoly of land and private ownership of labor-employing industries for private profit is the prime cause of this condition, and that wage earners who have present employment can entertain but little hope for permanent position or steady wages, much less an increase thereof, in the face of such a condition. And when to this condition is added the ever-increasing machine facilities for production, the increasing organization and concentration of industrial power, and the increasing greed and selfishness of employing ownership, all driving steadily to the decrease of the employed and the increase of the unemployed—what is left to them of hope but its dregs, despair?

We declare that the problem of millions of acres of land without workers, millions of workers without land or opportunity to produce the necessaries of life, and millions of men, women, and children suffering for lack of the harvests which the now idle land could be made to yield, will never be solved until industrial co-operation by the workers supersedes the wage-profit system.

We declare that there are millions of acres of fertile land which might be socialized through a co-operative organization, and that there is an element of society able and willing to contribute sufficient means to this end whenever a responsible,

A Frien

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me,
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be,
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,
To brush the gray from out your skies and leave them only b
I'd like to say the kind things that I so oft have heard
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've

trial Independence

rkers of the World

national organization shall appear with an adequate, safe, and practicable plan.

We declare that it is possible and practicable for society to employ all the workers at useful and productive labor all the time, and that an army of unemployed workers is an economic loss to the state, wholly unecessary and preventable, and constitutes a prolific source and cause of crime; but whereas such an unemployed element of society is a direct result and necessary asset of land monopoly and private ownership of industries, we declare that no relief (political, industrial, or educational) of a permanent character may be expected from the political defenders of the wage-profit system.

We declare that Socialism means the most perfect and comprehensive organization of industries, the most precise and business-like methods in their operation, and the most adequate supervision and control of the powers so organized and operated, to the end that none may be oppressed and that the final result may be a co-sharing by the co-workers. That it will be a condition of society existing when labor has learned the lesson of industrial co-operation instead of working against itself in warring factions and competitive groups. That it concerns and relates to the material, everyday affairs of industrial life. That it means responsible co-operation in production and distribution and is practicable to a degree superior to the competitive system. That it will be a state or condition of labor ownership of industries responsible to the people in every detail and particular, and that when the workers desire to live under such conditions as the socialization of industries will guarantee, the movement will have gained a force and momentum before which private capital ownership will be swept aside, and its selfish laws and courts and constitutions dissolved and re-organized upon a basis of industrial justice in the great revolution of ownership which will then take place.

We declare that it is the duty of the people through the exercise of their political powers and functions to establish the foregoing principles in government and correct the evils pointed out; but until such program can be effected through political action, we declare there is no course left for those who desire to realize these ideals but to establish them as they best may through private organization until the government does its full duty to the people in this respect.

We declare that upon justice in material things must justice in all things at last depend. That this is the primal law of social and industrial life, the foundation principle of order and government among men. That man's first right is here, and here, his sacred duty—to secure this right for himself, to render it sacredly to others.

And being profoundly impressed with the truth of the foregoing principles, we, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together as a Provisional Committee of Arrangements for the purpose of effecting a realization of these ideals, and we pledge ourselves to aid in every honorable way in our power in establishing such industrial, educational, and exchange systems, and to that end we call upon all who favor the Co-operative idea and principle to organize Co-operative Commonwealth Clubs, to study and teach industrial co-operation, to organize co-operative industries and exchanges wherever practicable, and choose representatives to an Industrial Congress for the purpose of establishing the Co-operative Commonwealth Foundation.

And we finally declare that the Co-operative Commonwealth shall be responsible to the general government for industrial peace and order within its own jurisdiction.

And the time and place for convening such Industrial Congress shall be determined by a referendum vote of such clubs.

(Signed) JOB HARRIMAN,
Llano, California.
CLINTON BANCROFT.
Carrolls, Washington.

Greeting

d like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
et that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;
d like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
ndaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.

m wishing at this Christmas time that I could but repay
portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way.
nd could I have one wish this year, this only would it be:
d like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.

—Detroit Free Press.

Broader Organization Needed

THE Socialist Party when it faces the election returns of 1916 must do some hard thinking. Its first task is some honest soul searching for the cause of its failure to win or hold any considerable fraction of the working class. It will have to apply its basic materialistic principles to the facts. And when it does it will discover that it has failed thus far because it has not put before the workers an issue at once vital enough in importance and sufficiently near of realization to make their allegiace of direct and immediate benefit to them. It will discover that a political party cannot be organized around the shifting tenets of a political theory; that the only firm bond is the material interest of industrial groups.

So Comrade Harriman's proposal that the Socialist Party shall connect up with the labor and co-operative movements is very timely.

We cannot expect that immediately the party organization shall conduct a department to promote co-operative enterprises. But it must broaden its form of organization so that co-operators, by virtue of their membership in a co-operative enterprise, may be members of the Socialist Party. Already the Socialist Party endorses labor unions and contributes materially to their aid in strikes and lock-outs. It must do more. It must permit union men, whose time is so largely absorbed by the everyday necessary business of their unions, to be members of the Socialist Party by virtue of their membership in the unions.

Ultimately co-operative, union, and political club must be allied upon the indestructible basis of mutual interests and a common aim. Big business has effected a close alliance and is able to dominate the capitalist parties. Its strength is enormous. In the face of it can anyone doubt the necessity of the working people "mobilizing" all their sources of strength if they hope to prevail in the tremendous class struggle that approaches its climax in ever intensifying conflicts?

CAMERON H. KING.

Party Too Theoretical

IT is apparent to anyone who has made a careful study of the Socialist movement of the world that our party in the United States is too dogmatic—that it must become less theoretical and more practical or it will petrify into another Socialist Labor Party.

Instead of being, as it should be, the political expression of the unions and the co-operatives, the party has stood aloof and sometimes even antagonized them. Instead of bending itself to cement into law, and secure general recognition for the gains made in the industrial and co-operative fields, the party has too often stood back and theorized and done nothing.

Every place where those dogmatists have had control the energy of the movement has been wasted in foolish theoretical discussions, in making rules and in "disciplining" the members, with the result that the movement has withered. Witness the Socialist Labor Party, the Social Democraic Federation of England and many of the parties formerly existing in France.

On the other hand, where the party has been a real labor party instead of a philosophical debating society, it has gained in numbers and power. Witness, prior to the war, the labor party of England, the Socialist Parties of Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, and of other European countries. We of the United States must take note of the facts and direct our energies to action rather than to idle theorizing.

GEO. W. DOWNING.

Keeping Us Out of War

The maple leaves were turning from green to bright red, yellow and magenta. Summer had waned and passed and the year 1920 was drawing to a close. A man lolling luxuriantly behind the highly polished glass windows of a Fifth Avenue club suddenly sat bolt upright. He stared out on the street where for hours an endless stream of marching men had plodded along. Now and then loud shouts and wild cheers had sent a wave of annoyance across the portion of the clubman's face that was visible above the grisly, bristling beard. Suddenly light came into the lack-lustre eye and as he leaned forward and stared he clutched fiercely and sank his fingers into the arms of the upholstered chair. Then the unnerved man

CAN LLANO GARDENS GROW VEGETABLES? Here is the best answer to the question that we know of—and these were not specially selected, either. As to quality, it cannot be surpassed anywhere. This year's production is expected to vastly surpass that of last year in every way.

shouted aloud and his strident voice brought half a score of liveried flunkies running.

"Quick, boy, bring me pens, ink, telegraph blanks!"

"What's the matter, Charlie?" asked a fellow clubman.

"I'm going to congratulate Woodrow on his election." answered the perturbed one.

"But, Mr. Hughes," said a sympathetic bystander, "he was elected long years ago."

"Yes, yes, I heard that story in 1916, but I put little credence in it. I have been waiting for the returns from Watts, California."

"But what convinces you now?"

"See that banner, there. Read it. If it is true, then Woodrow must be President."

All eyes turned toward a huge banner carried by twenty-five stalwart Wall Street speculators. The wording read: "Defeat Wilson for the third term. He is keeping us out of War."

Our Industrial School

By Mildred Travis

TEN months ago there was nothing except the little two-room adobe schoolhouse on the spot where the Junior Colony now stands.

The land all around, except a small garden at the Tilghman place, was covered with sage brush, yuccas, and grease wood. The five upper grades of the grammar school held daily session in the adobe school building. School, to the children, was a rather monotonous routine of studying and reciting, varied only by the two short recesses.

One beautiful March day a man of energy and initiative came to the school. He talked to the children about Llano and its ideals of co-operation. He told them that some day they would have the Colony in their own hands, and that they must learn to work and to co-operate. He said that he was there to help them choose their life work.

The children were enhusiastic from the very beginning. They organized classes in agriculture. The tendency to destroy everything in sight was replaced by an ambition to become active members of the community. Nearly every child responded readily to this call of his better self. The children organized a club for their own welfare; they started to build a clubhouse; they sent for seeds and planted vegetable and flower gardens. They took an interest unknown or undreamed of before. The children came early and stayed late. This miracle was performed by no other than that human dynamo, George T. Pickett.

The first Sunday in April a big dinner was held at the new colony. Two hundred and ten people were served. That was the first meal served at the Junior Colony and the end is not yet. All of the school children, numbering about eighty, and an average of twenty men who worked in that vicinity, were fed each day. This feeding of the school children is a great saving to the Colony, for much of a cold lunch, carried by the child, is wasted. Mrs. Pickett was a tireless worker in this department. The children were drawn closer and closer together and they were beginning to learn real co-operation. They had the foundation to the clubhouse well under way, and a small chicken house completed when school was dismissed for the summer vacation.

Then the work started with renewed energy. In May they had bought 1180 little chicks. From these they succeeded in raising over one thousand chickens. That is a record any poultry man would be proud of. The little chicken house was becoming so crowded that the boys built another larger one, also of adobe. They then built a house for Mr. and Mrs. Pickett. After that a cellar was built with a room above. Some excellent work was done on these buildings under the direction of Mr. West.

The garden which the children had planted was doing so well that the garden of the Colony, some 75 acres, was also given into their hands. How to plant, when to plant, soil chemistry, irrigation, and the preparation of vegetables for the market were studied industriously.

A summer school was organized and those children who wished to do so, studied during the summer. Attendance was not compulsory. Those who desired to do so, went to school and those who cared about other things did those other things. All were learning, some from books, some from doing, some from both; but all were learning.

When the public school reopened on October 2nd, another school was organized. This is called by some the Radical school, because its aim is to give the pupils the best of everything in a new way, to break away from the old methods and old curricula to teach radical, up-to-the-minute subjects in radical, up-to-the-minute ways, with radical teachers at the head. By others it is called the Industrial school, because its aim is to teach the pupil any industry he wishes to learn, as well as to give him a knowledge of books. The aim is to afford each pupil all possible facilities for learning any vocation. In truth, it is both a Radical and an Industrial school, and neither name alone expresses its entire significance. The two names should be used together, for it is really a Radical Industrial School.

In the beginning, three months ago, there were only eight pupils enrolled at this school. The first teachers were two in number. All sorts of hardships were endured, but lack of materials to work with and poor accommodations failed to discourage these dauntless teachers and pupils. The school grew rapidly. Mrs. Pickett gave up her home as few women would have done. She had the vision—that was why she did it. Her dining room became a school room. Tables were brought in and a class formed around each table.

Inside work is not all the children do by any means. They have their own horses, cows, goats, sheep, rabbits, chickens, pigs, and turkeys. They take care of all of these things and some pets they have, a couple of wild-cats, a hawk, and a few other wild animals and birds. Besides this they have built fences, goat-pens, rabbit hutches and all necessary buildings. Work was often delayed weeks at a time for lack of facilities to work with. An insufficient supply of lumber usually lay at the root of the matter. The boys hauled lime, rock and adobe to build with, and they were tireless in their efforts to make the Junior Colony the biggest thing on the whole ranch.

And still the school grew! New teachers came and offered their services. New pupils joined the ranks, two or three coming at a time. People came to visit the school and all were amazed at the progress. They wanted to do their little to help. Donations started flowing into the Junior Colony. Men and women with big hearts, some with long purse-strings and some not so long, gave liberally to this institution of learning. Donations of all sorts came, ranging all the way from dictionaries to baseballs, from a dozen towels to a chest of new tools. These helped set the school on its feet. It is standing on a good foundation, that of a true ideal. Truth will always prevail, and this school will stand where all others fall. Nothing can prevent it.

Plans for next year are not overshadowed by present problems. One hundred acres of garden will be raised this year. Corn, peas, beans, and tomatoes will be raised for canning. Sweet potatoes will also receive a great deal of attention. The permanent rhubarb and asparagus beds for Llano will be located at the Junior Colony. All of the grain needed for chicken feed will be raised. The children expect to raise a thousand turkeys and they are going quite extensively into the raising of bulbs.

At the present time there are more than fifty pupils enrolled at the Industrial school. From the time the children arrive in the morning until the time they leave in the evening, they are learning. Nearly every conceivable subject is taught. The teachers in this unique school are not asked to present a certificate. It is doubtful if more than one of them holds a certificate which would entitle him to teach in Los Angeles

(Continued on Page twenty)

Training for Service

By Frank E. Wolfe

"I like it better here because we don't have to work hard to learn" said a bright faced lad at our embryonic Manual Training School at Llano.

The boy was trying to give expression to the idea that learning was not such a bugbear as he had once believed it to be.

The facts are the children both work and learn, but this under a system that makes the work of such absorbing interest that there is no drudgery and the learning so incidental that there is no labor.

Our industrial school is in a formative state but there are well thought out ideas and plans that eventually will result in bringing together education and industry. Long have these been separated and the rejoining of them has only been undertaken when the demand for more profits has called for more and more efficiency on the part of the producers of wealth. Out of this demand have sprung Manual Training Schools calculated to fit the half educated for greater service to the exploiting groups. Formerly industry and education were joined but that was in the long ago. Industry was, as a primitive and necessary social element, the first in the field. Education followed. As education is a process toward a social end it is in itself simply a process—a road to enlightenment.

At Llano much stress will be laid upon education that will deal with making better, stronger and healthier human bodies. This seems to be an inevitable feature of the industrial side, as no great industrial achievement could spring from the anæmic and academic.

The industrial school under Socialism will not resemble the schools under capitalism even in form. The greatest difference will be in the motive. Capitalism trains the youth to the end that the worker may create more profits, and more efficient productive workers may be available. Collectivism will train the youth that he may render better service to society. The one is concerned only in producing for profit—the other in producing for use.

In training our young people the idea that will dominate will be that greater social service may be rendered—thus that greater joy may come to the ones that render the service.

"I interest my pupils in their work by telling them if they become proficient here they will be paid a dollar a day more when they go to work," said a teacher in a Manual Arts High School. She smirked in her proper pride until a woman asked her: "And do you tell them that for that additional dollar they will be expected, no, compelled, to produce ten dollars additional profits for the employers who will be exploiting their proficiency? Do you tell them that your school is maintained for that purpose? Do they know they are being trained to become more efficient earners of profits for others?"

One school teacher's education began then and there.

Industry under capitalism has become the slave master. This is the inevitable outgrowth of production for profit. Things are made to be sold and broken or destroyed. Flimsy fabrication is cultivated because use is submerged for profit.

Learning by doing will grow, and a deeper understanding of the meaning of expression will come as the young people develop at Llano. This growth is so rapid that the development more than meets our expectations.

> IN training our children as in many other enterprises our hopes are high, our dreams are large, but the goal is so glorious in the future that it is beyond our vision today. We know the needs of the time and the hour, but the needs of the coming year lie with the wonderful Llano Manana—the Llano of tomorrow.

Our Industrial School

(Continued from Page nineteen)

County schools. These teachers know something worth knowing and they can impart that knowledge to others, therefore they are qualified to teach. The final test is not in what a piece of paper says you have done, but in what you can do.

Each of them has specialized in his particular line of work. Miss Austin, for instance, teaches Science, English, German, French, Spanish, and Latin. All of these subjects are intensely interesting to the pupils. Comrade John Shafer teaches band music especially. The boys practise on their instruments at all hours and seem never to get enough music. Comrade Miller teaches Geography, advanced Arithmetic and History, but he specializes in Manual training. Under his direction the boys who live at the Junior Colony have made their own bedsteads.

Wesley Zornes has classes in agriculture and biology, which are also always fascinating to the children. Comrade Staples instructs the children in voice culture and physical culture. Mrs. Smith spends most of her time with the little children, giving them the subjects usually taught in the public schools.

One big, overgrown boy of fifteen, who never before read a book or a paper except under compulsion, now takes a lively interest in the work of the ranch and in reading everything in sight. The other day he unloaded some lumber for the barn which the boys are building. After he had finished he came running into the house with "Mr. Pickett, we have got 772 feet of lumber." "Are you sure that is right?" asked Mr. Pickett. The boy answered that he had figured it up and that was the result. He proved to be right, exactly to the foot. That boy has learned something he will never forget —how to figure lumber.

Another chubby little youngster, eleven years old, is becoming a book-keeper. He keeps an accurate account of all the vegetables that leave the colony and also an account of all things that come in. He also figured the amount of lumber in this load. He volunteered to do this work of keeping accounts, and right there he is learning a valuable lesson which will never be forgotten.

Still another boy of about the same age took charge of the tools. He hung them on nails on the inside of the barn, and drew an outline of each tool exactly as it hung on the wall. Only the one tool which belongs there will exactly fit the picture, so that anyone can immediately tell what tools are missing, if any. Many other such incidents could be mentioned, but lack of space forbids.

The Senses of Plants

By Wesley Zornes

DO plants think? Of late years some botanists say that they have discovered senses in plants which connect their limited existence with their environment. Plants have senses we do not possess. Our senses are limited to hearing, seeing, feeling, smelling and tasting. With these senses we are able to set up a telegraphic communication with our world. Who knows that there are not untold phenomena escaping our senses? Our ear-drums are only capable of receiving a limited number of sound vibrations per second. Some scientists say that if we were capable of receiving all of the sound waves that life would be a medley of noises. The eye is capable of receiving only a certain number of light waves per second. The range is small. Outside of our limited existence there lies a world untouched, unheard and unexplored. This knowledge opens up to us a vast expanse—a world unknown. Life has no boundaries; the inevitable law of change transforms matter into new forms. We are shut in by a narrow vision of life. Plants experience sensations which we cannot. We discovered the law of gravity by witnessing a result. Plants are sensitive of gravitational law. Its roots grow downward. Its branches grow upward. If a young tree is bent it will attempt to regain its normal position.

The small tentacles of the ivy searching for a hold on some support can be compared to the claws of the animal. It serves a similar purpose. Its movements show perception and discrimination; for it always seeks the place where it can best secure a hold.

The helitropic movements of plants show how fine are their sense of light and heat. The leaves arrange themselves so that they will get the greatest amount of light according to their area. Notice the leaf arrangement of the ivy. Can these great physical phenomena be attributed to chance? They can only be explained as consciousness in some form on the part of the plant; for each leaf of the ivy alternates with the next leaf so that no leaf shades the other. The leaf needs sunlight. The question is: Is the plant aware of this fact?

The carnivorous habits of the sundew can only be explained by a conscious direction of some kind. It secretes a sticky fluid which is sought by insects. When a fly alights for its repast, it at once becomes entangled in this fluid. Then a wonderful phenomenon takes place as the leaves slowly but certainly encircle the victim. This fluid is similar to the digestive fluids of our bodies, and assimilates the food contained in the fly's body.

The spermatozoa of the fern are attracted by sweetened water. The egg is attracted by the same food. In this nature provides through taste sensation of the plants for the continued propagation of the plant. The sperm and egg seeking the same food naturally come together and fertilization takes place. Likewise the sperm of the club mosses finds the egg swimming about in a drop of dew. The sperm and the egg are both attracted by malic acid, and thus attracted by the same food, fertilization is accomplished.

We are led to believe through the observation of these and similar facts, that in the near future sense organs of plants will be discovered.

Natural Fruit Soil

By Oliver Zornes

ROOTS grow for moisture and plant food. Desert plants are deep rooted. Plants grown in humid areas have a shallow root system.

Oxidation cannot take place when oxygen is excluded from the soil. When soil is saturated with water, air is excluded. When the soil dries during the growing months of the year, oxidation takes place, but the under soil which still holds its water is not penetrated and very little oxidation takes place here. Such a soil is adapted to the growing of shallow rooted plants.

Desert areas are being irrigated and planted to orchards because of their great soil depths. Root crops can generally be grown on this soil, and alfalfa is one of its best crops. Wheat is also grown with success and the soil is almost inexhaustible.

Scientific farmers are learning how to handle the soils of the humid areas. When they plant a tree they blast the hole. Their intertillage is also deep, thus forcing the roots downward and allowing the air to penetrate the soil to a greater depth. Deep plowing and even subsoiling is practiced.

The expense of this work may, however, offset the profits to be made, while in the arid regions the lack of nitrogen in available form is the chief drawback. This can be best supplied by the addition of compost or green manure, by cultivation, or by the growing of some legume, such as peas, vetch, clover or beans.

Combat Pear Blight

By Oliver Zornes

NOW is the time to cut all hold over blight from your orchards. The knife is the only method yet discovered of eradicating pear blight, and it can be eradicated only where all the orchardists cut scientifically. The blight starts on the last growth on a pear or where the sap has been exposed by a cut or break in the bark. The limbs that are affected have the appearance of being burnt. All cutting should be done at least one foot below any signs of the blight and the tools well disinfected after each cut. The blight is caused by a microscopic germ which travels in the sap of the tree, and bees or insects may scatter these germs. One should burn all cuttings to avoid this danger. Blight is known to affect apple trees but seldom does much harm and generally stops at the base of the twig. There is danger of the roots becoming affected with the germ where it cannot be controlled. It may go down some water spout.

The Ango and Winter Nellies are to some extent blight resisting and Bartletts may be budded to their roots, thus lessening danger of root blight. The Japanese root is also blight resisting and will perhaps be used in the near future.

Care should always be taken in the growing of pears not to use an excess of water, which is likely to cause a soft growth. The last growth is the first to become affected and it travels much faster. Keep the wood as solid as possible.

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in December Magazines

HARPER'S

Grammar: The Bane of Boyhood.—In childhood memory and imagination are both very active—analysis, comparison, and abstraction are little developed. Few children understand or remember any of the grammar work they are forced to do. Composition can only be taught from the standpoint that every written exercise involves two persons—the writer and the reader. The child must express his own thoughts to a person who comes within the range of his understanding, i. e., another child. Discard all theories and be only a loving man or woman, working and playing with the child.— Burgess Johnson.

Fitting the Man to the Job.—Modern efficiency uses every ounce of material and "all the pig but the squeal," but casts thousands of human beings on the scrap heap as valueless. Each person "hired and fired" as inefficient costs the company from $50 to $200 in waste of time and material. This leakage often means the difference between success and failure and incidentally floods the country with "floaters." The theory is now gaining repute that every person can do something and that it is the most urgent problem of the day to find each individual his appointed place. Starting with the roughest class of workmen by studying their respective abilities Ford has nearly doubled the output of his plant.—Burton J. Hendrick.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

The Election and Prohibition.—60 per cent of the population and over 85 per cent of the area of the country are now under prohibition law. There is a strong chance that the party leaders will accomplish the major portion of their program, namely, the submitting of a constitutional amendment to the vote of the states and the enactment of a prohibition measure for the District of Columbia. The President will veto this last measure unless it is conditional upon a referendum to the people of the national capital. Congress will be largely occupied by "preparedness" measures, but the argument is that prohibition would accomplish a higher degree of preparedness than all the other proposals put together. —L. Ames Brown.

Death-doors and Asphodel.—To the pagan death was inevitable and thus to be accepted with calmness and dignity. The Greek clothed it in a form of beauty—asphodel meadows and twilight—a veil to hide its ugliness and a light to illuminate its truth. The medieval mind shuddered before its spectre and bricked up the doors from which the dead had been carried forth, that the Spirit of Death should not be able to re-enter the house. This scientific age experiments with the great mystery. It is true that no sounds have reached us from the beyond that can compare in grandeur and majesty with its unbroken silence, yet echoes reach us which give new meaning to the great research and these echoes of the spirit stir the imagination—they resolve the blackness of death into many hues and qualities of color.—Gertrude E. Slaughter.

LITERARY DIGEST

Railroads Inviting a New Yoke.—Mr. Alfred P. Thom, counsel for the railway executives' advisory committee, gives testimony to the fact that the railroads would welcome the following changes: Assumption of entire power of regulation by the National Government Federal Incorporation; the creation of a new national railroad commission, to take the place of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and exclusive power in the Federal Government to supervise issues of railroad securities. The railroads "accept the view that regulation is a permanent and enduring fact of Government in America," but they wish the regulation to be exercised by one supreme authority rather than by forty-nine conflicting ones. "If something is not done Government ownership will come and State control of all sorts will cease."

Feed America First.—There is a strong feeling in favor of embargo measures that would "starve the war and feed America." Of what profit is it if our foreign trade is to grow up by leaps and bounds while our people are brought to the verge of starvation by it? However, the embargo would provoke retaliatory measures. We are at the mercy of Great Britain for supplies of wool and plantation rubber, for example. The high price of wheat has induced the sowing of winter wheat over the widest possible area, and altogether it is an immensely complicated subject and the more it is discussed the slower will Congress be to act.

THE FRA

A Show-down and a Show-up.—Somebody must evolve a new economic belief, a new fraternal justice for both Capital and Labor. Accept the labor leaders and try to get their view point. Labor whined and begged for a time and then it got together and organized. Now Labor issues orders and Capital will obey those orders more and more from now on. Labor has Capital out-numbered. Competition is a failure and Co-operation comes! Business is a science, the accumulation of money a disease!-F.Shay.

METROPOLITAN

What Our Government Ought to Be and Ought to Do.—Because our Legislature is not responsible to the popular will, we have fallen behind England, Germany, and France, and still further in the rear of Australia and New Zealand in onr industrial and social legislation. The idea that the state is solely a political institution is becoming more and more untenable, and when we are confronted after the war with competition from state organized and protected industries of Europe we will have no choice but to either lead the progressive economic movement or to fall in behind it a second rate power.—Elwood Mead.

Wild Men and Animals.—"In a truly great horse (or man) there is an air of freedom unconquerable. It is the birthright of eagles." Some criminals belong in this class, they are doing what they think they have a right to do. Society gives them orders to stop. They refuse. We jail them, and stout, well-dressed persons who dodge taxes applaud the proceedings and carefully avoid seeing and knowing what happens after the man is jailed—that he deteriorates morally and physically and is eventually turned out sick and embittered to "start again" in a world where no man will trust him, and that four or five thousand of such men are turned out every year in the U. S. alone. Thomas Mott Osborne's way is to interest them in learning to play the straight game.—Clarence Day, Jr.

THE MASSES

Utopian Reality.—People who picture a revolutionary ideal without suggestion of a method of procedure toward the ideal, have a comparatively easy and primitive kind of vision. The democratic idea of progress that comes from persuading and propagating reasonable ideas is not adapted to the real conditions. The real world is a world where privilege can ouly be uprooed by power. We of the masses would like to assemble a power that will do something. It is easy to write reformers' opinions. The difficult thing is to do anything. None of us has tried that.—Max Eastman.

Believing in Arbitration on Principle.—It is supposed that arbitration means the substitution of reason for force. But an award successfully imposed is just as much a matter of force as a strike. Strikers by withholding their labor may force an employer to come to their terms. Or an employer by using strike- breakers may do the same. But if an award is opposed to the interests of the workers it is charged with violence even more certainly than the strike. It does not throw bricks but it does starve out the workers. The only difference in the violence is that the misery is prolonged.—H.M.

THE WORLD'S WORK

China America's Silent Partner.—China's nationalism is rapidly becoming real, and they are drawing their political inspiration from us and along republican lines. They trust us and are surprised and hurt that we do not give them decisive support, especially with the capital that they must have to develop their resources. She wants peace and she wants progress, and in co-operation with us she can develop into an independent nation, whereas, left helpless in the hands of the forces which are contending for the control of her enormous assets, she will become a danger in the Pacific.—Jeremiah W. Jenks.

Staving off Old Age.—Act happy and you will become so. Act young and you will remain so. You grow old because you do old things. The body is a complicated machine and should be overhauled at frequent intervals by an expert to be sure that no unnecessary process of wear and tear is going on, and that no diseased condition is being established. Treat the machine intelligently and do not worry. Remember that you do not clench your hands because you are angry. You are angry because you clench your hands. Act as you would be.—Hawthorne Daniel.

CENTURY

The Economic Heresy of the Allies.—The recent economic conference of the Allies shows a disastrous attitude of fear and passion developed by the war. Their program of boycotting the Central powers after the war would upset the natural balance of economic interaction in such a way as to destroy their own interests as well as those of their enemies. Only the steadying power of concerted action by the neutrals can avert a condition of chronic economic warfare.—T. Lothrop Stoddard.

Women in Agriculture

By Mildred G. Buxton

SOME time ago we thought it would be interesting to write up a little story on what women were doing in the live stock world.

To our great surprise there were no statistics or real information of any general extent on the subject. Many women have taken an interest in live stock for commercial reasons; there are numbers of them now engaged in the business of raising blooded horses, cattle, dogs, cats, and chickens for the market, but only in the case of the chickens and cats do we find women doing the actual work connected with the industry.

The same condition exists in agriculture. Many women own beautiful ranches and homes but most of the work is turned over to others while the women seek amusement along other lines—amusement which generally leaves them under the care of a nerve specialist. There is a joke in this too, because we have all known of physicians in cases of this kind to prescribe digging in the soil, making gardens, raising flowers, anything to keep them in the open air and in close touch with the steadying influence of nature.

One cannot help wondering why this is so. Surely there is nothing more appealing to the feminine nature than a helpless little animal. Even little pigs are attractive and they can be made as interesting and absorbing as any card game or tea table gossip ever was. They peg around on their funny little stiff legs like mechanical toys; quickly learn to come when called, and, as in the case of some I have in mind, are easily taught to be cleanly. These little ones were always fed on a large white cloth and after that a large dish towel must have looked like dinner to them for they would come running across the floor and smell around it squealing for their dinner. Baby goats are the cutest things in the world and calves and colts are a never ending source of delight.

I would advocate a thorough, practical course in agriculture and animal husbandry for every girl as part of her education.

The agricultural world offers an unlimited field of activity for women. Power driven farm machinery has already removed the excuse that American women could not do the tremendous physical work that our sisters in the war-ridden countries are doing of necessity. The work would give health, strength, steady nerves; all in fact that makes life worth living. Nothing is more fascinating that the feel and smell of the newly turned soil and the joy of watching the earth open with the pressure of the swelling plant, the tiny green shoots that soon develop in flowers, fruits and vegetables; the mist that rises from the tilled earth in early spring—all these wonders combine to make agriculture a profession particularly fitted for women.

Steadiness of eye, nerve, and brain are characteristic of men who raise and care for animals or who work in the soil. Men who raise fine animals must have self control first of all—a blow struck in anger or in a moment of indignation would be fatal in molding the habits of a good horse, for instance. Punctuality and regularity are essential in both these industries, as only regular feeding, cleaning, etc., will produce the healthy, well nourished animals that are the prize winners.

All the attributes mentioned are especially needed by women in their great task of bearing and training children. The poise and patience that come to those who work with and wait on nature would round out character and bestow largeness and wisdom that would go well with the most important work in the world, that which devolves upon women as the "Mothers of Men."

Song of a Woman Free

I am a woman free. My song
Flows from my soul with pure and joyful strength.
It shall be heard through all the noise of things—
A song of joy where songs of joy were not.
My sister singers, singing in the past,
Sang songs of melody but not of joy—
For woman's name was Sorrow, and the slave
Is never joyful tho he smiles.

I am a woman free. Too long
I was held captive in the dust. Too long
My soul was surfeited with toil or ease
And rotted as the plaything of a slave.
I am a woman free at last
After the crumbling centuries of time.
Free to achieve and understand;
Free to become and live.

I am a woman free. With face
Turned toward the sun, I am advancing
Toward love that is not lust,
Toward work that is not pain,
Toward home which is the world,
Toward motherhood which is not forced,
And toward the man who also must be free.

—"A Woman Free and other Poems" by Ruth.

As It Is

"IS the iron immodest when it creeps to the lodestone and clings to its side?

Is the hen bird brazen when she flutters to her mate responsive to his compelling woosong?

Is the seed immodest when it sinks into the ground and swells with budding life?

Is the cloud bold when it softens into rain and falls, and falls to earth because it has no other choice?

Or is it brazen when it nestles for a time on the bosom of heaven's arched dome and sinking to the fathomless depths of a blue black infinity, ceases to be itself?

Is the human soul immodest when, drawn by a force it cannot resist, it seeks a stronger soul which absorbs its ego as the blue sky absorbs the floating cloud, as the warm earth swells the seed, as the magnet draws the iron?

All these are of one quality.

The iron, the seed, the cloud, and the rain, and the soul of man are what they are, do what they do, love as they love, live as they live, and die as they die, because they must—because they have no other choice."

—o—

Isn't this beautiful?

The Lieutenant-Governor and the Pigtails

By Helen Frances Easley

WHEN he told Bobby-Ann that, as far as he was concerned, she would never grow up, he probably believed himself, at least he spoke in such a positive manner that his hearers were convinced that he meant what he said. Bobby-Ann's feelings were not the least bit hurt. She had known the Honorable Andy, as she now called him, as far back as she could remember, and she had been told things by him, and had told things to him with such utter frankness for so loong, that this seemed a very natural answer to the question she had asked him. In fact it was all Bobby-Ann's fault. If it had not been her High School graduation, and had not the Honorable Andy been chosen as Commencement speaker, the incident would probably never have occurred.

Of course he had not always been the Honorable Andrew Crawford, and it was he who had shortened the name of Roberta Ann to Bobby-Ann. She had been five and he twenty-one when they first met in her Uncle's office where Andy was reading law. He had been merely "Andy" to her then, and she adored him, he was the most wonderful playfellow in the world and she was disconsolate when he went back to school in the fall. But when he graduated and was admitted to the Bar, he returned to practice Law with her Uncle, and Bobby-Ann had her playfellow back for a number of years at least. But shortly after she entered High School, he had been elected State Representative, and it was then that Bobby-Ann tacked on "The Honorable." At the close of his term as representative he had been offered a partnership in an influential law firm in the Capital city, and everything pointed to an eminently successful career.

However, he did not forget his friends in the little old home town, nor they him, and they were glad indeed that he had been able to accept the classes' invitation to be their Commencement Day orator.

The little town had not outgrown the thrill caused by High School graduation. As an event, it loomed large along with a few other important days and was the first goal of consequence in the lives of the younger generation. The boarding school idea had not yet infected the people and they looked proudly toward the day when their boys and girls should receive the diploma and full entrance credits to the State University.

After it was all over, Bobby-Ann emphatically announced that it was the loveliest commencement ever, the music, the flowers, the girls' dresses, the boys' shiny shoes, and last but not least, the Honorable Andy's address. He had walked home with her, and her Aunt and Uncle were discussing the affair with her.

"And you haven't seen me for nearly four years! Don't you think I have grown?" she asked demurely as she rose, still holding the huge bunch of American Beauties which had been his gift to her, and turned slowly so that he might get the entire effect of the extreme height of five feet, two inches, hair done up, and a dress worn an "almost grown up" length. She was an adorable picture as she looked at him over the roses, and waited for his answer. It was then that he told her that to him she would never grow up, never get out of the pig-tail class, but that he would always remember her as a little girl.

"Never?" she queried, and then she laughed gleefully. "Oh! you Honorable Andy. That doesn't make me feel the least bit bad. For when I get to be really old and feel sort of timid about telling my age, I can just remember that to one man at least, I shall be like the heroine in 'Silver Threads among the Gold'—always young and fair, you know."

"But who said anything about "young and fair," Bobby-Ann?" he broke in, "I'm sure I made no such remark. I might remember you as a snub-nosed, freckle-faced youngster! Somebody has been making complimentary speeches to you! Who is the man?"

But instead of telling, Bobby-Ann merely made a face at him, the sort of face that had served as an answer to a good many of his questions when she was a tiny girl, and he was more convinced than ever that she would never grow up.

"And I'm going to California," she next informed him, "to live with my Aunt Emma in Oakland. And you may never see me again,"—this was said with impressive slowness, "except perhaps if I should find a wife for you. Would you come then?"

It had been one of Bobby-Ann's self-appointed tasks to find Andy a wife, however, so far she had spent very little time, but she felt that she could do her quest more justice when she had more leisure.

Andy nodded.

"Brown eyes," he reminded her.

"Oh! I know," she answered quickly and half petulantly. "You've always told me that, only I don't see why you are so crazy about brown eyes."

Bobby-Ann's eyes were violets, sometimes, and again bright sapphires, and at night almost black, but never, never, brown.

However, Andrew was firm in his requirement, Bobby-Ann need search only among dark-eyed beauties when making a match for him. And she did not resent it in the least that he talked to her as he would have talked to a very small child. He simply wouldn't have been Andy if he had talked in any other way.

So he went back to his work and Bobby-Ann went to make her home with her Aunt in California, a place with which she promptly fell in love, with a passionate fondness that children give to a wonderful beautiful big out-doors. And while she was enjoying herself to the utmost, so thoroughly that she forgot how the days had passed, until they made years, Andrew had gotten himself elected Lieutenant Governor, at least Bobby-Ann expressed it that way. The youngest Lieutenant Governor that the State had ever had. Bobby-Ann was so glad that she was homesick. Actually homesick for the first time, and she was just on the road to recovery, when an item in the paper caused a serious relapse.

Bobby-Ann always read the papers thoroughly, no notice escaped her, and here in big letters was announced that her State, her very own State, in a very few weeks, was to send a committee to raise the flag on their State building at the Exposition grounds. All of Bobby-Ann's love and enthusiasm for California did not make her one whit less loyal to her native state, and if there was to be any ceremony, she wanted to be at least a spectator. Perhaps the Honorable Andy would be one of the Committee! She hastened to the desk and began writing.

"Dear Honorable Andy," the note ran,

"I have just read that you are soon to send some people out here for a patriotic demonstration, in a few weeks, I think. It pleases me beyond words to think that

you said that I would never grow out of the pig-tail stage, anyway as far sa you are concerned, and if you are to have anything at all to do with the affair, I may be able to take a real part, for I believe that it is customary to have a small girl in a white dress raise the flag on such occasions. And isn't a luncheon usually a part of events like that? There are perfectly enchanting places to eat in San Francisco, and the view from the Fairmont is gorgeous!

"It would be lovely if you were coming. I hope you are, and please, if you are not too busy, may I hear from you soon?

"As ever,

Bobby-Ann"

The letter caused a pleasant interruption in Andrew's routime of work. He read it over several times, it was Bobby-Ann from start to finish. Never having been in San Francisco, her remark about the view from the Fairmont seemed irrelevant, however, if he had felt the slightest hesitancy about the matter before, he was convinced now that nothing must hinder him from taking that trip, if for no other reason than the view from the Fairmont, whatever it was. So his letter went back promptly.

"Dear Bobby-Ann,

"It grieves me to tell you that before your letter reached me, the small daughter of the Superintendent of Public Instruction had been chosen to raise the flag at the Exposition Grounds. However, I hope that you will be able to go with me to the ceremony, and afterwards go with me to the luncheon, the place to be selected later. Our party leaves here a week from next Monday, and that means that I shall hope to find you at home when I call a week from next Wednesday evening. The Flag-raising will be on Thursday, but after that, Bobby-Ann, for three days you are to have charge of the program as far as I am concerned.

As ever, yours,

Andy."

Bobby-Ann religiously crossed the days off the calendar after receiving this letter. Never before had she wished time away so recklessly. She could scarcely wait for the hours to pass. And when Wednesday evening arrived, she dressed herself in her very prettiest dress and tried to wait patiently. She had no idea how pretty she was, her eyes were like stars and her cheeks were like roses. To think that Andy, her old Andy, was coming to call.

Yet, when he did arrive, she felt herself enveloped in a sudden shyness. Andy was indeed the same, yet very different, just how she couldn't explain, and she had no way of knowing that he, too, felt the restraint, was in fact largely to blame for it. He had come up the avenue picturing Bobby-Ann as he had last seen her. But, strange to say, the four yeas since her graduation had made a much greater difference than the four in High School. He had expected to see the girl who couldn't grow up, and here he was talking to an extremely beautiful young person, who did not in the least remind him of pig-tails, although there was still a good deal of the little girl in her sweet, direct gaze, and the same old adorable laugh.

He told her about the home people and the visit was really a pleasant one, but both were conscious that it lacked something they had expected. Both felt that they had lost something of the old relationship and neither was sure that there would be any other to take its place.

That night Bobby-Ann regarded herself forlornly in her mirror as she tried to puzzle it out.

"Perhaps to-morrow will be better," she said, "It's just like the newness of seeing each other again away from everybody we know. But he looked at me so queerly, as if—as if—" and then it dawned suddenly upon her "—as if I were grown up! That's it!" She laughed happily. "Oh! you stupid Honorable Andy, you old humbug. You said I could never grow up, but I have, and it bothers you because you can't see what the matter is. To-morrow WILL be better, for I know what's the matter, and maybe you will too."

The next day was indeed much better. If Andrew had been surprised the night before, he was dazed the following morning. But Bobby-Ann was sure of herself. She realized that time makes strange differences, that re-adjustments have to be made, and she could not expect to be just the same little girl, but she could be just as friendly, even though it would be in a more grown up way. There would never again be days like the old days, but she did not intend to let that spoil the very short visit that Andrew should make. She had thought it all out. Andrew, however, was slower in re-arranging his ideas. The little girl who had been chosen to raise the flag helped the matter along somewhat. After her first glance at Bobby-Ann, she sidled up to Andrew and asked in a timid whisper, "Please, who is that awfully pretty lady?"

"Pretty lady?—oh—er—where?" and when she indicated Bobby-Ann, he drew himself up sharply.

"Pretty lady!"

That was it. Bobby-Ann was no longer a little girl. He felt very much as if he had discovered something of vast importance to the world at large. He had once stupidly doomed this sparkling creature to everlasting childhood, but she had escaped his cruel enchantment and was, as the little girl had called her, the awfully pretty lady.

Bobby-Ann was frankly delighted with the other members of the party and they in turn were charmed with her. The beautiful solemn ceremony took a very short time and yet, brief as it was, it was something that none of them would ever forget, especially Bobby-Ann. It seemed to her as if they, herself included, were promising, each and every one of them, to give these energetic, enthusiaistic Californians their most loyal support and earnest effort to make their state exhibit worthy of the place that had been given it in this wonderful Exposition.

The luncheon was all that could be desired, it was indeed a gay party, and Andrew was delighted with Bobby-Ann's self-possession. She was seated between one of the State party and one of the officials of the Exposition, and Andrew could catch fragments of the conversation. There was a charming deference in her manner toward these older men, yet it was very evident that they were finding her a clever conversationalist, with ideas that were very much worth while. He couldn't help being proud of her, this pretty clever lady.

Finally the party divided itself into little groups to see various parts of the city and Andrew was realizing what Bobby-Ann had meant by the view from the Fairmont.

"Isn't it wonderfully beautiful?" she asked, and Andrew agreed, although he was looking at her instead of out over the bay. But Bobby-Ann, unconscious of his meaning, went on

"There were so many places to see when I first came. I think I felt very much as children would feel if they could visit fairy-land." She was quite unconscious of her use of the word "child" but Andrew noted it mentally. She was indeed grown up when she looked back upon fairy-land days as a time long past.

(Continued on Page twenty-nine)

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

IT is a fundamental principle of the Socialist City to make the largest possible use of every mechanical means of saving labor. In Llano we expect to heat, light, and clean the city, cook, and run all our machinery, by electricity. In addition to these improvements which are being introduced everywhere, our city plan is based on a centralized underground delivery system, run by electricity, which will eliminate all surface transportation of parcels and commodities except such heavy and bulky articles as furniture and machinery. This arrangement combined with the fact that Llano will be built systematically, with no waste spaces and no land being held for speculation and that consequently there will be no long distances to traverse and no necessity for the ordinary transportation services, will make it possible to park all our streets except two or three main thoroughfares, laying double tracks of concrete eighteen inches wide through the lawns and shrubbery in such a way as to give access to the houses. Most of the streets marked as such on the plan will be handled in this way. All the citizens of Llano expect to own cars, but these will be kept in community garages at the intersections of the streets, thus giving each individual the benefit of the equipment necessary to keep his car in perfect order with the least possible expense. Each car will have its locked stall, thus interfering with any playful attempts to increase its mileage during the owner's absence.

The principal problem that confronts Civic Improvement Societies all over America—the backyard—will be largely eliminated in Llano. Anyone who has watched the struggle of the City Fathers in his community to improve the appearance of the ordinary city lot, first by offering prizes for the best-kept garden lot, then when this fails, by attempting to fine the careless, overworked, or absentee land-holders, will appreciate the importance of this reform. The truth is that a man who has been working all day rarely wishes to dig in the garden all evening, and the woman of the household rarely has the strength to do it. The result is that the best intentioned city ordinances inevitably fail in achieving results, and the only gardens that are kept up are those which are in charge of a paid gardener.

In Llano each house will have a private garden, thirty-five by twenty-two feet, but both house and garden will lie between two parks, kept up of course by the community as a whole. The private garden will offer unlimited opportunity for the owner to exercise his taste and originality. If he does not like gardening, he may put in a formal garden with massed shrubbery, narrow paths and fountains, such as have been so beautifully developed in Italy and Spain. A woman who loves flowers can have a constantly varying carpet of bright-toned annuals, and the handling of such a medium sized plot will not tax her strength. Those who like to combine utility with beauty can try using vegetables in ribbon gardening, with flowers introduced to heighten the effect. Remarkable results can be attained in this way, and it is a really desirable idea where one is dependent on the very unsatisfactory marketing customs of ordinary city conditions. But in Llano vegetables raised by your own hand in your own garden within your house will not be any fresher than those raised in your own garden at the city limits, in which you can also work yourself if your abilities lie that way.

Others may like lawn effects, or a water garden, or a graveled yard set in climbing plants, or a desert garden of aromatic plants and cactus. Some will perhaps combine all these features, and finally some blocks in the city will be cut up into front and back yards for the benefit of the conventionally minded. Every type of mind should be free to express itself in the Socialist City.

Each room in the house will open by French windows into the private garden, but all other windows open on the parks, as each row of houses lies between two parks. There are very carefully worked out plans for these as they are the fundamental feature of the city. It is difficult to think of a town without waste spaces and long expanses of dusty streets, but this city will be literally all garden, except for the ground actually built upon. The homes back up against one another with a sound proof wall between, but the nearest house that you can see from any window (except at corners) will be forty feet away. The side of the house fronting on this strip of parking will include the staircase, the back of the dining room, and one side bedroom window. The main windows of the bedroom as well as those of the dining room, open on the private garden. On the other side the houses will be from two to four hundred and fifty feet apart, and with careful planting it will not be difficult to arrange so that no other house will be visible from the ground floor. This idea will be borne in mind in setting out the trees, though it will not be necessary to stick to it slavishly, as the houses will be pretty enough to add to the beauty of the view instead of detracting from it. It is not planned to have large bluegrass lawns, as they are not adapted to this country and rarely look thrifty, smooth, and even. There will be a good deal of shrubbery and expanses of other kinds of ground cover such as periwinkle, ivy, lippia, Siberian strawberry, sedum, and some native plants. There will be swimming pools in the parks, and little rustic amphitheatres where a few neighbors may gather for a reading or a little music; bird refuges and tennis courts, and always a quiet cool pergola over the sidewalk leading to the Civic Center. The most distant house in the City. planned for from ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants, will be only one-half mile from this general rendezvous, where all the business activities and the social life of the community will center, and that walk will be through a park and under a pergola all the way. The turning the streets into parkways was chiefly decided on to get rid of the glare and dust, which are the obverse of the glorious sunshine and the absence of fog and rain which are among the privileges we come here to enjoy.

It is also proposed not to use the customary street numbers, but an address will read, Mrs. J. Smith, Matilija Park, Llano. One circle of parks will be named after local plants, another after the great servants of humanity, etc.

As there are a great number of these little parks it will be desirable to introduce into them as much variety as possible. A very beautiful effect could be created by selecting only silver toned foliage for one of them. Another could be dedicated to desert plants. Yellow, blue or red color schemes could be worked out, and a park could be one color in the spring and another in the fall. The little parks between the buildings of the Civic Center will be worked out on modified Japanese lines, and the open space between the two circles of public buildings should be planted in lawns and low shrubbery with fountains and still water.

Mention should also be made of the race-course around the outside of the town which of course will be framed in foliage and supplied with permanent seating facilities.

Our Homes

By Dr. John Dequer

A CASUAL glance at the economic evolution of the last half century gives one the impression that "homes," as many of us still know them, are in process of extinction, and in their place is appearing the tenement, the apartment house, and the "jungle" of the migratory workers. The country home with its romantic charm, its peace and quiet, its mighty trees, its broad fields, its cackling geese and bleating lambs, its fragrant flowers, and wholesome toil-hardened sons and daughters, is fast dying out. Land prices have climbed beyond the reach of the younger generation. A job awaits only the strongest of arm and brain. A job in an office or mill, a factory or a mine, and on a modern farm. I say "modern," for the character of the farm has changed. It is no longer the old homestead with its neighborly help at harvest time. The genial co-operation of the log rolling, barn raising, corn husking, or quilting bees—where harvesting and threshing were a neighborhood feast, where simple souls rejoiced in nature's bounty and hearts were warm with the wine of helpfulness. The old farm neighborhood is passing away.

Farming is carried on on a large scale. The bunk house has destroyed the old time hospitality. Capitalism has set enmity between the land man and the worker. The class war of mine and shop has invaded the fields green and golden. The hatred born of exploitation has penetrated even the quietude of the meadows. Imported seasonal labor needed in this age of privately owned machine agriculture creates the bundle carrying worker. He carries his bed from bunk house to bunk house for a pitiful wage, when the shortness of the season is measured by the length of the year. The migratory worker silently proclaims to the world the death of our present social order. He indicts capitalism as the arch enemy of the home as enjoyed by our fathers.

To a person who studies social statistics the rapidity of this extinction is indeed appalling. Soon we will be a nation of renters, and wanderers. A homeless nation, with no place to lay its head. This is not a dream. It is a condition—a condition that cannot be remedied by endeavors to restore the old. We cannot unlock the gates of the evening and bring back yesterday. The domestic order is dying and there is no remedy for death. But nature never despairs. She is evolving a new order from the ruins of the old, not through our conscious efforts, but in spite of them.

The apartment house, together with the delicatessen, laundry, restaurant, and other municipalized domestic conveniences, points to a new order. Where man and wife may both take part in active social labor, where both may function in the general organization of society. Where both may live the life of the new age. The new age will socialize the domestic labors, in spite of all our protest. The new age will do away with the drudgery of broom, mop and kitchen. The new age will break man's tyranny over woman by making her economically independent. It will ultimately destroy that most unfortunate social victim—the female parasite, the human doll, the legalized mistress—kept to advertise a man's ability in the commercial game.

The new age will not, as some say, degrade, but rather it will liberate and glorify, the womanhood of the world, and through this it will beautify the soul of all.

It is well to have the vision of the new age—it makes for optimism.

To understand the evolutionary trend of things, lights the fires of hope on the shores of life. Knowledge and understanding are the foes of pessimism. Pessimism is the harbinger of death—optimism is the activity of life. Pessimism is the old seeking for the fountain of youth; optimism is life renewing itself from the organism of the old; optimism is the smile from the cradle—pessimism is a groan from the grave.

The old order of society is no longer able to meet modern requirements. It is unacclimated to machine industry. The new order of society must meet the modern requirements of life. It must meet the new ideals that spring therefrom.

The home for the skilled laborer, the office worker, the salaried and professional man is in a state of rapid transition. Doctors, lawyers, engineers, mechanics of the better paid class, are leaving the cottage for the apartment. The laborer sinks down into the tenement. Here he festers in a hotbed of physical and social disease. Here his cry moves some to pity and some to dread, but all to shame. The tenement is a token of a seriously disturbed social condition. Yet it has behind it the forces that make for a general transition. Man must be near the place of his employment. His employment is social. The requirements of machine industry make it so. He does not dwell in slums because he loves to degrade himself. He goes there because the work for which he is intellectually and physically fitted forces him there. The factory employs thousands of people, often under one roof. They must be housed accessible to their place of work. Herein lies the problem of cheap housing, for the work done by those myriads of human beings is paid with the most pitiful wages. Hence their purchasing power is low, and the conditions of their home life must necessarily conform to their power of purchase. On the other hand the apartments for the better paid are developing continually in comfort, healthfulness and beauty, foreshadowing the life that is to be.

So much for the drift of society in a given direction. Let us now review what we are doing to meet this condition on the Llano. Here we are endeavoring to subdue the machine to social service. Here we eliminate the fence from agriculture. Here we abolish the sweat shop, here we use our every wit to humanize industry. Here we are about to build a city with neither palace nor hut—without mansions or slums. Here we build in and for social equality. Here we also build for beauty, for health and comfort. The home is of course more than a house, even as man is more than a body. The home is the human nest. It has physical and spiritual significance. On the physical side it is the shelter under which man abides and rears his offspring. The home must therefore be constructed with due regard to the requirements of health. It must admit an abundance of air and sunlight.

In Llano we are consciously working toward this ideal. The laundry is banishing the wash tub. The steam saw takes the place of the buck saw. A commercial bakery saves the family baking. Municipal kitchens will in time do away with home cooking. Already the Montessori school takes care of the little ones, and the mothers who erstwhile knew only the home are seen in creamery, studio, office, school and library—doing social work and developing social ideals.

As the domestic drudgery is taken out of the home life, the spiritual side of the home begins to develop in greater beauty. The mother loses the character of cook, and becomes the comrade in harness with her husband. The "I keep you" idea passes away, and the more glorious ideal of "we walk the path of life together" takes hold of the heart and brain.

Schmidt Case Testimony

THE issue of wages and hours is the point at which the line of every great industrial battle is drawn. The hosts seeking profits are arrayed on one side of the wages and hours line, and the hosts of bread winners on the other. In this great industrial battle in the East, the Steel Trust together with the Erectors' Association were struggling to force wages down and the hours up. This is the line of battle and the prosecution may as well face the fact. Equivocation will not avail them. This prosecution is not conducted, as they would lead you to believe, for the purpose of convicting a few so-called conspirators. This prosecution is conducted for the purpose of undermining the union labor movement of America.

You men of the jury must admit that the labor unions are the only power that now stands between the weak and helpless individual and the billion dollar steel trust together with the powerful Erectors' Association. Disband the labor organizations or conduct the open shop, which is the equivalent, and you open the way for greed to afflict this country with a terrible disaster that means poverty and ignorance and corruption and despair.

Yet the Steel Trust commanded the steel erecting and construction companies of the United States to pass and enforce with all their power a resolution—that is, to enter into and enforce a mutual agreement—that they, or any one of them, would not deal, directly or indirectly, with the labor union; that they would only hire men as they came; that insofar as they were concerned there should be no labor unions; that there should be no organized power to fight to better working conditions. Only the individual man, standing alone, shall have the privilege of selling himself at whatever price those who wish to buy shall place upon him. That his poverty and degradation shall be measured by the greed of the powerful, and that the luxuries of the powerful shall be limited only by their temptations.

That this is the ripe fruit of an open shop system there can be no doubt.

That the destruction of the labor unions and the establishment of the open shop is the purpose of this prosecution, and not the prosecution of a few so-called conspirators, there can be no question. Time and time again it was testified upon this stand by members of the Erectors' Association that they would not deal with labor organizations; that they all ran an open shop; that they would not even negotiate nor confer with labor organizations; that they had not dealt with labor organizations since 1906; that since the year 1906 they only hired and dealt with laborers individually.

Notwithstanding the long and bitter struggle previous to this strike, there was never any violence committed until after this soulless resolution was passed in 1906. No violence until the greedy corporations endeavored to deal the death blow to the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

There were four of these felons employed or in some way bribed or induced by the state to testify for the prosecution. There was Dugan of Indianapolis, Davis of Massachusetts, Clark of Cincinnati, and McManigal. These principal witnesses for the state were all guilty of felonies, some guilty of capital crimes, each endeavoring to perjure this defendant's life away for his own liberty.

Shall I say perjury? Yes, perjury. It is easy to say perjury. It was easy for the District Attorney to scream perjury, which he did, but he showed no instance. I shall not only accuse them of perjury, but I shall let the poisoned statements that fell from their putrid lips, turn like the serpents they are, and sink their poisoned fangs in the very hearts of their testimony.

Let us consider first the testimony of the felon Clark of Cincinnati, Clark of Goosetown fame. Clark who stealthily went to Goosetown and met a man with a basket full of dynamite; twenty pounds of eighty percent nitroglycerine! How remarkable; just the amount and just the percent that the prosecution would have you believe was placed in the Times building. He told you that there were about twenty sticks weighing about one pound each; that they laid in his little basket without wrappers and did not mash or run together during the entire trip from Goosetown to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Dayton, Ohio.

Eighty percent nitroglycerine, in sticks, put out by the manufacturer without wrappers, and carried in a warm car for hours without running together! What a statement! It would tax the ignorance of a mule, and the credulity of a simpleton to believe it.

One hundred percent is oil. Eighty percent is soft and mushy. But listen! He took this mushy stuff and kept it all night in his home in Cincinnati and picked it up stick by stick, and gently laid it in his valise and inserted a concussion cap, according to instructions, he never having performed such a feat before; and then attached sixty feet of fuse, closed the valise, and took the first passenger train to Dayton to do his deadly work. Do you remember the terrible havoc and the fearful wreck produced by this infernal machine?

Listen! It was raining on that fatal night when he stealthily stole his way through the sleeping, peaceful city of Dayton, to River Bridge and thence to the engine and crane, where this felon placed his infernal machine. Down close under the shoe of the derrick the dynamite was pressed and over it was placed, close and snug, an umbrella, to shed the drenching rain that nothing might interfere with the deadly work. The fuse was lighted and the perjured villain found his way to the streets of the city and there waited that he might hear the terrible crash and know his work was well done. The devilish sound of twenty pounds of eighty percent nitroglycerine came crashing and roaring through the streets and lo! it only blew off the skin of this umbrella.

Look at it! The cloth is gone but not a wire is bent or twisted. The enamel is not even disturbed.

Look at it! See the handle! It escaped scot free. Not a crack or scratch on it. Ah! His initials that he carved on the handle before he placed it over this terrible infernal machine, are likewise undisturbed. Look at them! Placed there to tell who was guilty of the crime. He was not arrested, nor was the crane broken, nor any damage of any consequence done. And for this reason this perjured felon says he was not permitted to continue the work of destruction. Again I beseech you to inspect this umbrella. See the ribs and stays and the handle and the staff unbroken and in perfect form and shape. You, gentlemen of the jury, know that this umbrella is telling you the truth. Every rib and every stay tells you in no uncertain terms that the felon Clark is a villainous perjurer. They tell you that Clark never placed dynamite under the crane on the Dayton bridge.

[Taken from Job Harriman's address to the jury at the conclusion of the Schmidt trial. The entire address, one of the most remarkable ever made, has been compiled to be printed under the caption "Was Schmidt Guilty?" Schmidt was convicted of dynamiting the Los Angeles Times and is now in the Los Angeles County jail.]

The Lieut.-Governor and the Pigtails

(Continued from Page twenty-five)

"But, oh Andy!" she went on with a smile, "please don't think I've played all the time. I've really been busy. There was my music, you know. I've kept that up and Aunt Emma has proven to be a splendid teacher of domestic science. Part of the time I have full charge of the house, and it is such fun. So altogether I've had a grand good time in this beautiful country."

"You really like it better than any other place then?" Andrew asked. There was a curious lifelessness in his tone, he seemed anxious for her answer, yet fearful of what it might be,

"I can't tell anyone how I love it," she replied "but the feeling comes up in my throat and chokes me. Sometimes when I look over these wonderful cities and then across the bay I just want to shout. I want to tell people that they don't half realize the beautiful things about them. There are so many places I want you to see, we are going to have to hurry to crowd them all in. I wish you were going to stay a long time, don't you, Andy?"

Again he agreed, watching her intently.

She smiled slowly.

"For then you could meet Alice Wayne. She went to Los Angeles last Monday, and won't be home for nearly a month, but she has brown eyes."

"Brown eyes?" Andrew queried vaguely.

"Yes. You know you said you preferred them. And I picked her out for you as soon as I heard you were really coming, only she had to go before you came. I think Fate was very unkind to you." She was not looking at him and she did not see the sudden tightening of his mouth. Was she purposely spoiling things for him? He realized that he had been building air castles, fragile structures that can be toppled over by a word. When he spoke his voice sounded tired and strained.

"Please don't play at that any more, Bobby-Ann" he said, "It was only a joke in the beginning, but it doesn't amuse me this morning. For a long time I've been remembering a little playmate I used to have. I really didn't think she could ever grow up, to me, but she has, and what is more, she has always had my heart, but I didn't know it until last night. I know I've grown rather dull, but there must be something besides just the city and bay and hills to make you love it so out here, and to find housekeeping so pleasant. There must be some tremendously lucky chap who probably doesn't half realize his good fortune. Bobby-Ann, I suppose you would never go back with me, even though I love you better than all the rest of the world?"

Bobby-Ann flushed, amazement, incredulity and wonderful joy flashed over her face, and there was something very like tears in her eyes, but she held out both hands to him as she answered him simply, a little sob in her voice.

"Oh, Andy!" she said, "I do love it here, it is so wonderful, but even that doesn't count with you away back there. There isn't or hasn't been anyone else and I guess I like to keep house because I was born that way! I've been loving you always, better than anyone else in the world, and last night I began hoping that you would see that I had grown up."

—o—

"Just read through, from cover to cover, the December COMRADE, and must say it is the best yet. Eevery department is strong and you will get results from it, I am certain, and I am sure the January number will be just as good, as the subjects you expect to cover are of such vital interest.
WALTER HUGGINS, Chicago.

Contest News

The Grand Circulation Membership Contest being held by the Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist has more than 110 contestants. There is still plenty of time to enter as it does not close until July 1, and every entrant who sends in ten or more subscriptions will receive some sort of premium.

Every letter breathes enthusiasm. People everywhere are ready for the message of "Co-operation in Action." It is no criticism of the Socialist Party that the vote has fallen off; but contest workers should make use of this fact. People are all the more eager to learn of what co-operation will accomplish. They see that winning by the ballot alone is further off than they had thought. It will require other means. The co-operative field has been neglected in America. Socialists are just beginning to wake up to this fact. The Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist are the publications which tell the story of the greatest co-operative demonstration in the world.

And that is why EVERY socialist should be reading them.

One man in San Francisco, through the mistake of the postman, had a copy of the Colonist put in his mail box. He became interested, visited the Colony, and is now a member. That happened within two weeks after the postman's lucky mistake. A letter received the other day read " . . Over the shoulder of the man in front of me in a street car. I only got the name of the Western Comrade, Llano, Cal., but it is the paper I want to read." Another writes, "I saw a stray copy; it is the paper for me." These are not just extraordinary examples. Every day such letters are received by the editors of the COMRADE. They show how people are thirsting for the message of co-operation in action.

Let's all work together to make the February record double the January one. Don't let a single one get away. Get him for eight weeks to the COLONIST anyway. That will be enough. Keep his expiration date and call on him at the end of that time. He'll be ready to subscribe for both then. Experience has shown that. See if you can send in at least two a week in February, eight in all. That will mean 900 new readers becoming interested in "Co-operation in Action," practical Socialists when they have read about the Colony for a few weeks.

Our Mail Bag

"Dear Comrades: I am enjoying the COLONIST immensely and look forward to the time when we will have a powerful daily newspaper for Socialism and Co-operation. I. J., Montana.

"Dear Comrades: . . . The COLONIST is read with much interest, and the reading makes me impatient to be with you, and lend a helping hand to get the productive work done at the proper time for best results. Soon you must talk in 'sections' instead of 'acres' or 'quarters' and I notice you talk in 'tons' no winstead of 'pounds' or 'hundreds.' I have been talking Colony to many, and I am kept busy answering questions. When the thick of the fall work is done, I shall devote some time to working for Llano. Hoping everyhing is moving along smoothly. I am

Yours for a perfect environment, B. R. S.

WHAT AN ABSENT MEMBER WRITES

"Everybody is tugging for the almighty dollar. Nobody has time to look after the welfare of his neighbor, or anything but work—work. I work from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m. I can't see any way out of it as long as I stay here. I hope we will not have to stay here longer than spring.

From what I see in the LLANO COLONIST you are getting along fine. I wish everybody had grit and staying qualities.

. . . I am proud of the workers and boosters for Llano. When I am asked about the people of the Colony, I answer 'The best that can be found. Good enough for the best man or woman who is living to live among!' John Price."

Please Vote on This

Dear Reader: We want you to write us a letter of 100 words or less giving your preference of the articles contained in this and other numbers of the WESTERN COMRADE. Please state whether you are a regular reader or a casual reader of this magazine. State which articles or series of articles you like best, which is your second choice, and mention others in the order you favor them. Tell why you read the magazine, how long you have been a reader. The editors will greatly appreciate this favor. Your letter will not be published if otherwise requested. Fraternally yours,
THE WESTERN COMRADE, Llano, California.

Installment Members:

The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is in the market for figs, prunes, peaches, raisins, etc.
You can assist in putting us in touch with those who have them.

¶ The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is at present in need of

10 Tons of Alfalfa Seed
A Carload of Wheat
Dairy Cows and Range Stock
Angora and Milk Goats
Tanning Outfit
Contracts to put up Alfalfa on Shares
Many Other Things.

¶ We are now in a position to make immediate use of many articles and machines which have not been practicable for us heretofore.

¶ You are invited to correspond in regard to the needs listed above.

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, LLANO CAL.

New Rugs from Old Carpets

¶ Don't throw your old carpets away—they are still good. Have new rugs made from them, beautiful and durable rugs. Old Chenille Curtains and table covers can also be used in

Llano Rewoven Rugs

¶ Old Ingrain, Brussels, Moquette and Velvet rugs or carpets can be re-woven into rugs suitable for any home.

¶ Rag Carpets, Rugs, and Art Squares also woven, every size and style.. Ask about beautiful

LLANO POSTER RUGS

¶ Write for prices.

We pay freight one way 150 miles on orders of $5.00 or up.

Ship Direct to the Rug Department
LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, PALMDALE, CAL.

COMRADES and Friends of the Llano del Rio Community can be of great assistance if they will send to the Membership Department lists of names of persons who are likely to become interested. Literature and letters will be sent to anyone upon request. Installment members are urged to give this their attention.

Comrade and Colonist Clubs

LLANO COLONIST.....50c
WESTERN COMRADE.....50c
BOTH FOR.....75c

¶ **COMRADE or COLONIST** with your choice of **The National Rip Saw** or the **American Socialist, 75c**

¶ **Pearson's Magazine** with the **COMRADE OR COLONIST, $1.75; All Three for $2.00.**

¶ **LLANO COLONIST** or **WESTERN COMRADE** for One Year, with One Year's Subscription to the—

	Regular Price	Our Price		Regular Price	Our Price
Appeal to Reason	$1.50	$1.25	N. Y. Call (daily)	3.50	3.25
Milwaukee Leader	4.50	4.25	N. Y. Call (Sun.)	2.50	2.25
Masses	2.00	1.75	Call, daily and Sunday with Comrade and Colonist	6.00	5.25
Inter. Soc. Review	1.50	1.25			
Union Star	1.50	1.25			

¶ Add 25c to any of the above clubs for BOTH the COMRADE **AND** the COLONIST.

¶ Add 35c to any combination less than $1.00, or 25c to any of $1 or over, and receive a **50c Statuette of HENRY DUBB with his "Llano Smile."**

NOTE: These rates subject to change at any time without notice.

NOTE: Add 25c to each monthly, and 50c to each weekly publication if it is to be sent outside the United States.

Photo Post Card Views of Llano

The WESTERN COMRADE has secured some magnificent views of Llano and her industries which have been made up into postcards. Some of them have appeared in the WESTERN COMRADE, but most of them have just been taken especially for postcards. Included in the list are:

View from hotel, looking south.
Hotel, looking east
The damsite
Chickens and turkeys
Mountain stream and canyon
Sawmill (different views)
Bird's eye view of Llano
Rabbitry (several views)
Irrigation scene
Livestock
Mountains
Woods
Industrial scenes
Alfalfa fields
Lime kiln (two)
Football team
Pigs and pens
Dairy barn
North section of Llano
Llano boulevard
Swimming pool
Bakery
Cannery
Various Llano products.
Cows
Industrial school
Montessori school
Many other assorted cards.

The rate is 5 cents each or 55 cents a dozen. We pay postage. Every person interested in Llano should have a dozen of these cards. Send your orders direct to

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Space in this column: Twenty five cents a line, payable in advance.

WANTED — CAMERAS. THE WESTERN COMRADE WOULD LIKE to get in touch with someone having a good camera. Write to the Western Comrade at Llano, California.

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

CARTOONING TAUGHT SUCCESSFULLY BY MAIL

If you like to draw, you are holding talent in check, when the output of a little time at small expense will enable you to EARN MONEY. We are successfully teaching others, why not YOU? Send sketch and five cents in stamps for illustrated booklet and list of successful students.

LOS ANGELES SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
415C THORPE BLDG, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

You Can Still Enter

IN THE GRAND MEMBERSHIP CIRCULATION CONTEST FOR THE

Free Membership

in the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony, and the other premiums, which aggregate more than

$2000 TO BE GIVEN FREE

Every contestant who sends in ten or more subscriptions receives a premium.

FIRST PRIZE
$1,000 Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony
SECOND PRIZE
$500 worth of Llano del Rio Stock
THIRD PRIZE
$200 worth of Llano del Rio Stock
FOURTH PRIZE
$100 worth of Llano del Rio Stock
NEXT FOUR PRIZES
$50 worth of Llano del Rio Stock
OVER 25 SUBS
Your Choice of a variety of Llano Products
15 TO 25 SUBS
A Henry Dubb Statuette and a Copy of "Was Schmidt Guilty?"
10 TO 15 SUBS
A Henry Dubb Statuette

Enough have now entered the contest so that it is to be held. Already many have sent in good lists of subscriptions.

You can still enter and win a premium. Remember, every person who sends in ten subscriptions of one year each receives a premium of some kind. Send for list of rules and details.

Besides, you are helping to spread the propaganda of "Co-operation in Action." You can get some readers for the Llano publications, no matter where you live.

Send in the contest form at once, properly filled out, and let us send you full information, together with receipts, literature, samples, and return envelopes. Go to work today. There is still plenty of time.

(Cut Out and Mail to Us At Once)

The CONTEST EDITOR, Llano Publications:
I wish to enroll as a contestant in the GRAND MEMBERSHIP CIRCULATION CONTEST. Please send me full information.

Name..... City.....

State..... Street or R. F. D.....
or P. O. Box.....

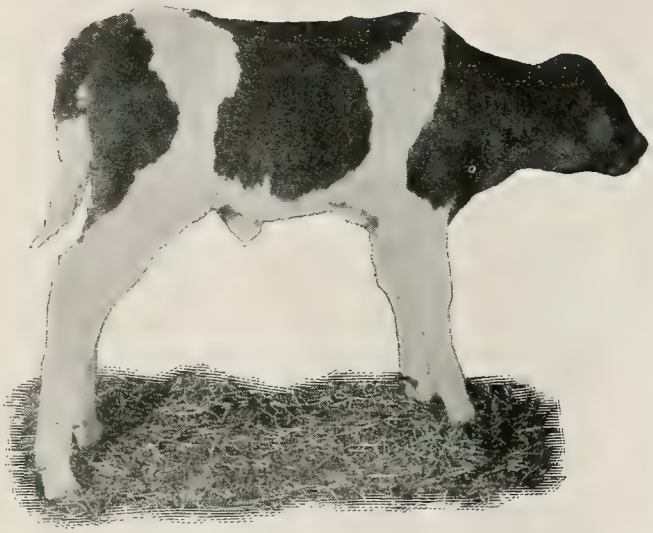
REDUCE WEIGHT!
Send For This Successful Treatment
"Obesity---Its Cause and Correction"
¶ One user of this treatment reduced from 150 pounds to 117 pounds and found improved health. Many others have used it with satisfactory results.
NO MEDICINES OR DRUGS USED
Complete $5.00 Course Now Only $3.00
because there is no rent to pay at Llano. For full information write to **Mrs. C. M. Williams, Llano, Cal**

Home A 2003 **Main 619**
A. J. STEVENS
DENTIST
306 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
Room 514

Telephone Home A-4533
HARRIMAN & LEVIN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Are You Satisfied?

Is Your Job Secure? Are You Protected against Accident? Is Your Life and Health Insured? Are your Children in a Good Environment? Has Your Position Any Future?



Join the 1000

WHO ARE MAKING THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY THE GREATEST SUCCESS AND THE SOUNDEST BUSINESS VENTURE YOU HAVE EVER HEARD OF.

You can become an instalment member at once.

A membership in the Llano del Rio Co-operative Community means identifying yourself with the greatest and most successful project of its kind in the world.

Two score of industries are being carried on co-operatively, owned completely and fully controlled by the residents of Llano. Orchards and vineyards, gardens and alfalfa fields, nurseries and ranges are owned. A laundry, machine shop, planing mill, sawmill, commissary, printing plant, two publications, cannery, irrigation system, transportation system, dairy, poultry yards, hogs, horses, goats, rabbits, rug works, blacksmith shop, warehouse, shoe shop, Industrial and Montessori school and many other minor though important industries are owned and controlled by the members of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony.

They enjoy the benefits. There is no limit to the development of this project. Plans are being prepared for a city of ten thousand.

Why not join your comrades? Are n't you tired enough of the struggle? Why not prosper with your friends and brothers?

Find out all about it and arrange to become a member at once.

Invest 75 Cents

in news and information concerning the progress of the Llano Community.

THE WESTERN COMRADE
and
THE LLANO COLONIST

The WESTERN COMRADE with its illustrations and articles on the development of this great project, and the LLANO COLONIST with its weekly news of the details, weather reports, managers' reports, and social activities, are immensely interesting to every person who is interested in co-operation.

50c a year each—75c for both
(Prices to be raised soon)

Send For Full Information and Application Blank

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

LLANO, CALIFORNIA

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE WORKERS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION AND COOPERATION

Social and Propaganda Number

Picketing the Ranches

The Story of the Rise of the Ranch Hands in the Fruit Belt of Central California with Five Nationalities being Formed into One Fighting Group to Maintain Better Working Conditions

Remaking the Party in California

The Socialists of California Held a State Convention at Fresno, February 17-18-19, and Adopted the Most Revolutionary and Business-Like Tactics Ever Incorporated Into Any Socialist Party Program.

Llano--a Social Success

By Robert K. Williams

Llano was Founded Partly for Social Advantages; This Tells How Colonists Enjoy Them

Editorials by Job Harriman

A Deep Sea Diver's Work

By Frank A. Davis

February, 1917

Price Five Cents a Copy

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is situated in the beautiful Antelope valley in Los Angeles County, California. The Colony lies close to the Sierra Madre range where an abundance of clear, sparkling water from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM—

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the Colony industries is in the hands of the department managers. In each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the department meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held regularly and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these meetings the work is discussed and planned, reports are given, teams allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

NO CONSTITUTION OR BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery, and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner. Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be looked after by the colony freightman until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, poultry yards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, two stages, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for he future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children get meals at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation. High school work is planned. In the Industrial school botany, domestic science, languages, agricuture, biology, practical farming and the regular grammar school subjects are taught by competent teachers. Manual training is already being taught; buildings are now under construction. The children care for a flock of milk goats, chickens, turkeys, and many acres of garden. They are very successful. They build their own buildings; the girls learn sewing and cooking; the children produce much of what they consume; portion of their clothing is made by the sewing classes; they have their own horses, wagons and farm implements; they own pigs and a number of pets. Besides learning co-operation and developing a sense of responsibility, they enjoy acquiring an education under these conditions. They plan to go extensively into the raising of chickens and turkeys during the coming year.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, more than 110 of which will soon be in the milk string. More than 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractor and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

Thoroughbred Duroc Jersey and Berkshire pigs, as well as many grades, are in the extensive new pens just built. Pure strains will be developed and registrations kept up.

In the nursery are thousands of grape cuttings and shade and fruit trees. Many will be planted this year. About 400 acres of orchard are now in.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy. They will be built as fast as possible.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

The Weekly newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist and Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the Colony news, etc., The subscription rate is 50c a year (Canada, $1.00). The WESTERN COMRADE is the Colony's illustrated monthly magazine with articles of general interest and pictures of Colony life and development. The rate is now 50c a year. **After May 1, 1917,** the rate will be 75c a year, 10c a copy. Present combination rate for BOTH is 75c a year, and after May 1st, $1.00 a year (Foreign postage extra).

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California

February Issue THE WESTERN COMRADE Nineteen Seventeen

Table of Contents

Page

Cover Page
Typical Hindoo laborer now on strike with the Agricultural Union.

Editorials 5
By Job Harriman.

Llano—A Social Success 8
Robert. K. Williams tells how the social features of Llano are its most significant aspect.

Picketing the Ranches 10
The story of the rise of the humblest and most defenseless of workers and how he is beginning to feel his power through organization.

"Measures First" in California 12
A discussion of the legislation which the reorganized and now thoroughly radical Socialist Party of California is to agitate during the next campaign.

Remaking the Party in California 14
The Socialist Party in California once led the Socialist procession. It was the first to feel the decay due to its own follies, and is now leading in finding the way out.

Deep Sea Diver Tells of Undersea Work 16
Frank A. Davis, of Hawaii, member of the Llano del Rio Colony, tells how it feels to work under the waves.

Page

Education for Freedom 18
By Wesley Zornes. Education must change to comply with modern requirements. An idea of what is required.

The Socialist City 19
By A. Constance Austin. Another in this interesting and instructive series.

The Spirit of Llano 20
Dr. John Dequer discusses another phase of health—enviromnent.

A Woman's Appreciation of Llano 21
Laila Culbertson Jarvis visits Llano—then tells about it.

The Adoption of Gray Eyes 22
Another charming story by Helen Frances Easley.

Nettles for Politicians 25
By Clinton Bancroft.

Shall We Do Something Different? 25
By A. E. Briggs.

The New Day 25
By Edmund R. Brumbaugh

What Thinkers Think 26
Taken from the leading magazine articles of January.

Reviews of Recent Radical Books 27

News of the Circulation Contest

FIRST PRIZE
$1000 Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony
SECOND PRIZE
$500 worth of Llano Stock
THIRD PRIZE
$200 worth of Llano Stock
FOURTH PRIZE
$100 worth of Llano Stock
NEXT FOUR PRIZES
Each $50 in Llano Stock
OVER 25 SUBS
Your Choice of a Variety of Llano Products
15 TO 25 SUBS
A Henry Dubb Statuette and a copy of "Was Schmidt Guilty?"
10 TO 15 SUBS
A Henry Dubb Statuette

AN ADVERTISING CONTESTANT

"Your letter received, and glad to hear you will furnish me with literature. Anything you send will be used to good advantage.

"The twenty-first of this month the workers' institute has a masquerade and I will dress up as a Henry Dubb just in order to draw attention and get subscribers.

"There are many things I would like to do, but Wilson prosperity hasn't come my way yet. Well, by the time the contest closes the Chicago Socialists will know that there is a co-operative effort in a little place called Llano, because I am going to spread the news, and I am going to win, and if I don't it won't be my fault, and anything you do for me will be for the cause of co-operation and Socialism,

Yours for success, C. C., Ills."

"Comrade Sandner, winner of the special prize for January, sends in more subs and says: "Received my rug O. K. Thanks. . . How is the race by this time? . . They'll have to go some to beat yours truly, believe me. Enclosed find postal order for subscriptions. I am glad I enrolled in the Contest."

INTERESTS OTHERS

"I have read one of your weekly and one of your monthly papers and have passed them round among my brother workmen, and they have found them interesting and want to get more acquainted with your Colony through your publications and are herewith subscribing for same. Enclosed find $3.00 for subscriptions. J. N. F. Iowa."

J. W. Berg, enrolling in the contest, writes: "I visited the Colony last week, and I was very much pleased with the way things are going there. I have received my first paper and I like it very much.

"I have decided to become a booster for the papers, I don't expect to sell very many as I am not acquainted around here, but I'll try. So please send me information regarding prices of both the COMRADE and the COLONIST."

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE, 50c a Year; Canada, 75c; After May 1st, 75c a year; Canada $1.00; Single Copies 10c.

STAFF

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor.
FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.
ERNEST S. WOOSTER . . . . . Business Manager.

Contributing Editors

ROBERT K. WILLIAMS
MILDRED G. BUXTON
CLINTON BANCROFT
A. CONSTANCE AUSTIN
DR. JOHN DEQUER
WESLEY ZORNES

In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY, 1917 No. 10

Editorials

By Job Harriman

THE program of the Socialist Party of California is being copied far and wide. Most of the reprints, however, miss the real point. In the "Milwaukee Leader" the following statement from the pen of C. B. Randolph is found: "I have been strongly opposed to the non-partisan movement and can yet string out arguments against it by the yard, but I find that I can string out an equal number of yards against ourselves."

We have not, and do not urge non-partisan action, but we do urge action by the Socialists of this country.

Not only do we urge action but we are positive that the Socialist Party must be vitally connected with the labor unions, farmers' organizations, and the co-operative enterprises of this country. They are opening up the fountains of life for the workers of the land. It is they who are doing the real work. We are only talking. We must not only permit them to fight politically but we must get out of their way that they may fight without restraint.

It is not they who should help us but it is we who should help them politically.

This has been our stand for many years.

The New York "Call" is the first Socialist paper to seize upon the vital point in this agitation.

The editor refers to a few of us as pioneers in the move to open the doors of the Socialist Party to the labor organizations. This move on our part dates back to about 1900. Just who was first to start the move cannot be said. During all those years we have gradually gaineed ground until finally the State of California has taken the bold and necessary step. This step is necessary to the life of the Socialist Party. Had it been taken fifteen years ago our vote would have numbered in the millions. But our party has assumed the guardianship of the workers' political interests. The intellectuals have had more confidence in their own wisdom (?) than in the logical sequence of economic events. We have made a religion of our philosophy instead of a working hypothesis. We have been marching to the beating of our drums and tambourines rather than lugging stones and carrying water.

If our philosophy is true let us begin to put it into practice.

Let us use the powers we have that we may gain more.

Harvests must be gathered else the grain will rot and we will starve.

PROGRAM OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CALIFORNIA

(Adopted at the State Convention held at Fresno, Feb. 17-19)

1. State ownership and management of the water power and telephone systems of this state.
2. Packing houses, cold storage plants, flour mills, and granaries to be built, owned, and operated at cost by the state at all practicable points.
3. State-wide freight and passenger automobile service to be owned and operated by the state at cost.
4. Freight and passenger steamship line plying between both home and foreign ports, to be owned and operated by the state at cost.
5. State to market all products at cost to producers.
6. Single tax.
7. Migratory voting law permitting the casting of ballots at any point the voter may be on election day.
8. Proportional representation and social insurance.

—o—

MILITARISM is the ripe fruit of capitalism. Every capitalist insists upon running his business. Every capitalist government insists upon running its business.

Democracy under capitalism? A fiery furnace under ice?

And yet there are those who think universal military training is a democratic institution. Under this impulse millions of people are now attending great mass meetings, shouting and clamoring for universal military training. Little they know that they are traveling the death road to the trenches.

They are rolling the stone back from the tomb that their sons may enter. When the tomb closes it will end all for them. No angel will roll it back and call them forth. No three days resurrection will awake them from their sleep. They will sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

They will have fought for slavery, bled for slavery, died for slavery, and the children of the warbrides may wear the chains.

WHEN bread is unnecessarily scarce patience ceases to be a virtue. Bread riots are inevitable in the face of starvation.

If our high officials were to pay less attention to the violations of international law by one belligerent, and more attention to embargo laws that would prevent our feeding the other belligerent, we would not only have no food riots, but we would not become entangled in the war beyond the seas.

We have shipped many hundreds of millions of dollars worth of food stuff to Europe during the last year to feed the men that they might murder each other.

Now starvation is driving our people to kill each other for food.

In the face of this terrible fact Congress has been asked to appropriate $400,000 for a slush fund to investigate the cause of high prices.

Will the people never wake up?

This age in not interested in the preservation of human life but in the accumulation of cash. Cash is accumulated at the expense of life. Cash first and life second. This is the thought of the age in times of war and peace, at the bartering counter and at the mourners' bench.

This is hell's harvest season.

—o—

CHARACTER building has been reduced to a science by means of the microscope. It has been disclosed that every action of the mind results in a corresponding chemical action that effects the blood. When the mother experiences either great anger or fright, the baby nursing immediately thereafter seriously suffers from poisoned milk. But the baby never suffers from nursing the milk of a joyous mother however intense the joy may have been.

The blood is purified by the one class of ideas and polluted by the other.

Whoever has experienced intense anger or fear or indulged in similar feelings of hatred or revenge, knows what terrible headaches, derangements of the stomach and feelings of depression follow closely in their wake. Likewise is this true of the intense ideas governing all the passions.

But the feelings of love, honor, friendship, joy, purity, charity, and the like, however intense, leave the mind exuberant.

Thus, every experience that enters our mind through our five senses, passes through a state of ideas or feelings that result in chemically purifying or polluting the blood which in turn builds the cells of the body out of the materials it carries.

Those experiences that come, tarry awhile, like a bird in the cage, and flit away, are soon forgotten. They cannot injure or aid us much.

But those that return time after time and dwell in our conscious thought until they are finally woven into cells, become the very woof of our lives.

Thereafter we are oblivious to their return, for they have passed from the field of conscious action into the realm of habit. In this respect we have become automatic.

All the cells of our bodies thus made become, as it were, a reservoir from which our actions spring, and by which our impulses are largely determined. These actions and impulses return pure and sweet, or polluted and vicious, according as the blood was purified or polluted by our prevailing conscious ideas while the cells were building and the habits were forming.

The cells thus built are character. They are our life. They live and we move and act by impulse and habit as the character and quality of the cells prompt.

Our present industrial and commercial system is so ordered that each man must compete or struggle against the other for the economic advantage after which they are striving. The prize for which they are all struggling is defined as profits. The successful man, in whatever avenue, expects a net return over and above a reasonable salary and interest upon his investment. This net return is the prize he gets without rendering an economic equivalent.

It is something for nothing.

Something for nothing is the highway to hell. This highway is paved with lies, fraud, graft and theft, murder and every dishonorable and corrupting influence. Something for nothing is the premium set by our industrial and commercial system which induces such acts. By this premium we cause a continuous warring vicious state of mind that constantly corrupts the blood and thereby depraves the character.

—o—

THE national character of every people is a composite of all the individual characters developed under their institutions. The individual as well as the composite character is in harmony with the institutions under whose influence they are evolved. Whenever the theory and principles of the prevailing institutions afford an opportunity of acquiring power without rendering equal power in return they necessarily induce any state of mind or any act that becomes necessary to attain that power, whether that act be private or public in nature.

It is for this reason that the European war which was born out of a struggle for the profits to be gained by controlling the world's commerce, found millions of soldiers willing to lay down their lives for such commercial supremacy. They had individually struggled for industrial or commercial advantage and they accordingly believed in the national struggle for commercial advantage.

As a result of this possible commercial advantage 20,000,000 men have been killed, wounded or lost, $75,000,000,000 in cash have been expended, about $100,000,000,000 of property has been destroyed, and yet this composite national character continues without a shudder to pour its men, money and property into this whirlpool of blood and despair. The great factories in all countries exhibit a similar brutality, especially in child labor, in times of peace.

The necessity for greater efficiency is compelling each warring nation to take over the industries capable of ministering to the public welfare. The ever pressing demand for greater

efficiency will become the world urge after the war is over.

The public ownership of the industries will necessarily eliminate the profit system and with it will go the possibility of great fortunes.

Nevertheless, men will still crave power. But the power now gained by taking something for nothing will then be gained by rendering superior public service. Ambition to conquer one's enemies and to crush them by superior economic power will be substituted by an aspiration to render a genuine and helpful public service. Now, the public character is exemplified by a Morgan; then, the love of a Lincoln will inspire the heart and shine in the public eye.

The ambition to take power from others will pass away. The aspiration to help others will take its place.

This transformation in private and public character will follow fast upon the heels of that common interest that is inherent in the public ownership of the industries.

When men are bound together by mutual interests they will learn to love one another. All their experiences will be purified by the spirit of mutual interest and affection until their lives will be so changed that wars will cease and the oil of human kindness will spread over the troubled waters.

——o——

THE Llano physicians receive the same pay as all the other colonists. They are paid by the Colony and not by the patient. It is to their interest to keep their patients well.

But a stronger psychology among some is manifesting itself. A certain indifference is born of the fact that pills cost nothing.

They seem to forget that health is more easily preserved than acquired.

The cry for health is too often the voice from the tomb.

They will soon discover that health does not spring from pills but from an unpolluted fountain of life. With this realization will come in Llano the finest specimens of health and physique that are known in any land.

——o——

THE tide in the affairs of the Socialist Party has turned for the better in the Fresno convention. If the plan of action laid down by that convention is adopted by the party, the doors will be opened to the economic organizations of the working class. The labor unions, the farmers' organizations, and the co-operative enterprises will gradually move into the party and it will become vitalized with their tremendous power and energy. For the first time in the history of the Socialist Party in the United States, the Socialists in convention assembled have shown that they were no longer afraid of the organized portion of the working class; that they are not afraid that the working class will cease to work for their interests even if they have joined the Socialist Party. These organizations, from time immemorial, have worked for their interests and nothing can permanently divert them from their course.

On the other hand there were those in the convention who devoutly believe that Socialism is not at all concerned with the class struggle. They believe Socialism is a matter of ethics.

Again there were those present who had brooded over the theory of the class struggle so long that they had made a religion of their abstractions and could do nothing but chant the clauses of the class struggle over every proposition that was presented.

Fortunately, however, there were enough of those who had dealt sufficiently with the affairs of the world to keep their judgments balanced and to enable them to see that, if there is a class struggle it is because there IS A CLASS STRUGGLE and not because there is a phrase or clause stating the fact. They saw that literature did not make the struggle, but that the struggle made literature. They therefore brushed aside the literature and all previous precedents, and opened the doors of the party to the organizations of those engaged in the struggle, with absolute confidence that the struggle would still go on with the same determination and with greater efficiency.

Not only did this convention open the doors of the party to the workers and their organizations but they provided a practical program in which they are all interested and for which they can all work. The program suggested by Llano was adopted without a change. To it was added the proposed Single tax law together with a few other propositions. These proposed laws will be drafted and the work of gathering signatures for the purpose of initiating them will at once proceed.

The task is herculean. But if the economic organizations of the working class unite in the Socialist Party the task will be easily performed, and a working class party in fact will be born and possessed of power to peaceably transform our capitalist state into an industrial democracy.

Let every Socialist buckle on his armor and renew his hope and determination to bring the economic organizations into the party and to submit the proposed measures to a popular vote of the citizens of the state of California.

Fear not the results. The people of this state know well what they want. Let us give them an opportunity to vote, and they will cast these burdens to the winds.

——o——

THE day following Germany's peace proposal England added one million more men and two billion dollars to her war force.

When the allies turned a deaf ear to peace, Germany declared a relentless submarine war policy on all the world, and the United States broke off diplomatic relations.

Question — Shall we have peace?

There is no question — but it will be the peace that reigned at Warsaw.

Would that such peace might reign among the powers of government instead of among the people.

Jacob Loeb of the Chicago school board is urging military drill in schools.

What a change would come over his heart if he could hear the Prince of Peace, of his own race, crying "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Llano—A Social Success

By Robert K. Williams

"THIS scene does my heart good," said a new arrival who has a large family, referring to the children's Thursday night dance. "Do you know," he said, "I have never danced in all my life—never had the opportunity. My children almost grown to manhood and womanhood have never danced—never had the opportunity. Really," he continued, "if Llano never offers or gives me more than the pleasure of attending these dances I shall feel repaid for all the effort I have made to become a member of this Colony."

This man echoes the sentiment of hundreds of people who have come to Llano. On Thursday night we have dances for the young people. On this evening the learner is free to try and if he has the hardihood to brave what he thinks is everybody's eyes, he soon will become a proficient dancer. And think, not a cent is paid for the privilege of dancing in Llano.

Not long ago, a group of us went to Palmdale and gave a concert. Comrade Turnwall's orchestra furnished the music. A crowd had collected to hear the concert and enjoy the dance. The night was cold. It was much nicer inside the building than outside, yet quite a number stood on the outside and listened because they could not afford to come in. I contrasted this situation with the conditions which prevail in Llano. Every one who cares may come to our concerts and dances.

On Saturday night we have a grown-up folks dance. However the younger set is not barred. A splendid time is always enjoyed. Early in the evening, even before the supper tables are cleared and the floor swept, the dancers and spectators begin to arrive. Colonists collect together just as naturally as bees hive. There is no thought of doing anything else. The dance is on, hence they come. Please take a look at dance halls in the outside world. People there do not just naturally gravitate to the dance floor. No, the price ranges from $1.00 to $1.50—and a dollar fifty will buy almost eight pounds of onions.

You girls and boys and older people who have never danced, will find here an opportunity to exercise your dormant desires and it will not cost you a cent either.

By the way, recent quotations of vegetables are mounting and every indication points to still higher prices. The cost of everything else is advancing, too. Wages in many instances are going up, but more slowly. Wages will never overtake the cost of living. It is so arranged that a bare living is obtainable with no amusements on the side. It is a brave household that can spend fifty cents a week for amusements these days.

These questions do not worry or agitate the householder in Llano. Our amusements are free and the cost of vegetables that we consume enters very lightly in our calculations.

A six to sixteen piece orchestra furnish music for the dances. This orchestra is composed of men and women who work at other things during the week and practice together. W. A. Engle has taken charge of the orchestra recently and great interest is manifested by all the members. And the music! I don't know much about music, but it pleases me and a lot of others. As time goes on the orchestra will get better. It can't help it. Anyone contemplating coming to the Colony and having musical instruments should bring them and line themselves up with the musical group. It is safe to say that no such musical treat can be enjoyed anywhere in the nation on the same terms. I believe the opportunity is greater to learn here than anywhere in the country, because the bugaboo of rent and overhead charges do not engage your attention. The worry over this one thing alone is not inconsiderable, even ten miles from Llano.

This number of the magazine is to be devoted more or less to the social side of Llano. The other day I took a long trip over the great plains below us. There were several in the car. We were looking over the feed possibilities for range stock, which by the way we found in abundance. It was really pitiful to see here and there little shacks, tents and unpretentious homes nestled among the creosote bushes and the waving sage. People lived in them, or in many of them. Bare spots showed evidence of clearing and beyond this, in most instances, there was no other improvement. Those in the car shuddered to think of the loneliness of such a life. The inhabitants of these places worked early and late and then went back to the quietude of their rooms and read or listened to the lonely wail of the wind or the piercing cry of the prowling coyote. This, too, to be continued for years, or until the claims were proved up. And then what? After it is deeded land the social life is absent. It does not seem to me that the advantages of owning a home on the lonesome desert below could ever compensate for the loss of social advantages.

All there is in life anyway is the relation you sustain to your associates. To immure yourself off in some out-of-the-way place and face hardships alone seems hopeless to me. There are many who can do it, but we note the avidity with which they absorb pleasures when brought to them.

Llano has all the advantages of the ranch and none of the social hardships. When the commission left Washington to investigate why people were living or not living, a few years ago, it found that the isolated denizens were, as a rule, ignorant and fatalistic to a harmful degree. One of the recommendations of this high-priced commission was to urge these people to get together and exchange ideas as well as goods.

On Sunday night a regular vaudeville is staged. The stage is not the handsomest thing in the world, nor is the hall a good place in which to sing or speak. The acoustics are poor. But it is astonishing how well the performers "put it across." The programs consist of readings, orchestral numbers, other music, such as the mandolins, guitars, harp, horns, etc. Songs, interspersed with talks on interesting subjects fill the evening. Recently the program was printed and as soon as the items can be arranged in time, programs will be printed regularly.

There is much musical talent in the Colony—an astonishingly large amount. Comrade Banbury is succeeding in organizing the singers. All new people who come to us are asked to join his glee club. The chorus, which he conducts tries to have a number for each Sunday night. It is the intention to arrange a series of evenings, such as Scotch, Irish, etc., when only items representing the various nationalities will be put on.

Llano people are exceeedingly busy. There are not enough nights in the week to do the things that seem necessary to do. It will not be long before a number of good plays will be produced. Several of the dramatic people are working hard to perfect their parts.

Where else can one find opportunities to do this free of cost and without the fear of losing money by neglecting something else? There are lots of people I know who are not at all interested in this sort of thing and deplore it. But I am safe in saying all those who are interested in social betterment, music of any description, dramatics or what not may find an

opportunity to express themselves here. And it is the opportunity I am talking about. The man whom we quoted at the head of this article lost much of life's joy because he did not have the opportunity. I am telling you we have the opportunity in Llano to do the things you have always wanted to do, if you will only so arrange your time and work to make it possible.

The opportunity to do things and learn things is yours if you will but embrace the opportunity. One of the chief complaints here, in this regard, is that the days are too short and not enough in the week to fulfill the social obligations or attend the improvement classes.

We have assemblies once a month. Everyone big enough to be interested in anything comes the same as to other functions. Much information is gleaned from these assemblies. An opportunity is here afforded for the free expression of opinion. Free speech is the rule. Now if anyone studies up a subject for a month and wants the opportunity of telling us what he knows, as long as it is pertinent he surely has the opportunity of making himself heard. In very few towns indeed is such a thing possible.

After one is here for awhile he forgets contrasting conditions. We are creatures of habit and it is so easy to accept things as our due. We enjoy assemblies, parties, musicals, dances and what not and give little thought to the conditions making it possible. Llano offers more intellectual advantages and divertisements, free of cost, than anywhere I can think of. The opportunity is here if one is willing to embrace it.

Llano has a wealth of social features and her social institutions are becoming well established. The Llano Rod and Gun club has been organized by the fishing and hunting enthusiasts. It has a large and growing membership.

The newly formed Llano club, with a charter membership that ran up to more than 150 members, all of whom are highly enthusiastic, promises to take the lead in civic and social affairs.

The band has long been organized and much is expected of it in the near future. The Llano del Rio Colony stands ready at all times to donate the use of its band and other musicians to the good of the Socialist cause in campaigns, during encampments or whenever they can be made useful for Socialism.

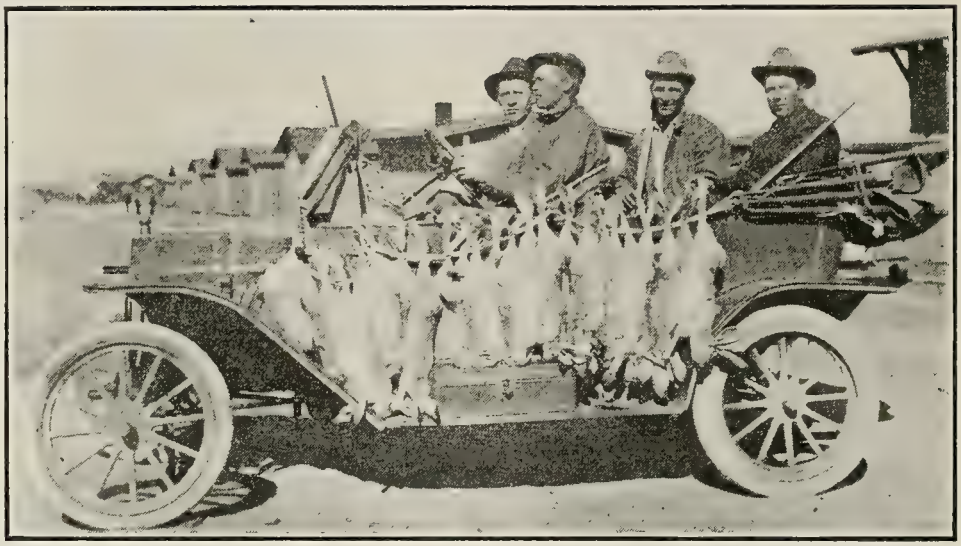
The children control their own dance. They have elected their director. It is an impressive sight, and one that the visitor never forgets, to see the little tots of six or eight years of age, boys and girls dancing together without bashfulness, learning ease of deportment, manners, grace, and enjoying themselves hugely.

Of course there are private parties and gatherings. The social life of Llano is one of the biggest features of co-operative endeavor. Llano permits religious meetings, just as other meetings are held, and a meeting place is provided for any who wish to meet together for purposes of a religious nature.

But the social life is not to be thus definitely marked by functions alone. The number of parties and dances is not the only social life. Social intercourse is a constant joy. Everyone speaks to everyone else. There are no strangers. All meet at the commissary. All fare alike. The creamery where they come for milk is a social institution inasmuch as the women meet there and talk.

One of the newer features is the Women's Auxiliary, recently organized and which held a brilliant reception not long since. It was a success in every respect and brought together the women who had recently come to the Colony, as it was intended to do. Music was rendered and refreshments provided.

Perhaps this description of social life should take in the social service that Llano as a community renders to her citizens. There is, for instance, the system by which provisions, milk, wood, etc., are distributed. Nowhere else in the world are supplies handled as they are here. The wood yard is, of course, a municipal institution and the wood is hauled to the homes of the residents, having first been cut into suitable lengths in the wood yard. The milk is brought from the dairy to the creamery for distribution. Vegetables, meat, groceries, etc., pass through the commissary.



Members of the Llano Rod and Gun Club Return with Something to Show for Their Marksmanship. Rabbits Abound in the Antelope Valley.

The social life of Llano is tangible in its most beautiful aspects. Her Socialist Local is an eloquent example of Llano's desire to make everything a social pleasure. The Llano Local is the largest in California, having over 300 members. At a recent meeting held just prior to the Convention at Fresno, there was not one word of dissension or argument. The eleven piece orchestra which rendered several pieces was made up of members of the Local, as also were those who rendered songs. Llano Socialists are keenly interested in the Socialist movement, just as they always have been.

Social life —Llano offers it to her citizens as does no other community in the world. Those who seek the real things of life, those who will work and co-operate, those who will do their part, those who would live the more pleasant life—they can all find what they want in Llano, and with the growth of Llano will come the realization of more of our dreams.

Picketing the Ranches

THERE was a mild flurry of excitement in the Raisin Belt of Central California when the Italian vine pruners went on strike in January. It became more than a ripple of interest when the strikers were reinforced by the Japanese, and finally by the Armenians.
later by the Japanese, and finally by the Armenians.

Nine-tenths of the raisins of North America come from the exact center of California. Fresno is the raisin capital; about it Madera, Fresno, Tulare, Kings and a segment of Kern counties, produce raisins, thousands of tons of them. It is a marvelous fruit country, grapes, peaches, figs, apricots being the principal crops. Since the hard times of 1896 the wage scale has been low. So long have low wages and long hours gone together that the combination has become traditional, one might almost say historic, a condition certainly reverenced by the growers. A dollar and a quarter a day for twelve hours has seemed the satisfactory scale to the growers; the humble worker has had little to say. For the most part he is a migrator; he drifts with the seasons, irresponsible, without ambition, unstirred by social awakening.

Fruit growing is a serious business in the San Joaquin valley. It requires tremendous quantities of short-season labor at small wages. The fruit season past, these laborers become tramps and vagabonds. There is nothing else for them; there can be nothing else under the present system of labor distribution, or lack of it.

Years ago most of the labor was white labor. The wage scale was about the same, but in those days a dollar and a quarter with no board to pay would purchase something. In California there is no such thing as "lodging." A characteristic story hallowed by frequent re-telling is that of a young Easterner, new to the ways of California, who asked at night where he was to sleep. "Sleep?" queried the astonished ranchman, "sleep? There's two thousand acres in this ranch. If that ain't room enough, why kick a board off the fence and let your feet hang outside." The ranch worker provides his own blankets; he sleeps wherever he chooses, which is not such a hardship in the summer after all, in warm, rainless Central California.

But the white man has become less and less a factor. On a ranch in Kings county a few years ago, ten American men and ten Sicilians were employed. The Sicilians ate little but macaroni and rice; the Americans demanded better fare. Unsatisfied with the food, the Americans quit one morning. The Italians remained. More Italians were procured. But even these were not cheap enough; raisin prices dropped; less must be paid for labor. The Italians were discharged and Koreans took their places. Latterly Hindoos have swarmed into the agricultural districts, the latest stream of ever cheaper labor.

Uniting the Races

With five races, unintelligible in speech to one another for the most part, suspicious, with these suspicions fostered by unscrupulous padrone labor contractors, it appears that it might be a hopeless task to attempt to get them together.

But in this emergency the American Federation of Labor in the person of L. Keller came on the scene. Keller is a veteran in the Socialist and labor movements. He is German, slow, unexcitable. He knows organization. He went into the fight with Pagano, the leader of the Italians. He showed him how to organize the Italians, how they must form the others into one solid union.

Getting the Germans and Italians into one union might seem to be attempting the impossible in these days when old race prejudices have been brought to the surface by international war; getting the Armenian, smarting under the wrongs of the Turks, ally of the Germans, into the same union would seem flying in the face of providence; adding the sons of Nippon, distrustful and doubting, to this polyglot union would arouse the derision of a student of race hatreds; capping it all with an organization of the peaceful, unagressive, yielding, misunderstood, friendless Hindoo, slave of caste, with his head bound in the caste-betokening turban of his religion, would seem to be reaching for the obviously unattainable.

But the unattainable was attained.

The Italians and Germans formed into one union so strong that it was with difficulty that the advantages of separate unions were made apparent to them. "We no wanta leave the German boys," said the Italians. Once the racial distrust was disarmed and the necessity of union shown, they stood firmly together.

The Hindoos, under their leader, Nainan Singh, refused to work. "We all come Fregno; only work for two dollar and half eight hour," explained Nainan Singh.

The Japs were less tractable, being under the domination of shifty Japanese merchants who did the translating, and who later stood with the growers and helped organize the Valley Fruit Growers' Association. But the Japanese workers quit work. One of the American leaders was asked how this was accomplished. "Militant inducement," was his laconic reply.

> TURBANED Hindoos, squat Japanese, swart Italians, phlegmatic German-Russians and Turk-oppressed Armenians, the "cheap labor" of the fruit district of Central California have banded together for better wages and shorter hours.
>
> Already they have secured 25c an hour; for years the established wage scale has stood at $1.25 a day. United action has gained this for the most exploited of all workers.

Picketing en Masse

After the Italian vine and tree pruners had struck for an eight hour day and $2.50 in wages in these piping times of peace and prosperity, the growers immediately sought other avenues of cheap labor. They tried the German-Russians. These people have a whole section of the city of Fresno to themselves; it is locally known as "Russian-town." Like the Italians in "Dago-town," many of them own their own homes. They are citizens of Fresno and property owners. Few are voters. They work in the packing houses and in the vineyards and orchards. But the Germans speak English and they soon learned the truth and stuck by the Italians. The Japanese, led by their merchant employers, stayed on the job. The Hindoos had not been approached.

It was at this juncture that the most spectacular picketing in the history of labor disputes began. Picketing the farms is new; so far as can be learned it has never before been

attempted anywhere, at least nowhere in the United States.

No halfway measures would do. The unique occasion demanded unique means. And the ingenious Italians met the emergency.

Loading up motor trucks with as many persons as they would hold, organizing a bicycle brigade of 250, going out on motor-cycles and in conveyances of all kinds, the Italians swarmed along the country roads one morning and sprung an innovation in picketing that will stand for a long time as the most novel procedure in the history of labor annals.

Militant Inducement

The pickets hurried along the roads until they came to the great vineyards. Here the little Japanese were already at work cutting the year's growth from the grape vines. Dismounting from bicycles, leaping nimbly from trucks, tethering horses to fences, the Italians swarmed into the fields. It was like an invasion of locusts. Little Italian met little Jap —and conquered. Pinioning their prisoners' arms, escorting them to the road, they told them to go, sometimes giving them a hastening kick or two. It was "militant inducement."

But in other places they did not catch the Japanese or Hindoos. The workers saw them coming and every male fled the place. It was a dramatic and picturesque invasion, and it achieved its purpose. Within a few days it was impossible to get workers.

The Japanese are a peace loving race in California. At least, they confine their truculence to their own race. When they were called on to quit work and "militant inducement" had demonstrated the advisability of ceasing work they beagn to leave Fresno. They would not become strike-breakers, and their leaders were not of the laboring class and would not imbue them with a class consciousness to make them stand with their fellow-workers of another race. They left Fresno for Los Angeles, for San Francisco and Sacramento. As a menace to the infant union they were removed; it remains for time to prove whether they can be moulded into a militant and successful union.

Insistent calls to San Francisco were unavailing. California has some good laws and among them is a law that where there is a strike, employment bureaus must so notify men when recruiting to take the places of strikers.

Invoking the Law

The ranchers became desperate. Pruning can lay over for a time but spring comes early in the warm, sunny San Joaquin. In February the trees are in blossom. The buds on the grape vines begin to swell. Pruning must be finished before this time. The situation was rapidly becoming desperate. Then the Valley Fruit Growers' Association was formed. It was a fight for power. The old forces of property and labor were lining up for battle.

The "Fresno Republican" of February 13 carries a long account of the first organization of the growers into a protective league. Organization was commenced simultaneously throughout the raisin belt. At the little town of Clovis, eleven miles from Fresno, 700 growers convened. In Fresno 1000 growers, representing 25,000 acres, gathered and formed an association. The membership was rapidly extended, the big growers coercing the smaller ones into the protective organization. A tax of of five cents an acre was levied by the growers' league to carry on its campaign. Offices were rented and a secretary employed. The battle lines were being drawn more tightly.

But in the meantime the union had not been neglectful of its opportunities. A specially called meeting of the Fresno Labor Council endorsed the new Agricultural Union. D. P. Pagano, president, and L. Keller, organizer, prepared a statement for the press in which they explained the justness of their demands. They pointed out how the agricultural workers were exploited, how they were unorganized, how they were often unjustly treated and how they are without recourse. They set forth their demands of $2.50 for a day of eight hours' work for pruners, and $2.50 for all other agricultural work, with no express stipulation as to hours.

The labor market is not well understood by many of the residents of the San Joaquin Valley. Resident padrones employ the migratory Japanese and Hindoos and take contracts, being paid as the labor progresses, 25 per cen at a time. They being paid as the labor progresses, 25 per cent at a time. They mans, Italians, and Armenians are home owners and finance themselves when going out on the job.

> RAISIN growers and peach growers have formed great associations to control their product and regulate prices. This is laudable and Central California applauded. Why is it wrong for the laborers to organize to secure better returns for **their** product? Why should an injunction be issued when the strikers picket the fruit ranches? Why is an organization of **Property** right and good but an organization of **workers** wrong and bad?

At the growers' meeting a prominent grower, L. R. Rogers, is reported by the "Fresno Republican" to have said " . . doubtless all of us know of the strike which was declared early this year. We do not deny that the men had a right to organize or make their demands. We do not like the way that the demands were made. I for one do not belive that any eight-hour day will apply to orchard work. I cannot reconcile the statement of the strikers that owing to the high cost of living they must have an eight-hour day. **I believe that this whole cry of high cost of living is a misnomer—it is the cost of high living. Many of the staples are the same as they were several years ago."** Those who arose to deny this bald, untruthful, assertion were denied the floor. At Fresno, when Mr. Rogers made this statement, potatoes were $5.00 a sack, onions five cents a pound, and all other staples greatly advanced.

A committee of fifteen was elected by the growers to see what could be done to adjust the labor question. But it has mostly been in opposition to the eight-hour day; there has been far less opposition to the raise in wages.

Then came the inevitable, the old, efficient weapon of the industrial fight, the INJUNCTION.

An injunction was issued against picketing. The power of property spoke in its quiet, direct, emphatic way.

What the Strike Accomplished

Results of the strike have been immediate. Wages have jumped from $1.25 for a ten and twelve hour day to $2.00 and $2.50 for eight and ten hours. One of the most impressive unions is being formed and promises to take an important part in the industrial advance of the nation. The critical time of the year is the fruit picking season; the strikers will bide their time; they will wait.

When the Japs threatened to prove recalcitrant and it was seen that Hosaka, their leader, was in league with the growers,

(Continued on Page twenty-three)

"Measures First" in California

CALIFORNIA Socialists have taken a constructive policy the leading one in the American movement.

The action at the Fresno convention in adopting a constitution and a program that is far reaching and inclusive and decisive has met with the unqualified approval of the constructive Socialists of the State. The constitution has yet to go to a referendum, but there can be little doubt about the result of the vote. A minority report would find few adherents among those who are alive and active in the California movement.

1. State Ownership and Management of the Water Power and Telephone Systems of the State.

This is the first clause in the new program which Socialists of California are going to adopt as their immediate demands.

It is the first gun in the concentrated campaign which is to be made. It deals with two of the problems which have vexed and worried thoughtful people.

A committee is now drafting this measure and others into legal form that it may be placed on initiative petitions and enough signatures secured that they may go on the ballot at the next general election.

The water power of the state is rapidly being taken up by the power trust. Enough work is being done on the best sites to hold them until the time comes when the power is required. Meanwhile the danger of competition is nullified, prices can be kept up, and the monopoly assured.

California is rich in power sites. The great Sierra Nevada range, snow-capped throughout the entire year, rising to the highest point in the United States where the Mount Whitney range pierces the sky—this great range is an undeveloped water wealth. Water is cheaply converted into power.

The power trust learned this years ago. It has profited by this knowledge. The best sites have already been taken. Even now minimum development work is being done.

It is almost too late to take action.

But if interest enough can be aroused, some may yet be saved and through these others restored to the people.

* * *

Down in Los Angeles there are two telephone systems.

The city owns neither of them.

Both are operated solely for profit. This profit goes into the pockets of stockholders.

Telephone competition is different from electric lighting competition. It is different too from competition in selling groceries or water or milk or wood or drugs or staples of any other kind. It is most like railroad competition, but it is even more inconvenient.

Cities with two railroads attempting to serve the people lose collectively but not so clearly does it affect the individual resident.

But in Los Angeles each business house must have two telephones.

They do not get twice the service thereby. On the contrary, the service is much less satisfactory.

The store with but one telephone cannot serve its customers, because many of them may be on the other line. And few householders feel financially able to have two phones in their homes.

The added expense is enormous.

For poor service and a direct financial loss, Los Angeles merchants must pay double what merchants in other cities pay for telephone service.

And the householder—what of him?

He must either also double his appropriation for the benefit of talking to his friends without leaving his home, or he must be cut off from many of them.

Such is competition in telephones in Los Angeles!

Once it was proposed to put in two systems in San Francisco, and the famous "graft cases" brought out some interesting testimony as to how this deal was to be accomplished.

The dual phone system is a huge success—from the viewpoint of the stockholder. But from the viewpoint of the user it is quite another matter.

For if two systems are allowed, why discriminate against a third one or a fourth? Or more? Railroads are encouraged to build. Some California towns have several transcontinental railroads, besides electric lines in competition.

There are competing power lines, gas systems, telegraph wires, electric light plants. Why not in phones?

The people of California do not want competition of this kind. They can be expected to take kindly to an initiative that proposes to have state owned and operated telephones.

2. Packing Houses, Cold Storage Plants, Flour Mills, and Granaries to be Built, Owned and Operated at Cost by the State at all Practical Points.

Up in North Dakota the farmers got together and formed a new political organization—the Non-Partisan League. They weren't so much concerned with principle and theory as they were with facts. They wanted results first and foremost.

So they elected a legislature and then added a governor. They have initiated legislation, and this legislation is primarily and foremost for the farmer.

Among the things they wanted were elevators and flour mills to be owned and operated by the state. Moreover, they have already secured some of these things and expect to secure others. Political action was imperative, for by it they were able to wrest from the oppressive capitalists their greatest source of power. It is now being administered for the good of the farmer. Though the capitalist is making vindictive threats, he is not at present in such a good position to put them into effect as he once was.

California's farms have been cut up and planted to trees and vines and alfalfa. Fruit packing houses, cold storage plants, and icing plants are important, and are growing more so.

However there are many mills and many granaries or warehouses, so the grain situation is still an important factor.

The fruit trust and the railroads have had a virgin and rich territory. Unorganized farmers and producers have been as

Llano's Offer to the Socialist Party

The Llano del Rio Colony offers to print the Bulletin of the Socialist Party of California in its union shop for the lowest bid that can be obtained in any other union shop and then remit HALF to the Socialist Party of California. This offer is made in good faith and without proviso.

wax in their hands. Go into any community and you will be wearied with the monotonous repetition of the tale of the grower who shipped east, and got a bill for the freight, but no check for the fruit. Grape growers, peach growers, melon growers, truck growers, orange growers—the story is always the same.

Will these people rally to the measure that will protect them against the railroad extortion, the packing house hold-up and the commission house robbery.

Tons of fruit rot on the ground every year all over the state. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of fruit are shipped East, there to be sold. For this a letter containing a bill of expense is often the only return made to the grower.

Of course state owned packing houses cannot stop this, but state owned packing houses and cold storage plants will be the first step in the organization, and in the selling of products the state is also asked to take part.

3. State to Market All Products at Cost to Producers.

As shown above the growers of California fruits have been shamelessly exploited. Let it not be thought that he is a capitalist. He is a laborer, owning (at least sometimes he owns it) a farm on which he must labor unceasingly.

After he has grown marvelous fruits, after he has irrigated and tended them, paid rent or interest, gambled with the weather, pitted his judgment against the market manipulators and the law of supply and demand, has fought tree and vine parasites, and has won all the way through, he has yet to meet the strongest enemy of all, the selling parasite.

In the raisin district, the packers had the market their own way for years. Finally the rise of the growers and the organizing of a selling combine put the packers out of business completely. Encouraged by this success, peach growers, prune and apricot growers, etc., have banded themselves together into defensive organizations. The orange growers had long before done this.

But the producers now have to maintain separate selling organizations, with the attendant expense or still be mulcted by commission sharks. The state has already made some provision. Colonel Harris Weinstock, of Sacramento, is assisting in the forming of co-operative unions of producers. But this is merely "united competition" as it might be called.

The initiative to be circulated by California Socialists will demand the further extension of the organization and the establishment of state marketing.

4. State-Wide Freight and Passenger Automobile Service to be Owned and Operaed by the State at Cost.

5. Freight and Passenger Steamship Lines Plying Between Both Home and Foreign Ports, to be Owned and Operated by the State at Cost.

Since the day it was built, the Southern Pacific railroad has been a great factor in the government of the State of California. Operating under many aliases, with many subsidiary corporations, it has held the reins of power. True that power has been clipped considerably of late years, but still the old potentiality remains.

Granted by government every other section of land for twenty miles on both sides of every mile of railroad, the "Espee" has held this and profited by its rise in value. In many towns the best portion of the city is owned by the railroad. It has maintained lobbies in the legislature when it has not bodily owned the legislature. Its power has been felt time after time. The shrewdest lawyers and politicians have been in its employ. It has been conscienceless, remorseless, relentless. Battles, bloody battles, have been fought for the land, and finished in the courts. In the latter the Southern Pacific has almost inevitably won.

Within the last few years a new feature has come in. "Jitneys" have taken the short hauls of passengers. Now huge automobile stages traverse the entire state. A regular schedule is maintained between San Francisco and Los Angeles. When the state was bonded for good roads a few years ago in the huge sum of 18 million dollars, the law was drawn so that the highway parallels the Southern Pacific. Much was the public wrath thereat, and the railroad was accused of having performed this feat of legislation.

But if it did, it was a boomerang. "Jitney" service was unthought of then. But with the completion of the highway, automobile service has cut enormously into the railroad passenger-carrying service. The good roads paralleling the railroad have been the instrument of competition which has cost them millions of dollars. It is a powerful weapon in the hands of the people and its advantage is just being understood.

The new initiative will hasten government ownership of railroads. The operation of the steamship lines will still further cut into railroads' business.

6. Single Tax.

Another blow to the Southern Pacific. Those millions of acres of land held out of use for speculative purposes will be taxed as adjoining lands are taxed. The Southern Pacific has a new enemy to fight. Miller and Lux and other great land holders will be forced to disgorge their empires.

Single tax in California has a good chance to carry at the next election. The adoption of this measure by the Socialist Party will unite the voting power of the single taxers and the Socialists. Its passage at the general election will mean the dealing of a severe body blow at intrenched interests. That is its principal interest to the Socialist Party of California. Not for Single Tax for the sake of Single Tax will they vote, but for Single Tax because it is another trench captured from the enemy.

7. Proportional Representation and Migratory Voting.

Seasonal work is characteristic of California. Great bodies of laborers follow the work. They are denied the right of franchise, and their effectiveness in the Big Battle becomes largely nullified. The Migratory Voting bill will permit these people, perhaps a majority of whom are radicals, to participate in the selection of candidates, and what is more important, in carrying of measures in California.

* * *

The greatest weakness of the present election law is the fact that the minority has no rights. If a million votes are cast in California, 333,333 for one candidate, 333,333 for the second candidate, and 333,334 for the third, the latter is elected, and a majority of the people have no representation. In a case of this kind, virtually two-thirds of the people might as well not have voted, and there is no representative for their interests. In every election a variation of this extreme case is bound to result.

By properly drafted proportional representation laws and correct districting, the minorities will have their representatives in legislative bodies.

8. Social Insurance.

For a generation, now, the Socialist Party has opposed "reform measures." But the definition of what constitutes a reform measure has never been made clear. So every law that could ameliorate suffering has been opposed by the Socialist Party on the grounds that it might lead people into a paternalistic self-satisfaction.

But the people, in the meantime, have voted for the party which did promise something. Now the Socialists of Cali-

(Continued on Page 24)

Remaking the Party in California

CALIFORNIA Socialists have become radical!

At least they can be counted as radicals in their own movement if the new constitution carries in the party referendum vote to which it will be submitted.

The convention of the Socialist Party of the State of California, held at Fresno, California, February 17, 18 and 19, 1917, is destined to go down into Socialist history as the most important ever held in California.

It has set the pace for other states to follow.

Two distinct factions were represented, both equally determind to mould the new constitution that shall guide the party for the future. The Fresno Herald of February 19 called it a struggle between "the conservatives and the radicals for control, with the radicals gaining strength steadily."

The conservatives, like all conservatives, wished to continue in the well worn path that the party has been following, making no distinct departures in any way, though perhaps making greater effort along certain already established lines.

The radical faction demanded changes in the constitution, changes in methods, the introduction of new ideas. With the fearlessness of consequences that characterizes the true radical, they wanted to make deviations from the time-hallowed methods that have seemingly failed.

The lines of debate were laid down accordingly. The paramount question was, "Shall we continue as we have been in the face of a constantly falling membership and a constantly decreasing vote, with an alarming slackening of interest, or shall we make changes that promise to build up the party, renew interest, and strengthen the membership?"

Every move, every motion, every speech, hinged on this premise.

Though almost evenly matched at the opening of the convention, so impressive was the program of the radical element, and so conclusive were the arguments advanced, that throughout the convention the radical side gained through desertions from the minority, finishing with greater strength than they had shown at any time during the entire session.

Two far-reaching, significant departures were made and incorporated into the constitution. Resolutions adopted and the legislative program recommended clinch the new methods which are to be followed by the Socialist Party of California.

SOCIALIST LOCALS shall be organized without regard to political subdivisions. The jurisdiction of said locals shall be confined to members thereof.

The entire membership residing within any political subdivision of the state shall have charge of all purely political activity within said territory.

The membership in one or more political subdivisions may, by majority vote of the members in each district, combine their political activity.

Disrupting the Disrupter

The first of these new planks in the constitution is the one empowering Socialists to form locals without regard to political subdivisions.

It is a blow at the dissension creator.

The past history of the Socialist Party has been made black by internal squabbles. Evidence is overwhelming to show that paid trouble makers have kept the party from growing by their impossibilistic tactics where they have not actually demoralized it by making damaging charges of various kinds. The party in many cities, notably Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Stockton, Fresno, and Sacramento, has been cleft asunder, progress hindered, and effective propaganda stopped by these agitators. Constructive members have been driven from the party; the loud-of-mouth-but-small-of-performance member has been able to drive out all who did not agree with his own peculiar brand of self-righteousness.

The man or woman who claims to be a Socialist, yet whose sole stock in trade is denunciation and who most readily turns this on those who do not agree with him in every particular, is known in every local, and there is more than suspicion to justify the charge that many of these persons are in the Socialist movement for the express purpose of preventing its growth and effective action. The majority are of course perfectly honest in their intentions, and these become the ready tools of those who are not honest. They have madethe Socialist Party a fetich, a religion, a creed, and they have allowed their own passions to become inflamed as they have by their illadvised, extreme utterances inflamed the passions of others.

But the Fresno constitution, if adopted, will throw many obstacles in the path of this paid agent of the capitalists.

Locals may be formed by five or more members.

They may be formed without regard to political subdivisions.

In other words, five persons, congenial in thought and education and in other ideas, may form a local. They can draw to them other Socialists who are congenial. Several locals may be formed in any city, all working to a common purpose. But no dissension maker can break **all** of them. Should he succeed in wrecking one, he will have disclosed his method, and he will not be able to get into the others. Moreover, should a wrangling group form in a local, those who tire of the discord and contention may join a local where progress is being made.

The new plan has many advantages; on it can be built a Socialist Party that will reach into every union, every farmers' organization, and every co-operative movement in the state, selecting the virile members of all of them. It marks the beginning of a re-animated, revitalized Socialist movement in California, invigorated by new blood.

The privilege of permitting five persons to form a Socialist local permits economic bodies to use the Socialist Party as their vehicle of political expression. This is the purpose for which the Socialist Party was formed; the mission that sincere, thoughtful Socialists have understood it to be established for. It will save the party from being purely and solely a political party; it can now become the economic institution that a working class organization should become.

Reaching Out for the Doers

The other most radical departure is the classification of the membership of the party into nine groups, giving each an organizer, and forming these nine organizers into the executive board of the state.

It means creating an executive board of those who are actually engaged in the work.

It means oragnizing the Socialist Party into congenial de-

partments, capturing the real workers of the state, and giving them supreme control of their own organization.

It means the practice of another fundamental of Socialist theory—industrial organization and control. It is living up to Socialist theory, just as the new plan of organizing locals means the practice of Socialist theory because they are not bounded by capitalistic definitions of political subdivisions, artificially created.

Too long has the Socialist Party prated of the "class struggle," offering relief to the workers in the sweet by-and-by, refusing to demand anything for them now for fear it might be "bourgeosie," might be a "compromise," or was tainted with "opportunism," or deviated from the "class struggle," or perhaps was "reformistic." These have been the talismanic words which the impossibilist has used to stall progress. They have been effective words. They have kept the Socialist Party from doing anything to ameliorate present day conditions. Instead, empty promises have always pointed out what a heaven the working people would inhabit "when we elect our candidates."

But the impatient working people refused to wait. They voted for the Progressives when the Progressives promised them something now. They have voted any way for anybody who promised any IMMEDIATE results.

But the Socialist Party of California has learned the lesson. It is ready to be the target for the slurs of the positive type of Socialist who attacks every attempt to do anything now. It has gone on record as favoring Social Insurance; Single Tax; government ownership and operation of transportation by steamship and by automobile; State ownership and management of water power and telephone systems; packing houses, cold storage plants, flour mills and granaries to be built and operated by the state at cost; the marketing of products by the state at cost; proportional representation; and migratory voting.

> THE WHOLE REGULAR PARTY membership shall be classified as to industries or occupations as follows: farmers, miners, transportation workers, manufacturing workers, building trades, printing trades, store and service workers, professional workers, and housekeepers, and shall be so recognized in the state office. . . Each group shall elect one member of the state executive committee. The person so elected shall be state organizer for the group so electing him.

Without for a minute forgetting the ultimate goal of Socialism and the emancipation of the working class, the Socialist Party of California is planning to make a concentrated campaign upon these measures. With a clear understanding of Socialism and a complete knowledge of present day conditions, it has gone in a business-like and practical manner about the business of getting the things wanted. With less use of "economic determinism," "class struggle," the "iron law of wages," "Karl Marx," "materialistic conception of history," "surplus value," and the other catch words of the Socialist propaganda, it has gone quietly on record with a concrete and carefully thought-out plan to GET some of the things it has promised and talked about.

In North Dakota the Socialist Party was in the same condition that the Socialist Party of California was and is. Up there the farmers got together, refused to discuss scientific Socialism, or any other kind, ignorerd the Socialist Party, and formed the Non-Partisan League which quickly obtained a lot of the advantages which the Socialist Party had promised but had failed to supply.

California Socialists are to be complimented on having learned a lesson. They are now setting about the business of getting results from this lesson.

They expect criticism, bitter criticism, from all parts of the United States. They are prepared for it. Rather try to do something and thereby incur disfavor, than bask in the good graces of the Socialist Party oracles and lose prestige, members, and votes. Moreover, whatever criticism there may be will be answered by the most capable Socialists in the United States, comrades with national recognition of their ability. Among those who participated in the convention, and who were among the majority favoring the adoption of the new measures which were adopted by the convention, were Walter Thomas Mills, Harry M. McKee, W. A. Engle, Job Harriman, Frank E. Wolfe, George W. Boswell, N. A. Richardson, State Secretary Thomas W. Williams, Cameron King, George W. Downing, and others whose names are well known in various sections of the country. Most of these are veterans in the movement, many of them have attended the national conventions as delegates, some have been representatives at international Socialist conventions in Europe, and some of them are known to many as writers. They are students of affairs, yet withal practical men of executive ability.

The 1917 convention of the Socialist Party of California has made history. It has gone on record. It has marked the way. It has adopted new measures and new methods that are in keeping with the times. Already a new spirit of optimism is being shown. With the professional disrupter's wings clipped and with something tangible to work for, the movement in the State of California is something for the Socialist Party of America to watch with interest.

Portions of constitution quoted in this article show the trend of action which will be followed by the Socialists of California when the constitution is in force. Reaching the workers with more than a promise, opening the door of the Socialist organization wide admitting the genuine workers—this is the salient feature of the radical departure made by California Socialists.

Will the rest of the country follow California's progressive lead? This is the question upon which the future worth and service of the Socialist Party of America hinges.

Portions of the New Constitution

CLAUSE 1.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CALIFORNIA

Article 1.

Section 1. The name of this organization shall be "Socialist Party of California." The Socialist party shall be composed of Locals and Members at large.

Section 2. (a) The supreme authority shall be vested in the party membership of the state to be exercised by means of the initiative, referendum and recall.

Section 2. (b) Any Local may initiate. Motions may be seconded by at least five other Locals in as many different counties, providing such Locals have an aggregate membership equal to 5 per cent of the total membership of the state.

Section 2. (c) The provisions of any initiative receiving a majority vote shall become constitutional and repeal any and all conflicting constitutional clauses.

Section 2. (d) Actions of all officials and committees are subject to referendum.

Section 3. (a) There shall be four regular state referendum elections in each year beginning in January. Said elections shall be held quarterly.

Section 3. (b) The state secretary-treasurer shall mail to each member copy of all such measures.

(Continued on Page twenty-four)

Deep Sea Diver Te

By Fra

A DIVER, to many, is a curiosity. He usually calls for a second observation, probably because the person has a mind's picture of what the diver looks like in his full regalia. This consists of rubber suit, canvas overalls, heavy belt, breastplate, and helmet. The breastplate is bolted to the suit and the helmet screwed on, encasing the diver in a world of his own. Then there is the heavy leather belt that has lead weights rivetted to it and the shoes with lead soles. Some patterns are brass soled, with brass tips and heels. The shoes for ordinary work will weigh about 20 pounds each and the belt about 100 pounds. Then attached to the breast - plate, comes the air hose and around the diver's waist goes a heavy lifeline which is made fast in some patterns to the breast - plate; in others to the helmet.

Setting Up Thumbscrews on Breast-plate

Usually the first questions asked are: "Don't you feel the pressure hard on your lungs? How deep do you go? How does it feel to be down with the fish? Can you see down there? What do you do when down?" Now, I will try to answer these questions for the readers of the Comrade, giving my own experience as the answers.

The first essential to be a diver is that you have a firm constitution, free from disease that would drain your body of its life. Lungs must be in the best of condition, head must be clear. By that, I mean that there is to be no ear troubles. Adenoids and chronic colds are ailments that forbid diving. We are all subject to colds, especially the diver, who, upon the least exertion, while under pressure, will break out in perspiration and upon coming to the surface where the cool breeze strikes him, cools off quickly, frequently contracting a slight cold. Upon contracting a heavy cold, especially in the head, the diver cannot submerge because the passages from the ears to the nose are stopped up and inflamed. There absolutely must be a clear passage, as the air has to go through the different passages and if any be clogged, severe pains result. It it be the ear that is closed there will be a pain that cannot be classed as an ear-ache, being far worse. Should the ear passages be free, but stopped at the bridge of the nose, there will be a pain in the center of the forehead down to the nose and in the corner of the eye that is absolutely unbearable and calls for the immediate signal of the diver to come up and remain until relieved of the cold. No diver will go down and work while he has a severe cold. The first pains start immediately upon submerging and reach the unbearable stage at about 20 feet. If the diver persists in trying to work in that state, serious consequences will result, such as bursting the ear drums, or blood vessels and distention of the different passages, which would incapacitate one from diving again.

As for the lungs, there is no noticable difference except in great depths, so long as there is no exertion on the part of the diver. Later, I will explain that feeling.

The air that a diver breathes generally comes through a two-cylinder water-jacketed pump operated by hand. It comes in a steady flow from the pump through the hose connected at the back of the breast - plate, and goes around to the front and through a slot directly under the diver's nose. So upon inhaling, a fresh supply of cool air is taken in; the exhalation passes out by an outlet valve that is regulated according to the depth the diver goes; the diver regulates the valve from the outside which acts the same as a safety valve on a boiler. In the helmet is a plunger that is operated by being pressed by the head, which releases the air from the inside in volume. That is when too much air is in the suit causing the diver to rise to the surface. By the plunger he regulates himself so he is just buoyant enough to move around easily. Too little air will cause him to sink. The water pressure is noticed first in the feet, legs and upwards according to the amount of air released. Until

How a Diver Rests

# of Undersea Work

avis

the suit can inflate again that pressure is more or less noticed.

There is a ladder about 8 feet long, at the end of the float, by which means the diver reaches the water and upon which he rests his heavy belt and weight.

The diver's crew consists of the two pumpers and a tender who handles the air hose and life-line.

Upon getting ready to submerge, the tender having received his instructions and the pumpers having started, the helmet is adjusted, being so designed by the slotted sector style that a quarter turn engages it air-tight. As soon as the helmet is on the suit starts to inflate and upon getting into the water and letting go of the ladder the diver finds himself floating with a tendency to turn upside-down, which is overcome by kicking off a little air as it is called, in other words, by pushing on the plunger. Note the cap I wear in the picture. It has its uses in diving. One is to prevent the hair from hanging over the forehead and irritating me. The other is that the face plate (that I see through) gets coated with water or vapor just as fog does on glass, and is cleaned by rubbing the head on the glass. Seeing under water is a difficult matter. In shallow water up to 50 feet such as harbors, the water is murky and it is difficult to see over ten feet on a level; but in looking toward the surface, the light comes down bright and clear.

Going Down. Note Inflating Suit

One must be continually touching the plunger in the helmet. If not, there will be an excess in air pressure which will cause one to start to rise. If you do not continually keep plunging off, you will gain speed in coming up, for the water pressure keeps getting less and the air is coming faster than the outlet valve will release it without the assistance of the plunger. In going down, the body usually accustoms itself quickly to the increasing pressure, but upon coming up, one must come slowly, even from shallow depths in order to let the body resume its normal condition. To great depths, such as two hundred feet, one can go down quickly, but must take from one to two hours to come up, making it in stages, half the distance at the first jump, then a long rest, then half the remaining distance and so on. Otherwise serious illness or death will be the consequence.

Now for a little work at about fifty feet, say on some piling that has been driven down and is to be cut off at grade to furnish a foundation for a concrete column for pier and dock. You reach the bottom and signal back to your tender O. K., and start to work. You take the saw and by body motion move back and forth for about fifteen strokes and you feel yourself getting a little warm, and breathing a little faster, and here is where the diver will heed the warning and rest a few minutes. Should you go on for fifteen more strokes you break out in perspiration and breathe in gasps or volume. You feel the sensation that you are being strangled although you have all your breathing facilities. Yet you cannot recuperate and up to the surface you go, about exhausted. The only way I can describe this feeling is that you run for all that's in you until exhausted and are blowing and gasping for air while your lungs refuse to be satisfied with what seems to be insufficient amount of air and someone hangs a paper sack over your head and holds it around your neck until you think you will die if not released. Such is the overexerted feeling of a diver after a hard spell of work below.

I have tried to make my meaning clear, omitting figures and technical terms. I trust I have instructed Comrade readers in what I believe is a calling of which most of them have but little knowledge.

So Long! See You Later.

(Editor's note: Comrade Davis intends to become a resident of Llano. While there is no field here for deep sea diving, Comrade Davis expects to make himself useful, as he believes that a man who can make a living below the sea can do the same 3000 feet above. He is tired of his hazardous work and wants to live in a community where his present vocation is unnecessary.)

Education for Freedom

By Wesley Zornes

WE know because we have gained experience. Hence experience is knowledge. Education is the art of gleaning knowledge. The book worm, then, is not educated. Book knowledge is an aid to the real education of life—the art which every one should cultivate. Education should stimulate desire to experience new and untried phenomena. Books point the way to things others have experienced. They are valuable in education, if the experiences are vitalized by action. Botanical terms become dry and uninteresting if allowed to become the full curriculum and mental food of the child. Show the child a flower, name the parts, explain the wonderful arrangement of sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils, their uses and all of the wonderful natural phenomena connected with its tiny, limited life, and you have incorporated in one act both acquired and actual experiences. These actual field lessons are never forgotten. They become the nucleus around which the child builds its future.

The child's first impressions are lasting; the acts of childhood are remembered the longest, used and vitalized. The ideals and dreams of childhood are the factors in molding that child's character. Its thoughts and experiences must be guided into the right paths. A child's habits are formed early and it is of utmost importance that these habits be directed by a carefully trained hand.

Our modern prisons (like schools) with their hard seats, stuffy rooms and a master of ceremonies, who exercises a censorship on knowledge as well as freedom, cramp, dwarf and warp the mind. Instead of learning to think, the child must memorize pet formulas which impress upon him the capitalistic psychology of the race. Instead of learning the value of book knowledge, which is essential to education, it learns to hate and dread it. Books are looked upon as dreaded mediums, through which the equally tiresome pedagogue may inflict a daily punishment.

The boy of eight has savage instincts. He feels within himself the longing for nature. If we accept the biogenetic law, his ancestry is calling him along paths laid down by the laws of heredity. The inherent desire of the baby to wield the stick first given it, is the first savage instinct that gave man protection and food. The desire to slay and kill is a strong instinct that throbs within the boy's breast. The training received in our modern schools tends to augment rather than abate this fetid natural desire; emphasis is laid upon battles of history, which fire the youthful brain with an overwhelming desire to be a hero; to charge into the teeth of the deadly fire of the enemy; to capture their guns and crown his victory with their flag—this psychology is deadly: these boys today in Europe are serving as food for cannon.

This educational system breeds heroic slaves who, fired by youthful desires, march at the command of their masters, into death, hell and destruction. The songs sung and the patriotism they preach are all able to stimulate and form within the child's mind a desire; the desire precludes a deeper sentiment in an eventual belief that it is heroic, grand and noble to fight for one's country, even at the cost of the blood of millions of men and boys in a foreign land.

The workers of Europe are reaping the consequences of an educational system that breeds capitalistic minded men and women. War is not possible where there is not a war sentiment; the sentiment was created through long years of training and teaching.

Llano boys may receive a practical course in engineering by working on the cars. We combine the technical with the actual experience and in this way the boy is taught to work.

Group of Colonists who arrived at about the same time and from the same state. Most of those in Llano have come from the Western States, though many are expected in the near future from the Middle West.

In comparison with this life's school of experience we see boys in the outside world going to school because they desire to become parasites on society. They expect higher positions and if the position is not forthcoming, disappointment ensues; and if a revolution of mind does not take place, they sink down to failure because they have not been taught the virtue of actual work.

We realize, in connection with this that book knowledge is essential, but only as a help to the greater experiences of actual work. The great task is not only to acquire a practical working knowledge along agricultural lines but to incorporate with the act of work the knowledge of why a thing is done. Each task done could be made a daily lesson in the technique of the sciences allied with agriculture.

As a demonstration of the feasibility of this plan, we have sixty acres of garden for the Colony in which the boys and girls who would not otherwise be in school are taken and taught the rudiments of reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling,

(Continued on Page twenty-eight)

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

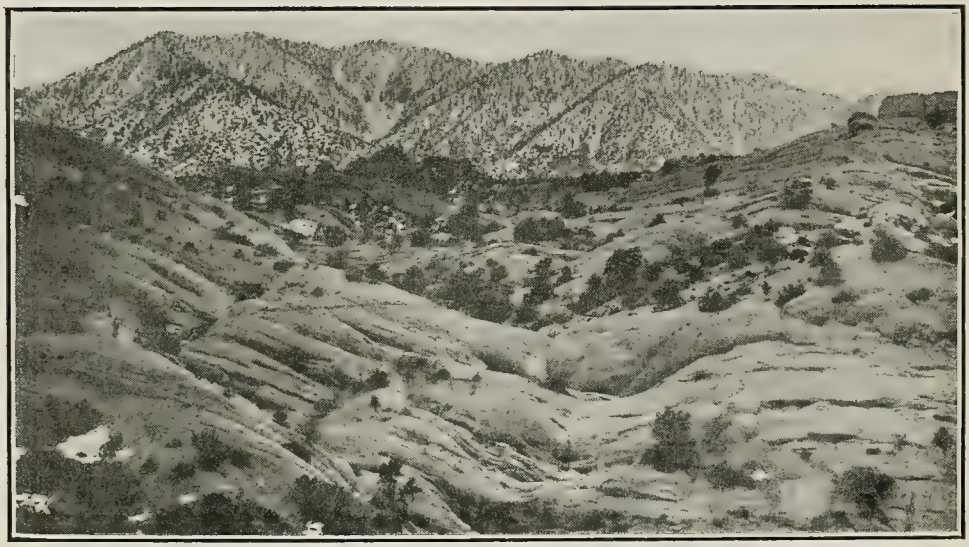
THE cities of the past have nearly always "just happened." There have been a few cases of Emperors planning model cities to display their might and wealth, but the planning has been a matter of palaces and temples. These great people would have smiled amazement at the idea of considering the comfort and convenience of even their courtiers. As for the working people!—— As a matter of fact comfort and convenience and sanitation had yet to be invented even in the time of the Louis' in France. The corridors through which passed the gorgeous pageants of the "Ancien Regime" were used for unmentionable purposes, and disorder, extravagance and dirt reigned in every branch of the royal household. If the palaces were so bad the general beastliness of the private houses, the streets, and even, or rather especially, the hospitals, is best left undescribed.

Of late, however, a considerable effort has been made to straighten out the worst defects in some of the old established cities; and some new towns have been started with a systematic plan, involving the elimination of slums and other public nuisances, the setting aside of broad avenues and parks, and building restrictions related to a general design. These garden cities are a great advance on former hap-hazard methods, but they have only been studied from the point of view of art and sanitation, not from that of efficiency.

From this last point of view the "man from Mars" arriving on our planet, would certainly decide that he had struck an insane asylum. He would find a town of perhaps twenty thousand inhabitants with twenty or thirty groceries, each ill-housed, with insufficient space, and with out of date equipment, separate corps of employees, and separate teams or motors duplicating the same routes, and separate stocks of goods deteriorating on their hands qualified to give some poor victim ptomaine poisoning. Each town is found also to have twenty dry goods stores, each with a small stock which duplicates the stock of the others. If you want to buy some little trifle, calculated for a special purpose, you have to make the rounds of the twenty stores and then write to New York for it. If the twenty stores would combine their capital and business ability they could have one metropolitan department store carrying a variety of goods that would meet every demand, and cut out the REASON for the mail order business which they deplore.

The two or three hundred little stores engaged in cutting each others' throats and none of them far removed from bankruptcy, would be one of the things a socialist city would get along without; another would be the cheerful flocking together of the harpies after one of the stores has gone to the wall, to try to get the stock for nothing. The "man from Mars," moreover, would not believe you if you told him that 85 per cent of the business enterprises of the United States fail every year. We look like intelligent beings, and this is manifestly an impossible condition for intelligent beings to tolerate.

But if the people get together and think out their living conditions, as they would think out the construction of a factory or the surveying of a road, a very different situation arises. First they would agree as to the terms of the problem. Then they would call a specialist in consultation. They would want to know how these problems had been met elsewhere, and whether there were any new processes or inventions which they could adopt to their profit. Having collected all available information they would set about building an up to date living plant. They would say, perhaps, a city is a place to live in, so the first consideration is the home. When we go home, we go there to rest and recruit, to eliminate the friction of daily intercourse with heterogeneous crowds, and to recreate ourselves in a sympathetic and congenial atmosphere. We do not want the outside world to intrude itself into this haven of refuge. At times and under certain conditions we must be able to "invite our souls" if we are to live up to the best that is in us. Well, says their advisor, the average suburban home is about as private and secluded as the middle of the street, but you can do so and so; and his plan is taken under advisement.



This view of the Devil's Punch Bowl, south of the Colony, does not do justice to its grandeur. Even few of Llano residents know of its attractiveness. It is a miniature Grand Canyon and Yosemite Valley.

Then, they say, we have to obtain various supplies. We would like to get these directly from the producer for two reasons. First we do not want to pay so many intermediate profits that the price of the articles becomes prohibitive; secondly, we can make it worth his while to give us a sound well made article. It is to the advantage of the middleman to bring pressure to bear on the producer, to manufacture something that will "last quick," so that the middleman can sell the consumer another article as quickly as possible. On the other

(Continued on Page twenty-eight)

The Spirit of Llano

By Dr. John Dequer

AT the northern foot of the San Bernardino range of the Sierra Madre Mountains, glistening in the sunlight lies the tented village of Llano.

To one who looks upon it from a distance it resembles the encampment of an invading army. And such it really is. It is an outpost of that mighty movement of collectivism whose destiny it is to conquer the world.

But on coming closer we find that while Llano really is an outpost of a powerful and militant body of men and women on the very frontier of individualist territory, its methods and implements of warfare differ substantially from those used by the military hordes of capitalism.

The invasion of the co-operators does not create a death zone. There are no ruined homes and villages in their wake. No widowed wives and orphaned children or broken and mangled men. Theirs is an industrial and intellectual battle waged against nature and outworn institutions; it is conquering both. Theirs is a battle for a greater measure of life.

The purple desert that for ages defied the efforts of the individual to make it yield sustenance surrenders to the co-operators her hoarded treasures. And what was once a yucca, greasewood and sage covered plain is now a gladsome sight of blossoming orchards, productive gardens, and great stretching, verdant fields. Such are the results of skirmish action by an out-post in the desert. What will we behold when the vast armies now mobilizing move into the battle line for social conquest?

But let us confine ourselves to the outpost. Slowly among the tents more permanent buildings arise. Does not this indicate that the soldiers are confident of permanent victories? Does this not tell of stability and determination?

In this outpost the plow has replaced the cannon; the aqueduct has taken the place of the trench; and the building of homes has supplanted the rearing of arsenals and forts.

The mild-eyed cattle in stable and on plains; the noble horse at useful toil; happy, healthy, hopeful children, delighting in constructive play; men and women laboring with each other toward the city of their dreams; this in a limited sense describes the results that follow this invading vanguard of the collective movement.

The soldiers we find in this army are not the unreasoning blindly obedient, uniformed, individualized messengers of death and militarism. On the contrary they are men and women whose pulses bound with blood of freemen, whose souls are kindled on the altar fires of social ideal. They do not seek retribution. They come not to punish but to restore the long lost heritage of labor. They tear down only that which is selfish and ugly, that which is productive of ignorance, poverty, woe, and want. They aim to save, to nurture, and develop all that makes for kindness, pity, joy, beauty and love.

They build while they battle. They cultivate as they conquer. Truth is their sword, reason their defence. Love is their fortress, justice, equality and comradeship are their generals. The spirit of liberty inspires them with vision of a glorified humanity. Their eyes turn to the beckoning future.

From bees and ants we may learn the secret of their power. From poets and prophets we may have the genius of their inspiration. They seek to conquer—not the freedom of the seas alone, as do their masters—but the freedom of the land. They seek to drive the exploiting usurper from our common mother's breast.

"In union is strength." "In numbers there is safety." Only by a loyalty to each other and our cause can we win the battle, that shall restore to us the land we need for ourselves and children. Not in small patches that enslave, but in great glorious areas where air and sunlight together with wholesome food and companionships shall make mankind a race beautiful.

Such are the hopes of the co-operators at Llano. Such are also the hopes of oppressed humanity throughout all the world. Llano is a watch tower on the battlements of progress. Its sentinels herald the coming of the day when the words of the agitator shall be realized in the deeds of the people.

> LLANO is a source of hope, joy and inspiration to her loyal membership as well as to thousands who watch her progress from afar. I know of many comrades who two years ago thought they saw the light of progress fade in the smoke of Europe's conflagration, whose hearts sank in the mire of despair, but whose feet have regained the rock of hope through the victories of Llano.

Why do I write all this in an article that is supposed to deal with matters of health and sickness? The answer is so often found in worry and loss of hope that I may well consider Llano as a balm for many an ill.

Llano is a source of hope, joy, and inspiration to her loyal membership, as well as to thousands who watch her progress from afar. Inspiration, joy, and hope are elements of optimism, and optimism is indicative of strength, and strength of health and wholesome life.

If my mail may be taken as a criterion then I know of many comrades who two years ago thought they saw the light of progress fade in the smoke of Europe's conflagration, whose hearts sank in the mire of despair, now find that their feet have regained the rock of hope through the victories of Llano.

In co-operation we find the elements needed to make life wholesome. And whatever purifies the conditions of life, eliminates disease.

Many of the diseases that affect us today are but the inevitable battle scars received in our unequal struggle with capital. How many mental and physical wrecks may we charge to financial worry? How many diseases drag their victims to untimely graves because they could not afford the proper care? How many useful men and women are daily broken upon the rack of over-work? How many babies enter the world with a stinted heritage of strength? How many perish as a result of ignorance of the simplest laws of health? I dare say their name is legion.

This is all being changed in the tented village at the foot of the mountains. Not by the surgeon's knife or doctor's dose but by change of environment. The worries pass as the land becomes productive. Those who are ill are cared for by the community. Co-operators can not afford to be lower than the ants and bees. Men should be above the insects in social service. Through the collective usage of land and machinery

(Continued on Page 29)

A Woman's Appreciation of Llano

By Laila Culbertson Jarvis

SOMEONE has asked me to write an appreciation of my visit to Llano without realizing what a hard thing that would be for me to do. I came among you as many others probably do, without any realization of what it was all about, or what you were all trying to live for.

My trip from Los Angeles through the tunnels with their choking smoke, and my landing at Palmdale a wanderer in a foreign land, was not prepossessing; nor the ride across the desert, with its many bumps after recent rains, nor the landing at the postoffice amid encircling tents and small shacks; left much to the imagination.

My first introduction to you all was at the dance that night. I have been very lacking in observing my fellow man, being much interested in my own affairs, and thinking everyone also occupied in his, and it came as a surprise, and something of a shock to find myself looking into so many happy faces. I felt an atmosphere of contentment that was almost tangible. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined" was true here as I had never seen it before. For my part, you all know the pleasure I had that night, as you all contributed to it. Being a frivolous soul by nature, the happiness on all your faces attracted me first, and from song and the laughter I was drawn to serious things.

Ten days is hardly long enough to comprehend the stupendous principle of it all, but I am sure I caught the spirit of it, and could see the vision like a great white light in the distance.

Of course, like all your guests I was shown your points of interest. The fish hatchery, nestling 'way up in the mountains, thousands of feet in the air, where in the not far off future, hundreds of glistening trout will be sent to Los Angeles markets. And the source of the great waterway where one can see in imagination a huge hotel and playground constructed to cater to all the ills that man is heir to. Then down to the dam site, where one can see with half an eye a completed concrete structure joining one mountain to another, and holding in the valley behind it a great lake of glistening blue water, where will be reflected the austere sides of the frowning giant.

On into the gorge, where the waters are even now not allowed to waste away, rushing hither and yon under the river bed, as it seems a fashion for rivers in this country, but are ordered and compelled to decorously march down a single tunnel and deposit their wealth in irrigation ditches, where they will do the most good.

Then I was taken to the sawmill and watched the giants of the mountain tops put onto a table-like structure and cut into boards and shingles preparatory to making the houses for all to live in. And to the lime kiln, where kind mother earth has deposited miles of lime rock and where it seems only to have to be put into a great oven, and in some mysterious way not understandable to my feminine mind, made into lime, or cement, or something capable of constructing homes with.

From there it is but a step to see the permanent city, a mile square, rising on the gentle slope of the valley, radiating beautiful streets and parks from its central group of low buildings. One need have no imagination to see the happy comrades flocking to the roof of the columned central structure after the day's work is done, listening to the band, getting a fragrant cup of tea or exchanging confidences, as one and all wait for the glory of the setting sun over that ever changing and mysterious undulating mass of pinks and purples that the material man has called the desert.

My inspection was not complete until I had seen the kind-eyed cows, and the soft puff-balls of rabbits, the chickens, and strutting turkeys, and the goats, and other things. Then I felt as if I had grown along the line of constructive work enough, to see and appreciate what was being done for the real flowers of the desert—the children of the Colony.

Social Reception Held at the Hotel to Make New Residents Acquainted With the Older Ones Was Well Attended; Picture Shows Small Congenial Group

I spent hours at the Montessori school, where the babies are taught to think for themselves; where they learn by sense of touch to distinguish between different kinds of cloth, linen and cotton, for instance, something some of us older sisters find difficult at times; where they get arithmetic by handling geometrical shapes, and learning their names and unconsciously adding or taking away from them; where they trace letters by running their fingers over a sandpaper letter and learning to see the shape of it as well as its feel, until suddenly they know it and write it in a surer hand than the child who is just taught to trace it on paper; where the teacher learns what the child has talent for by watching it at play or work, as it is allowed to choose and develop along its own lines.

Then the Junior Colony is waiting to take this embryo

(Continued on Page 28)

The Adoption of Gray Eyes

By Helen Frances Easley

BEING a savage, Sammy threw stones at the first white man he saw, but the first time he beheld a white woman he gazed at her with open eyed amazement. She was the wife of a land inspector and since it was her first trip over the reservation, she returned the child's gaze with as frank an interest as his own. She put her hand under his chin and turned the little brown face up toward hers, only to draw back with a quick motion of astonishment and perplexity.

"Gray eyes!" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes," her husband replied, "a little half breed."

"But gray eyes!" she persisted, "among all those brown eyed savages!" and seeing that her husband was not paying any attention she said no more.

The boy was only six and he knew no English words, but he felt that his eyes had offended, and covering them with his grimy little hand, he dived into a nearby teepee. Once, one of the braves had struck him across the eyes and had called him the Indian name for "white" because he had refused to eat dog meat. They had taken his puppy, his little fat puppy that barked for joy when it saw him and licked his hand when he petted it, they had taken his one pet and had killed it to eat! He had cried and the blow across his eyes had been the lesser pain. Also he had gone hungry for several days, because of his unruliness. Could the lady tell, at one glance, that his eyes, a boy's eyes, cried as quickly as a girl's?

Several years after that, when he was thirteen, the school inspector put him in the reservation boarding school.

Mary Austin, his teacher, was new in the service and when he stood beside her to receive his books, her exclamation was the same the other woman had used, only now he understood.

"Gray eyes!"

He turned and stumbled back to his desk and not once did he raise the lowered eye-lids, not even when the books were placed before him. Yet there was nothing sullen in his expression, rather, a mixture of shame and timidity. And Mary noticed that he did not play with the other children.

That night she told her room-mate, a girl experienced in Indian teaching.

"You cannot imagine how oddly I felt when he looked at me suddenly, and I saw that his eyes were gray. It seemed to me that some white child was masked behind that copper skin, and poor little chap, he must have realized some way, how I felt, for he didn't look at me again all morning! I wish I knew something about him."

"Then ask Superintendent Moss," the other replied sleepily, "he can tell you all about any of them. The records are all in the office. But as for half-breeds, my dear, you'll have to get used to seeing them, there's simply hundreds on the reservation." She did not mean to be blunt or unsympathetic, but she had long since ceased to mix sentiment with pedagogy.

The next day, unable to overcome her feeling of curiosity, Mary sought the Superintendent. He was devoted to his work and his charges, and any interest in them aroused his appreciation.

"It is not an unusual case, Miss Austin," he said in reply to her question, "just one of the tragedies we find every once in a while. His father was some white man, nobody knows whom, but the records show that his mother died when he was born. Since then he has just lived in one of the camps, belonging to nobody, and neglected by everybody. But the gray eyes are unusual, most breeds, even quarters, generally have brown. Except in a very few instances the mixture of white and Indian blood is a bad thing. The children are claimed by neither race, but we try to give them something here that will lessen the handicaps."

For three months Mary watched this pupil with more than usual interest. Little by little she overcame his shyness, and his capacity and thirst for knowledge was a source of never-ending delight. For weeks she had been formulating a plan, and one night she put it into a letter.

"My dear Dr. Mason" she wrote, "You will no donbt remember me as one of your last year's pupils in philosophy. I successfully passed the Civil service examinations and am now in the Indian service.

"I have found a problem for you, practical and real and not theoretical. Among my pupils is a little half-breed boy, thirteen years old. I might not have noticed him especially except that he had gray eyes, and it took me days to get over the uncanny feeling that he wasn't a white child in masquerade! Even now I think he is out of place. And here is the problem: Would environment overcome his inherent instincts? I hear you saying 'Yes', or fancy I do, knowing your opinion on the matter. And this is my request: Do you think it possible to put him in the prep school of the University? You may think that the teachings of thirteen years will be hard to undo, but there has been no training. Up until three months ago he has done nothing but exist. You would find him a wonderful scholar, he reminds me of a sponge ready to absorb all that comes his way. Please do not hint that my anxiety to get him into better surroundings is acknowledgment of my own inadequacy to meet the situation! But he seems so worth while that I cannot resist asking you. He has no parents, and I am sure there would be no trouble in securing the consent of the authorities. However, I have said nothing of this to anyone and shall not until I hear from you.

"Trusting that you are having a happy year with your classes, and that this letter will in no way be an intrusion,

"I am, Most sincerely yours, Mary Austin."

The answer to Mary's letter came promptly. Dr. Mason was eager to take the Indian boy and so matters were taken up with Superintendent Moss, and on through the department until full permission was granted for Sammy Small Horse to leave the reservation, "Purpose—Educational."

When he was first told of the plan, Sammy evinced no great pleasure, simply acquiescence to it, but as the days passed, and the time for his departure drew near, he became more and more excited. When he left, Mary was the only one to whom he said a special farewell.

Dr. Mason's first letter after the arrival of Sammy was one that a child, pleased with a wonderful new toy might have written, and said in part: " . . but we have changed his name. Small Horse is too impossible. In all my experiences I've never heard a civilized name as bad as that, ugly as some of them are. From now on his name is Samuel Mason. I have given him my name, and although I shall not legally adopt him, he is to live in my home, and be my son."

From time to time Mary received news of her former pupil, always enthusiastically written. Then a year later a letter came which was handed from one teacher to another and taken to the Agency. The experiment was proving more than a success.

Dr. Mason wrote as follows:

"My dear Miss Mary: For several days I've been intending to write to you, but I have never until now had time for the lengthy letter I knew I must send you. It is, of course, concerning Samuel. He is progressing beyond our most sanguine hopes, and I am not sure but that you have sent us a genius. The boys have gotten over regarding him as a curiosity and treating him as 'company'; he is truly one of us. A week ago when I addressed Convocation, just the day before our team left on a week's football tour, I could feel those gray eyes upon me every moment. The little boys had been allowed to come over from prep school, for we believe in making them feel that while they are not actually students in the University, the knowledge they are gaining now is a foundation for greater knowledge, and it is to them that we look for our future students.

"Later in the day, I found that I had left my note-book in the Auditorium, and on going back was amazed to find Samuel playing the piano. There was no one with him and he was singing a song the like of which I had never heard before, all deep throaty gutturals which are impossible to my vocal organs. It was the first time I had ever heard him using his native tongue. The accompaniment was weird in the extreme, mostly a drum-drum of chords, but now and then a plaintive little melody and marked throughout with absolute harmony. Each verse ended in a wailing 'eeeeee' sung in a descending chromatic which was truly wonderful. Is that a characteristic ending to their songs? If so, I can readily understand the terror of early settlers upon hearing such a sound in the dead of night. The rendition by one small boy in daylight was sufficient for me. When he had finished I asked him the name of his song, and he gravely told me that it was one he had made up. I, of course, wondered why he did not sing it in English, but he replied that it was an Indian Good-bye song, that the Indians always sang such songs when their friends were leaving, and on their return they brought the singer some gift, and he was singing to the football team! I confess then that I thought our work had been for naught. Here was this little pagan wishing for some men who hardly knew him to bring him back a gift. I am one who has to know the worst, so I asked him what gift he desired.

"May I never see such a look of pain on his face again! 'The victory of the team!' he answered me, using a phrase I had used in my convocation address.

"Miss Mary, how many American boys could have been more loyal? Indian though he may be, he is learning a lesson which I trust will never fail him.

"I wish it were possible to teach the team the song in the Indian language. I think it would be a most appropriate 'yell.' The English words are not so musical but interesting enough when one knows the circumstances under which they were sung. Samuel says that this is a faithful translation:

" 'Go to meet your enemies and fight,
We remain to hear good news,
Win the game and hurry home,
So we can light the bonfires and dance,'

"Instead of going back to my study, I took the child with me to Professor Bucheim, and asked him to listen to the song. Of course he could make nothing of the words, but he was delighted, enraptured with the accompaniment. He has taken him under his wing and Samuel has begun his music lessons. You may remember Professor Bucheim's broken English and under such excitement it was more broken than ever as he assured me that he would teach him faithfully and pray unceasingly that the mechanical part of technique would not kill the originality in the boy.

"So you see, Miss Mary, what I meant when in the beginning of this letter, I said perhaps you had sent us a genius. Who knows but what this child may preserve for us the wild free music of a race fast disappearing, preserving for us as it really is, and not as an American would translate it for us.

"I can never thank you enough for sending this boy to me. He is mine, and I mean to give him every opportunity that is possible. I know that you will be interested in hearing about him and I shall write you as often as I can do so.

"Trusting that your work is as congenial as you first found it, I am, believe me, faithfuly yours, James Mason."

And so it came about that the grey eyed little Indian boy had at last found a real place among real friends, no longer dependent on the whims of camp comrades, no longer called different because of his eyes.

Picketing the Ranches

Continued from page eleven

E. G. LaRose was despatched to San Francisco. He went into session with the union leaders and when he came out he had the name of a revolutionary Japanese. This militant son of Nippon volunteered to organize the Japanese vineyard workers, and expects to do it.

Some of the big vineyards employ nearly 200 men in the busy season. They want cheap labor, ever cheaper labor. One is reported to have said "We are a $3,000,000 corporation and in 35 years have never had a strike. We will fight to the finish." But the unionizing has gone steadily on. Hindoo leaders have sent the word out through their own mysterious channels to stick tight for the new wage scale. Already the unions have netted a general result of 25c an hour for farm labor, though for an ostensible nine hour day that really takes in ten hours. This is a wonderful gain over past conditions.

Can the Strikers Win?

The big factors in the fight will be the unions on one side and on the other the California Associated Raisin Company, The California Wine Association, and the California Peach Growers with the newly formed Valley Growers' Association. But the first two organizations are manufacturers of wines and brandies. In the ever-recurring fight between the wets and the drys the labor unions have stood ably by the wets. Can these manufacturers afford to turn on labor in this new fight?

But besides the uncomfortable position these associations are placed in there is a new factor to be considered. A factory can be closed or the product made elsewhere. **But crops must be harvested when ready.** Last fall the raisin belt lost a million dollars by an early rain. Grapes and peaches must both be picked at the critical time, or lost altogether.

The arrest of 50 strikers for carrying concealed weapons was not serious. They were soon released on bail. But the plans of the organizers are serious and far reaching. If the workers can be housed and if competent organizers can be secured, the new unions will prosper. There is perfect unanimity among the races. The Orient and the Occident have met on a common footing, with a common demand for less work and more wages, a chance to live decently, and the right to enjoy some of the wealth which the workers create. At present the Five Nations have won the major portion of their demands. They have much to do to strengthen their position, to intrench against organized property, to equip themselves for defensive and offensive warfare, to make their position impregnable. The leaders say it can be done.

Remaking the Party in California (Continued from page 15)

Section 3 (c) The time allowed for voting shall be five weeks from the mailing of the referendum.

Section 3 (d) The votes shall be delivered to and canvassed by the local and the result thereof certified to the state executive committee by the local secretary and two other members.

Section 3 (e) Five days after the closing of the vote shall be allowed in which to file the returns with the secretary-treasurer. Votes received thereafter shall not be counted.

Section 4 (a) Any local initiating a referendum may submit a statement of not more than two hundred words, of its object and purpose which shall be printed with the referendum.

Section 4 (b) If any abusive language is contained in initiative or statement the motion shall become null and void.

Section 4 (c) Names of locals initiating and seconding shall be published with the referendum.

Article 2.

The following majority report was made on Article 2, Section 1:

The membership in the Socialist Party shall consist of:

(a) Regular members. All registered Socialists, all persons between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one years, and all foreigners who have declared their intentions to becoming citizens of the United States are eligible to regular membership, provided they pay regularly in advance the required dues.

(b) Associate members: all registered Socialists other than the regular members.

(c) Rights and privileges of members: Regular members shall be privileged to participate in all party activities.

(d) Associate members shall be privileged to participate only in the political activities of the party. (This failed to carry).

The Minority report was read as follows:

Section 1. The membership of the Socialist Party shall consist of all persons over the age of eighteen years who shall sign the pledge of membership required by the national constitution and shall be admitted by their respective locals and pay the required dues. (Carried.)

PLEDGE

I, the undersigned, recognizing the necessity of the workers organizing themselves into a political party for the purpose of attaining industrial and political democracy, hereby apply for membership in the Socialist Party.

I have no relation (as a member or supporter) with any other political party.

Name..... Occupation..... If member of a labor organization give name and number..... Street address..... City..... State..... Proposed by..... Date..... Amount paid $..... Received of ..... $..... with application for membership in the Socialist Party. Signed....."

Section 2. There shall be issued to each regular member upon admission a red membership card in the form prescribed by the executive committee. Said card shall be signed by the local secretary, and in case of a member at large by the state secretary-treasurer.

Article 3.

Section 1. Five or more persons who have qualified as regular members according to the provisions of this constitution may organize a local.

Section 2. (a) Socialist locals shall be organized without regard to political subdivisions. The jurisdiction of said locals shall be confined to the members thereof.

The entire membership residing within any political subdivision of the state shall have charge of all purely political activity within said territory.

The membership in one or more political subdivisions may, by majority vote of the members within each district combine their political activity.

Article 3, Section 2 (b) The secretaries of locals shall make quarterly reports of the financial standing, addresses and occupations of members to the state office.

Article 3, Section 2 (c) All referendums to the state membership shall be published in the state bulletin, a copy of which shall be supplied to each member.

Article 3, Section 2 (d) A monthly bulletin shall be issued by the state office and mailed all persons paying therefor at the rate of 25c per annum.

Article 3, Section 2 (e) Locals shall hold at least one business meeting each month.

Article 6

The power to grant and revoke charters shall be vested in the state executive committee. Such action being subject to referendum of the regular membership of the state.

Article 7.

Section 1. (a) The whole regular party membership shall be classified as to industries or occupations as follows: farmers, miners, transportation workers, manufacturing workers, building trades, printing trades, store and service workers, professional workers and housekeepers, and shall be so registered at the state office.

Section 1. (b) Those registered in each industrial or occupational group shall elect one member of the state executive committee.

Section 1. (c) The person so elected by any such group shall be the state organizer for the group electing him and shall be subject to instruction and to recall only by the members of his group and shall be one of the nine members of the state executive committee.

Section 2. The state secretary-treasurer shall be appointed by the state executive committee. He may be removed by the state executive committee or a referendum vote of the membership.

Section 2. No member shall be eligible to the state executive committee who has not been a member of the organizaion in good standing for at least two years immediately preceding the date of nomination.

"Measures First" in California (Continued from page 13)

fornia are waking up to the fact that there is a difference between reform measures and those measures which protect the workers and strengthen them in their determination to have the whole loaf by giving them a taste of one slice.

* * *

If there was discouragement over the history of the decline in membership and lack of activity it disappeared when some tangible plans for work and propaganda were offered to the delegates who assembled with rather long faces and disheartened mein.

The convention listened in silence to the reading of the state secretary's report. It was a fair presentation of the case but the figures told the story of the decline of interest in the organized movement and pointed to the necessity for immediate action if the party was to survive. That the delegates had long realized the gravity of the situation was readily apparent. That they were ready and eager for action was quickly shown by their response when constructive, forward moving propositions were put before them.

Even among those comrades who might have been expected to cling to dogma and tradition was a distinct cleavage and many of those who have long been in the movement were delighted to see heart searchings and awakenings where reactionary tendencies might have been expected.

With the solid alignment on constructive policies it was soon apparent that a large majority of the delegates were ready to abandon hide-bound doctrine and go ahead toward victory.

In many paragraphs the secretary's report was startlingly significant of the failure of the old methods. "Although the party revenue has been cut in two we have spent more money on organization work and special propaganda during the past six months than any corresponding period in years."

More money spent, and that it was spent with judgment and discrimination no one doubted, yet the results were pitifully small. There was greater falling off in membership than ever.

"This points its own moral: The present organization and party tactics are in many ways antiquated and reactionary; an impediment to party growth."

Nettles for Politicians

By Clinton Bancroft

THE Politician says: "If you want Socialism, vote for it." The Co-operative Workers say: "If you want Socialism, work for it."

The great competitive system is practiced by the great majority of the people. It must be gradually transmuted and changed into a co-operative system.

Only as the workers turn to voluntary co-operation and labor ownership of industries producing the necessaries of life, may society hope to employ every worker at useful labor who desires to work, abolish poverty, and enjoy permanent, industrial peace and common prosperity.

The Industrial Revolution will be but the turning of labor from the wage system under private capital ownership to collective ownership of industries by the workers themselves under voluntary co-operation (not including the great monopolized public utilities).

It will be the great task and function of the Socialist Party to socialize the public utilities, and to gain control of the taxing powers and police powers of the nation. In this great work they will have the economic support of the co-operative workers.

The impending Industrial Revolution will not be a revolution of force as so many fear (only political revolutions resort to force). Revolution is hardly the proper word; it will be Evolution, desirable and peaceful. It is coming faster than the political Socialists imagine; they could boost it a little while they are waiting for the train to the next election, if they would.

The "high cost of living" is due to organization. Nothing more. It is not such a deplorable matter as many political Socialists would make it appear. This is the station where the co-operative workers of the world get off at.

The New Day

By Edmund R. Brumbaugh

THIS is the New Day! It behooves us to make resolutions not only out of thought for the improvement of individual character, but of social character as well. Individual righteousness and social righteousness are two different things, but they are closely related and should not be separated. Each reinforces the other.

Certain principles should guide the making of our resolutions for greater social righteousness. More than these is impossible and less than these unthinkable to those with big hearts, broad minds and the Great Social Vision.

Caste and class and hide-bound creeed are hateful things, for they shackle the bodies and minds and souls of men. An intelligent, faithful following of social righteousness demands a program that will banish them from the earth.

Greatness does not consist in political preferment or ability to lead men to murder on fields of battle. Social righteousness holds up for admiration and emulation those who in prominent or obscure activities add to the fulness and happiness of human life, and it has only scorn and contempt for those who through lust for gold or glory, or both, empty life of its joy and usefulness and possibilities.

Mere money-getting should not be considered a sign of merit nor luck and cunning and trickery titles to public esteem. Few will dispute this—with their lips and pens—but equally few show their approval by their lives and works. An industrial system that exalts money-getting and luck and cunning and trickery, rewarding a few with great riches and condemning many to great poverty, embodies the height of social iniquity. And finally, we of the Socialist movement, must preserve its purity and integrity, allowing neither defeat nor triumph to lead us astray. We must beware of compromise and political trading. We have mighty principles to maintain, and must not prove false to them either through ignorance or indolence or deliberate disruptive intent. Much depends upon it. Infinite improvement is at stake. Here is the final, most vital feature of social righteousness.

Shall We Do Something Different?

By A. E. Briggs

ALTHOUGH Socialist organization is at its lowest ebb, there is a remarkable wave of Socialist sentiment in the land. Unless we are able to crystallize this Socialist sentiment, it will be absorbed and utilized by some anti-Socialist movement.

What shall we do to take advantage of this golden opportunity? Shall we continue to do as we have been doing? Or, shall we do something different?

Shall we continue the hair splitting process, the last effort of which divides "idealists" into "soft-headed" and "hard-headed idealists," presumably bone-headed?

Most Socialists understand well what killed the S. L. P.—and the Socialist Party in California is little different to-day than was the S. L. P. before 1900. Reading a text from the master and then entering into devotional exercises may entertain the few who may be assembled, but it fails to reach the multitude. If a Socialist does not agree with the war program as hastily outlined by our national committee, he is a traitor. The writer is not so sure there is nothing in our civilization worth retaining, and if need be, fighting for.

A few years ago in Great Britain, conditions were similar to those that exist here now. There was a Socialist Party claiming to be very scientific, orthodox and sane. It, like ours, was falling to impotency and rapidly growing smaller. There, as in California, if one did not spell revolution with two or more r's, he was bourgeoisie.

Kier Hardie and others, seeing the impotency of the S. P., organized the Independent Labor Party, and achieved it without a divine revelation or a creed, with a strong admixture of Socialists, and this is today the Socialist Party of Great Britain and recognized all over the world; while their old S. P. is fulfilling the mission of a teaser, haggling over points of doctrine and holding up their ideals.

If the S. P. of America does not rise to the occasion, become an efficient agency, and take care of the growing Socialist sentiment, then something must take its place.

The writer has wondered if the Socialist Party will not con-

(Continued on Page 29)

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in January Magazines

THE MASSES

This Beats War.—Murder is monotonous. The rehabilitation of Belgium is an idea such as never occurred to Tamburlane or Caesar. Now that the lesson is learned, it will not require a German invasion to rouse us to this new adventure. All the world is a Belgium in need of help. And all the world can play the part of a magnificently helping America.

PEARSON'S

Crimes of Charity.—The object of the Charity investigators in New York is to find out reasons and excuses why help should not be given. If they prove soft hearted they lose their job and no one knows better than they that poverty is a crime for which they will be terribly punished. The treatment to which the helpless poor are subjected is so insulting and cruel, that they are tempted to resort to crime to escape their "charitable tormentors."—Konrad Bercovici.

The Miners' Union, A Doer of Big Deeds.—The United Mine Workers Union is more to its members than politics, more than religion. It has been School, Government, Church, and University to vast numbers, and has performed all these functions better than the institutions that bear those names. In seventeen years this union expended nearly twenty-two million dollars. In Illinois the Unions are establishing co-operative stores. Their main activities include conferences with the operators backed by strikes, whereby wages and hours are gradually improved, to prevent child labor and educate the children, to secure old age pensions and workmen's compensation acts.—A. M. Simons.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Our Benevolent Government.—The same bill which purports to grant American citizenship to the people of Porto Rico, takes away the civil rights that the people enjoy and possess. A property clause eliminates from the suffrage ninety per cent of the population. On the other hand, no means are provided for the education of some 300,000 children so that they too will be deprived of the right of franchise. The labor unions of the country are growing quite rapidly.—Nina Lane McBride

THE FRA

Detectives' Testimony.—A boy arrested for a first offense was so beaten and abused that he invented a lot of false testimony rather than meet that "200 pound fist with his battered face again." That is the third degree which produces the CONFESSIONS that send men to death. That is why every citizen who may be drawn on a jury should swear to himself that **he will never believe a word of testimony given by a policeman or a detective.** Some day this terrible travesty called the third degree may be visited on you and yours.—Felix Shay.

THE SURVEY

Behind the Drums of Revolution.—In Mexico the Secretary of State and other State officers and Judges of he Supreme Bench, men educated in Paris and Berlin, are strongly in favor of the nationalization of industries, government ownership, and other revolutionary measures. The minister of justice informed the magistrates taking oath that "we are condemning and rejecting all that has previously taken place, and that there exist no laws or regulations which bind us to any definite procedure, and that it becomes necessary to apply a strictly revolutionary spirit in order that the administration of justice may fulfil the aspirations of the Revolution. Lately Carranza has receded from this position and the Pan-American Federation of Labor is protesting.—John Murray.

AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

England's "State of Mind."—An anonymous British soldier describes his feelings on revisiting England as those of a visitor among strangers whose attentions were kindly but whose modes of thought he could neither understand nor approve. They seem ashamed of the ideas which sent us to France and for which thousands of sons and lovers have died, and calculate the profits of the "war after the war," as though the unspeakable agonies of the Somme were an item in a commercial proposition. The people have chosen to make for themselves an image of war, not as it is, but as an exciting and picturesque novelty. The soldiers, carrying the load with aching bones, hating it and not unconscious of its monstrosity, but dimly hoping that by shouldering it now they will save others from it in the future, look back with even an exaggerated affection to the blessings of peace. The people are divided in soul, half implying that our cause is the cause of humanity in general, and of democracy in particular, yet not daring boldly to say so, lest later **they should be compelled to fulfil their vows."**

THE WORLD'S WORK

Sleep for the Sleepless.—Sleep is more imperative than food. In the awful retreat to the Marne lasting nine days, men slept as they walked, in water, on stones, or fell as dead in the middle of the road. Wounded men with legs shattered, abdomen or chest torn wide open, slept soundly. Not a groan, not a motion, not a complaint—only sleep. Often it is two days before they return from the abysmal oblivion of sleep to conscious suffering. Insomnia is not a disease, it is a symptom, a fear, a habit. Many people need little sleep and are better without it. In other cases some stomach or eye condition is the cause of the trouble. Great physical fatigue is best treated by a rub-down and a rest before going to sleep. A neutral bath is a good sleep producer. Alcohol is a dangerous recourse. It is futile to TRY to sleep; better results can usually be attained by making one's self comfortable in bed and deciding to stay awake. As soon as one ceases to make an effort the necessary relaxation occurs.—Charles Phelps Cushing.

THE CENTURY

The Matter of the Eight Hour Day.—Mathematically, if a man can dig 3 feet of trench in one hour, in eight hours he can dig 8 x 3, or 24 feet, and in ten hours 30 feet. But the old arithmetic never included the toxin of fatigue in its reckoning. When the poisoning of chronic exhaustion, and the inspiration of recreation and prosperity are added to the terms of the agreement, it works out in this way. In February, 1913, 16,000 men working ten hours, produced 16,000 Ford cars. In February, 1914, 15,800 men working eight hours produced 26,000 Ford cars. And these results have been reproduced in many other factories. Apart from the efficiency aspect the public has another inerest. A democracy depends for its welfare upon the intelligence of its citizens. How can a man vote wisely if he has no time to read and discuss the questions of the day? Moreover, chronic fatigue implies not only ignorance in this generation but degeneracy in the next. Life is more than work. Work performed by tired men is costly to society.—Mary Alden Hopkins.

THE INDEPENDENT

For Conscience Sake.—The English tribunals were so firmly persuaded that all conscientious objectors were really cowards that they supposed they would be giving satisfaction in merely relieving them from the dangers of war. After many of these men had undergone solitary confinement, dark cells, irons, bread and water, brutal insults from officers, and often gross physical ill treatment the courage and genuineness of the victims reached the minds of even the densest militarists. Death sentences have been commuted to ten years penal servitude and a general mitigation of sentences is taking place. Those who will accept work of "national importance" are now reasonably safe, but those who demand real freedom of conscience are still kept in prison, and "it is impossible for me to withdraw from the agitation and enter into any compact with the government until they are set at liberty." In the end it will have been established that belief in the brotherhood of man is not in itself a crime.—Bertrand Russell.

THE ATLANTIC

The Insane Root.—"Human Nature" is not responsible for the war. It is a vast exhibition of insanity, the negation of all ideas, moral or immoral. The problems involved, if they had concerned six intelligent individuals, might have been settled in a few minutes over a pipe of tobacco. Yet the States have sacrificed forty-one million men, in dead and wounded, in two years. It was in the world of State relations that the present war was begun, and the disaster was the result of the fact that the States are organized as fighting units. The reason that civilized individuals do not settle their disputes by force is that they are not allowed to carry arms.—L. P. Jacks.

The Symphony.—In music the various properties or states of the human being are expressed in their essence, detached from all actual manifestation. Your nature is freed and your soul disencumbered of your body, and you rise to a world of pure imagination where there is no locality. We have always sought a fourth dimension and have always had it —in music. The child has a natural taste for music, but in some of us it has been allowed to lapse; so our first duty is to our children. But children and grown-ups should seek every opportunity of hearing good music, and allowing the music itself to increase their susceptibility little by little. Here is the music; here is the person. It was created of him and for him. It is inconceivable without him. It is his spirit coming back to him purified.—Thomas Whitney Surette.

THE PUBLIC

Army Man Condemns Militarism.—Major Wm. C. Harlee testifying before a committee of the Senate said that the military caste system and barracks life destroy the fighting qualities in men, and officers invariably prefer new men when there is real work to be done. Napoleon destroyed caste in the army because he saw that it injured the business. There was no caste in the citizen army of the 60's. He opposed universal or compulsory service or any other than that rendered by willing men. A soldier can be trained in a few weeks—to fight. The real problem is the development of new leaders. Promoting rifle practice among civilians is desirable. "You can't oppress a people who know how to shoot."

McCLURE'S

Taking the Tariff out of Politics.—There are more than four thousand items in a tariff schedule, and the public is terribly bored by tariff discussions. There is a loud call for a permanent non-partisan tariff commission of experts, that shall "take the tariff out of politics," This admirable plan seems so simple. Why has it never been thought of before? It has been; the suggestion is nearly as old as the tariff. The present administration has done something like this for the currency system. If the tariff can be as well handled, the results may be equally as far-reaching.—Edward J. Wheeler.

EVERYBODY'S

Whose Open Door?—The door that is opened in China today is the door of forceful aggression. Japan and Russia both know how to use their diplomatic influence at Pekin to prevent the opening of any door in China which it does not suit them to have open. America has given convincing evidence that we will not fight for the "Open Door," and it no longer matters what we say. Meanwhile China has lost her fiscal freedom, her financial freedom, and her judicial freedom. Japan is determined to secure the commercial domination of China and thinks it necessary to first secure the political control. However, China never having learned to develop her resources is living in a state of chronic starvation. If Japan installs the machinery for a reorganization, the vast flood let loose by such development will sweep every shore of every ocean. It looks as if it might be profitable for us as well as healthful for China, to help Japan into the China shop.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

The Art Museum and the Public.—A person may be taught to paint up to a certain point and if he has certain gifts; but only from art itself can he learn appreciation. He must look at the actual things of beauty, and look and look again until they become their own interpreters. All men have an equal right to spiritual activities and society needs that the opportunity for such activities should to all men be given. The large museums are necessary but the small and specialized collections have an atmosphere that cannot be achieved in a great museum. What is needed is a nation-wide appreciation of the value of visual instruction as afforded by museums, the formation of the "museum habit." In the Middle Ages the poorest lived amid beauty that they themselves had produced, beauty that they owned. We have almost no means of gaining this training. —Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselear.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Those Guarantees for Permanent Peace.—Solemn treaties are mere paper, armed guards and crushing cash indemnities keep alive a passion for revenge. Has there ever been a method that succeeded? The Treaty of Ghent, which closed the war betwen this country and Great Britain, contained no clause to humiliate either party, and was followed by the Rush-Baot arrangement which disarmed absolutely the frontier between the U. S. and Canada. The result was a hundred years of limitless peace and prosperity. "Where nobody's loaded nothing explodes."—Edward Berwick.

Reviews of Recent Radical Books

"The New Social Structure," by Caroline A. Lowe.

A concise statement, based on conservative historical data, of the fact that the constitution of the United States was a capitalist document, designed to "keep down the turbulence of democracy," and "to show the weight of aristocracy." In the process of evolution government was first handled by the "strong man," later by the aristocracy, later still the third estate, the bourgeosie, took a hand, and now it is the turn of the fourth estate, the working class, the great "common people," to come into their own. These must learn that if they all arise together to take possession of the wealth they have created, none will remain to drag them down. Caroline Lowe quotes Lincoln to the effect that a majority of any people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, to establish a government that suits them better.

"The Life of Father Haire"

Father Haire, after an adventurous early life, became a Catholic priest, and then gave up the charge of the cathedral in Detroit to go to the frontier in the Dakotas. He embraced Socialism, became a very influential political leader without weakening in his religious views, gave the state the initiative and referendum, and advocated woman suffrage and prohibition. He edited a paper and his editorials were masterpieces of argument and bitter invective against evil things, but never against persons. The life of Father Haire disproves several fallacies and gives room for new ideas in the minds of thinking men, especially this one, that the Socialist Party is a political party, and as such has no concern with religion except to protect citizens in freedom of conscience. Eugene V. Debs said of him: "Father Haire was a true follower of Jesus Christ, a real Socialist and lover of his fellow men, and as noble a soul as ever dwelt in a tenement of clay." Published by the Socialist Party, Sisseton, S. D.; 10 cents.

"Democracy and Despotism," by Walter Thomas Mills

Some form of government is the only way in which the collective interests of the community can be handled, and the desires and intentions of the majority of the people must be the standard to be attained. The argument that the just and intelligent people are always in the minority does not apply because the just and intelligent people are rarely those holding special privileges, and hence never belong to the ruling minority, though this last always tries to disguise itself so as to be mistaken for the just and wise group. Every citizen of the United States is a shareholder in the richest and most powerful corporation on earth, and the machinery has gradually been developed by which the citizens, acting co-operatively, could control this corporation in such a way as to get each and all their respective share of the dividends, but this must be done by ignoring the machinery which has been built up by the small minority of special privilege, and using the democratic machinery of the initiative, referendum, and recall. As soon as the majority of the citizens pledge themselves to stop the political career of any public servant who refuses to promote the interests of the democracy as against the despotism of the minority of special privilege, and seriously exert their power, they will cease to be the special victims of these special privileges. It is necessary to begin with the smaller offices of the municipality and build up an organization which can enlarge its activities into State and National affairs. This book a very clear and thoughtful statement, and most of the recommendations it makes are now being demonstrated at Llano.

A New Booklet on Jack London

Emanuel Julius, author of "The Color of Life," is issuing a new booklet on Jack London, which should be of immediate interest because of the recent death of the noted novelist. The author was fortunate enough to interview Jack London while he was in Los Angeles. What he told Emanuel Julius will be specially engaging. London ruminates on art, literature, Socialism, and other commanding topics. He expresses his opinions in a lively manner. In addition to the interview with Jack London the booklet contains two essays. One is entitled "Democratizing the Nice Stuff," and tells what art and literature mean to modern radicals. The second essay is called "The Reward of Genius." It treats the subject in an original manner. The author shows what poverty and social injustice do to the creative spirit. He also shows the way out. Published by the author, Box 125, Girard, Kansas; 20 cents a copy, three for 50 cents.

Tell the Comrade

if you don't get your paper. Make all remittances, complaints, and subscriptions direct to the WESTERN COMRADE. This office cannot be responsible in other cases. Don't ask the Membership department to do this for you. Please write to the WESTERN COMRADE direct.

Non Resident Readers.—When you have any requests, any information, want samples, certain numbers, bundles, or wish to change your address, make complaints, or send subscriptions, write a separate letter and direct it to the WESTERN COMRADE, not to any individual, or any other department. When sent to other departments or individuals, or in letters with other business, they are likely to be delayed. You will confer a genuine favor on the Llano publications by observing this rule, and also secure greater satisfaction.

A Woman's Appreciation of Llano

(Continued from Page 21)

material and make the foundation for a real man or woman. Here the budding man has a chance to learn the joy of real work. Here the boy is taught to construct his own home, build his own bed, and how soft that bed will feel when he lies in it for the first time—tired, but proud, because he made it—it is his.

While he is sawing lumber he is learning to compute it in feet, he is learning dimensions and much more. Then he has the farm with all its problems to take care of. The chickens and goats are much more apt to get good care when he knows they are all his. In the garden work, he is finding himself interested in going a little deeper into botany, or biology. He goes on and on, from one absorbing subject to another, until before he realizes it, he knows something, and instead of its being a grind he has enjoyed himself.

These boys and girls have self-government and hold parliamentary meetings every Friday and judge, and are judged by, each other. They soon learn in the atmosphere of love and work that to deceive or lie gets them nothing but scorn from their fellow workers, but to work for the love of the work is the only thing. "And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star, shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are!"

So I found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And like all discoveries, a bit disappointing until proved, that to work was happiness, and that happiness was to work, but to work for others was the supreme happiness of all. And at the last analysis we must acknowledge that we are all striving for happiness. And where under the canopy of heaven, dear sisters, will you find a grander opportunity of helping your fellow men, than in building an ideal community at Llano? Showing the doubting world, that idealism still exists, that thoughts are living things, that you are exponents of service for others, happiness to yourselves, and radiating a love that extends to the farthest corners of the world.

The Socialist City

(Continued from Page Nineteen)

hand any normal human being who starts in to make something would rather make it well than badly, as a matter of personal dignity. If we can get at the producer and tell him that we are willing to pay him a reasonable price for the article, a price which will safeguard his interests, provided he brings it up to a certain standard and that the intermediary profits are cut out, the transaction will not only be materially profitable to both parties, but all the demoralizing and degrading features of commercial life will be avoided.

Having arranged to obtain their supplies the next thing is to handle them. The store must be established in a strategic position, equipped with every labor saving device, and the delivery system handled as a unit and in the most economical way. The enormous economy realized by cutting out the middleman and the duplication of plant and stock, would make it possible for any community to establish such a system on the highest plane of efficiency.

Having the store centrally located it becomes desirable to have all the other public services grouped in the same neighborhood. The time wasted under the modern system of spreading cities over enormous tracts of land, largely undeveloped and held for speculative purposes, is wasteful in many ways, but especially in time. The time consumed in transportation nowadays, if it could be converted into a period of recreation or education would transform many persons' lives incredibly. Not to mention the nerve strain connected with the catching, and missing, of cars,and the noise and jolting of the vehicles themselves.

With the banks and post office, the professional offices, clubs, industrial buildings and recreation halls, all centered in one locality, the civic life is bound together with closely interlacing ties, and there is the further co-operative feature that all these activities are owned in common, and administered by collective effort and consent. One fundamental feature of a Socialist community should be that all forms of entertainment and amusement should be free alike to each individual. There is probably no one thing in the competitive world that is so injurious to society as the fact that the poor are cut off from all but the coarser and more degrading forms of amusement. That they are often unable to appreciate "highbrow" recreation is the result of the deprivation of childhood opportunity. European crowds have no difficulty in enjoying classical concerts, museums, picture galleries and choral societies. But their eyes have been trained from childhood to an environment saturated with the treasures of antiquity, and their ears are accustomed to the best music in the parks and churches. The little child absorbs mental food as easily and naturally as he absorbs physical food, and if in America he grows up brutalized and unreceptive to high class entertainments, it is only because "his betters" do not think it worth while to give him the necessary opportunities for development when he is young. Right social relationships are the highest product of human thought and reason, but they need a carefully reasoned environment in which to be produced. That they have failed so far to express themselves efficiently, is partly the result of casual and unrelated civic development and construction. In Llano we are going at these things in a business like way, and expect to get commensurate results.

Education for Freedom

(Continued from P. 18)

etc., in connection with their very practical work in the field.

The theory of poultry culture is taught by tending poultry, under the direction of an instructor.

Biology is part of our school curriculum. In this study the boys and girls learn about the destructive insect pests of the garden, orchard and farm by hunting for them on the trees and plants. Last summer, one small boy could classify an insect, and it was a source of pleasure to see this near-baby hunting assiduously for cabbage worms and the beautiful white butterflies which lay the eggs. In time, he had collected several specimens and had found the entire life stages of the cabbage white butterfly, from egg to butterfly. He knows at what time to attack this insect to kill it, for he learned by observation that in the worm or larvæ stage this insect breathed through pores in its sides and any substance that would close these pores, such as ashes, road dust, etc., would suffocate it.

The studies of science are seldom made comprehensible. By combining study with work, we are able to hold the child's attention which is not possible under the book system. As the young mind gradually evolves and grasps the significance of life, a wonderful change takes place. He observes small details that totally escape the notice of many men and women. Imbued with a desire to know why, the child develops a receptive scientific mind. With this desire created, there is no science, trade, or art which he cannot master.

The Spirit of Llano (Continued from Page 20)

labor time is reduced. Man can, if he will, preserve his health. Mothers need not labor; they thus can give their strength to the race that is to be. Hence the children born to a full heritage of strength may enjoy equal opportunities with those of equal capacity. And those men and women who are ignorant of life and its laws need not remain so, as there is time to learn and there are men and women willing to teach mankind the way to the "great physician Nature," whose stimulants are sunbeams, whose tonics are breezes, whose dietetics include all that is wholesome from orchard and garden, from field and stable.

Llano is a garden of optimism whose flowers are laughter and whose perfume is joy. Optimism is a creator, pessimism is a destroyer. Pessimism is a weed in the garden of Llano. The co-operators do not allow it to survive.

Hence the environment of co-operation makes for growth and health. In itself it is a prevention, and often a cure for disease.

Shall We Do Something Different?

(Continued from Page 25)

tinue to fiddle over non-essentials while capitalism completes the chains of despotism which it is forging or until a labor party takes up the work well begun by the Socialist Party. This is the day of our opportunity. To-morrow may be too late.

Those who organized the Labor Party in England were denounced as traitors to Socialism and betrayers of labor, but the Socialist Party there had become so select and "scientific" that their denunciation aided, rather than retarded, the growth of the Labor party. This movement attracted a large number who thought they were non-Socialists, but have been welded into the Socialist movement. This is a plan that might lead people to Socialism. The old plan was to drive them.

Socialists in the unions are opposing the organization of a labor party. Are they acting in the best interest of the social revolution?

If a labor party be organized on a plan broad enough to represent the interests of the 90 per cent, all hell and all of capitalism cannot defeat it.

Installment Members:

The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is in the market for Figs, Prunes, Peaches, Raisins, etc. You can assist in putting us in touch with those who have them.

The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is at present in need of **10 tons of Alfalfa Seed; A Carload of Wheat; Dairy Cows and Range Stock; Angora and Milk Goats; Tanning Outfit; Contracts to put up Alfalfa on Shares; Many Other Things.**

We are now in a position to make immediate use of many articles and machines which have not been practicable for us heretofore. You are invited to correspond in regard to the needs listed above.

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, LLANO, CAL.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Colony Stages

Owned by the Llano del Rio Colony, and driven by residents.

LOS ANGELES STAGES

Leave Llano and Los Angeles at 10 a. m. daily. Los Angeles stage takes on passengers at the Llano offices at 924 Higgins Building.

PALMDALE STAGE

meets the 10.47 train from Los Angeles, reaching Llano at 12 o'clock. Leaves Llano every morning at 7.40.

Photo Post Card Views of Llano

The WESTERN COMRADE has secured some magnificent views of Llano and her industries which have been made up into postcards. Some of them have appeared in the WESTERN COMRADE, but most of them have just been taken especially for postcards. Included in the list are:

View from hotel, looking south.	Lime kiln (two)
Hotel, looking east	Football team
The damsite	Pigs and pens
Chickens and turkeys	Dairy barn
Mountain stream and canyon	North section of Llano
Sawmill (different views)	Llano boulevard
Bird's eye view of Llano	Swimming pool
Rabbitry (several views)	Bakery
Irrigation scene	Cannery
Livestock	Various Llano products.
Mountains	Cows
Woods	Industrial school
Industrial scenes	Montessori school
Alfalfa fields	Many other assorted cards.

The rate is 5 cents each or 55 cents a dozen. We pay postage. Every person interested in Llano should have a dozen of these cards. Send your orders direct to

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

New Rugs from Old Carpets

Old Ingrain, Brussels, Moquette and Velvet rugs and carpets can be re-woven into rugs suitable for any home. Rag Carpets, Rugs, and Art Squares also woven, every size and style. Write for prices.

We pay freight one way 150 miles on orders of $5.00 and up.

Ship to the RUG DEPT., LLANO DEL RIO CO., PALMDALE, CAL.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS OF THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY can be of great assistance if they will send to the Membership Department lists of names of persons who are likely to become interested. Literature and letters will be sent to any one upon request. Installment members are urged to give this their attention.

Home A 2003 Main 619

A. J. STEVENS

DENTIST

306 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Room 514

Law Book Free

STUDY LAW, and become the man of power in your community. The farmers of North Dakota captured the State Government, and found that they needed law-trained men in office to fight the big interests which have their lawyers in the Legislature to make their laws, and in the Courts to defend and interpret them. There are opportunities awaiting YOU. Get ready for them—study Law at home in your spare time. We prepare you for the Bar examination. Guarantee bond for refund of money if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Hundreds of successful students enrolled. Fourteen-volume Law Library upon enrollment. Low cost—easy terms. Be independent. Be a Leader. Write today for free law book—"Law and the People."

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, Dept. D,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of

Household Goods

from all Eastern points

to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageous to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York; 640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537 Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

Do You Weigh Too Much?

My successful treatment—"OBESITY, ITS CAUSE AND CORRECTION"—will take off excess flesh. One user reduced from 150 to 117 pounds easily and found improved health. No Medicines or drugs are used.

COMPLETE $5.00 COURSE NOW ONLY $3.00
Mrs. C. M. Williams, Llano, California.

To Friends of the Llano Colony

Many misleading and untrue statements are being circulated about this Colony and its affairs.

We have just issued a leaflet signed by 130 residents and attested by Notary public, concerning what we have.

We call on our friends to send for as many leaflets as they can distribute for us, or to send the names of those to whom we may mail them. Write at once.

Membership Department, Llano del Rio Colony.
Llano, California

Comrade Subscription and Book List

THE LLANO COLONIST; One Cent a Week, Fifty Cents a Year.
THE WESTERN COMRADE; Fifty Cents a Year, Six Months 25c. **After May 1; 75c a year, 40c six months, 10c a copy.**

BOTH: Present rate, 75c a year; After May 1, $1.00 a year.

CANADIAN RATES: LLANO COLONIST: 2c a week; $1.00 a year.
WESTERN COMRADE: 75c a year; After May 1, $1.00 a year.
BOTH: $1.50 a year; After May 1, $2.00 a year.

COMBINATION OFFERS

Choice of the LLANO COLONIST or the WESTERN COMRADE with

National Rip-Saw or American Socialist	75
Appeal to Reason or International Socialist Review	$1.25
Pearson's Magazine or The Masses	1.75
Milwaukee Leader (daily)	4.25

(Canadian subscribers add 25c for each monhly and 50c for each weekly in these combinations)

BUY YOUR BOOKS FROM THE WESTERN COMRADE

50 cent list:

Anarchism and Socialism, Geo. Plechanoff; **Art of Lecturing,** Arthur M. Lewis; **Class Struggles in America,** A. M. Simons; **Doing us Good—and Plenty,** Charles Edward Russell; **Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History,** Karl Kautsky; **The Evolution of Man,** Wm. Boelsche; **The Law of Biogenesis,** J. Howard Moore; **The Positive School of Criminology,** Ernest Ferri; **Socialism for Students,** Joseph E. Cohen; **The Struggle between Science and Superstition,** Arthur M. Lewis; **Value, Price and Profit,** Karl Marx; **What's So and What Isn't,** John M. Work.

$1.00 list:

Economic Determinism, or the Economic Interpretation of History, Lida Parce; **God and my Neighbor,** Robert Blatchford; **Industrial Problems,** N. A. Richardson; **Prince Hagen,** Upton Sinclair; **Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples,** J. Howard Moore; **Stories of the Great Railroads,** Chas. Edw. Russell; **Thoughts of a Fool,** Evelyn Gladys; **Love's Coming of Age,** Edward Carpenter; **The Abysmal Brute,** Jack London.

$1.50 list:

Ancient Society, Lewis H. Morgan; **Barbarous Mexico,** John Kenneth Turner; **History of the Great American Fortunes,** Gustavus Myers; **The Visioning,** Susan Glaspell.

$2.00 list:

The Ancient Lowly, C. Osborne Ward; **Capital, A Critique of Political Economy,** Karl Marx (3 volumes, $6. Separately at $2 each)

25 cent list:

Principles of Scientific Socialism, Chas. H. Vail; **The Commonsense of Socialism,** John Spargo.

10 cent list:

The Communist Manifesto, Marx and Engels; **Revolution,** Jack London; **The Right to be Lazy,** Paul Lafargue; **The Socialists, Who They are and What they Stand for,** John Spargo; **The Strength of the Strong,** Jack London.

THE WESTERN COMRADE, Llano, California

Get Your Local or Your Union to Order

Job Harriman's address to the jury at the close of the Schmidt trial. If you had read the evidence or had listened to the trial you would not ask

Was Schmidt Guilty?

because the evidence so overwhelmingly proves that he is not. It is the story of the real conspiracy that sent Schmidt to jail for life.

(Testimony from witnesses Clark, Dugan, and McManigal was admitted.)

"Dugan! Who is Dugan? He is a self-confessed felon. He was expelled from the Iron Workers Union. He is the Dugan who shot and killed his wife and daughter in Indianapolis."

"McManigal is a self-confessed murderer. The prison doors were opened, this criminal McManigal shook off his chains, walked out, was given $1000 by the County of Los Angeles, and told to go his way in peace."

Every Union Man should learn how he may fare in the so-called impartial courts. Any of them may get what Schmidt got.

Every Socialist who wants first hand evidence of capitalist-controlled court proceedings should have this for propaganda.

Every Fair-Minded Person honestly seeking information and loving justice should read this tale of a dishonest conviction.

When Capitalism Desires a Conviction It Gets It. Read how it can be secured. The newspapers never told these things. Why? Did you know the real facts about this case? You'll wonder if the McNamaras were really guilty and you'll wonder why they confessed.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE

Single Copies 25c. Quantity Rates to Locals and Unions.

The Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

Send a Cent a Week

This is the Subscription Offer the LLANO COLONIST makes for a short time

If you are interested in the LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY take the subscription of the man who asks you about it or who seems interested.

Figure subscriptions at ONE CENT A WEEK. Thus, 10c pays for 10 weeks, 17c pays for 17 weeks, 25c for 25 weeks, 33c for 33 weeks.

The LLANO COLONIST gives the news of co-operatives everywhere, and is devoted particularly to the LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, the greatest and most complete co-operative enterprise in the United States.

THE LLANO COLONIST (Weekly); Fifty Cents a Year (Canada $1.00)
With the COMRADE, 75c a year. After May 1, $1.00

HELP BOOST THE CIRCULATION TO 25,000 BY JULY 1, 1917.

The Llano Publications, Llano, California.

The Western Comrade will be 75c After May 1st.

Increasing costs of production make necessary a raise in rates. Beginning with May 1st, 1917, the Colony's third birthday, the subscription price of the WESTERN COMRADE will be 75c a year. Single copies, 10c.

The rate for the LLANO COLONIST will remain at 50c a year.

Combination of both to one name and address, $1.00 a year.

Subscription cards sold prior to May 1 will be redeemed at the present rate if used before July 1.

Canadian rates will be $1.00 a year for either the COMRADE or the COLONIST. Combination rates for the Llano Publications will not be made outside the U. S.

Costs continue to go up. The WESTERN COMRADE is too good a magazine to be sold a 50c a year. The increased rate will permit making improvements. Friends of the Colony, all who are interested in co-operation, and those who can discriminate between the constructive method of teaching Socialism and the pessimistic method, are urged to do all within their power to extend the circulation. The LLANO PUBLICATIONS have a definite place in Socialist propaganda work. They tell the tale of Co-operation in Action, the most absorbingly interesting story ever told. The man you have failed to interest in Socialism, the man who scoffs, the man who "doesn't believe it will work"—these fellows will gladly read of the greatest co-operative demonstration in history.

Subscribe or extend your subscription at once. Urge your friends to do so. Contest workers should buy cards at once to be used during the contest.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 25c a line for one insertion; 15c a line thereafter. Twelve words to the line. Advertising payable in advance.

WANTED—CAMERAS. THE WESTERN COMRADE WOULD LIKE to get a few good cameras of standard sizes for renting purposes.

WANTED—GAS ENGINES, 6 TO 12 H. P. STATE MODEL, DESIGN, name, age, condition, and give full description. WESTERN COMRADE.

WANTED—SECOND-HAND MULTIGRAPH. GIVE YEAR AND MODEL. Must be in first class condition; will accept as payment on membership fee. Membership Dept., Llano, Cal.

WANTED—OFFICE EQUIPMENT OF ALL KINDS; DESKS, TYPEwriters, filing cabinets, and general equipment. Communicate with the Western Comrade Office, Llano, California.

WANTED—TYPEWRITERS FOR THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. Write in care of the Western Comrade.

SHEEP WANTED—THE COLONY DESIRES TO OBTAIN SHEEP. ADdress communications to Frank L. Wright, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano. Cal.

WANTED—MOVING PICTURE PROJECTING MACHINE. COMMUNIcate with the Membership Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

WANTED—BUTCHER WITH ICE MACHINE FOR THE MEAT DEpartment. Communicate with the Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

WANTED—TWENTY FIVE LEGHORN ROOSTERS. MUST BE PURE blood and first class stock. Will exchange pure bred white leghorn roosters. Write to Geo. T. Pickett, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

WANTED—OLD INGRAIN AND BRUSSELS CARPETS. ALSO WHITE and colored rags for rug material. Rug department, Llano del Rio Colony.

WANTED—TOOLS AND OTHER EQUIPMENT FOR THE INDUSTRIAL training department at the Junior Colony. Hammers, saws and carpenter tools of all kinds, as well as tools and equipment for other trades. Address George T. Pickett, Llano, California.

WANTED—EXPERT SEED AND BULB GROWER. SHOULD BE FAmiliar with California desert soil and climate. Llano del Rio Colony.

WANTED—ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT FOR THE GYMNASIUM TO BE installed at the Junior Colony. Communicate with Geo. T. Pickett, Llano.

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

Has Your Town Ever Done Anything for You?

Did it ever provide you with employment? Did it ever concern itself with your welfare? Did it ever look after your health? Did it ever make any provision for your family in case of your death or disablement? Did it ever offer you anything for old age? Did it ever give you the things you need at cost? Did it ever guarantee you good wages? Did it ever permit you any choice of employment? Did it ever give you freedom of speech and action? Has it ever earned your gratitude or loyalty in any way? Are the ideals of those who control your city the same as yours?

Llano is owned by Socialists. It is governed by them.

Llano owns every public utility in common.

Llano has a municipal bakery and commissary; it owns its baths and barber shop, its hotels and machine shop.

Llano owns a cannery, raises its own garden truck, and provides pure food for its citizens.

Llano owns its dairy. It has orchards and fields and stock ranges.

Llano plans to build a beautiful city.

Llano owns a lime kiln, a sawmill and stone that may be quarried.

Llano educates its children in its own schools.

Llano gives free medical service to its citizens.

Llano has free dances and entertainments and provides plenty of music.

Llano takes care of its sick residents.

Llano owns its woodyard, its farm implements, its industries of all kinds.

Llano has its own transportation service and its own warehouse.

Llano owns two stage lines and runs three stages.

Llano owns cattle, horses, hogs, chickens, turkeys, rabbits, bees, goats.

Llano is a delightful place to live. Most of its citizens could not be prevailed upon to leave under any voluntary consideration.

Llano has a delightful climate.

Llano people are happy, free, progressive, and thoughtful.

Llano has scores of advantages not to be found elsewhere.

Llano has room for you. Would n't you like to live at Llano?

You can buy a membership on the installment plan. It offers you a home you can be proud of in an environment congenial to any Socialist of constructive mind. Every Socialist should investigate the advantages that Llano has to offer. It is "Co-operation in Action," a realization of the things you have dreamed of and worked for.

Llano will win your enthusiasm if you believe in LIVING the things you believe in.

We Want the Names of Your Friends So We Can Send Them Our New Leaflet "Llano del Rio Colony A Success"—Send For As Many As You Can Distribute.

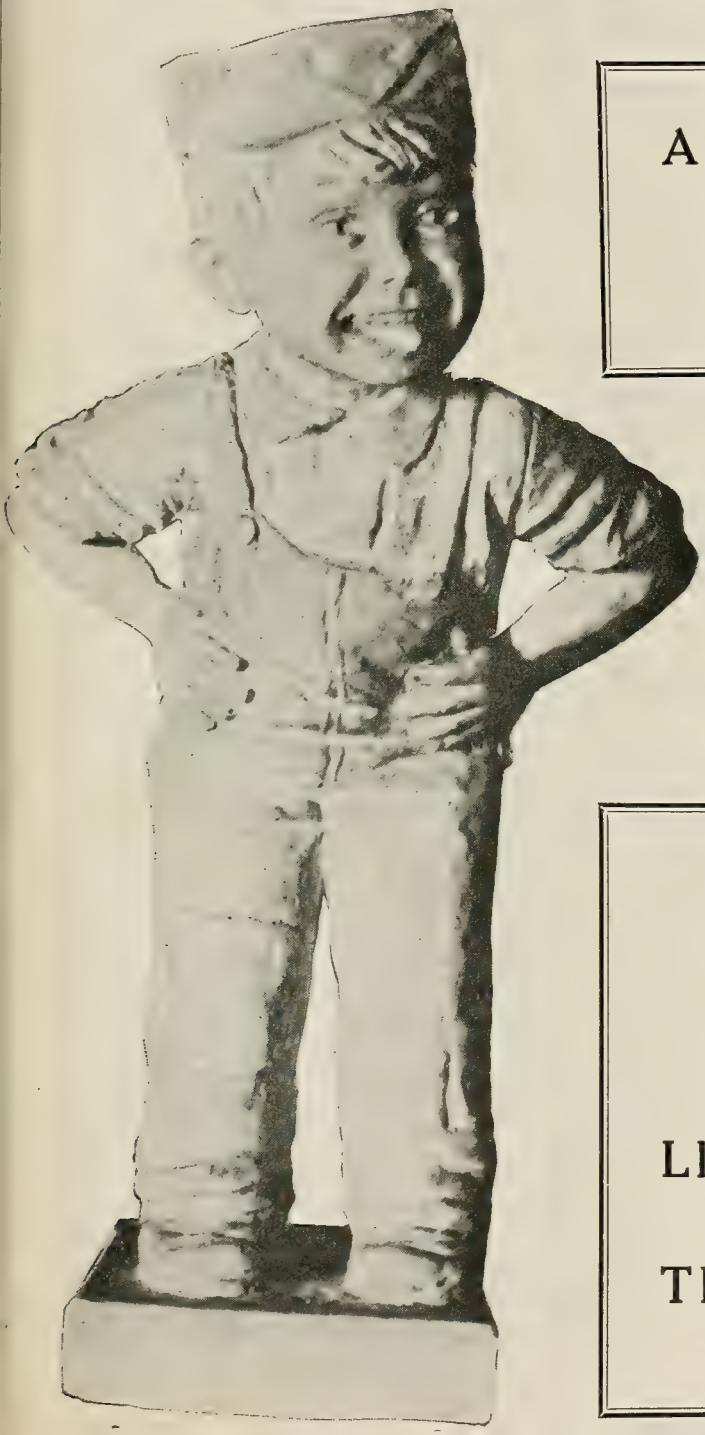
SEND FOR THE "GATEWAY TO FREEDOM"

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

LLANO, CALIFORNIA

The Western Comrade

CALIFORNIA STATE



Art and Education Number

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF MANY ART OBJECTS FROM LLANO'S ART STUDIO

March, 1917

Price Five Cents a Copy

In This Number

Job Harriman

TELLS OF THE IDEALS THAT ARE BACK OF THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY—READ

Llano—Community of Ideals

Also

The New State Executive

By WALTER THOMAS MILLS

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is situated in the beautiful Antelope valley in Los Angeles County, California. The Colony lies close to the Sierra Madre range where an abundance of clear, sparkling water from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM—

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the Colony industries is in the hands of the department managers. In each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the department meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held regularly and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these meetings the work is discussed and planned, reports are given, teams allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

NO CONSTITUTION OR BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery, and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be looked after by the colony freightman until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, poultry yards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, two stages, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for he future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children get meals at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation. High school work is planned. In the Industrial school botany, domestic science, languages, agricuture, biology, practical farming and the regular grammar school subjects are taught by competent teachers. Manual training is already being taught; buildings are now under construction. The children care for a flock of milk goats, chickens, turkeys, and many acres of garden. They are very successful. They build their own buildings; the girls learn sewing and cooking; the children produce much of what they consume; portion of their clothing is made by the sewing classes; they have their own horses, wagons and farm implements; they own pigs and a number of pets. Besides learning co-operation and developing a sense of responsibility, they enjoy acquiring an education under these conditions. They plan to go extensively into the raising of chickens and turkeys during the coming year.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony twenty-two registered high-class breeding sows and a splendid boar, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

Much nursery stock has been planted, a vineyard of 40 acres put out, and many fruit trees set this spring. The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy. They will be built as fast as possible.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

The Weekly newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist and Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the Colony news, etc., The subscription rate is 50c a year (Canada, $1.00). The WESTERN COMRADE is the Colony's illustrated monthly magazine with articles of general interest and pictures of Colony life and development. The rate is now 50c a year. **After May 1, 1917,** the rate will be 75c a year, 10c a copy. Present combination rate for BOTH is 75c a year, and after May 1st, $1.00 a year (Foreign postage extra).

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California

March Issue THE WESTERN COMRADE Nineteen Seventeen

Table of Contents

Page

Cover Page
Henry Dubb, Junior, the clever conception by Mrs. Fox, Llano artist and sculptress, after the cartoon figure created by Ryan Walker, the Socialist cartoonist.

The Gateway to Freedom 2
Synopsis of Colony progress and plan of organization.

Editorials 5
By Job Harriman.

Llano—Community of Ideals 8
Comrade Job Harriman's own story of the reasons for the Colony, and why it is bound to succeed.

Art at Llano 10
What the Llano Art Studio-School is achieving and how it will influence community life.

Why Paris? 11
A discussion of art in Paris. Miss A. Constance Austin writes of what she knows by observation.

The New State Executive 12
No one is more competent to write on this topic than is Walter Thomas Mills.

About Socialism in California 13
State Secretary Thos. W. Williams sends cheerful note on the future prospects of Socialist party in California if the new constitution is adopted.

The Socialist City 14
By A. Constance Austin; another of this instructive series.

Page

Concerning Babies 15
Prudence Stokes Brown, attending the Montessori school, tells how the Montessori method is adaptable to babies.

Learning by Doing—The Attractive Way 16
Something about the Industrial School at Llano.

A Humanitarian Work 18
By Joe Sullivan, who is an authority on this subject. Though crippled, he is a business man of ability and a writer. He was once mayor of a city.

The Federal Child Labor Law 19
By Florence I. Taylor.

The Mechanics of Music 20
Music is usually considered an art. It is, but L. W. Millsap, jr., shows how it is the highest form of refined mechanics.

Man's Social Awakening 21

Met's First Assignment 22
A short story by Frank L. Wright.

The Dream 23
A poem in blank verse by D. C. Travis.

Influences of Environment 24
By Dr. John Dequer.

What Thinkers Think 26
Substance of Instructive articles in February Magazines.

News of the Circulation Contest

FIRST PRIZE
$1000 Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony
SECOND PRIZE
$500 worth of Llano Stock
THIRD PRIZE
$200 worth of Llano Stock
FOURTH PRIZE
$100 worth of Llano Stock
NEXT FOUR PRIZES
Each $50 in Llano Stock
OVER 25 SUBS
Your Choice of a Variety of Llano Products
15 TO 25 SUBS
A Henry Dubb Statuette and a copy of "Was Schmidt Guilty?"
10 TO 15 SUBS
A Henry Dubb Statuette

ALL SUBSCRIPTION CARDS BOUGHT NOW, FOR THE WESTERN COMRADE AT 50c, AND THE COMBINATION OF THE COMRADE AND LLANO COLONIST AT 75c,, WILL BE REDEEMED AT FACE VALUE UNTIL THE FIRST OF JULY.

This means, Contest Workers, that by laying in a supply of Subscription cards before the first of May, that you may purchase them at the old price of 75c for the two Colony publications, and 50c for the Comrade, and that they will be accepted for a year's subscription until the Contest closes.

* * *

Two splendid ideas for subscription getting have been sent in by hustlers. One comrade in Chicago has had several thousand handbills printed, headed, "Attention, Read about Co-operation in Action!" Follows a few facts about the Llano Publications, and the name and address of the Contestant. On the reverse side is a statement of the Socialist Co-operative Tailors, located at the Socialist Headquarters, 803 W. Madison, Chicago.

Another plan that promises results is being tried out by a Contestant in Omaha. He has ordered a large bundle, and plans to have them distributed by small boys. A small fee will be charged for the copies, thus giving the boys an incentive to work, and in this way people who do not realize that they want to read about Co-operation, will become interested, and subscribe.

* * *

A comrade who is very interested not only in the Contest, but in the success of the Colony too, says: "I have worked at the subscription business for a number of years, selling radical and Socialist papers, but I find it easier to get subscriptions for the Comrade and Colonist than any other I have ever handled, because they tell of the theory of Co-operation being actually worked out."

W. E. S., Missouri.

* * *

"Everyone who sees your publications is very enthusiastic. Some are talking of making a trip to the Colony this summer."—E. Kidder, Wash.

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE, 50c a Year; Canada, 75c; After May 1st, 75c a year; Canada $1.00; Single Copies 10c.

STAFF

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor.
FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.
ERNEST S. WOOSTER . . . . . Business Manager.

Contributing Editors

ROBERT K. WILLIAMS
MILDRED G. BUXTON
CLINTON BANCROFT
A. CONSTANCE AUSTIN
DR. JOHN DEQUER
WESLEY ZORNES

In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, MARCH, 1917. No. 11

Editorials

By Job Harriman

PRESIDENT WILSON is a living contradiction. He has endeavored to the very best of his ability to keep this country out of war, and at the same time to preserve capitalism.

He has, likewise, endeavored to preserve the private ownership of the railroads and at the same time to avoid a strike.

Had he understood the nature of capitalism he would not have taken either of these ridiculous and contradictory positions.

He is sincere. He has a wonderful fund of knowledge. But statesmanship requires more than sincerity and knowledge. It requires understanding.

Capitalism has grown out of the private ownership and unrestricted control and management of productive industries, to the end that the owner shall take and keep as his own all the proceeds over and above the actual cost of production.

Absolute control and management and the right to the fruits is the essence of our industrial system. This idea prevails everywhere.

It is because of this theory that every strike is thought to be an invasion upon the rights of the owner and proprietor.

It is urged that the owner has a right to buy labor as cheaply as he can. But he and starvation are partners, to the end that wages may be lowered and profits raised. Profits is the sole consideration. Human life is not considered except to increase profits. Wages are increased, or hours shortened, only when such a course enhances profits. This is the philosophy of capitalism and its very existence depends upon the carrying out of that philosophy.

To permit the private ownership of railroads, and to prevent the owner from saying what he will pay is a glaring contradiction. It is out of the effort on the part of the employes to raise their wages that the conflict arises. The workmen think more of their lives than of the profits of their masters. As their wages are lowered, their standard of living is lowered.

Profits are not their sole consideration. They struggle for a high wage which means a high standard of living. The owner struggles for large profits which means great economic power. Therein lies the clash of interests. These facts are as fixed as capitalism. They are inherent in capitalism. These two interests are in constant conflict, in a constant state of hostilites, with now and then a flag of truce flying.

If Wilson knew this, he would also know that the government must own the railroads, and that adjustment of wages must be made consistent with the standard of living or that the war between the owners and the workman must go on.

Our government is a composite of capitalist institutions. All our laws are made to protect these institutions. Complete control and management is guaranteed except where the government interferes in behalf of the owners. The interference is in their behalf only when the workman becomes more powerful than the owners. The government becomes the partner of the owner and the military force is his right arm.

If the law contains any provision contradictory to this it will not be enforced. The profits would be jeopardized, and the purpose of the institution thwarted.

PROGRAM OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CALIFORNIA

(Adopted at the State Convention held at Fresno, Feb. 17-19)

1. State ownership and management of the water power and telephone systems of this state.
2. Packing houses, cold storage plants, flour mills, and granaries to be built, owned, and operated at cost by the state at all practicable points.
3. State-wide freight and passenger automobile service to be owned and operated by the state at cost.
4. Freight and passenger steamship line plying between both home and foreign ports, to be owned and operated by the state at cost.
5. State to market all products at cost to producers.
6. Single tax.
7. Migratory voting law permitting the casting of ballots at any point the voter may be on election day.
8. Proportional representation and social insurance.

THE income tax collected for 1915 amounted to eighty million dollars. There should have been four hundred million dollars collected. This loss amounts to three hundred and twenty million dollars.

Ordinarily the data is kept under lock and key in Washington's "secret closet."

We may say there has been at least one substantial answer to a prayer in a secret closet.

—o—

ARM our merchant marine? For what?

First: That some of our ships may be sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Second: To open the gates to the world battlefield that we may enter.

Third: That there may be shipped from our already depleted larder, still more food to one belligerent while he kills the other.

Who is it that would not starve his enemy in order to escape death himself?

Did not England lay mines in the North Sea to prevent neutral merchant ships from carrying food to Germany?

Was she not right? Is it not better to starve an enemy than to kill him?

Is it not better for England to prevent the profit mongers, the scavengers of war, from reaping their ill gotten gain in the German marts than to let them reap a harvest while the English soldiers die at the hands of a well fed enemy? Whether right or wrong, lawful or unlawful, England will do that very thing as long as she has power. Her life is at stake.

And what shall we say of Germany? Is it not better for her that she should sink American Merchant ships, armed or unarmed, than that they should sail heavy laden with food, to feed the English soldier, without which he would not have strength to kill the German? Is it not more humane for the German to starve the Englishman than to kill him or to be killed?

When we send food to a belligerent, whichever it may be, we make it imperative that our ships be sunk.

England blockaded the north seas with mines. These seas are the gateway to Germany. Our ships remained away. Had they gone, and been sunk, England would have disclaimed the responsibility. We would have lost and they would have gained.

Germany has described a war zone about the allies for the same purpose. She has not planted mines but submarines. This is the highway to England. If our ships go there they will be sunk. Germany's life depends upon it. What is it that a nation will not do for its life? What is it that a nation is not justified in doing to save its life? What other justification is there for war?

War is where argument and reason end and force begins.

This arguing about our rights under international law is sottish.

Armed Neutrality! What a sham!

If the ships are sent they will be sunk. Every one knows it. No one knows it better than the government at Washington.

Every one knows that if a German submarine deliberately sinks a United States armed merchant ship, that the people of this country will clamor for war. It will be the clamor that arises out of blind passion, and our government will respond to the clamor.

Citizens: We are on the verge of war. Armed neutrality is our death angel. It will sprinkle blood on your door lintels, calling for the life of your first born.

—o—

IS this preparedness — for defense or for conquest?

During the last twelve months the United States Congress has appropriated about $1,000,000,000 for a navy and about $225,000,000 for forts and for the army. The forts and the army are for defense, the navy is for conquest.

There is no danger of invasion. Russia with 280,000,000 people were unable to invade Manchuria against the Japanese forces supported only by 40,000,000 people.

Why was this true? Simple enough.

Russia was three thousand miles from her source of supplies.

Japan was practically at home.

Japan could, therefore, kill the Russian troops faster than they could be transported to the field of battle.

Invasion from Mexico or Canada is a joke.

Japan is six thousand miles away. Germany is three thousand miles away. Invasion from them is impossible. The field of battle would be too far from their source of supplies.

Invasion is the mud of the political scuttle fish. It is stirred up to cloud the vision of the people. Blinded with this their fears and passions may be aroused. Thus they will be led to sacrifice their sons on the altar of mammon, and the other fellow will get the mammon.

—o—

TEN million trained fighters demanded. A universal military training bill is proposed. No nation will attack another nation with ten million trained fighters. Perhaps! But the question is: will the nation with ten million trained fighters attack the other fellow?

—o—

"THIS country produced 400,000,000 fewer bushels of corn in 1916 than in 1915; of wheat 400,000,000 fewer bushels; of oats, 200,000,000 fewer bushels; of barley, 50,000,000 fewer bushels; of potatoes, 100,000,000 fewer bushels. In these five crops the crop was down 1,150,000,000 bushels."

The government at Washington knew this fact. Yet there has been no embargo placed upon the exportation of food stuffs.

The scarcity resulting from this underproduction for 1916 is being assigned as the cause of high prices.

There would have been an abundant supply for all our

people had an embargo prevented the exportation of several billion bushels of food stuffs.

So far was it from the intention of our government from placing an embargo on the exportation of food that it is now in the act of arming our merchant ships that they may carry still more food from our storehouses to kindle the flames of war.

The greed for gain is so insatiable that our merchants resort to feeding our food to belligerents that they may kill; rather than permitting it to remain in our larders that we may live.

We die of starvation, they of hot lead, that the merchants may reap a harvest.

It is time they were driven from the market place for they have become whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones.

—o—

THE world has gone mad. Ambition, greed, hatred and revenge are engulfing all peoples. Under their deadly ban all nations are warring or preparing for war. Each nation is ambitious to gain more power. Each is greedy for the prospective profits that might arise from an enlarged commerce. Each is hateful and revengeful toward all who interfere with her greed and ambition. And all are entering a titanic struggle to spill each other's blood.

We are preparing to go and do likewise. We are told that our "National honor" is at stake, that international law is being violated, and that our rights that are guaranteed by international law are being infringed.

Honor — Rights — International law! What a travesty!

There is no international law. There was, — but there is no more.

International law has been erased from the books. The pages now glare blankly at us. The old law has been blotted out with blood. The new law is now being made. We may see it on the pages after the war is over. Until then we shall abide by the rule of the hour; and the rule of the hour will be the line of action laid down by the dominant power.

Whatever nation possesses the power, now moves as she will. Who is it that shall say she shall not. If another has sufficient power then she may stand across the pathway and bid nay. But let that nation be sure of her power for without it there will come to her the deliverance of death while the powerful will move on in her course.

The siege gun, the field arsenal, the deadly gases, the air ship, the submarine, the sea wasp, these and other forces are moving. When the war is over their movements will be defined and written in a book. This will then constitute our international law.

Honor!—National honor! What a farce! The honor of the hour is sheer power moved by ambition to conquer, and greed to gain the control of the world's market.

Right! — Our international right! What is our international right? It is the power to sell our commodities to one belligerent for profit while he kills the other.

If our ships of commerce have not that power, then arm them with guns and then we will be RIGHT.

If a man smite you on one cheek, grab a cartridge, snatch a sword, thrust him through and through with a bayonet and you will have quietude.

BUT WILL YOU HAVE PEACE? WILL YOU BE RIGHT?

—o—

WHEN such men as Charles Edward Russell, Ghent, Sinclair and Spargo advocate preparedness, it is time that the Socialist movement call for a postmortem examination to ascertain whether or not the spirit of Socialism is dead.

We cannot doubt the honesty of these men. We have known them too long to question their integrity. How the war spirit could have entered their great souls and put to fligh the spirit of Socialism will always remain a mystery.

Some of the arguments that are advanced are so astounding that one feels that they have entirely forgotten the science and philosophy of Socialism and reverted to the jungles of capitalism from which we all came.

In a recent address one of them said that "the life of this nation depended upon the defeat of the central powers," that if Germany was victorious and the German people thereafter should revolt against German militarism, that the Russian government would lend her armies to the support of the German government against the German people.

Suppose the situation were reversed, would not the German government lend its arms to the Russian government against the Russian people.

If the Irish revolution that was so brutally crushed last year by English arms, had spread throughout the British Isles, would not the Russian government have lent its armies to England to suppress the English, Irish, and Scotch people?

Did not Germany help crush the French Commune? Is not this the history of all governments as now constituted? Is it possible that these men would have us believe that one government differs in character from another?

Have not the brutalities of Germany, France, England, Russia, Spain, Italy, been equally ferocious?

Whatever is necessary to be done by a government to save its life will be, and always has been, done.

All governments arise out of the labor or energy expropriated from the people. This power accumulates in property. The owners of this property gather together and make laws to protect themselves in their privileges. They tax themselves to support their armies to enforce their laws. This is what is known as government.

This is the reason why all governments are alike, equally brutal and equally tyrannical whenever their privileges are in danger.

Far be it from us to support or defend one such government against the other. Fortunate indeed is it that these governments are at each other's throats. The sooner they open each other's jugulars the sooner will the people be free. The only sorrow is that millions of people are dying under this terrible course.

Llano—Community of Ideals

By Job Harriman

THE Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony was established in May, 1914, in Los Angeles County, California.

It was undertaken by a number of Socialists, though it was in no way connected with the Socialist party.

A wide difference of opinion had heretofore existed among Socialists concerning the feasibility of all colonization enterprises, but in the time it has been established this Colony has progressed from a "utopian, chimerical idea" to a concrete practicality—from a dozen dreamers to a thousand determined doers.

The colonists have several thousand acres under cultivation and besides conducting extensive agricultural, horticultural and stock raising departments, they are operating a number of industries and are building a beautiful and permanent city out of materials produced almost entirely by their own labor. They also produce a large portion of the necessities of life.

Some Socialists have insisted that the powers of government must be captured before any far reaching, practical steps could be taken in the economic field, while others were equally confident that co-operative, economic development must be conducted by the workers within the capitalist system.

It will require more than votes to put Socialism into operation. Voting is important, but industrial action is imperative.

Officers may be voted out or in but industrial systems can neither be voted in nor out.

Until a more efficient system is developed, necessity compels that human wants shall be supplied by the existing cumbersome, wasteful industrial system. The new system must be developed within the old. The germ of the new is always within the old. It must germinate and grow and then burst the hull of the old and leave it to decay. The new germ thrives by its own vitality and not because the old hull decayed. The composite elements of the old constitute the new. When the elements of the old begin to disintegrate, new combinations—new institutions begin to take their form as naturally as water results from a combustion of oxygen and hydrogen.

New institutions thus developed, move along new lines, serve new purposes and develop new rules of action. They are replete with energy and vitality and hence supply our necessities better than the old institutions. Their power is limited only by the number they serve. The greater advantages expand the new institutions, while the lesser advantages contract the old, until the old succumb and pass away.

It is our belief that primarily this is an industrial process, secondarily it is political.

Industrial action is vital, initiatory, impelling and radical.

Political action is essentially conservative.

The eyes of the one are toward the future. The eyes of the other are toward the past.

By industrial action institutions are developed, while political action serves to protect the institutions as they are.

The proudest day of any institution is just before a revolution sets in, resulting from tyranny and oppression with its attendant suffering and despair.

The movements are at first reforms, then they become more radical. Later they are revolutionary and finally they develop into a cataclysmic revolution, more or less violent, according to the degree of suffering.

Political action by those who are distressed is important to the degree that it prevents political power, arising out of the old institutions, from interfering with the development of the new institutions.

The vital fact in this process is that the new institutions are developed by the co-operation of the distressed who refuse to bear the burdens imposed by the old. Out of such conditions as these the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony at Llano, California, is arising.

Under the urge of the economic pressure of capitalism there has developed an unnatural and almost inhuman state of mind. This fact makes our problem doubly hard, because it makes it incumbent upon us to produce not only the necessaries of life, but also to produce a new social heart and mind.

> "OUT of the universal conflict of interests waging in the outside world, a condition has arisen in which the physically strong and the intellectually cunning survive. . . The powerful and crafty succeed; the good and humane too frequently go down before them. It is a survival of the unfit. It is this terrible fact that is developing a world wide hatred of the system of getting money and power, and dominating the world by brute force."

This was taken into consideration when the foundations of the Colony were laid. It was this fact that gave rise to our greatest apprehension. We knew that the call of co-operation would not only bring men from the four corners of the earth, but that every one of us would come fresh from a terrible struggle for life; a hand to hand struggle with our fellow-men; a struggle that tends to destroy every humane impulse; that hardens our hearts and embitters our minds, and makes us suspicious of each other.

Yet we knew that this struggle was precisely the thing that would create a desire for co-operation and prepare our hearts and minds for a freer development of a social passion and for a life of mutual help, while at the same time sickening us with the prevailing brutal and iniquitous besiness customs.

It is from such depths that all great humanitarian movements rise. These people are the material from which our future civilization will come, and by whom our institutions are being made.

Out of the universal conflict of interests waging in the outside world, a condition has arisen in which the physically strong and the intellectually cunning survive. The heart plays no part in our affairs. The powerful and crafty succeed; the good and humane too frequently go down before them. It is a survival of the unfit. It is this terrible fact that is developing a world wide hatred of the system of getting money and power and dominating the world by brute force. Take all you can and keep all you take. This is the creed of capitalism that is poisoning the soul of humanity.

Can this be overcome by a group of people located in the very heart of such a system, even as it affects the people in that very group? Can a new order of things be established in such a community out of which will grow a new social spirit? Can the pathway to a higher social life be blazed

through the thorns and thickets and swamps of capitalism?

We are convinced that humanity is neither depraved nor wicked; but rather that the hearts and minds of men would be as sweet and gentle and loving as in babyhood, if the stream of life were not polluted by the vicious methods produced by the universal conflict of interests.

With this firm conviction we provided that in the Llano del Rio community there should be:

First—an equal ownership of all productive property.

Second—an equal income.

Out of these two provisions is arising a community of interest that is far reaching and constructive.

Already there has resulted a complete transformation of industrial affairs at Llano from what exists on the outside. as well as a revolution in the community spirit.

A desire for power and for the approbation of our fellow men is among the strongest impulses of the heart. Under capitalism, the social power of an individual is almost entirely determined by the wealth he takes from the community. This wealth is used as a force with which to determine the social policies and the policies thus determined are used to increase his wealth. The approbation of at least a few, follows close upon the heels of this power. Thus greed and ambition grow apace, while the mind is thrilled with a sense of power, and the heart hardened with brutalities arising from its use.

But in our community, where both the ownership of property and our incomes are equal, no such wealth or economic power can be accumulated. Yet the desire for social power and for the approbation of our fellows still exists. Indeed, this desire is keener in the absence of the dominating aristocracy. Under such conditions, there is but one way by which this desire may be gratified and that is by rendering service to the community and to one's fellows. The character and value of the service rendered determines one's influence and the welcome with which one is recieved. Thus a kindly heart and a social passion are induced and developed.

Whoever wins to great achievement by serving his fellow men wins a peace of heart and depth of joy that are dearer than life to him. From such come the martyrs of the world. It is the highest quality of service, by the keen, the alert and the efficient that wins.

The doors to the schools, to the industries, to culture and hence to efficiency are now and must ever remain open alike to all, for with us all are equally interested and have equal incomes.

Equal interests, equal incomes, and equal opportunities open the way for development of all that is good in man, and lead him to consider the welfare of the community as of primal importance. The incentive for our actions is measured by the joy to be derived from the thing sought.

Whatever builds up our community seems good, for each benefits alike by its growth. Hope, aspiration, affection, friendship, love—these are among the first born characteristics of such a community; these are the elements of growth, of social power and of moral determination; these are the holy ground upon which the backbiter, the liar, the slanderer, the vilifier, the bitter and revengeful dare not tread. Whatever tends to develop personal antipathies develops weakness and inefficiency and is frowned upon by the community, and the greater the antagonism the more determined the community spirit to put it down.

Moreover, the jealousies and social antagonism here are shallow and of short duration. The arrow of jealousy is pointed at the successful. The successful is he who serves, and he who serves wins the public approbation and leaves the jealous heart to sink in its own corruption.

Neither are there in Llano any economic privileges that give rise to class distinction, out of which social differences grow and from which pride and jealousy and arrogance and all that tends to destroy the social ties draw their strength and support.

Whatever tends to unite and strengthen the social relation is looked upon as a blessing.

The desire for happiness is a fundamental heart longing. Music, drama and the dance! How they awaken and thrill every nerve, and inspire the mind and heart to better things. They are the pathway to culture. We hold that all rightful pleasures and amusements lead to culture and refinement and tend to sweeten and purify and unify the social spirit. It is only the abuse of them that hurts and abuse comes only from their being commercialized. No greater crime could be permitted in Llano than the crime of commercializing our amusements. It would rob us of our greatest unifying and healing balm. The amusements belong to the heart by right of inheritance; no man shall say them nay, nor profit by the heart's longing. In Llano these amusements have made great growth and they are as free as the air, and the spirit of our community is sweetened by the feelings and harmonies they inspire.

> "POLITICAL action by those who are distressed is important to the degree that it prevents political power, arising out of the old institutions, from interfering with the development of the new institutions. The vital fact in this progress is that the new institutions are developed by the co-operation of the distressed who refuse to bear the burdens imposed by the old. Out of these conditions the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is arising."

What will be done with the indolent and the lazy? Are we quite sure that there are any really lazy or indolent men? May not so-called indolence and laziness be an appearance only, and not a reality after all? We have found it so. Men appear to be indolent only when they are unhappy in their occupations. Let one be transferred to another field of action in which his heart, mind and body are thrilled by the work at hand and he will bend every energy to his task and his task will be a joy.

We must remember that the well nourished, healthy organism generates more energy than is required for mere existence. This surplus energy will find its escape along the avenues, mental and physical, that bring the greatest happiness. It is for this reason that all healthy men are willing workers if only they can find congenial occupations. These are no longer theories; they are demonstrated daily at Llano.

And the children, what of them? There will never be grass so green that their playful feet may not frolic there. But shall all their lives be play? They must be taught. Then what shall we teach and how shall it be taught?

Shall these little children sit on a bench six hours a day, five day a week and be taught to memorize their books? Shall they continue this for ten or twelve years? What do they know when they are through this course?

Do they not revolt at such treatment? And their little bodies—do they not droop and wilt under the lifeless task?

Why not open the fields and the gardens to them? How

(Continued on page 25)

Art at Llano

By Myrtle Manana

"WHAT is the object of your work, Mrs. Fox?"

I wanted to know why an artist is an artist and what the ideals of an artist at Llano might be. Are artists artists because they happen to get into that line of work or are they blessed with a vision denied the rest of us?

"My object? To get children and others familiar with art and especially with modeling. I want to teach art. Art teaches truth. It is a benefit to young and old. It develops a liking and an appreciation of truth. Modeling and drawing are helps in anything that may be taken up, especially in the mechanical occupations. Art trains the eye, the hand, and the mind. It has a quieting influence, inducing meditation and reflection. To stimulate the observative powers it is unparalleled training. Art instils a love of life and of animals. But above all it develops love for truth, an appreciation of things as they actually exist."

For forty years Mrs. Fox has been a student of art, painting, drawing and modeling. She puts modeling first, with drawing a close second in importance. Llano is fortunate in having as one of its residents an artist of such genuine talent. Moreover, she is a thorough Socialist with a clear understanding of what Socialism really is.

In Europe, studio-schools estimate courses at five to seven years. Securing an art education is not an easy thing, nor is the path an easy one to travel, though it is interesting in the extreme. An art course in Llano can be made complete; how long a time would be required to complete it will of course depend upon the ability of the student. But whether it is completed or not, the time spent in learning art is time used profitably.

The popular conception of art is that it is a more or less useless accomplishment. But just a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Fox will convince the doubter that art is practical, that it is valuable training, and that it has a definite place in industrial training.

The purpose is to have the art studio a part of the industrial school. The work can be taken up by very small children, and the little tots in the Montessori school are even now, some of them, learning to take plastic clay and mould it into more or less faithful likenesses of animals. Their conceptions are crude, of course, yet nevertheless, the training is valuable, and they gain a facility in the use of their fingers that cannot be gained in any other way.

"Which do you consider the highest form of art—painting, drawing or modeling?" This was the second question on my list.

Mrs. Fox studied a moment before answering.

"I consider either drawing or modeling as superior to painting. I do not know that all artists would agree with me, but that is my opinion."

The appreciation of art in America is much less than in Europe, according to Mrs. Fox. Anything with color is preferred, and the little medallions which she makes and colors are always selected by purchasers in preference to the plain white ones. This preference for color was known by ancient Greeks, who artificially colored marble statues. The appreciation of color is probably better developed than that of form.

Persons with little artistic training or perception almost invariably ask, on seeing the beautifully modeled statuary which is on display in the studio, "Oh, did YOU do that?" as though it might be beyond human skill and was of some mysterious origin. Things with which they are most familiar are most admired, whether these be paintings, drawings, or modeled objects.

The process by which a Henry Dubb, or a score of red roses, or busts of persons are made is not clearly understood by many. It seems incredible that anyone could, by mere observation, mould plastic clay into a likeness, with the proportions all correct, yet without mechanical measurements being made.

Several residents have been modeled, some as medallions, others have had busts made. The sitter merely sits, assuming a natural and comfortable attitude, with no particular attempt to be quiet. Posed attitudes are abhorred by Mrs. Fox, She strives to keep her sitters conversing on congenial subjects. She is a true artist and catches even the expression in the clay.

MEDALLIONS OF LLANO CITIZENS are shown on various pages of this issue. Those shown here are regarded as exceptionally good likenesses and would be creditable to any studio or to any artist.

Therefore it is highly essential that it be a natural or characteristic expression.

The wonderful part of it all is that the artist is able to keep right on working after the sitter has left. It is the art of the artist that she is able to retain so vividly in her mind even the expresions, the curves and the form of the face that the finishing touches are actually added an hour or more after the model has left the studio.

When the clay model is finished, which is perhaps in a week

(Continued on Page 28)

Why Paris?

By A. Constance Austin

ALL over the United States there are talented young people to whom the one great object in life is to go to Paris and study art. What is the charm or expectation which lures them all so far abroad?

The first surprise that greets the newcomer in Paris is the extraordinary primitiveness of living conditions in the Latin quarter. In the new sections of Paris modern plumbing, telephones, and certain delicate refinements of living which we lack, are in general use; but the art student must go to old Paris to get the full advantage of the art atmosphere, and in old Paris you carry buckets of water from a hydrant in the court up six flights of stairs, and live on simple fare which would be a starvation allowance in the ordinary American home.

I shall never forget the scorn of a girl from Butte, Montana, whose sister was taken seriously ill in the night, and who was abroad in the streets for three hours, half-dressed, even the cabs refusing to go in the direction that she wanted, before she could reach an American doctor. "Why, in Butte," she said, "I could have touched a button and had a doctor there in ten minutes!" And back to Butte and civilization she went.

The first adjustments to different standards over, the artist temperament revels in perfectly congenial surroundings.

In the Latin quarter one can stop almost anywhere, and absorb "atmosphere," and study quaint detail until some new attraction draws one further. The finger of the Middle Ages lays a touch of beauty on everything. The great artists learned an elaborate code of harmonized irregularity which they inherited from the Greeks, and they from still earlier sources, which was lost for a couple of hundred years only to come to light again quite recently.

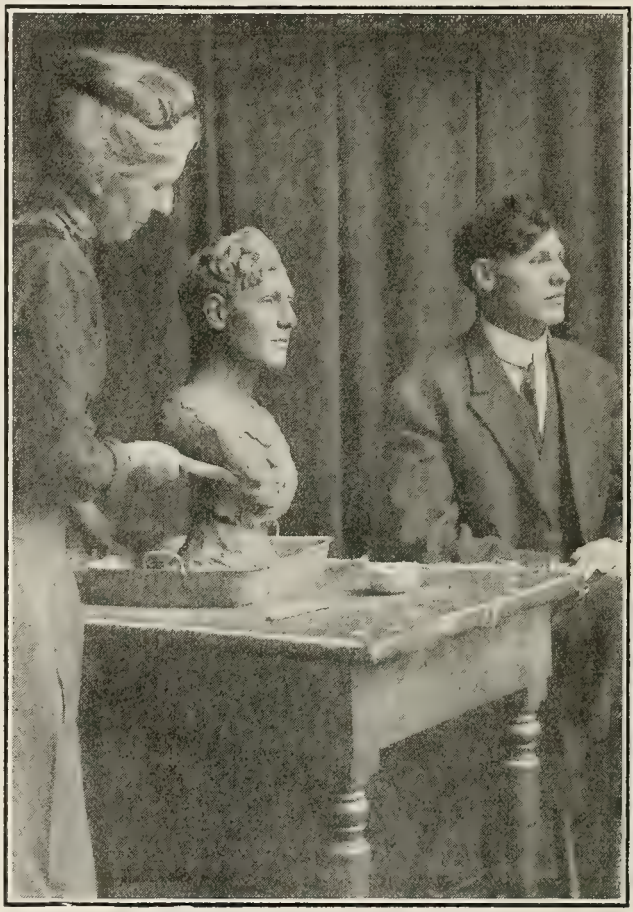
The common people, when they put up ordinary homes and stores, had never heard of any standard of mechanical precision, which came in with the era of machine-made things and men. They let their houses grow, adapting themselves to odd angles, and altering to suit new requirements till each mediaeval building is either intentionally or accidentally a live thing, full of personality and thought.

This environment of harmony at every hour of the day, everywhere, is tremendously stimulating to the beauty sense of the art-starved student, and his vision is quickened even before the real work which he has come so far to get, begins. His first step is probably to join one of the many artists' clubs now established in the "quarter." There again he encounters young people, all congenial in aspiration. Then he enters the studio from which he is to emerge a great genius and climb to heights of dazzling fame. Alas, that talent so seldom recognizes its limitations, and trying to grasp too much, loses everything.

The "quarter" and other refuges for the unsuccessful, is full of students of advanced years who still dream of the masterpiece, instead of using what talent they have constructively.

In the studio another surprise awaits them. The best masters feel that they have a sacred charge in safeguarding the originality of their students. They give almost no personal instruction. They do not want students to copy their methods; they want them to develop methods of their own. They will correct a glaring mistake in drawing and occasionally throw out an illuminating remark, but what they offer is the environment and the opportunity, the studio, the model, the atmosphere. If it is in the student this will bring it out; if it is not there, no rote lessons can help. One great maste Carolus Duran, had just one phrase which he repeated at eac easle: "C'est plus simple que cela" ("It is simpler than that" Indeed, more talents are wrecked on the rock of detail tha on any other obstacle. Like Yankee Doodle, "they cann see the town, there are so many houses."

So this is the one thing that Paris gives a student which I cannot find in the same degree elsewhere—environment; th environment of one of the great treasure houses of the wor (this, it is true, can be found in many other European cities



MRS. FOX MODELING A SUBJECT. This shows the method of modelin The gentleman appears to have a set expression, but this is because h is being snapped by the camera and not because he is holding th position for the sculptress. Though the model is not by any mean complete, the wonderful likeness is easily discernible. This has bee achieved purely by observation, and though it is a source of wondermen to visitors, the artist does not consider it at all extraordinary.

but especially the environment and association with the larges and most talented group of artists in the world.

It is in the trenches now, all this young talent and en thusiasm, such part at least as has not given the last and high est token of its gratitude to the country which had offered the nourishment of its best impulses. It is laying down its lif for Paris, the Paris which so far, has led the world in origina constructive thought; the Paris which dreams—and does That is Art in Being.

The New State Executive

By Walter Thomas Mills

AT a very early day there will be a majority and a minority report of the recent State convention on a new constitution for the Socialists of California submitted to a referendum. In both of these proposed nstitutions there is the same proposal to reconstruct the ate executive. Whichever constitution is adopted, this plan ill be adopted in any event.

For this reason it is especially important that the proposal all be fully understood. This is the plan:

The whole membership of the party is to be classified, ch member according to his occupation, in some one of the llowing groups: farmers, miners, transport workers, manucturing workers, building trades, printing and publishing ades, office, store and service workers, professional workers d housekeepers.

Comrades employed in more than one of the above groups ll determine their own classification, each to be listed once.

On completing the classification any oup having two hundred and fifty or ore members within the state of Calrnia will elect someone of their own mber as a state organizer for their n group, and this state organizer ll by virtue of this election become e of the nine members of the new ate executive.

For any group not having two hunred and fifty members in the whole ate an organizer for that group will elected on the general referendum the whole membership as heretofore. ch a member will hold office only til there shall be a membership in at group of two hundred and fifty or ore, when the group will then, and ereafter, be entitled to the election its own organizer, who will also come its member of the state execue committee, succeeding in office the member previously cted on a general referendum.

Each member of the new executive will be elected by, and ll be subject to the instruction or removal by, the members the industrial or occupational group which he represents soon as any such group shall have two hundred and fifty embers.

The present membership of the party in the state is about enty-five hundred. The number from each group (250) only one-tenth of the total membership. Any group not ving at least two hundred and fifty members in the whole te will be required only to increase its membership in the rty to a number nearly equal to the present general average membership for each group.

In another place in both constitutions the requirement is ade that the local secretaries shall furnish to the state office vised lists reporting name, address, occupation and standing each member once every three months, and the state office l revise its lists and its classifications accordingly. In all erendums the ballots will be posted directly to the individual mbers, and when an election involves any particular group ly, then ballots will be posted to those members belonging the group concerned.

What are the advantages likely to result from such an organization of the state executive?

First: The Socialist party will immediately become absolutely a working class party.

Second: It will become a working class party, not by virtue of any resolutions or platform declarations, but just because its administration will be so controlled that it will become utterly impossible for the party to be anything else.

Third: In the propaganda of the party under the direction of such a committee every industrial group interest in the state would be given proper attention and the political activities of the party become immediately subject to the economic interests of the great industrial groups within which all of the workers are employed.

Fourth: For this reason the Socialist party will immediately become, not the sectarian defender of some economic dogma, but the champion of urgent economic working class interests.

Fifth: This arrangement will promote party organization as could no other, for the reason that representation and influence in the state executive is directly dependent upon membership in the organization. With this plan once adopted the number required for representation, to go into effect at an early date, would probably be made five hundred, and later made one thousand, and at each such increase all of the party members, each acting through those employed in his own industry would make the fight for more members within his own industry and so extend the economic battle by the very process by which he increases the party membership.

Sixth: Under this arrangement no slate could be made up by any group of people under which arrangement they could promote each other's candidacy, and so secure control or keep control of the state executive. Each member of the party will vote for but one candidate, and he will vote for a candidate to represent within the party the economic interests of the industry in which he is himself employed. No nine candidates could possibly combine to secure support for each other, because the comrades who would vote for each would have no other votes to be influenced in behalf of any other candidates.

This plan will make a state organizer out of each member of the state executive. At the very earliest possible date it will seek to employ all these organizers, all of the time, requiring their exclusive service for the party.

It is hoped at a very early day to get nine men and women, each equipped with an automobile and each abundantly qualified for the service, who will be selected and controlled after the above manner, and who will give their whole time to the organization work. If the constitution is adopted, including these special provisions, it is altogether likely that this can be accomplished in a few months.

That will mean that the Socialist party will increase in permanent membership and in real power more rapidly than it has ever done before.

COMRADE Walter Thomas Mills is one of the foremost Socialists in the United States. His work is known in New Zealand, in Australia, in England. As an orator and thinker he is almost without a peer. The Western Comrade is fortunate in having Comrade Mills discuss this clause of the new constitution for its readers. The adoption of the majority report was due in no small measure to the eloquence of Comrade Mills in the Convention.

About Socialism in California

To the Socialists of California, Greeting:

The State Convention has passed into history.

It was the most significant gathering of Socialists ever assembled in this state. It is a mile-stone on our journey towards the co-operative commonwealth; a corner stone as well, for Party building.

It presages an increased membership—a re-vitalized movement. It focuses the eyes of the comrades upon immediate realization and achievement.

It takes us out of the maze of abstract theorizing and summons to definite action.

The spirit manifested throughout the convention was an inspiration. On a number of vital points, well defined differences arose, each of which was thoroughly thrashed out, reducing same to a minimum and in many instances an entire elimination. With but few exceptions, the comrades comported themselves with dignity and poise. The discussion, while at times tense and animated, seldom fell to the plane of personalities. I was proud to be associated with the group—as fine a lot of fellows as you can find anywhere.

The convention decided to initiate a number of measures, such as a "Fair Election Law;" a "Social Insurance Bill" providing for disemployment, sickness, old age pensions, etc; another bill covering the Public Ownership by the state of all public utilities. It also endorsed the Equity Tax league amendment.

One of the significant acts of the convention proposes the re-organization of the party, the election of the State Executive Committee with nine members representing nine Industrial divisions under the following groups: farming, mining, transportation, manufacturing, building trades, printing trades, office and service employees, professional and housekeeping.

It is also provided that all new members joining the party pay an initial payment of $1.00 covering three month's dues in advance and pay 25c for a yearly subscription to the State Bulletin which will be published monthly. Sixty cents of the money thus received from each new member to be applied to a State organization fund.

Biennial Conventions are provided for.

Things never looked brighter, and the future is pregnant with possibilities.

The comrades are closer together than ever before. Our movement, from now on, will go forward by leaps and bounds. Our membership will be enormously increased if, as the convention proposed, we place nine different organizers, each representing an industrial group, in the field organizing, each giving his or her entire time and attention to bringing into the movement workers in his particular line of industry.

The divisions of years will be dissipated and the comrades will line up as one invincible body to do battle with the common enemy, capitalism.

Our call is to the discouraged and disheartened.

Take heart! My comrade!

The Socialist party of California will soon come into its own. Already we have assurance that the National organization will give substantial assistance.

Catch the spirit of enthusiasm and service which each comrade carried home from that convention, and go out into the highways and by-ways and compel the workers to come in. Now is the accepted time.

The comrades of this state may well be proud of the delegates they elected to represent them at the convention. We rubbed elbows—many of the rough corners were knocked off—we know each other better.

With assurances of loyalty and comradeship.

Yours for the final triumph, THOS. W. WILLIAMS,
State-Sec.-Treas.

"MY reason for advocating a new form of organization along more liberal lines is, briefly put, the old form is a proved failure."—CAMERON H. KING.

"As propagandists we have failed and to him who would know the chief reason for that failure, I say read our numerous and elaborate constitutions. I plead guilty. I helped to formulate a majority of them and thought I was doing the one thing needful. But I am not a Democrat—I can learn."
—N. A. RICHARDSON.

"It is my opinion that the recent convention will mark a milestone in the progress of Socialism."
—CHRISTIAN CHRISTENSEN

Some Salient Points

I present herewith some of the salient points in favor of the Majority report passed at the convention.

It represents the position of the great bulk of the delegates who were representative of the entire state. It is not the position of any one man or group but presents the composite position of all members of the majority.

It makes it possible to have more local autonomy on the part of the locals and the general membership. It reduces the power of officials to a minimum.

One of the greatest deterrents in Socialist party activity is the tying up of people having diametrically opposite views along tactical lines and compelling these people to work together. The fact is they have not worked together. They will not work together. The history of the Socialist party in all large centres is one continuous scrap. The majority report provides for the people who view things alike and hold to certain lines of activity, to work together and do constructive service to Socialsm. If one group leans to political action it can take out a charter and gather together all who may hold similar views. These comrades try out their theories without engaging in an endless squabble with those who differ.

The Majority report makes co-operation possible within the party and abolishes the law of the jungle. It will not be possible for a small group of men to get control of the party as the party management will be in the hands of the rank and file.

The old plan has proven a failure all over the United States. Let the disrupted locals in practically very large center in the nation give evidence. Conditions can not be worse than they are unless we disband altogether. We therefore ask the comrades through the state to vote for the majority report and let us try it out. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose except a long record of inefficiency for which we are duly ashamed.

The adoption of the majority report on the constitution will be a red letter day in the history of the Socialist party.

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

"We in the United States have not as yet made our cities dear with the spell of art, with windows into the past, and all the varied riches of the older and more gardened civilizations. Our towns are more like camping out, so that their treasures are rather in neighborly life, and for these things the bubbling subways and skyscrapers of Wallstreetville are no recompense whatever. Do you happen to have a time-table with you?" —Collier's.

NO one ever heard of a European artist coming to New York or Chicago to paint the beauties of business or residence districts, but nothing is commoner than the artist's easle perched in some possibly ill-smelling but irresistibly picturesque corner of a European city. It is true that Joseph Pennell makes wonderful etchings of New York "canyons," but then he also makes wonderful etchings of the inside of machine shops. Rembrandt also could make wonderful pictures of extremely ugly old women. Anyone who knows how to handle light and shade dramatically and has the patience to wait for just the right illumination could make a wonderful picture of a cook stove. However, from the point of view of the artist the American city does not exist.

Now everyone knows that the artist is an unbusinesslike person whose opinion has no possible importance to city fathers. But educators and parents are beginning to regret the elimination of artists from civic life. Parents, of course, want the best there is for their children and this "art" business is getting to be a fashionable fad. The teachers on the other hand have been trying to give the children some elementary notion of what art is by means of an occasional lecture and some prints, and have found their efforts largely futile. Some large cities have adequate museums and picture galleries, and can do serious work, but art in a museum makes small appeal to the untrained mind; it lacks setting.

The fundamental difficulty against which the best educational efforts struggle in vain, is environment. Children's minds absorb and reproduce environment automatically and inevitably, and a little casual instruction in school may help them to say the correct thing, on occasion, but does not effect their mental processes. When they come to choose a picture or build a house they will select something to which they are accustomed. The United States is very vast. There are a few fine pictures here but they are buried in museums and private collections which not one citizen in a hundred thousand ever sees, and that one only for a brief period, and perhaps only once. There are a few, a very few, fine buildings, but even in New York the school children do not spend much of their time playing in front of St. John the Divine, or the City Hall. What they absorb is the stupid vacuity of the resident streets, or the degrading hideousness of the slums. Broadly speaking, the American child is formed by ugly streets, ugly houses, ugly furniture, ugly "pictures," and ugly Sunday supplements, until all idea of beauty becomes foreign to him.

This question of creating an environment is being taken up with much enthusiasm all over the country. Fine architecture cannot be turned out by the mile by factory methods, but much has been done in the way of developing natural beauty, in laying out suburbs on contour lines, and establishing carefully planned parking systems. Very few Americans as yet have learned that it is worth while to put thousands of dollars into a work of art. If the money that some women spend on dress could be diverted into pictures, what a sudden change there would be in the atmosphere of the homes of the wealthy.

In Llano we expect to meet many of these problems. There will be no neglected waste spaces, and no really bad construction will be possible, for no individual can over-rule the will of the community. The elimination of the oppressive features of the struggle for life is attracting artists, who will be in very much the position here that artists held in the creative period of the Middle Ages, when every great nobleman considered it a part of the dignity of his position to surround himself with and support men of genius who added lustre to his court. Llano will be proud to welcome among her citizens those who will fill her homes and public buildings with really first class sculpture and painting. It is now possible for a colonist to get a beautiful portrait bust or medallion, the work of our very talented comrade Mrs. Fox, in exchange for colony credit cheques; so that already any working man can have one or more specimens of real art in his home. Later great pains will be taken to decorate the schools with carefully selected examples of the best old masters.

So here the problem of environment is being met. The unearthly beauty of the setting of our dream city makes a notable impression on the most atrophied

(Continued on Page 28)

The Slaves

A VAST, pervading multitude, they walk
Throughout the earth with weary, solemn tread;
They live—but lo! before my ken there flock
The greater legions of the ages' dead,
Who, passing by in vision, seem to mock
Our lines of battle and our lines of bread.

The slaves of centuries, dispised, reviled—
These spectre millions make their anguished moan
In pleading accents: "We were once beguiled
Like you who live; alas! had we but known
Our latent power, we had lived and smiled
Through virile years, to reap where we had sown.

"Because of ignorance we were oppressed;
We did not reck the heart-destroying price
Our babes must pay for our accursed bequest
Of bondage, poverty, disease and vice,
Or we had risen with a conquering zest
To build for them, instead, a paradise.

"Shall ye, too, leave a heritage of blight
To curse your sons and daughters with your woe?
Nay, seek to learn that ye may give them light
To set their souls with love and truth aglow,
And dissipate forever this dark night,
That they its horrors nevermore may know."

The dream is sped; the great, remorseful throng
Have ceased lamenting, and the voice is still;
The nameless host who drudged through eons long—
Their unmarked graves the dust of every hill—
Exploited, driven low by want and wrong,
Have all succumbed to one swift Reaper's will.

The serfs of ages!—working, fighting, dead!
The earth is tarnished with the scarlet stain
Of martyred toilers—Oh, the stain is red!
Hark! ye who bound men down for sordid gain,
And know that while your victims toiled and bled,
Your souls were branded with the guilt of Cain!

Concerning Babies

By Prudence S. Brown

I AM responding to a call for a contribution to the Women's Department of the Western Comrade, and have decided to begin a series of short talks, the first to be a sort of defense of those wee things that can make no protest beyond a cry.

I shall base my defense upon Dr. Marie Montessori's method and shall quote freely from her writings.

If we understood the needs of babies, there would be very little crying, and it is very encouraging to note that we are coming to ourselves, and are beginning to follow definite rules of child hygiene. This is not because we mothers and grandmothers love our children better than our mothers and grandmothers loved theirs, but because science has finally entered the sacred domain of the nursery, and has established there accurate methods of feeding, dressing, and caring for infants. A hundred generations of mothers ready to lay down their lives in love for their babies did not discover the fatal effect of unscalded milk bottles, and babies were poisoned by the thousands. "The child was wrapped in swaddling clothes to avoid crooked legs, his tongue was clipped that he might some day talk, he wore a cap to keep his ears from standing out, his nose was stroked to make it grow long and slender, and not remain too short and stumpy. Gold ear-rings were forced through his ears to make his sight keener. In the first months, at a time of life when the nerve paths are not yet developed and it is impossible for the child to co-ordinate his movements, mothers would waste several half-hours a day trying to teach the child to walk. They held the baby by his body and used the disordered movements of the little feet to delude themselves into thinking that these were the beginning of walking, and because the child began little by little to put one foot in front of the other, and to gain confidence in the use of his feet, the mothers attributed all his progress to their previous efforts."

These were more than futile attempts at aiding the child's development.

Science first of all uttered the firm conviction that nature herself sees to determining the shape of the head, nose and ears; that man will talk without having his tongue clipped; that the legs will grow straight naturally; also that the function of deambulation is established in nature and cannot be assisted.

These facts are now established and a great responsibility is removed. What a joy to leave all this to good Mother Nature, and to occupy ourselves in the pursuit of ways and means to free the child and then to quietly assist at the miracle of his natural development.

How can we free these little ones? Certainly not by bothering them and jouncing them and rocking them; shaking toys in their faces and keeping the light burning nights, and giving them tastes of things we eat.

The child with his limbs free and in a comfortably warm place should be left much of the time to himself to kick and roll and exercise as nature demands. Better a firm, hard bed, than too soft a mattress, as the little muscles strengthen themselves against this natural resistance. When our little one begins to struggle to creep, place him in a keeper, a little fence, so that he may be safe from falling, yet free to move about. His interest in self-education is being born and his instincts for activity are a sufficient stimulus.

Is there anything so thrilling as the baby's innate efforts? Watch that pretty head stretching upward, his back bowing and curving, his arms and legs stretching, reaching and grasping, his enthusiastic "screeches of joy and exultation as he feels within him each new impulse of power, and then trust Mother Nature to straighten his legs and shape his nose and ears." Ponder all these fascinating antics of a baby in your heart but don't talk incessantly about how cunning he is. And above all, refrain from calling other people to look at each new trick. How intelligent our baby is! He knows what you mean long before he understands your words, and would you keep him sweet and unspoiled you must be seemingly divinely indifferent and most wisely occupied with anything else but him. Let me not seem cold and uninterested in our baby. I am so interested that I could sacrifice the personal luxury of making too much over him in order to give him to himself and his own inner peace and poise.

Dr. Montessori says the method of education that she has worked out "is a defense and a fortification of the inner life of the child" and it will be my pleasure in my next article to give further means of response to this inner effort of the little baby toward educating himself.

The new concepts of science as regards the care of children have been wholly confined to the physical hygiene and care of the child. Dr. Montessori is the first scientist to define the inner life directly. However, we all know that the inner life is very dependent upon the physical condition and we cannot pay too high a tribute to the scientific people who have given us a positive and accurate physical hygiene.

It was a scientist working alone in his laboratory who redeemed childhood from the untrained nurse girl; the rickety cradles; swadling clothes; night caps.

Indeed, science has created an entirely new world for the baby, "intelligent, clean and pleasant," and we see infant mortality diminishing in direct proportion to the diffusion of the rules of child hygiene.

In advising this divine indifference I do not want any one to think that I would not at all times let the child feel my tenderest affection. There is a vast difference between abandoning a child and freeing him.

Dr. Montessori says: "The criterion of liberty is not one of abandoning the child but by leading us from illusion to truth, it points the way to the positive and most efficacious way of caring for children," and I would add, of relieving the mother from the fatigue of catering to the fallacious whims of the child.

Dr. L. Emmet Holt has given us a book on the physical care of the little child that is most invaluable to mothers.

"KING COAL"

THE new book by Upton Sinclair, begins running in the LLANO COLONIST this month. It is the story of the Colorado coalfields, and is told with the dramatic action with which Comrade Sinclair invests his stories of modern industry. Right to run this new book in the Colonist was secured through the good offices of Comrade Sinclair. It is regarded as his best work by many, even superior to "The Jungle."

Learning by Doing—

"MA, I hate school. I wisht vacation would come and last for a thousand years."

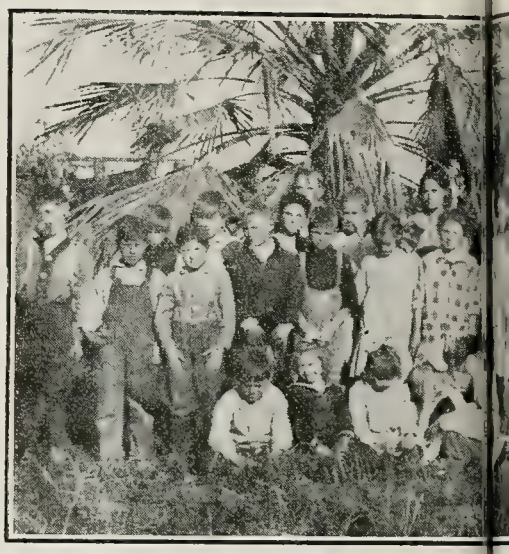
The boy who made that heartfelt remark didn't go to school to learn. He went because he was compelled to go. His fervent desire for a vacation that would be a millenium has been echoed in one form or another by nearly every boy who ever went to grammar school, and undoubtedly by most of the girls.

This particular boy saw no reason why he should go to school day after day, to spend dreary hours in an uncomfortable seat studying meaningless things out of uninteresting books. He detested grammar because it seemed to have no relation to anything in his daily life. The teacher pointed out various mistakes in his spoken English, but as his speech was perfectly intelligible to his playmates, there seemed no valid reason for spending valuable hours poring over a book to learn why he should say "isn't" instead of "ain't" when the latter was much more popular and was thoroughly understood.

Neither did there seem to be any use in learning how to measure lumber, or the number of quarts in a bushel, or about surveyor's measure. He never used them, never saw anyone who did. Therefore school bored him unutterably.

Geography was just another scheme of wasting his time. So was "word'nalsis," and spelling, and history, though there was more interest in history. He wanted to be outside DOING something. He wanted to do things, not merely read how to do them.

It was a long time before "educators" even noticed that the boy who left school



UPPER.—Third a school with Miss A

LEFT.—Outside school boys in thei to Devil's Punch B

RIGHT.—Inside school kids; outside

LOWER.—Display work that won first Fair.

before finishing frequently made the greatest success of life. After they noticed it, they failed to get its meaning. Finally there was the dawn of an idea. It spread. Now educators are beginning to connect up with facts. Disdaining theories and precedents for the time, some of them are pioneering, and have even had the hardihood to suggest that the public school system is WRONG. Wrong in theory, wrong in application, wrong in results.

About a year and a half after the Llano del Rio Colony was formed, the Industrial school began to take form. It was slow at first. There was no equipment, no precedent, inadequate housing, no teachers.

George T. Pickett took a group of boys and suggested that they do something to "show the rest of the Colony." The idea was popular with the boys. They took hold. Some of them soon lost interest, but enough remained to form the "Sierra Madre Colony," or the junior colony.

It has grown steadily. Now it has a house, foundation for a clubhouse, several tents, a barn of stone and wood, and many acres of gardens, besides a good poultry house. The boys cleared most of the land, hauled materials, built buildings. They have horses, and cows, and pigs, goats and sheep and chickens, turkeys and guinea pigs and pets. They have wagons and tools. They have transformed a sage-brush and greasewood waste into some of the most valuable land in the Colony. They have added thousands of dollars to the wealth of the Colony.

But the purpose of the school was not to make money. It was to make citizens,

he Attractive Way

grades, public
Gilliard, teacher.

ter, Industrial
inside, entrance

ter, Industrial
at their school.

fine art needle-
Antelope Valley

Its purpose is not to show that boys can earn their own way, but to show the boys how to DO things. It is to educate. The boys have enjoyed "learning by doing."

When the number of boys who live at the school became so great that it was time to provide new quarters for them, they hauled stone and with the help of Comrades Ferguson and West, built a stone barn with a wooden superstructure. The upper portion is their dormitory. They made the beds. Their workshop is in connection with this building. They hauled poles from the mountains to do part of the timbering. With their own horses and wagons they made trips to the timber, cut the poles, loaded them onto the wagons and brought them down to their school.

They were "learning by doing." It was not the learning of how to cut poles or haul them, but the learning of independence and resourcefulness and confidence.

The boys used to have to haul water or carry it. Horses, cattle and goats were led to water. They decided that a water system would be a great convenience. Pipe was procured, a cistern dug, a filter put in, pipe laid for several hundred feet, faucets installed, and now they have "city water."

At the time this is being written they have sixteen acres of garden planted, seven acres of which is partly up. Beets, parsnips, carrots, onions, lettuce, cabbage, radishes and greens will soon be ready for use.

Sweet potatoes, tomatoes and cauliflower have been planted in their hot beds. They expect to have more than one hundred acres of garden in all this season.

When other work is well caught up, the boys work on the club house. This is a dreams of theirs and some day they will realize it. More urgent things have interfered and it is still only a foundation. But in the wait they have grown fastidious, and now they are hauling sandstone which they are fitting together for a portion of the work.

Even with their inadequate equipment, with their makeshifts, with their lack of almost everything they should have, the boys have made progress. Perhaps their necessity has stimulated their resourcefulness. At any rate, they have done wonders.

But the girls have also learned. Mrs. Pickett has taken them in hand and they have been taught housework. One of the domestic arts acquired by them has been quilt-making.

But with the "learning by doing" has gone grammar school training. Comrades Miss Austin, Mrs. Smith, John Shafer, Bert Staples, Wesley Zornes, with Mr. and Mrs. Pickett, and others at various times, have taken up the teaching. The curriculum has been extensive, including music, botany, agriculture, languages, horticulture, domestic science, arithmetic, grammar, history, geograhphy, writing, spelling, literature, etc.

The underlying principle is to have the children DO things. It has been found that there is no difficulty at all in teaching the use of various arithmetical tables and formulas when the work under way requires its use. Moreover, when learned in this way it is remembered. It has a reason. The study of entymology becomes fascinating when it takes up the life of destructive insects which are making havoc with the garden and deserve extermination. It is remembered, too. When the use of the hammer and saw is acquired by working on a bed which is to be used, the (Continued on page 28)

A Humanitarian Work

By Joe F. Sullivan*

IF I were asked to define "humanitarian," I should say: "To aid our fellowman in securing justice, liberty, love and equality in all things necessary to health, happiness and life; to aid him in becoming our equal physically, morally and educationally; to aid him in attaining a fair success, which essentially depends upon healthy environment, ample opportunity, proper relation to life and a hope for the future—to do this is humanitarian."

And if I were asked to point out an excellent and unworked field where the immediate and effective exercise of a true humanitarian spirit would result in aiding a certain neglected class to achieve and profit by all the above named essentials of humanitarianism, I should certainly point out the big field which, in my opinion, is in more urgent need of immediate attention than any other of like nature—the education of crippled children in trades and professions suited to their mental and physical capabilities, to the extent that they may become self-supporting and independent crippled citizens rather than become miserable and dependent crippled charges.

I have no doubt of the humanitarianism of liberating approximately 300,000 mental and physical slaves who today compose the great and growing class of neglected crippled children of this country, for whom not one single state has seen fit to provide educationally, in spite of the fact that each state constitution plainly and amply provides for their education just as it does for the free education of the normal child, the deaf, dumb and blind, the incorrigible, the orphan, feeble-minded, and foreigner.

The millions of dollars collected annually as school tax and apportioned according to the number of children of school age and intended for the education of the little cripples, are misappropriated by the school authorities of every state who use it to pay for the expense of educating the other classes, instead of using it for the special education of the crippled children for whom it was apportioned on a per capita basis. To use our humanitarian influence to rid the country of this colossal wrong and substitute instead an effective special educational system, including special school building and accommodations, would result in justice for the thousands of cripples.

And as a direct and worthwhile result of that justice, the crippled children, who are now actual mental slaves without even the usual and valuable muscle to rely on for self-support, would secure the long-looked-for liberty, which would mean a new freedom for them in the years before them—an independence that would make them citizens of inestimable value.

Thus the securing of justice and liberty would so brighten and beautify their lives and works that they would love and be loved, hence they would know the meaning of love instead of realizing the awful and degrading effects of empty pity.

*Managing Editor The Van Leuven Browne National Magazine, Detroit.

By our humanitarian help they — these 300,000 crippled children of this generation and the millions of the generations to be—would in this way be placed on a basis of actual equality, educationally, morally, and industrially with the other classes now educated and cared for by the state. Consequently, health, happiness and life worth while would be theirs, instead of the now commonly known mendicancy, pauperism, and helplessness.

Our humanitarian efforts would result in taking the little cripples off the streets and out of the alleys, out of the poverty-stricken homes and the money-swamped mansions, and placing them in specially built hospital-schools, erected and maintained by the state on their pro-rata of the school tax, where their crumpled and crooked limbs would be straightened and their minds and morals would be attended to in the best way known to humanitarian civilization and refinement. Thus they would get the healthy environment.

By giving them an equal chance with the strong to cultivate and develop their minds; by teaching them trades and professions, according to their aptitude and enabling them to go out in life and become producers instead of parasites; by making them realize that it is the dynamic power instead of the brute or physical force with which man has to deal this day, an ample opportunity would be had.

By the intimate association with the strong and with the refined, and with those who look upon them as being human with souls, with hearts, with minds, with ambitions and with possibilities instead of being deformed creatures of inferiority; by being treated as if their country recognized them as citizens rather than burdensome charges and that this recognition was just and right, and free from pity and charity —in this way they would get the proper relation to life.

And after all these had been achieved, after all this justice, this liberty, this love, this equality, this health, happiness and life, this healthy environment, this ample opportunity, this proper relation to life, there would be excellent grounds for their hope for the future.

And the result: Humanitarianism would score a lasting victory in the ultimate success of these thousands of wronged and robbed crippled children who compose the entirely neglected class of human unfortunates of this great country that poses as the "home of the free and the land of the brave."

A Good Covenant

I WILL start anew this morning, with a lighter, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining at my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining when my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart will know no fear.
I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze.
I will try to find contentment in the paths I have to tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.
I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merits, but will strive to prove my own.
I will try to see the beauties spread before me, rain or shine.
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned with mine.

E. S. Kiser, in the "Baltimore Sun."

* * *

"King Solomon and King David lived very naughty lives;
They enjoyed themselves exceedingly, with an awful lot of wives,
But, when old age came creeping on, they experienced inward qualms;
So—Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David wrote the Psalms."

* * *

We count men brave who on land and wave fear not to die—but still,
Still, first on the rolls of the world's great souls are the men who have feared to kill.

The Federal Child Labor Law

By Florence I. Taylor*

CHILD Labor Day was observed again this year (January 28) as a reminder of the fact that the child labor problem is still of such magnitude as to require that a special day in the year be set aside for a nation-wide consideration of it.

The significance of the federal child labor law in the movement for child labor reform can not be over-emphasized, but it is not by any means the end of the fight. The great value of the law lies not so much in the number of children it affects for they are a small proportion of all the children gainfully employed in the country, but in the fact that it makes uniform the laws of the forty-eight states, sets standards for the states to follow in the industries that are not reached by the federal law, and makes possible more effective enforcement because the prosecution of violators will be in the hands of federal courts rather than in the hands of local peace officers, as is the case with state child labor laws.

The scope of the federal law is limited to industries which ship goods in interstate commerce since Congress has no power to regulate industries whose business is done entirely within the state. Children employed in factories, canneries, mines, and other establishments which produce goods for interstate commerce will be protected by the 14-year limit (16 years in mines), 8-hour day, and prohibition of night work, established by the federal law. But children so employed number only about 150,000 children, as against 1,850,000 children who are employed in industries of a local character.

It is these children on whom the emphasis is laid on Child Labor day. The inclination to consider the child labor problem at an end with the passage of the federal law must be changed to a realization that the federal law is merely the tool with which to do the rest.

Why should not the child in the store receive the same protection as the child in the factory? The New York state factory investigating commission found that store work involved as great fatigue and as severe nervous strain as factory work and saw no reason for any discrimination in favor of the stores. While the work in the smaller stores may not require the employee to work at the tension of the large department store, the small store is usually the greater offender in the matter of overwork. A boy in Springfield, Ill., was employed 85 hours every other week in a drug store and the five and ten cent stores are notorious for the long hours of work required of their employees.

The child in the factory works under supervision. The child on the street works for no master and consequently is not considered in need of protection. But is the street a proper place for an unsupervised child? The newsboy who is always regarded as an independent merchant, to be admired for his industry and business acumen, is learning far more of vice than he is of business. It does not take him long to find out that deceit brings in larger returns than honesty so he begs people to "buy his last paper" when he has plenty more hidden around the corner, or he begs for a nickle because he "didn't have no dinner," or he tells the customer who gives him a nickle or dime that he has no change. These methods of making money, and many others, he learns from the older newsboys who are his constant companions. He learns to gamble and pick pockets; he learns to go into saloons with his papers because "de drunks make de best customers"; in fact he learns innumerable bad habits to which the child in the factory is never exposed. Yet little attention has been given to the street traders and only one state in the Union—Kentucky—has a law adequate for their protection. Kentucky has a 14-year limit for all boys in street trades (18 for girls) but there are 28 states which do not regulate street traders at all, and there are 20 states which have standards lower than Kentucky's.

MEDALLION MODELED FROM A PICTURE.
Many of the objects on display have been modeled from prints or photos when suitable originals are not easily obtainable. The deer shown here is an example of this work.

The largest group of children who will not be reached by the federal law are those employed on the farms. There are 1,419,098 of them and 18 per cent of them are working for other than their own parents. The National Child Labor Committee has recently begun an exhaustive investigation of the agricultural child laborers and its findings show that this form of child labor is greatly in need of regulation. The effect the work has on school attendance has so far been the most important of the committee's findings. Even in states where there is a good compulsory education law, no attempt is made to enforce it in the agricultural districts. The idea prevails everywhere that school is subordinate to crops and when the crops need attention the children are taken out of school to attend them. In the sugar-beet districts of Colorado, 5000 children under 16 lose from 2 to 22 weeks of school annually because of their work in the fields. One superintendent wrote to the National Child Labor Committee this fall that not a single child who worked in the beet fields had returned to school by November 20 and that none were expected before the middle of December. Some schools do not open at all for several weeks after the beginning of the school year because there are no children to attend—they are "in the beets." The effect of this lack of schooling is very evident from the per cent of retardation which in every school studied was higher for the beet workers than for the non beet workers; in some cases sixty-eight per cent higher.

Special material on Child Labor in your State will be sent on request to the National Child Labor Committee, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

*Publication Secretary, National Child Labor Committee.

The Mechanics of Music

By L. W. Millsap, Jr.

THE use of such a title will seem a sacrilege to some. Others may shrug their shoulders at the seeming absurdity of using the two words in the above connection. Yet fact is sometimes stranger than fiction and the fact remains that music is the most exquisite complexity of mechanics and mathematics that can be imagined. (I must include mathematics also).

It has been said that the artist is the person who can take the mechanics out of music and while this is seemingly true, he is really the person who has such a deep and intuitive knowledge of these fundamentals that it gives him complete control of all the subtleties of music.

By means of his mastery of them he can sway audiences to feel the deepest and most inexpressible emotions, or lash them to the highest passions.

When I say mechanics of music I do not wish to be misunderstood as describing the mechanical players of various sorts with which we are all familiar. Some of them are mechanical marvels, but musically they still fall far short of the ideal.

In the last analysis, music is simply matter in motion, and as such it must follow absolutely and invariably the immutable laws of mechanics.

It might also be said that in the last analysis life itself is matter in motion, and it can be claimed that music may be a manifestation of life, but at least we know that there is a very subtle connection between music and life itself. Its effect on the vital forces of our natures is marvelous and this effect is being studied and utilized of late years with wonderful results.

Ask yourself what music is, and you will find the simplest answer to be: Tone set to rythm. What is a tone? A sound whose phenomena has a regularity and definite manner of occurrence. What is a sound? A vibratory condition of the atmosphere or a condition in which the particles move back and forth at such a rate that it affects the ear. There we have it at last. Matter in motion, and the tones are pleasing only when the motion is harmonic.

Now harmonic motion is motion which follows the most exact mathematical and mechanical requirements.

A body to be in harmonic motion must move in a certain specific way, whether it is a particle of atmosphere moving at a high rate of motion, or the piston of a huge engine moving at a much slower pace and driving the machinery of modern industry. It must start from rest, increase its speed at a definite rate until maximum is reached, then diminish its speed at a certain definite rate until it comes to rest. Then it must reverse its direction, and go through the same cycle of increase and decrease, and it must keep this up without the slightest variation. This the particle of atmosphere must do when tone is produced.

Viewed in this light, one simple, single tone becomes a complex study of mechanical and mathematical laws, and it is only a beginning. We have only considered one tone.

Each change in the number of vibrations per second of the atmosphere produces a separate and distinct new tone even if the change is only a fraction of a vibration per second. So between the extremes which we can recognize there is an almost unlimited number of separate tones.

Custom has determined the rule of using only twelve of these tones, and this doubles to produce all of our music with, and mathematics again determines our choice of these twelve. These twelve we call the chromatic scale. Out of these twelve we again select eight related tones which we call a major scale. We can make other selections of eight related differently, which we call minor scales. It is the relation of their vibration rates that is important.

For instance, the first tone of the major scale can have any vibration rate that we wish to choose out of thousands, but when we choose the second one, it is mathematics that rigidly determines our choice of the second tone that must vibrate nine times while the first one vibrates eight times. The third one must vibrate five times, while the first vibrates four. The fourth must vibrate four times while the first vibrates three. The fifth tone must vibrate three times while the first vibrates two. The sixth must vibrate five times while the first vibrates three. The seventh must vibrate fifteen times while the first vibrates eight. The eighth tone or octave is simply a double of the first; that is, it vibrates twice while the first vibrates once.

Is that not a most bewildering array of mathematics? Now comes a new difficulty. It is highly important that we be able to use each tone of our chromatic twelve as the first tone, or second or third tone, or any other member of the major or minor scales, and as figures are exasperatingly honest we can not do it without using more tones than twelve. This number we could not handle with ten fingers or one voice, so we must lie to our ears a little bit and train them to accept the prevarication without too much fuss.

As figures won't lie, the liars must figure, so we proceed to find out how much each of these vibration rates must be changed to enable our tones to do duty in seven different capacities without offending one's ears.

Mathematics without limit!

Still we have not solved the problem. We have only built a scale. Two tones can be produced simultaneously, and a new field opens up.

If one tone is the particles of atmosphere swinging back and forth in harmonic motion at a certain specific number of swings per second, then it is very apparent that when two tones are produced at the same time at the same place, these same particles of atmosphere are caused to respond to two different vibration rates at the same time. You say impossible, but that is exactly what happens. While our particles are swinging back and forth at the rate of 100 times a second, they are given another motion of say 600 vibrations or swings per second, and a resultant motion is produced just the same as if a man were walking back and forth on a wagon, while the wagon was also moving back and forth between two points. But we can and do have our particles responding to even ten, twenty, or a hundred different vibration rates at once, and then the resultant motion becomes so complex and bewildering that it gets beyond our comprehension. However, if the tones that produce it are related by the right mathematical ratios our ear recognizes the sound as a beautiful chord.

Even with an abundance of both beautiful tones and chords,

(Continued on page 25)

Man's Social Awakening

IT is said that the love of nature is a very modern invention. To the ancients nature represented an incalculable power constantly acting to their disadvantage, and was an object of fear. Not only were lightning and thunder, volcanoes and earthquakes terrible phenomena and beyond all understanding, but storms, floods and drought came from nowhere, as the result of no know laws; the wily politicians of the period trained the people to propitiate such manifestations by sacrifices to futile imaginings in wood and stone.

There are no representations of landscapes in ancient art, and no descriptions of nature in ancient poetry. The first conception of the beauty and charm of nature seems to have been expressed in the bucolic verse of the latter part of the Latin classic period. Even then it was only landscapes softened and enriched by the hand of man that appealed to the nascent sense of the aesthetic value of nature.

With the great art movement of the Middle Ages there appeared first touches of a symbolic landscape used purely as a background for the real picture, a group of figures of holy character. It was not until the end of the grand period that Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine came out with pictures which were frankly concerned with nature for nature's sake.

The important part of this long delayed appreciation of the beauty which lies all about us, is the fact that it was synchronous with the growth of science, the codifying of the laws of nature, and the control which man was gradually acquiring over his environment. He was no longer a shuttlecock in the hands of immeasurable forces. He had learned to protect himself, and to a certain extent his crops, against storms and drought. He calculated tides and eclipses, and was learning even to study and describe the "stars in their courses." Nature was no longer a blind mystery to be worshipped face to the ground, but a force to estimate, contend with, and conquer.

Modeled Figure of a Child, a Product of the Llano Art Studio.

With understanding came a different worship, a worship of the beauty and majesty of the erstwhile menacing terror; admiration even of its fiercest forms, of wilderness, abyss and tempest. When law was discovered in nature, man found a firm footing in his environment and learned to control both his environment and his imagination. Confidence came with control, and with the understanding of the laws of the universe, in place of fear, came trust.

Man has lived not only in terror of his environment but man has in all ages been a terror to man. Force has reigned supreme in the conflict of tribe against tribe, nation against nation, and race against race. Many visions have come to individuals of a higher law behind the elementary physical law of self-interest. Animals and even insects have recognized the duty of self-immolation for the preservation of the species. But man alone has sacrificed to the idea, has dreamed dreams, and seen visions, and poured out his life as a triumphant libation to Hope. True, science in its early stages seemed to cut under the foundations of Hope, and outstare vision with fierce reality, but this was but a phase, the crude workings of half developed learning. Now as science accumulates demonstration, and expands illumination, it sees truths that reach beyond the visions of the mystic into the knowledge of Law that harmonizes all the great half-apperceived forces with which the mind of man has grappled through aeons of evolution. Science demonstrates the law of mutual help collaborating with and balancing the physical law of the struggle for life.

The struggle for life in its wider application means the struggle for an existence in which man can develop his highest aspirations unhampered either by nature's violence or by the violence of his own kind. The furious resentment with which the whole civilized world revolts against the attempt of a reactionary group to force the outgrown reign of physical violence to the fore in an age that was beginning to establish itself on a higher plane, is the measure of the degree in which the vision of a new standard had established itself in the minds and hearts of men.

Man was beginning to trust man. Probably the strongest instinct in the human heart is this craving for moral as well as physical security. Between individuals man is constantly seeking the companion he can trust. Politically and financially he is seeking the executive he can trust. He has established the reign of law as regards property and hedged it about with a protective wall deeply founded on a trained public conscience. This would have seemed a wild improbability a few hundred years ago.

He was getting hold of the fact that property was but a side issue, an unimportant feature among the real values of life. Having accumulated immense reserves of wealth, a sense of social responsibility was just dawning on the horizon of the political and financial forces of society; the working classes always have had at least a rudimentary sense of brotherhood. Strange what a long slow process it has been to reach the simple and necessary result, "to thine own self be true; thou canst not then be false to any man." How does it come that the newspapers were recording with surprise the advent of the "new social conscience," when this tidal wave from some subterranean refuge of the age of violence, submerged the whole fabric of advancing civilization?

When the wave subsides the foundations of the building will have to be erected anew. The confidence of man in man has had a rude blow. The reaction towards violence is sending currents through many hidden and open channels. And yet the recognition of the law of mutual help and mutual confidence has been demonstrated to the minds and consciences of men, not as a vision or a hope, but with all the force that

(Continued on page 25)

Met's First Assignment

By Frank L. Wright

IT was on the night of the thirtieth of October, or rather two o'clock in the morning of the thirty-first, and clear as the proverbial bell, and lighted by a brilliant moon just beginning to wane. The town of Tressler lay sleeping under its flood of light and the only place that showed signs of life was the second floor of the Argus building, where Demetrius Jones had just finished making up packages of the "Tressler Argus" for delivery to the surrounding villages. The papers had been wrapped in bundles of the requisite number, marked with the name of the place and of the man who would distribute them, and slid down a chute for fifty feet or so into an express wagon, the driver of which met the two early morning trains, the two-ten southbound, and the two-twenty-five going west, and sent them to their respective destinations.

The last package had coasted merrily down the glassy chute, and bumped into the waiting wagon. The driver had sung out, "Well, is that all?" and on receiving an affirmative reply had told the old horse "Giddap," and rattled off down the street. Demetrius was tired and peeved. The long night's work around the newspaper office had left him weary, for he was Jack-at-all-trades in the printing plant, and the duties devolving upon him were legion. He was sore because of a certain Hallowe'en party the night before, which he had been unable to attend on account of those same duties and where the only girl in town had worn a fancy costume, and bobbed for apples with the other young fellows, and all to his detriment. He had a mighty good notion to quit the old job and find something more agreeable, where he could work during the daytime, and see a little more of that girl. These were some of his thoughts as he sat wearily down on an old stool and leaned back precariously against the head of the chute to rest a moment before locking up and going home. He was the last man on the job, except, perhaps, old Gribble, the "City Editor," who kept all sorts of hours. Met liked the old fellow for all of his crabbed ways, and was not surprised in the least when Gribble himself suddenly hurried into the mailing room and called out, "I thought you would still be here. I want you to go out to the old Crawford place down the river road right away. The old lady has been found murdered in her bed, and they have just phoned it in. No one else is here, and you ought to be a pretty good reporter by this time. Go around to Doyle's, get a team and hurry out there."

Old Gribble's order put Met in a little better humor, for he had long had a yearning for real newspaper work, and this was his first assignment. He got up from his chair, went out on the back stair landing, reached in and snapped out the lights, made sure the spring lock caught, as he had always done, and hurried down the stairs, buttoning his overcoat as he descended to the street level. Trotting around the corner to Doyle's livery stable he woke up old Mike Hennessey, the general utility man of the establishment and helped him hitch the big gray mare to a light cart, the only vehicle available. In a few minutes, Met, in a borrowed pair of gloves, was urging old Liz down the street toward the river road in a swinging trot.

It was only thre miles to the Crawford place, the turnpike was ideal, and Met was enjoying himself hugely, when just past the Johnson place a shrill, unearthly scream rent the air, and a white-robed thing with long trailing garments sprang into the road from behind a bunch of elderberry bushes, and glided along beside the cart.

Met grabbed the whip and struck the mare wildly, when the apparition screamed again—a diabolical, staccoto yell, with an undercurrent of ghoulish laughter that actually tickled Met's risibles, scared though he was. Then it reached out, caught the wheel on that side of the cart, and threw it clear of the fence by the roadside. Met could actually hear the wood breaking as it was torn off, though no jar was perceptible, nor did that side of the vehicle fall, but kept its proper height above the road. With another scream and a cadenza of inhuman glee the visitant passed to the other side of the road and operated in the same manner on the other wheel, but the body of the cart, still attached to the flying mare, carried Met along the road without changing its relative position. Hysterically Met kept his seat, lashing old Liz with the whip in a vain endeavor to out-run the ghost or whatever it was that pursued him.

With a new series of hideous screams and a satanic giggle, it reached down from behind, somewhere, and catching the cart by the axle jerked it bodily from under the boy and threw it into the brush. He, however, still maintained his position behind old Liz, and still held to the reins and whip, the which he still plied vigorously. The mare's best efforts proved in vain, for the shape, with a wild paen of ghoulish triumph, seemed to grab her by all four legs at once, and threw her sailing over the fence into a pasture beside the turnpike. Met still kept his position, holding the lines tightly and still wielding the whip, nor did he slacken speed in the least, but to the accompaniment of what seemed a chorus of all the wierd noises he had ever heard, he drove in through the gate toward the old Crawford house, which loomed up directly in front of him. Desperately he pulled first one line and then the other in order to miss the house, but without the slightest effect, for BANG! he struck on the sidewalk where but a moment before the express wagon had stood receiving papers for the morning trains.

Rather dazed, but not much hurt, he stiffly arose and climbed up the back stairway, reached in the door and snapped out the lights, made sure the spring lock caught and trod down

(Continued on Page 28)

Unite, Ye Hosts!

By Marguerite Head

AWAKE! Awake! O mighty throng,
And fill this sad old earth with song!
The wealth of air and sea and land
Will yield itself to your demand;
Fulfil Creation's vast design
And make the world a place divine!
God's country come on earth will be
The commonwealth where men are free.
Too long the brunt of toil ye've borne;
Too long of earth's delights been shorn;
Too long ye've cringed to king and peer—
Too long have lived the slaves of fear.
Arise! Arise! and stand as one,
And ye shall be oppressed by none;
Go forth and win a bloodless fight!
Up! Up! Ye scattered hosts, unite!

The Dream

By D. C. Travis

IT was a summer day. The balm of June
Was in the air. A gentle breeze
Like the blessed breath of Ceres waved the corn.
The poppies swayed and flashed their myriad hues.
The uncut wheat rolled gently, in golden billows
Like a summer sea; and as I passed
I plucked the poppies and, twixt their fragrance and
The thrush's song, I fancied earth was Eden.
I gained the brow of a low inviting hill
That overlooked the fields, and there lay down,
My head on my arm, and with the poppies
O'er my face to shield me from the sun
I breathed the sweet seductive smell, the while
Reflecting on the dreary page of man.
My thoughts ran back to savagery's dismal vale,
To gloomy ages ere the arts were born
When crudest tools, in rudest hands, matched man
'Gainst nature—how then he fought, and wrought, and lived.
I thought me then of present days (when, so
It seemed to me) the elements as slaves to man
Like valiant armies wait upon his will,
And march, and counter march, at his command.

The sunlight filtering through the poppies' bloom
And falling on my half-closed eyes, entranced
And mingled shades and shapes in witchery
Like magic, seemed to paint a pageant dream.
It seemed that I had slept a hundred years,
Awoke and gazed upon another world.
The ruthless unconserving hand of Greed
Had stripped the globe of natural forest growth
But Art—reflecting through the Social Soul—
Had clothed again the hills with forestry.
The coal, whose vast deposits seemed to be
Exhaustless as the air, had vanished quite.
No farm house graced the plain, and everywhere
The fields were garmented with strangest plants.

A smokeless, noiseless city now I saw,
Whose architecture had a charm like music,
A melody congealed, and fixed, in waveless ecstacy
Where every bar and note blent in such poise
That the city was itself a harmony
Whose music could be seen. Thoroughfares,
Whose wide and winding pavements stretched away
Past witching landscapes flanked with statuary,
Groups where Ceres, Clio, and Apollo,
Each with emblems of their constitutions
To Art and Science, lent a classic charm.
Here, Ceres with her sheaf and sickle,
There, Clio with her pen and parchment
And yonder sat Apollo with his harp.

A noble pile that symbolized some theme, I knew not
Claimed attention. It rose so high
The white and fleecy clouds enrobed its shoulders,
A base of bronze, whose panels in relief
Held countless symbols, where every science, art
And industry were grouped; the figure that rose skyward
Crowned with stars, was white as Parian marble.
No cannon flanked the base; the figure
Held no sword. The pose was not heroic.
What can this be? I thought. 'Tis not a warrior,
Nor politician in mock statesmanship.
I wondered much, and wished I might enquire
What it meant. "Come," said a still small voice,
And ere I was aware, a Geni touched my hand,
And said, "Come forth." He waved his hand
And floating gently up, bore me aloft,
The ground receding fast soon seemed far off
And lay beneath my eyes like a dim gray plain.

"You cannot see," he said. He touched my eyes
And the vision that I saw filled me with joy.
The world was strangely peaceful; no strife of war,
No fortress marred the hills; no armies marched;
And on the seas wide range no navies rode;
Gaunt Famine with her bony hand I saw not;
But everywhere was peace and song and plenty.
The smoky, noisy mill of old was gone
And in its place arose, proportioned fair
A splendid structure, clean, light, well ordered;
No gloomy smokestack poured its vomit forth;
The cities lay in clear and smiling sunlight;
And far the billowy grain fields stretched away
And yonder spread an orchard o'er hill and vale,
In graceful undulations until its compass
Was wide extended like an inland sea.
There, great mills where potash rocks were crushed,
Which, spread upon the soil renewed its youth.
The kelp beds, peaceful navies gathered up
And gave the fields. Soil chemistry
Was now the happy handmaid of the plant.

I looked to see whence came the energy,
That turned the mighty mills, and drove the car;
That sped the swarms of ships and plowed the fields;
Old Neptune labored valiantly for the race.
The solar rays that gently kissed the earth
Caressing fondly as they blessed, were harnessed,
The world's work done by waves and rays of light.
The old laborious methods gone forever.
These ocean waves—these solar rays
Have beat upon the earth since time began
And through the ages man has spurned their offering.

But now their ceaseless energy that rolled
A trillion tons of might for every breath
Was by the alchemy of cunning
Made to banish night; to light the hearth,
And e'en to stimulate the growth of plants.
What man of might achieved all this I asked?
"No man, my child, but men," the Geni said.
" 'Tis the cumulative efforts of an age."
"What is yon lofty pile with starry crest
Kissed by the sun above the drifting clouds?"
And the Geni's voice echoing from the far sky said,
"That is a pile erected to utility."

Influences of Environment

By Dr. John Dequer

IT has been said that "thoughts are things." It would be more proper to say that thoughts are the result of things. The human brain may well be likened to a photographic plate receiving impressions through the organs of the five or perhaps six senses. The aggregate of impressions made upon the brain by our environment constitutes the sum total of our knowledge. The function of the brain is to co-ordinate these impressions and to react to them for the preservation of the organism. The organism that fails to react properly to environmental stimuli is lost. The brain must receive the needed impressions and the organism must perform the proper reaction or life is impossible.

Suggestion

The stimuli received by the brain causing it to send motor impulses in co-ordinated series to the organism may be called suggestion. Suggestion is not necessarily the spoken word of one person to another, which causes the latter to react, but may be the result of any thought-provoking scene, sound, sense, taste or smell.

The Windows of the Soul

Let us discuss the suggestions received through the organs of sight. It is through the medium of the eye that the greater part of our knowledge is obtained. Perhaps that is why the eyes have been called the "windows of the soul." Yet any occulist will tell you that the eyes do not always report things as they really are. We shall, however, not go into the physics of vision, nor discuss too minutely its mechanism.

The visible worlds refracts and reflects light. This light strikes the retina of the eye, stimulates the optic nerve and carries the image to the optic ganglia deep in the brain. From there it is transmuted into consciousness and causes nervous reaction according to the way and the degree that the scene has impressed the beholder.

The result of a visual impression or suggestion differs greatly with different individuals. What impresses A profoundly may have but little effect on B. To illustrate:

An artist, accompanied by a friend, went out to the sea shore to watch the waves dash against the rocks. It was a drizzly, wet afternoon and the wind from the sea was unpleasantly cold, but the artist seemed not to notice either. He was enraptured by the majesty and power of the waves. It seemed to him as though he could feel the elemental forces of nature surge through his being. He realized that no matter how perfect his art, he could not hope even to approach the majesty of reality. While the artist was thus in ecstacy, his companion entreated him to come away, as they might be late for dinner. To the one the sight of the ocean meant veneration and worship; to the other it was just so much slopping water. Their mind types differed. What stirred one had no effect on the other. If the artist were dyspeptic, the sight of roast beef, which perhaps caused his companion to rejoice, might have awakened in him only sadness and envy.

Here then, are two things to be considered. What we see affects us, first, according to our mind type. That is, according to the particular psycho-motor centers affected; and next the physcho-motor centers affected may depend upon our physical condition at the time we look upon the scene.

When fully rested our minds are more alert than when we feel worn and tired. In health we are keener than in sickness, also more observant. In youth we are more impressionable than in age. The functions of the brain are governed, to a great extent, by our physical condition. Our physical condition is, in turn, governed by our physical environment. It is rare to find a healthy and vigorous brain in a worn or emaciated body.

Not only does the sight of things impress us emotionally but physically as well. I have personally witnessed an incident where the sight of fly-blown meat acted as an emetic upon two members of a party of surveyors and prostrated four others of the party with nausea, while the others were unaffected.

Our Social Duty to the Eye

We may consider it a rule that wholesome sights make for wholesome thought, to the degree that our visual impressions make up our mental life. We should, therefore, endeavor, not to keep man from seeing the ugly but rather to so beautify our environment that the ugly shall not exist. In this the Llano community is blessed by Nature. The scenery is varied enough to impress many types of mind. There is softness and delicacy of color, vastness and grandeur of geologic formation, scope and distance of vision and, while as yet we have some ugliness and deformity of capitalism still with us, it is our plan to remove it as fast as possible. We hope to see the work of man and the work of Nature blend into one harmonious whole, for as the sight of the unpleasantness makes for sickness and mental depression, so the sight of beauty will make for inspiration and health.

The Ear

If what we see has an influence for weal or woe upon our mental and physical organism, what we hear is surely next in importance. The ear conveys impressions to our consciousness in a way not very different from the eye. Again when A desires to impress B verbally, he uses the air, draws it into his lungs and then sends it forth by way of the trachea to his vocal chords. The vocal chords are through the nervous organism under control of A's brain. Thus the air is set into a definite series of vibrations, which enters the ears of B and are carried by the auditory nerve to his consciousness as words. Words are to the consciousness the symbols of things. Things are capable of affecting the organism according to their powers of action. Hence to tell of them may excite the nervous organism of the body.

Blushing is an instance in point. A's simple allusion to a perhaps harmless act or condition, will cause the vaso-motor nerves to act, and the blood vessels of the skin to dilate, causing the red glow in the skin. If the spoken word angers, the action may extend to heart and lungs. Some writers maintain that during a fit of anger the coagulability of the blood is heightened. Other physiological effects have been recorded as the result of angry excitement.

The Social Effect of Careless Speech

While a few words may unduly excite an individual, the constant repetition will finally effect an entire community for good or evil according to the effect by the spoken word. As

(Continued on Page 29)

Llano—Community of Ideals (Continued from page nine)

they laugh and play as they open the irrigation waterways and watch the water as it trickles down along the rows of plants and flowers. They ask a thousand questions. "Why can't we turn on more water?" "Why is it better for the water to run slowly?" "What makes the ground wet so far from the ditch?" "What do you mean by percolation?" "How does the water percolate?" Ah, he does not know that he is learning the science of irrigation.

Can he not be taught to play while he is gathering the melons and tomatoes and berries? Will he not want to know how many he has gathered? It is easy to impress the mind with what it wants to know. And behold the infant mind begins to comprehend numbers. Will he not ask about the insects that infest the plants? What a field of knowledge opens before him there. Object lessons everywhere is the Llano way, and the children learn by doing what to them is play.

If the desire to know can be kept uppermost, the mind will drink in and assimilate knowledge as naturally and as beneficially as the body takes its food. Under such treatment the mind will grow as does the body and the judgment will develop by means of the mental activity just as the muscles develop by physical exertion.

Our method is to afford the child something to do. To see that he does what he enjoys most. We do not let his labor become laborious. When he is tired of the garden we show him something in the field. Then we let him work with the horses, or hogs, or cattle, or angoras or chickens. We always teach him to do the thing in which he is interested. When we teach a child a new thought we at the same time teach him how to do something vitally connected with that thought. The mind grows by what is done and not by what is merely memorized. The secret of life lies in the power to execute. All great, intellectual, heart and soul development takes its root in, and grows out of, execution. Llano children learn by doing.

I would give the world to feel the rythm that inspired the soul of Beethoven, or inspired the creative vision of Angelo. The moments thrill would be worth a life; yet without the power and training to execute, neither the rythm nor the vision would ever have stirred their souls.

Execute! Act! This is nature's mandate. Whomsoever will not neither shall he taste the real fruits of life.

The Mechanics of Music (Continued from page twenty)

we still have no music, for we have yet to set them to rythm, and cause them to suggest periodic motion before they make their strongest appeal to us.

Tones themselves, as explained above, are rapid motions of particles of atmosphere, but the affect only our ear in the form of sound and do not appeal to our sense of motion until we produce them and discontinue them in accordance with intervals of time. These intervals must be such that we can indicate them with real motions of our bodies or simply follow them in our minds with periodic regularity.

Just why tones must also suggest periodic motion to cause the effects of music is difficult to explain, unless the reason lies in the fact that all life, and in fact all nature seems to be made up of periodic motion.

All the heavenly bodies as far as the eye or telescope can reach are ceaselessly swinging round in elliptical paths; going to an extreme, and returning again and again.

Our earth tips its axis back and forth. The seasons come and go with periodic regularity. The tides rise and fall. Day follows night, an so on. These things are part of nature, and so are we. Our life may in some way be the result of these things, or as the ancients believed, it may be influenced by them. And modern science has not yet disproved this. Anyhow, our own lives depend on this same periodic motion. All the vital functions are periodic. Our chest rises and falls with the breath of life. Our heart beats unceasingly, with periodic motion, and other functions follow the same rule. In all matter the molecules move to and for. The atoms composing the molecules likewise. The electrons and ions do the same, and where is the end?

Is it not strikingly natural then, that the sensation caused by periodic and harmonic motion of tones should be pleasing to us, and does it not follow that when we cause them to also suggest periodic motions of our bodies that the appeal and the stimulation and the effect on life itself is doubly strong?

Shakespeare rightly said:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds
> Is fit for treason, strategems, and spoils."

Another familiar quotation states the truth as follows:

> "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

and all because it follows so exquisitely the basic laws of the universe, mechanics and mathematics. Thus are the laws of of mechanics and mathematics glorified when functioning in music, and when we meet them in sterner capacities we can feel more kindly toward them.

Man's Social Awakening (Continued from page twenty-one)

lies behind the great mass of historic evidence scientifically sifted and collated. Man can only come into his own and manifest his powers and possibilities in an enviroment of peace and confidence. If his understanding and his relating himself and his activities to nature's law, brought him power and greatly increased perceptions, so his understanding and consciousness of the countless inter-relations with and responsibilities towards his fellowman, are the condition of his next step towards a higher plane of existence. Every act of violence or arbitrary power, every violation of implied or accepted stewardship, is a reaction towards a bygone barbaric age. The acceptance of the standard of social responsibility, of social service, is the rock on which the new society must rest its edifice. In his relations to his fellowman, as well as in his relations with nature, fear and suspicion must be superceded by a practical working knowledge of the law of mutual aid, by co-operative living, deeply grounded in confidence and trust.

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in February Magazines

WORLD'S WORK

How Much Fresh Air Can a Man Stand?—Modern medical science is editing the medical facts which we have been carefully trained to believe, just as other sciences are putting a superstructure on the "truth" of the last generation. The fresh air fad and deep breathing depend on the fallacy that the lungs can be made to do more than a certain amount of work. Deep breathing helps circulation but there is always oxygen enough in any room and if the air is kept in motion and kept cool the lungs will get the benefit of it. The skin is more affected by bad air than the lungs. The man who walks home from work with his head up and taking full breaths of air, is getting real results, exercise, stimulation to the skin, better circulation, benefits that go with a good carriage of the body, and a generally brighter outlook on existence.—C. P. Cushing.

The Last Word in Pork.—Chairman Clark, of Florida, has the same ambition as the Emperor Augustus, who "found Rome brick and left it marble." Mr. Clark advocates erecting marble monuments not as post offices or court houses but as temples dedicated to the "betterment of our citizenship." It is obvious that it is just as important that villagers should be good citizens as dwellers in a Metropolis. Hence a $150,000 court house in a town of 6000 inhabitants. That certain court houses are only used four days in the year is another unimportant detail. Senator Tillman has been converted by the reformers. "I am taking a farewell, as it were, and this is my valedictory on the stealing business. I should be ashamed to go home to South Carolina and tell my people that I had voted $300,000 for South Carolina."—Burton J. Hendrick.

THE MASSES

England After the War.—Mr. George, in the English Review, says in effect: "Very few suffragists have sufficient taste for economics to organize women workers into unions. . . No new women's unions have been created during the war. In the past they failed because they were unskilled. Now they have served an apprenticeship for the skilled trades and they will keep the ground they have won." No workers, men or women, have been able to organize against unemployment, but if the women are preferred to men after the war they will organize, for they will have for the first time a basis for organization. The problems of demobilization present a wonderful opportunity for creating state socialism out of hand. Will the present English Premier miss a chance so to his liking?—H. M.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Letter From an American Comrade Abroad.—We have answered a cosmic summons and responsibility, with a collective poltroonery of action, a shamelessness of apology, which has made Socialism a thing of disgust forever. "We who were not Socialists always hoped that Socialism would at least save us from war. Only it turned out that there were no Socialists." The old movement can never rehabilitate itself, but something will spring up in each country, perhaps not even taking the name of Social Democracy, but taking and enlarging its facts and principles. It will not be clearly a struggle between classes. Our various theories will become obsolete. Political government will be transmuted into economic administration. Many voluntary economic groups will spring up, and employers out of self-defense will share the profits and administration with the workers.

THE ATLANTIC

The Second Coming of Art.—We have seen art break down in shameful degeneration until it disappeared in the murk of silly substitutions; but we are in the midst of a world change that means the definite downfall of all that same century of enlightenment has stood for, and the coming of a new era as different as Mediaevalism was from the Dark Ages. Art is a symbolic expression of beauty, of the highest things that exist, and the impulse to such expression lies not in personal incentive but in the communal push of the community, the nation, the race. The new art will be an art of beauty, and this beauty will be what it has always been, a definite real and changeless thing, not the insolent assertions of myopia, astigmatism and color blindness. Beauty, craftsmanship and universality: the three points in which our own art most signally failed. When we see their first evidences we shall know that a beginning has been made towards the discovery of an old heaven and the building of a new earth.—Ralph Adams Cram.

Alcohol and Human Efficiency.—Alcohol even in small doses exercises a depressing and degenerative effect. The acceleration of the heart action is not due to direct stimulation of the heart musclee, but must be referred to a partial paralysis of the cardio-inhibitory centers. The break is taken off the heart. Alcohol is the key that unlocks the door to the chamber of disease, degeneracy and life-failure, and as revealed by experiments on large masses of men, is wholly evil in its total effects. Death is always a pathological finish to some form of poison, strain, starvation, injury or bacterial infection, and by avoiding the influences that undermine our health we shall perform a service far more important than that of adding a few years to existence, we shall lift mankind to higher planes of living.——Eugene Lyman Fisk.

CURRENT HISTORY

Wartime Methods in Germany.—Distinguished savants and socialist leaders, women social workers and young girls who dare to think, are being imprisoned "preventively" under the most outrageous and cruel conditions. A government must be in a bad plight indeed, to lock up the brightest minds in the country for the purpose of stifling their valid impulses. By eliminating the directing elements of the opposition the government thinks to crush the head of the serpent: it has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The system which grows worse the longer it lasts is purely a matter of arbitrary brutality. One might imagine the whole thing to be a mad house drama, but it is a reality and a "state of siege." For all these persecutions it has been necessary to create an army of police spies. They use their present positions as hiding places to escape military service, and not wishing to go into the trenches they send other men to prison.—Herr Dittmann (Address delivered in the Reichstag).

Great Land Ironclads and Victory.—The business of war has been absolutely revolutionized since 1914. War has become an impossible luxury for any barbaric or uncivilized race. The decisive factor in the sort of war we are now waging is the production and right use of mechanical material. The "tank" is the most recent symbol of this industrial aspect of war, and opens a prospect of limitless senseless destruction: it opens also a prospect of an organized world control of war. There is no definite upward limit of mass, and a tank as big as an ironclad, devastating fields, villages and towns as it passes, is not difficult to imagine. This tank development must ultimately bring the need of a real permanent settlement within the compass of the meanest diplomatic intelligences.—H. G. Wells.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The Most Wonderful of Worlds.—Saturn has a year equivalent to twenty-nine of our years, but his day is only ten hours and fourteen minutes long. His diameter is 75,000 miles, but though ten times larger in diameter than the earth he is not so dense. He would float on water like so much pine wood. He is surrounded by three rings, each one thousands of miles broad, and by ten moons. The rings are composed of extremely minute bodies, each of which pursues an orbit of its own around the planet, and is in fact, merely a satellite. These small bodies combine to produce the same illusion as our clouds which though composed of separate particles, seem like a continuous body.

THE FRA

The Disadvantage of Owning Children.—I glory in my motherhood. I have walked the floor nightly and esteemed it a privilege. Sickness, the destruction of furniture, motherly stoutness, what are these to the ripple of childish laughter and the thought that I am molding the character of the men and women of tomorrow? But it is with a deep sense of guilt that I realize that we are harboring in the neighborhood four children and a dog. Flower beds have been trampled on, cement walks are injured by roller skates, and there is noise! The dog will have to go. And we are wondering now if we can, for a consideration, dispose of the children. —A Mother of Four.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Mind Your Eyes.—The things we do to get rid of "something in the eye" are far more dangerous than the foreign body itself. Never rub the eye. Close it and let the foreign body "cry" out. The eye's capacity for protecting itself is our safest dependence, and our greatest danger is from infectious diseases. Teach your children to avoid people with red and inflamed eyes, and never investigate any eye complication with a questionable finger or handkerchief.—Woods Hutchinson.

THE OUTLOOK

Experimenting With Children.—Scarcely anyone is content with the way in which public and private schools are training the children of America.

Mr. Eliot, of Harvard, and Mr. Flexner, have inaugurated a campaign of reform, which is now taking practical expression in New York. The children are to be brought in touch with real life in every way, and are not to be forced to study classics or standards until they have learned to value them. They must be compelled to learn to spell and the multiplication table, and anything else that serves a chosen purpose. This school will omit everything for which an affirmative case cannot be made out.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Industrial Preparedness for Peace.—Our chief fault as a nation is the wanton waste of material. We import things from abroad which we could produce at home in vast quantities from by-products. One cement company utilized its waste last year and produced $80,000 worth of potash. One third of the feeding value of the corn crop is in the stalks, but we have not found any generally profitable means of handling it. A large part of the apple crop is wasted every year on account of unscientific marketing. New plants are constantly being introduced which adapt themselves to conditions which had previously been considered hopeless. On land so poor in humus and nitrogen that practically no other crop will grow, melilotus thrives, and by its own growth and decay will store up sufficient humus and nitrogen for any of the staple crops.—E. E. Miller.

INDEPENDENT

How the Minimum Wage Works.—Ten states have passed minimum wage acts. The disasters predicted have not occurred. The women have not been replaced by men, because the average "unemployed" are not qualified to take the places of the girls. There has been no tendency for the minimum wage to become the maximum wage. "Evidently," says the Federal report on Oregon, "the more poorly paid girls have been benefitted while the better paid have not suffered. The idea that the prices of commodities would be advanced seems also to have been a mistake.—W. J. Ghent.

Turning Garbage Into Fuel.—In Austin, Texas, they are making fuel bricks worth $6.50 a ton out of their garbage. They first sort out the valuable and non-combustible matter, then grind up the remainder and mix it with coal dust (a waste product) and water-tar (another waste product) and press it into bricks which have the same fuel value as the best bituminous lump coal.—Robert H. Moulon.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Political Ideals.—In proportion as men live creatively they cease to wish to interfere with others by force. There are goods which can be appropriated to one man's advantage by force, and others which all may share alike. If one man knows a science that does not prevent another man from knowing it. If one man is full of good will towards others, that does not mean that there is less good will to be shared among the rest. You may kill an artist or a thinker but you can not acquire his art or his thought. Economic systems have a profound influence in moulding character; the principle of good in every creature is at once fragile and infinitely precious. Modern capitalism frequently forces the wrong decision upon those who are not heroic or exceptionally fortunate. If a majority so desired, we could within twenty years, abolish all abject poverty, half the illness, and the whole economic slavery which binds down nine-tenths of our population.—Bertrand Russell.

Sir Oliver Lodge Takes the Stand.—The matter-of-fact air, the attitude of candor and detachment which Sir Oliver Lodge takes towards the phenomena that he is describing is the most striking point in his latest book, in which he describes the evidence which proves to his satisfaction that he has communicated with his son, recently killed "at the front." He frankly confesses that he thinks the "control" may have picked up some of the material from outside sources, but he feels that, inasmuch as the other utterances of the medium were often evidential, he had no right to pick and choose. "Especially," he remarks, "as I know nothing about it, one way or the other." Sir Oliver Lodge sums up in this way: "There is no 'other world'; the universe is one. We exist in it continuously all the time; sometimes conscious in one way, sometimes in another."—Lawrence Gilman.

CENTURY

The Social Revolution in England.—For the first time in their history the English are thinking in terms of a State. The blood spilled by the working classes at the front has been justified by the profound modifications wrought in English consciousness. At one stroke war won those things for which in peace the working class seeks in vain. It will demand that the same humanity be let loose into the daily life of the factory. Is the basic work of peace less worthy than trench routine? The huddled, sheltered, unproductive life of the middle class has opened out into the freedom of usefulness. Unionism had trained the workingman to fight his own productivity. How is shrinking wealth to give him an expanding wage? They were suddenly forced to turn out huge quantities of a product in order to save their lives, and they acquired efficiency overnight when it served a national purpose instead of the profit of another person. The enormous accomplishment of "unemployable" women is the final term in the incredible amount of energy let loose in England by the war, which soon will express itself in an industrial revolution.—Arthur Gleason.

AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Compulsory Arbitration in Railroad Disputes.—In politics we have learned to test the full power of a nation without violence; in international questions we still have war and shall so do until we learn to satisfy the intelligence of the weaker party some other way. In industrial matters the recourse to violence still rules. So we have employers hiring gunmen and workers blowing up bridges. Compulsory arbitration is a form of violence. A man cannot arbitrate anything which he feels—right or wrong—to be necessary to his development.. We must find a better way than strikes or arbitration as civilization advances.—Albert Chandler.

* * *

WAR

"A summons to immediate action" from a League representing the principle colleges of America. "We are unreservedly opposed to the entire philosophy of force upon which are founded all systems of exploitation and militarism." Militarists believe that you can convert people by knocking them over the head—the theory of the religious wars of the Middle Ages; but at least the religious persecutors did not claim that you could convince people not to trust military force through beating them by means of more men, and more munitions. As regards the physical advantages of drill General Baden Powell protests against excessive military training for boys and Dr. Charles Eliot, of Harvard, says: "Military training seems to me to be one of the poorest forms of bodily exercise." We are committing America to a policy of far-reaching military preparedness just when Europe is hoping to throw militarism aside. This magazine proves by effective arguments that it is a mistake "that no effective influence has been exerted by governments unless supported by force." "That the Roman imperial government protected its subjects wherever they might go." "That it has been from time immemorial an unquestioned duty of governments to protect the property of its citizens in foreign countries." "That national liberty has been usually obtained by war." "That war periods have been periods of special national unity and love of country; that military training may, therfore, be expected to make our people more united and more patriotic." Address, Collegiate Anti-Militarism League, Sub-Station 84, New York City.

What Questions Have You

to ask about the Colony? The Publicity department is desirous of learning what points are not made clear. Questions most frequently asked are to be put into booklet form. Will you send in those that are asked you by others or which are not clear to you? Address: Publicity Department, Llano, California.

Our Mail Bag

Peter Hansen, Washington, sending in $2.00 for subs., says "I was very much pleased to read in the Comrade about your very successful efforts in nearly every line of human endeavor. I hope you will continue to enjoy the same steady progress in the future that you have in the past, so that your good work may become a positive power for the good of this country, and a place where men and women can find refuge who are longing for a sane and more balanced life. I, for one, would certainly prefer it."

* * *

"Two of us have practically made up our minds to come, but must first sell our properties here. And if we find Llano as pictured, we'll make Comrade Lafranchi's Idaho bunch grow to keep ahead of the New York brigade. At the meeting Sunday night of Executive committee of the Socialist Local some questions arose about Co-ops., and Llano was much talked of. Your weather reports interest all of us, as we had more than enough zero weather, and are literally buried in ice and snow. Every one is interested who hears of it."—Fred. J. Smith, New York.

* * *

Subscribing for himself and a friend, Alex Kuklish, Michigan, writes: "I must say that the January COMRADE was splendid. I could not lay it down until I read the whole of it. Then it kept me awake all night dreaming about Llano."

Met's First Assignment (cont. from page 22)

the stairs buttoning his overcoat as usual. Home, a bath and good day's sleep restored his faculties, but he will never forget the happenings of the October night, the brilliant moonlight, and old Liz and the cart, and that gibbering, screaming, laughing thing that sprang out from behind the elderberry bush. Every time he passes that elderberry bush below the Johnson house, the goose pimples come out on his back, and elderberry pie will nearly throw him into hysterics to this very day. The Banshee haunts his dreams and he often finds himself gliding along the river road pursued by the fiend and wakes up to curse himself for dreaming of the time he fell asleep on the stool at the "Argus office," and slid down the mailing chute, dreaming all the events narrated here in a fifty-foot slide, and the bump that followed. Suffice it to say that he did not quit his job, and that old Gribble gave him a raise and made a real newspaper man of him. Also that he and the only girl in town are now living in a modest cottage not on the river road, and are as happy as is vouchsafed to us poor mortals to be. But he still shudders when he thinks of his first assignment.

Art at Llano (Continued from page 10)

or so after it was started, it is ready for casting. This is the mechanical complement of the art process. A mould is made, sometimes of one substance, sometimes of another. Mrs. Fox usually uses a glue mould. It is in pieces and is fitted over the model. When the form has thus been secured, the mould is taken off, the clay model taken out, the mould put together again, and the plaster of Paris poured into the mould. When it is hardened sufficiently, the mould is taken off in pieces and the bust or medallion, an exact replica of the clay model, is almost done. It must be finished by taking off the lines where the mould fitted together, sometimes little inequalities must be corrected, and it may be colored or coated. As many as are desired can be made from the mould.

Students usually begin by modeling simple objects, such as flowers in relief. These are handled in much the same way. The finished flower, a rose for instance, is then colored. Many of these were purchased by colonists as Christmas presents for their friends.

One of the most admired products is the "Henry Dubb Junior" modeled after the creation by Ryan Walker. Previous to this came the "Henry Dubb," made with two faces, one lugubrious, one smiling. Ryan Walker commented on it in a letter to Mrs. Fox and complimented her on this unique conception.

The art studio is a most interesting place to visit. Paintings, modeled objects, and drawings are everywhere.

Asked how the Llano studio would expand and what place it would have in the development of the Colony, Mrs. Fox replied: "It will be a part of the Industrial School, a link in the industrial training."

There is a possibility that Llano will some day have a pottery. There is good clay here; it has been tested and given the approval of the foremost potters in the United States. Should the pottery be established, artists will be necessary. They must model the designs for the pottery. And in this work the training of the art school will have a definite place. It will supply a need. And in the meantime it is one of the instruments by which the youth of Llano may be trained. The children who grow up here will have advantages which are denied to most children, advantages that they will probably not appreciate because they are so easily obtainable.

The Llano Art Studio is even now one of the interesting places of Llano. It will become more and more interesting as time goes on.

Learning by Doing (Continued from page 17)

correct handling of them has a reason that theory alone would not give.

One of the most impressive things in connection with this school is the effect on the pupils. Bad boys become tractable when their surplus energy can be turned toward doing constructive work.

The Industrial school at Llano is not perfect. It is not stabilized, even. It is not completed. It is crude and experimental. But enough has already been demonstrated to prove its superiority. Enough has been accomplished to show that it is founded on a correct principle. It develops initiative. It is training its students for life and in the ways of life. It is not an artificial environment. It does not stupidly machine its pupils: it develops them. It educates. They are not grooved into a single pattern; they are allowed to grow naturally.

It is the Daniel Boone of the school system. It is reaching ahead into the wilderness. It is blazing the trail. Of course it is not alone in this; all over the country similar steps are being taken, though not in exactly the same way. It is not a finished product, an exhibit that can be inspected without finding flaws. But its flaws are not those of the established system and most of them are due to lack of conveniences and equipment and sufficient teachers. They are temporary and not fundamental.

Learning by doing is inspiring. It is logical. It does not make the road to learning a royal road, but it at least paves it. Some of the worst places are bridged.

There is still much to be done. But a school that has taken land worth $10 an acre and has made it worth hundreds of dollars, that has built buildings, and at the same time given its pupils an education has accomplished something. Measured in dollars it is a huge success. Measured in education it is satisfactory. Measured in inspiration it is an achievement. The Industrial school is destined to become as typical of Llano as is its system of government and its medium of exchange. It is in its formative stage and may yet meet with setbacks, but its future is certain. It is the logical system of education, therefore it must inevitably grow and succeed.

The Socialist City (Continued from page 14)

perception. The children respond with vital appreciation. The city itself will be an object lesson in harmonious simplicity. The furniture will be made in the Colony under the direction of competent artists, and it will be possible for each individual to have some real works of art in his home. In music, the same conditions will prevail, the public entertainments being free to all alike. Musical ability already has every encouragement and a surprising variety of expression. The next generation will grow up in an atmosphere of beauty and harmony such as will exist in no other city in the world. And this will be the result, not of any exceptional combination of wealth and opportunity, but of the concerted effort of an ordinary social group to work together to a common end, and combine their resources of money and energy for the Common Good.

The Birth Control Review

This publication has been started by Margaret Sanger to interest the public in birth control propaganda. The difficulty is that the class of people who read such magazines do not need its teaching, and the class of people who need it, never read. By bringing the evidence she collects to the notice of doctors and nurses, much can be done to improve conditions. In France birth control is exercised as a matter of course by everyone, when necessary under medical advice, and it is hard to see why American doctors or the legal fraternity should be prejudiced against it. The argument of Charles S. Sumner, secretary of the New York Anti-Vice Society, that the common people should not be discouraged from breeding like rabbits, because nature corrects over-population by war, flood or pestilence, would make good material for a comic opera. He is further of the opinion that Belgium is a fine example of the beneficent effort of nature to thin out and redistribute population. The point that is generally overlooked by people who misinterpret the "survival of the fittest" theory, is that a comparatively small proportion of the children who are exposed to conditions of overcrowding, foul air, ill-nourishment and lack of educational opportunity, actually die. The great mass of them grow up sub-normal, defective, vicious, to curse the community which has allowed them to come into being without making it possible for them to be alive. They are the rotten hull under our ship of state which at the first crisis will sink, dragging with it the gay revellers in the saloon.

The Birth Control Review is published at 104 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Ser?

The problem of an indefinite pronoun has often been discussed in the press, and several suggestions have been made to meet the difficulty. No one who writes much can fail to recognize how serious the annoyance is.

"No lady or gentleman caught in such a predicament can fail to see that in steering his or her car into the sidewalk, there is a risk not only of breaking his or her neck, but of having his or her intentions misinterpreted, by casual passersby, who might imagine that the performance was undertaken for his or her amusement."

Phew! Wait 'till I get my breath! What was I saying? The last suggestion was that of Ella Flagg Young that a new word should be created to fill this unquestioned lacuna in the language. The word she proposed was "his'r" if I remember rightly, and I remember also thinking that it was too lacking in euphony to be generally accepted. It is extremely difficult to force a word on a language; it has to make itself seem desirable.

The other day, the editorial tongue, in slurring rapidly over a "his or her" involution, effected a "ser" compromise that gave immediate relief to both ear and tongue.

"No lady or gentleman caught in such a predicament can fail to see that in steering ser car into the sidewalk there is a risk not only of breaking ser neck but of having ser intentions misinterpreted by the casual passerby who might imagine that the performance was undertaken for ser amusement."

What do you think of it, my fellow sufferers?

Influences of Environment (cont. from p. 24)

the individual will become inured, or insane, or as sometimes happens, is driven to suicide or death by careless, vicious and idle tongues, so the community in which careless speech is tolerated will gradually sink in the social and intellectual scale.

The spoken word may be a power and inspiration to thousands. It may also be a pain and death-dealing shaft. Knowing the possible effects of suggestion, we should at all times endeavor to speak in a way that advances the social good; and words should be rays of sunshine, rather than thunderbolts. There is as much healing in a doctor's smile and reassurance as there is in his medicine. Mankind must learn to tell unpleasant truth in pleasant words. Even rebuke need not wither the soul of the speaker or the hearer.

(This department will at all times be pleased to advise the sick and the suffering. Send stamps.)

I Need $10,000

TO ENLARGE MY RAPIDLY GROWING BUSINESS

My business is a standard, conservatively managed business. It has been established about five years. It is growing so rapidly that in order to keep up with the increased demand I must have larger equipment throughout. This requires an immediate outlay of capital.

There is every prospect that WITHIN FIVE YEARS IT WILL BE THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE UNITED STATES.

The product in one line has been multiplied by three in the last ten months; a newly established line has grown amazingly.

I have had to turn away a great deal of profitable business because my equipment has been inadequate to handle this new business.

I am a Socialist. I want to borrow this capital from Socialists.

I CAN GIVE FIRST CLASS SECURITY.

I estimate that $10,000 will equip a new plant completely. The money will be used for this purpose.

I want to borrow it either in a lump sum or in smaller sums.

Have you a small sum you wish to invest where it will be used by a comrade, and where it will be well protected?

Write me for full details, and let me know what sum you will loan if the security is satisfactory to you.

Please address: John D. McGregor, care of Western Comrade, Llano, California. —Advertisement

Photo Post Card Views of Llano

The WESTERN COMRADE has secured some magnificent views of Llano and her industries which have been made up into postcards. Some of them have appeared in the WESTERN COMRADE, but most of them have just been taken especially for postcards. Included in the list are:

View from hotel, looking south.	Lime kiln (two)
Hotel, looking east	Football team
The damsite	Pigs and pens
Chickens and turkeys	Dairy barn
Mountain stream and canyon	North section of Llano
Sawmill (different views)	Llano boulevard
Bird's eye view of Llano	Swimming pool
Rabbitry (several views)	Bakery
Irrigation scene	Cannery
Livestock	Various Llano products.
Mountains	Cows
Woods	Industrial school
Industrial scenes	Montessori school
Alfalfa fields	Many other assorted cards.

The rate is 5 cents each or 55 cents a dozen.

Every person interested in Llano should have a dozen of these cards. Send your orders direct to

THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Law Book Free

STUDY LAW, and become the man of power in your community. The farmers of North Dakota captured the State Government, and found that they needed law-trained men in office to fight the big interests which have their lawyers in the Legislature to make their laws, and in the Courts to defend and interpret them. There are opportunities awaiting YOU. Get ready for them—study Law at home in your spare time. We prepare you for the Bar examination. Guarantee bond for refund of money if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Hundreds of successful students enrolled. Fourteen-volume Law Library upon enrollment. Low cost—easy terms. Be independent. Be a Leader. Write today for free law book—"Law and the People."

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, Dept. D,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of

Household Goods

from all Eastern points

to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageous to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York; 640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537 Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

Are You Getting Fat?

My system is sensible and produces results. Natural, and beneficial to health. No drugs, no medicines. Those who have used it are well pleased. Begin reducing NOW. Send $3.00 for my $5.00 complete course of treatments.

MRS. CECIL M. WILLIAMS, LLANO, CAL.

To Friends of the Llano Colony

Many misleading and untrue statements are being circulated about this Colony and its affairs.

We have just issued a leaflet signed by 130 residents and attested by Notary public, concerning what we have.

We call on our friends to send for as many leaflets as they can distribute for us, or to send the names of those to whom we may mail them. Write at once.

Membership Department, Llano del Rio Colony.
Llano, California

Comrade Subscription and Book List

THE LLANO COLONIST; One Cent a Week, Fifty Cents a Year.

THE WESTERN COMRADE; Fifty Cents a Year, Six Months 25c. **After May 1; 75c a year, 40c six months, 10c a copy.**

BOTH: Present rate, 75c a year; After May 1, $1.00 a year.

CANADIAN RATES: LLANO COLONIST: 2c a week; $1.00 a year. WESTERN COMRADE: 75c a year; After May 1, $1.00 a year. BOTH: $1.50 a year; After May 1, $2.00 a year.

COMBINATION OFFERS

Choice of the LLANO COLONIST or the WESTERN COMRADE with

National Rip-Saw or American Socialist.....75
Appeal to Reason or International Socialist Review.....$1.25
Pearson's Magazine or The Masses.....1.75
Milwaukee Leader (daily).....4.25

(Canadian subscribers add 25c for each monhly and 50c for each weekly in these combinations)

BUY YOUR BOOKS FROM THE WESTERN COMRADE

50 cent list:

Anarchism and Socialism, Geo. Plechanoff; **Art of Lecturing,** Arthur M. Lewis; **Class Struggles in America,** A. M. Simons; **Doing us Good—and Plenty,** Charles Edward Russell; **Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History,** Karl Kautsky; **The Evolution of Man,** Wm. Boelsche; **The Law of Biogenesis,** J. Howard Moore; **The Positive School of Criminology,** Ernest Ferri; **Socialism for Students,** Joseph E. Cohen; **The Struggle between Science and Superstition,** Arthur M. Lewis; **Value, Price and Profit,** Karl Marx; **What's So and What Isn't,** John M. Work.

$1.00 list:

Economic Determinism, or the Economic Interpretation of History, Lida Parce; **God and my Neighbor,** Robert Blatchford; **Industrial Problems,** N. A. Richardson; **Prince Hagen,** Upton Sinclair; **Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples,** J. Howard Moore; **Stories of the Great Railroads,** Chas. Edw. Russell; **Thoughts of a Fool,** Evelyn Gladys; **Love's Coming of Age,** Edward Carpenter; **The Abysmal Brute,** Jack London.

$1.50 list:

Ancient Society, Lewis H. Morgan; **Barbarous Mexico,** John Kenneth Turner; **History of the Great American Fortunes,** Gustavus Myers; **The Visioning,** Susan Glaspell.

$2.00 list:

The Ancient Lowly, C. Osborne Ward; **Capital, A Critique of Political Economy,** Karl Marx (3 volumes, $6. Separately at $2 each)

25 cent list:

Principles of Scientific Socialism, Chas. H. Vail; **The Commonsense of Socialism,** John Spargo.

10 cent list:

The Communist Manifesto, Marx and Engels; **Revolution,** Jack London; **The Right to be Lazy,** Paul Lafargue; **The Socialists, Who They are and What they Stand for,** John Spargo; **The Strength of the Strong,** Jack London.

THE WESTERN COMRADE, Llano, California

Get Your Local or Your Union to Order

Job Harriman's address to the jury at the close of the Schmidt trial. If you had read the evidence or had listened to the trial you would not ask

Was Schmidt Guilty?

because the evidence so overwhelmingly proves that he is not. It is the story of the real conspiracy that sent Schmidt to jail for life.

(Testimony from witnesses Clark, Dugan, and McManigal was admitted.)

"Dugan! Who is Dugan? He is a self-confessed felon. He was expelled from the Iron Workers Union. He is the Dugan who shot and killed his wife and daughter in Indianapolis."

"McManigal is a self-confessed murderer. The prison doors were opened, this criminal McManigal shook off his chains, walked out, was given $1000 by the County of Los Angeles, and told to go his way in peace."

Every Union Man should learn how he may fare in the so-called impartial courts. Any of them may get what Schmidt got.

Every Socialist who wants first hand evidence of capitalist-controlled court proceedings should have this for propaganda.

Every Fair-Minded Person honestly seeking information and loving justice should read this tale of a dishonest conviction.

When Capitalism Desires a Conviction It Gets It. Read how it can be secured. The newspapers never told these things. Why? Did you know the real facts about this case? You'll wonder if the McNamaras were really guilty and you'll wonder why they confessed.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE

Single Copies 25c. Quantity Rates to Locals and Unions.

The Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

Send a Cent a Week

This is the Subscription Offer the LLANO COLONIST makes for a short time

If you are interested in the LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY take the subscription of the man who asks you about it or who seems interested.

Figure subscriptions at ONE CENT A WEEK. Thus, 10c pays for 10 weeks, 17c pays for 17 weeks, 25c for 25 weeks, 33c for 33 weeks.

The LLANO COLONIST gives the news of co-operatives everywhere, and is devoted particularly to the LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, the greatest and most complete co-operative enterprise in the United States.

THE LLANO COLONIST (Weekly); Fifty Cents a Year (Canada $1.00)
With the COMRADE, 75c a year. After May 1, $1.00

HELP BOOST THE CIRCULATION TO 25,000 BY JULY 1, 1917.

The Llano Publications, Llano, California.

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW FOR THE BIG SPECIAL

Anniversary Number

OF

THE WESTERN COMRADE

It will be the May Issue and will be a history of the development of the biggest co-operative colony in the world. There will be pictures showing progress, what has been done.

IT WILL COST TEN CENTS A COPY beginning May first; the rate goes up to 75c a year. We cannot longer afford to give such value for the old price. Increasing costs make it necessary to raise rates. Of course if you should subscribe before May first it will be at the present rate of 50c.

REMEMBER THESE RATES:

Single copies, Anniversary number, 10c; Bundles of 10, Anniversary number, 75c; Bundles of 20 or more at 5c a copy. (Special rates to dealers.)

The rate for the LLANO COLONIST will remain at 50c a year.

Combination of both to one name and address, $1.00 a year.

Subscription cards sold prior to May 1 will be redeemed at the present rate if used before July 1.

Canadian rates will be $1.00 a year for either the COMRADE or the COLONIST. Combination rates for the Llano Publications will not be made outside the U. S.

Subscribe or extend your subscription at once. Urge your friends to do so. Contest workers should buy cards at once to be used during the contest.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 25c a line for one insertion; 15c a line thereafter. Twelve words to the line. Advertising payable in advance.

WANTED—CAMERAS. THE WESTERN COMRADE WOULD LIKE to get a few good cameras of standard sizes for renting purposes.

WANTED—GAS ENGINES, 6 TO 12 H. P. STATE MODEL, DESIGN, name, age, condition, and give full description. WESTERN COMRADE.

WANTED—SECOND-HAND MULTIGRAPH. GIVE YEAR AND MODEL. Must be in first class condition; will accept as payment on membership fee. Membership Dept., Llano, Cal.

WANTED—OFFICE EQUIPMENT OF ALL KINDS; DESKS, TYPEwriters, filing cabinets, and general equipment. Communicate with the Western Comrade Office, Llano, California.

WANTED—TYPEWRITERS FOR THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. Write in care of the Western Comrade.

SHEEP WANTED—THE COLONY DESIRES TO OBTAIN SHEEP. Address communications to Frank L. Wright, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano. Cal.

WANTED—MOVING PICTURE PROJECTING MACHINE. COMMUNIcate with the Membership Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

WANTED—BUTCHER WITH ICE MACHINE FOR THE MEAT DEpartment. Communicate with the Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

WANTED—TWENTY FIVE LEGHORN ROOSTERS. MUST BE PURE blood and first class stock. Will exchange pure bred white leghorn roosters. Write to Geo. T. Pickett, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

WANTED—OLD INGRAIN AND BRUSSELS CARPETS. ALSO WHITE and colored rags for rug material. Rug department, Llano del Rio Colony.

WANTED—TOOLS AND OTHER EQUIPMENT FOR THE INDUSTRIAL training department at the Junior Colony. Hammers, saws and carpenter tools of all kinds, as well as tools and equipment for other trades. Address George T. Pickett, Llano, California.

WANTED—EXPERT SEED AND BULB GROWER. SHOULD BE FAmiliar with California desert soil and climate. Llano del Rio Colony.

WANTED—ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT FOR THE GYMNASIUM TO BE installed at the Junior Colony. Communicate with Geo. T. Pickett, Llano.

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

Daniel Boone—

earned a permanent place in American history because he was a fearless pioneer. He fought against terrific odds. In the face of seeming insurmountable obstacles, he persevered. He had those sterling American traits we admire most. When disappointments came that would have defeated the ordinary man he fought on. His dauntless courage earned him the lasting gratitude of a nation.

HAVE YOU COURAGE, STEADFASTNESS OF PURPOSE, PATIENCE, PERSISTENCE, ABILITY, VISION, AND WILLINGNESS TO CO-OPERATE?

¶ It requires men and women of these characteristics to build Llano. It is not a place for idlers, for those who seek the smoothest way, for those who want ease and plenty, for those who expect life to give them a pension.

¶ Llano has no place for the whiner, the disgruntled, the fault-finder, the incompetent, the man who can not stand on his own feet.

¶ But Llano wants the man of VISION, of ABILITY, of INITIATIVE, of PATIENCE, the man who can meet obstacles with a smile, and surmount the worst of them. Llano wants men and women who are empire-builders, the strong of heart and the indefatigable of purpose.

¶ DOES THAT INCLUDE YOU?

¶ The army of Co-operation is asking for recruits. It is the army of peace, and Llano the outpost of Progress. Will YOU volunteer? Have you the ideal and the courage? Will you stand with your comrades shoulder to shoulder and fight the good battle for Freedom?

¶ Llano wants recruits. Are you ready to help co-operate and to benefit by co-operation?

We Want the Names of Your Friends So We Can Send Them Our New Leaflet "Llano del Rio Colony A Success"—Send For As Many As You Can Distribute.

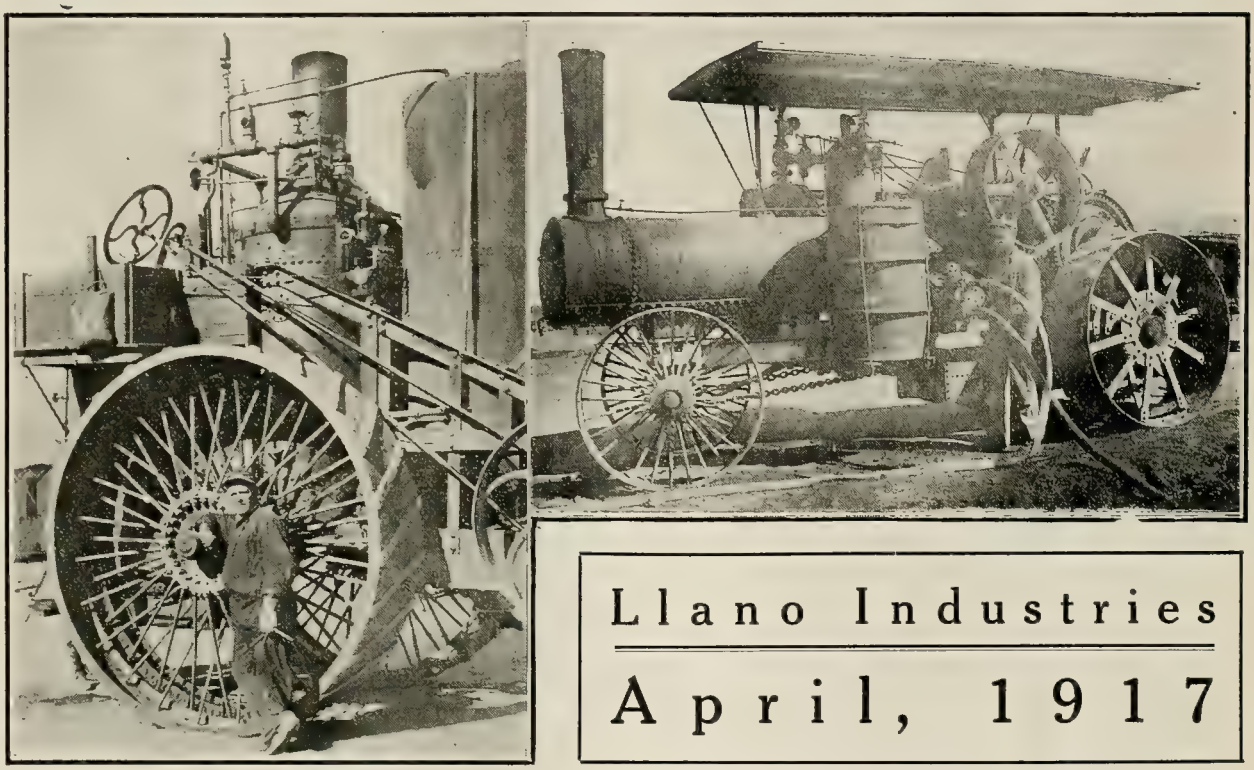
SEND FOR THE "GATEWAY TO FREEDOM"

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

LLANO, CALIFORNIA

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Price 5c



Llano Industries

April, 1917

In This Number

Robert K. Williams
Tells About Llano and Her Problems And How They Are Being Overcome

The Socialist City
By A. Constance Austin

The Hope Box
A Story by Helen Frances Easley

Llano's Solution of the Growing Grocery Bill
By Wesley Zornes

Next Month

Frank E. Wolfe
Will Write of the Achievements of Three Years in the Llano Colony

---

What Was Done at the Emergency Convention
Will Be Told By The Delegates from California

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is situated in the beautiful Antelope valley in Los Angeles County, California. The Colony lies close to the Sierra Madre range where an abundance of clear, sparkling water from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM—

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the Colony industries is in the hands of the department managers. In each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the department meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held regularly and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these meetings the work is discussed and planned, reports are given, teams allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

NO CONSTITUTION OR BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery, and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner. Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be looked after by the colony freightman until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, poultry yards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, two stages, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for he future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children get meals at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation. High school work is planned. In the Industrial school botany, domestic science, languages, agricuture, biology, practical farming and the regular grammar school subjects are taught by competent teachers. Manual training is already being taught; buildings are now under construction. The children care for a flock of milk goats, chickens, turkeys, and many acres of garden. They are very successful. They build their own buildings; the girls learn sewing and cooking; the children produce much of what they consume; portion of their clothing is made by the sewing classes; they have their own horses, wagons and farm implements; they own pigs and a number of pets. Besides learning co-operation and developing a sense of responsibility, they enjoy acquiring an education under these conditions. They plan to go extensively into the raising of chickens and turkeys during the coming year.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony twenty-two registered high-class breeding sows and a splendid boar, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

Much nursery stock has been planted, a vineyard of 40 acres put out, and many fruit trees set this spring. The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy. They will be built as fast as possible.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

The Weekly newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist and Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the Colony news, etc., The subscription rate is 50c a year (Canada, $1.00). The WESTERN COMRADE is the Colony's illustrated monthly magazine with articles of general interest and pictures of Colony life and development. The rate is now 50c a year. **After May 1, 1917,** the rate will be 75c a year, 10c a copy. Present combination rate for BOTH is 75c a year, and after May 1st, $1.00 a year (Foreign postage extra).

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California

April Issue — THE WESTERN COMRADE — Nineteen Seventeen

Table of Contents

Page

Cover Page

Showing two tractors recently purchased by the Colony to facilitate farm work and transportation.

Editorials 5

By Job Harriman.

Building Llano's Industries 8

In which Robert K. Williams shows how Llano is surely establishing industries despite handicaps and obstacles.

The Co-operative Commonwealth and Education 12

By Clinton Bancroft.

Merchandising the Atmosphere 14

A forecast of possibilities based on past achievements in California. By Alanson Sessions.

Industrial Mechanics 15

By. L. W. Millsap, Jr.

Llano's Solution of the Growing Grocery Bill 16

How the High Cost of Living can be offset by co-operation as practiced at Llano. By Wesley Zornes.

The Hope Box 18

A charming story that is frankly a love story and nothing else. By Helen Frances Easley.

Page

A Talk About Babies 22

By Prudence Stokes Brown.

Montessori—The Woman 23

Frank E. Wolfe gives a "close-up" of his impressions of the quiet little lady who is working a revolution in the field of education.

The Hope of Llano 24

Dr. John Dequer once more writes in an inspirational vein of the future of the Llano del Rio Colony.

The Socialist City 25

Another of this impressive series by the designer of the future city of Llano, A. Constance Austin.

What Propagandists Say 27

Miscellaneous articles that are timely, among them being letters from State Secretaries of the Socialist Party giving their impressions of the new California constitution.

What Thinkers Think in the Magazines 28

The gist of leading articles in leading magazines.

"Aditorial" 30

In which the circulation manager points out certain things which every reader of the **Comrade** should take to heart.

What Contest Workers Are Doing

FIRST PRIZE
$1000 Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony
SECOND PRIZE
$500 worth of Llano Stock
THIRD PRIZE
$200 worth of Llano Stock
FOURTH PRIZE
$100 worth of Llano Stock
NEXT FOUR PRIZES
Each $50 in Llano Stock
OVER 25 SUBS
Your Choice of a Variety of Llano Products
15 TO 25 SUBS
A Henry Dubb Statuette and a copy of "Was Schmidt Guilty?"
10 TO 15 SUBS
A Henry Dubb Statuette

WILL DISTRIBUTE PAPERS

"A friend handed me a copy of your paper which I found very interesting and I herewith inclose 50c for a year's subscription. If you are sending out any free advertising matter, I would be glad to distribute some.

"Wishing you every success, I remain,
"Your Comrade,
"H. A. W., Michigan."

* * *

WILL TAKE OUT MEMBERSHIP

"I have received the latest copy of the 'Gateway to Freedom,' dated January, 1917. I am so pleased with it that I wish you would send me a few extra copies for mailing to my eastern friends who know nothing of your Colony and would become very much interested in it if they did, and some of them join, I am sure.

"I intend to visit you in the very near future and if I can arrange matters as I hope to I shall join issues and make my home with you. I shall take out a membership anyhow and join when I can. Wishing you all the success you deserve, I remain, very sincerely and fraternally,
"F. G. A., California."

* * *

Ernest Harrsen, New York, remitting $1.50 for subs for friends, says: "It is with increasing interest and perhaps admiration that I read the Llano Colonist and Western Comrade. I believe in practical Socialism, and think that the only thing the native American will fall for. They are all from Missouri. I think that a successful Colony, properly advertised, will make more bona fide Socialists than our often spasmodic efforts of street speakers and educational campaigns."

* * *

"I am very much interested in your plan and want to work to the end of joining you as soon as possible," writes R. G. Page, Utah, sending in $3.00 for subscriptions.

* * *

Subscription cards for the Comrade or Colonist, good until July 1st, are 50c until May 1 only; Combination cards are 75c, after May 1st $1.00.

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE, 50c a Year; Canada, 75c; After May 1st, 75c a year; Canada $1.00; Single Copies 10c.

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor. FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.

In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. IV LLANO, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1917. No. 12

Editorials

By Job Harriman

THE Russian revolution was the world event of the month. That a revolution in a nation of two hundred million people could occur in fifteen days is the marvel of it. This fact has shaken the thrones of the world and has already cast all crowns into the melting pot.

More and more the armies of the world are being drawn from the people. The old standing armies are dead. Their blood has already filled the trenches. They were the pillars of state. Upon them the crown rested. But the pillars are crushed. The crowns are falling, and the armies that are called from among the people are tied to them with heart chords, and when the people hunger the new soldiers will not shoot nor kill.

For this reason Russia has fallen. The throne of Germany is tottering. The Reichstag, the voice of the people, like the Duma, is demanding democracy, and soon the German army will heed the call of the hungry people.

The same voice is calling for democracy in England and already universal and equal suffrage with proportional representation has been substantially granted.

Thus hunger will turn the armies of the nations from the capitalist governments of the world to the people of the world, and, joining hands, they will lead democracy in a triumphant march through every land.

—o—

NEXT in importance to Russia's revolution comes the declaration of war by the United States against Germany.

England blockaded the North Sea, preventing all commerce with Germany.

Germany declared a war zone about the Allies, preventing all commerce with them.

Both belligerents are guilty of the same offense.

Yet our commercial interests are found through the doors of the Allies and hence we join with them in war against Germany.

Our international entanglements have been inevitable ever since the war broke out.

Our interests are international and our arms will follow our interests.

The owners of our industries and commercial enterpriese are directly, or by their representatives, in charge of the governmental affairs. This is of necessity true. The reserve power of the nation is found in its economic institutions. We must draw upon this reserve for our food while the forthcoming crops are ripening. It is therefore apparent that whoever controls this food supply is in a position to determine our national policy, whether it be for war or peace.

Our commercial and industrial princes think they have less to fear from the Allies than from the Central Powers and hence our lot is cast with them.

We will send our navy and our troops across the sea. A million men will be conscripted and billions of dollars will be demanded.

The blood has been sprinkled on the door lintels and the flower of the American people will be stricken and the death rattle will be heard in the throat of the nation.

—o—

THE world's reserve food supply is virtually exhausted. Fighting armies of Europe have eaten the meat, the potatoes and the wheat products, and everywhere there is proof that the outlook for feeding the people of the world during next year is most alarming. The army is fed first, the people come next. Short rations have long been the portion of the non-combatants. Censorship in Europe has been so rigid that we are unable to get accurate news until the lid blows off as it did in Russia. The French Minister of Agriculture submitted a report two months ago in which he stated that the allied countries required for actual necessities to carry them through this year 300,000,000 bushels more wheat than the stock now on hand. There are but two sources of such supply—America and Argentina—and neither country can spare a bushel without bringing want to its own people. Argentina has placed an embargo on exportation. There is not enough wheat on hand to carry the people of the United States through until the time of harvest and milling. Flour prices are the highest in the history of the country and exportation of wheat continues. Reports from the various

winter wheat countries forecast short crops for next season.

The average wheat reserve at this season is 250,000,000 bushels. The reserve from which we are making heavy daily drafts is less than 100,000,000 bushels.

The world is a billion bushels of wheat short and suffering in America is inevitable unless prompt steps are taken. There is a great shortage in corn and oats. The potato crop is short the world over. The crop in America this year will probably be fifty per cent shorter than usual because of the prohibitive price of seed potatoes. The average price of potatoes in the spring of 1915 was 43 cents; today the average price is $2.40. Warring Europe needs a billion bushels and if America exports any it will be at the cost of hunger to its own people. It is predicted that unless the millions of men now on the battlefields of Europe are put to tilling the soil starvation will come to millions. It will bring a famine that will be followed by a revolt that will make the recent Russian upheaval seem a pleasant pastime by comparison.

F. E. W.

———o———

SHORTAGE of food supplies has brought about a startling change in the opinions of some of America's most far-sighted capitalists. Here is J. Ogden Armour, head of the meat trust, advocating step-by-step Socialism and urgently advising that the United States government begin to step lively in order to avoid the appearance of being compelled to step. He favors government supervision of food production and food prices. He says Europe has been forced to socialize and that we should take the step before we, too, are forced. He describes the situation as dangerous.

This declaration is extremely significant. It comes from an accepted and acknowledged captain of capitalism in America. He is a fair and safe spokesman and his words carry weight. He wants to socialize before danger comes. Others will join him in the plea. Armour wants the government to take over the work (supervision) of producing and distributing the meat and other food production! As old Ben Franklin said: "Ca ira." And it does — it comes, it marches, and it will sweep the earth.

F. E. W.

———o———

NO convention since the beginning of the Socialist movement in America will occupy such an important place in history as the present gathering at St. Louis. The tacit, or organized, conspiracy of silence of the censored capitalist press keeps us from being informed from day to day, but we have the compensation that we are spared the painful experience of the proceedings. The Socialist press reports are accurate and, if they reach us rather belated, we have the satisfaction of knowing they are reliable.

Among the first acts of the convention was the selection of a committee on war and militarism, The personnel of that committee was a guarantee of the satisfactory action and results. The committee was composed of: Job Harriman, California; Morris Hillquit, Algernon Lee, Louis B. Boudin, New York; Victor L. Berger, Wisconsin; Kate Sadler, Washington; Patrick Quinlan, New Jersey; C. E. Ruthenberg and Frank Midney, Ohio; Dan Hogan, Arkansas; John Spargo, Vermont; Maynard Shipley, Maryland; Walter Dillon, New Mexico; and George Speiss, Connecticut.

The majority of this committee submitted a report that was adopted by a vote of 140 to 31 for Boudin's minority report and 5 for Spargo's report.

The resolution called for unalterable opposition to all wars except the class war between the workers and the capitalist class. It declared that the working class of the United States has no quarrel with the working class of Germany nor any other country. It denounces as hypocrisy the statement that the war is not directed against the German people, but against the German government. "If we send an armed force to the battlefields of Europe," says the resolution, "its cannon will mow down the masses of the German people, and not the imperial German government. We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world. In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage. . . . .

"The working class has been plunged into this war by the trickery and treachery of the ruling class of the country through its representatives in the national administration and national Congress, its demagogic agitators, its subsidized press, and other servile instruments of public expression."

The report of this committee will have a tremendous effect on the attitude of the working class of America toward the war with Germany and the terms of peace not only between this country and those officially chosen as its "enemies," but between belligerent nations of the world. It will profoundly influence the inevitable readjustments that will follow in the internal affairs, its economic and industrial problems.

F. E. W.

———o———

IN the light of subsequent events there are some extremely significant paragraphs in the speech delivered by John D. Works of California in the United States Senate just previous to the action that led to the declaration of war. Some of these utterances are well worth preserving here. It gives, at least, one strong man's argument and shows his views at an hour of imminent peril to a nation:

> "Any American citizen who would go to Europe and walk down between the trenches where they were firing at one another with their machine guns would be an ass, and would deserve to get just what he would get. No, I would not take any chance of being shot for him. I would not fight for him. That kind of a citizen is of no value or credit to us; that is, he puts the nation in peril and does not bring anything of value in return to this country after having been nurtured in it to the age of maturity, an age when he ought in ordinary decency to help keep out of trouble by using a reasonable

amount of common sense. So I would say to him when he starts for the war zone: 'My dear brother, we bid you farewell; you may go there if you want; you can tramp up and down all your life between the firing lines; but I do not assume any responsibility for your happiness or good health. It is right up to you.'"

Senator Works outlined the hardships that American families were now undergoing because of excessive food exportations and the appalling increase in the cost of living. He said that there was suffering and lack of sufficient food within five blocks of the Senate chamber. He added that there was a lack of shoes, clothing and other necessities of life, and asserted it was all due to the conflict and that he had no heart in it or for it.

The following paragraph shows how clearly Senator Works understood the fact that the munition makers and food exporters were back of the move when he said:

"I would say to those who want to go across the deadline where there are submarines or Zeppelins that drop bombs: 'Go, and God go with you; but go at your own risk. I will not fight to save the merchandise of any such American citizens as you are. Go, and get killed if you want to, but we, the people, will not fight for you, or the like of you, or for your cargoes of war supplies.'"

F. E. W.

—o—

IN a recent discussion held at Blanchard Hall in Los Angeles between W. J. Ghent and myself, Comrade Ghent took exception to a statement that all wars were on capitalist exploitation. In his "last word" closing the discussion (it could hardly be called a debate) he declared that all wars had not been capitalist wars and he pointed to the fact that capitalism was of recent origin. This was, of course, true, but rather an adroit way of dodging the fact that wars have always had an economic cause and that recent wars, which was the only thing under discussion, had capitalism's cohorts on one or both sides of the conflict.

No claim was made that all wars were capitalist wars—conflicts between capitalists for markets. The assertion was intended to convey and did convey to the audience the truth that all wars had an economic cause and were based upon the motive of exploitation.

The present conflict in Europe admittedly had its foundation in the struggle between capitalism of the warring powers for the world's market. That Belgium and other small powers were caught in the grinding cogs and fought purely in self defense does not change the truth in the contention that the war has its base on capitalism's urge to expand.

In the daily conflict between capitalism and its victims the war has the same foundation—the desire to continue and extend exploitation.

It is well not to confuse the issue by a quibble as to whether the class struggle is a "capitalist war." The fact is capitalism forces it, and is in turn forced by conditions that must be changed before an end can be made to the struggle. F. E.W.

LOS ANGELES is a city of approximately half a million inhabitants (vide claims of daily press). It is intensely patriotic (same authority plus an immense display of bunting). Some of its leading citizens are providing funds for recruiting, and one, who has large interests in Mexico, has donated rifles and cartridges for military organizations recently formed. The daily press fairly bubbles with enthusiasm and patriotism. One newspaper has a number of "recruiting information stations," and nothing is left undone to arouse fervor. Every inducement is held for action.

In Los Angeles, the record of enlistments in one week, according to the daily press, was 23 volunteers.

During the same period San Francisco enlisted 45. Something will probably be done to bring the Southern metropolis up to the standard of her northern rival and to show that this popular movement meets with equally patriotic support in Southern California as in other parts of the United States.

F. E. W.

—o—

THE group of self-styled Socialists which was given good position on page one of the capitalist dailies because it stood for war has been clamorously insistent that it stands for preparedness, but not for militarism, which they say is far different. None of these intellectuals has, so far as can be learned, enlisted. At least one of these gentlemen publicly declared for MILITARY TRAINING and all were openly in favor of PREPARATION. Most respectfully do we refer them to Webster's Dictionary, vintage 1915:—

MILITARISM: The spirit and temper which exalts the military virtues and ideals and minimizes the defects of military training and the cost of war and preparation for it.

F. E. W.

—o—

LLANO believes in preparation and it has prepared far beyond the hopes of a few months ago. This preparation has been in two directions—toward increased food production and improved housing conditions. The latter will come about to a great extent with the opening and widening of our road between the mountain lumber camp and the sawmill on the llano below.

The extension in food supply and additional feed for live stock comes through the increased acreage planted. Our gardens are enlarged, our fruit supply for the season will be limited only by the capacity of the cannery to care for it. There will be a greater diversity and we will put up apples, pears, peaches, figs and an abundance of berries. Plans are made for enlarging the cannery and facilities for evaporating fruit.

A large amount of vegetables will be produced and cared for. The outlook for next season's meat supply is the brightest. The apiarist promises twenty tons of honey. Llano is preparing, fortifying and entrenching. Preparedness for the future is our watchword. F. E. W.

Building Llano's Industries

By Robert K. Williams

"YOUR industries are better organized, I believe, than you people generally imagine," said C. Bickel, a young student of sociology and co-operation, who is on his way to the Stanford University.

"I talk to the men in the various departments and find that every man, as a rule, is fully informed as to the use of every part and the whereabouts of tools that are used in the respective departments. This is unusual. I have been in many manufacturing towns and have visited scores of plants. I find in them men who know but one thing—the thing they are immediately concerned with. Not so in Llano. The men here are men of high order of intelligence, and all have the desire to push ahead and succeed. It is this impulse, in my opinion, that makes the men here acquainted with so many of the details. They, of course, feel that the colony belongs to them individually. This is fine, and as it ought to be."

Last year at this time no land was plowed for cultivation and planting. This year nearly four hundred acres are ready for the harrow and seed. Marvelous indeed. It takes a perspective to see Llano properly. One can't figure from day to day, but from month to month.

One thing that Bickel particularly mentioned was the spirit of co-operation. I am aware that it has been said there is no spirit of co-operation in Llano; but that is an immense mistake. Everybody in Llano will co-operate and be glad to co-operate when an intelligent and reasonable formula is laid down. Commissioner Wood of the county horticultural department asked what was done with the man who shirked. I answered the question by asking him one, thus: "What would you do if you were on a job, working as hard as you could, and the other fellow laid down on his end? Wouldn't you tell him about it? If he didn't improve, wouldn't you complain to the management?" He smiled and said he understood. There is no such thing as a concerted effort to kill time. Such a thing is only possible under capitalism.

Now, look at some of our industries. For instance, go into the shoe shop. The Colony has some of the finest shoe repairing and shoe making machinery so far made, and one of the best shoe men I have ever seen. This department runs like a clock. Organization! Give leather and other materials, and I'll back this department to get the work done on schedule time. The machinery is capable of making fifteen or more men hustle with all their might to keep up.

Step out of the shoe shop and into the cabinet department and you'll find some industry there. There's Putnam, Matz, Badgely and Rechsteiner, the old standbys, in there all the time. These men can make anything in wood. Every minute of the day they are employed in making useful things for the Colony. The planing mill department has been short of material frequently, and consequently its full usefulness has not been available. I don't know anything about planing mills, but people have told me the machinery used in the woodworking department is first-class.

The machine shop turns out as efficient and quick work as can be had anywhere. It was this department that the already quoted visitor noticed tools kept in order. This, too, in the face of the fact that many of the shop boys complain of mislaid tools. You see, we are so close to affairs here, and every one is intimately and vitally concerned in the one and the same thing.

In many instances lack of organization is discovered in Llano. I have frequently found that the discoverer had no method of reorganization and himself probably unorganizable. You'll find men everywhere absolutely impossible to amalgamate into an organization. This fact explains the slow growth of the unions, and even the Socialist party.

When one considers that Llano started with a few small trees here and there, no money, no houses, no horses, no machinery, no people—nothing but hope—three years ago, the organization as shown here to-day is nothing short of marvelous. You must realize that every industry on the ranch had to be built from the ground up. We had no precedents to go by, nothing to guide us, and no one knew a thing about anything of this kind.

Go back to the machine shop for a moment. This department is not over two years old. Yet it has up-to-date tools, lathes, shaper, drill presses, dynamos and other necessary things with which to work. The garage is as complete or more so than any in the valley, and there are many in the Antelope years and years older. It is more difficult to build under capitalism, I know, but any garage owner would be more than proud of owning this shop with only two years' effort placed behind it. He would think he had succeeded. We take our shop as a matter of course.

The blacksmith shop is a busy place. Some fine, heavy work has been turned out. The horses are taken care of, repairs made on farm machinery, new instruments of various kinds manufactured right on the farm. The workmen—Krause, Page, Ossman, Garrison and others—are always willing to do their level best and with a pleasant smile. I have never seen or heard of any one receiving anything but prompt and courteous treatment.

Of course, as this is a part of our family, we feel at liberty to tell how much we lack. Brothers and sisters fight, honestly. I've seen some of the most glorious battles—back East—in domestic circles, too. We have a perfect right to have a fight if we want to; but three years have almost gone by, and not a fistic encounter in Llano—nothing but words—and we are a big family. I'm not saying that the desire isn't sometimes present, but we recognize the fact that progress is not made when a community is angry, and after all we are here to solve the social problem and secure economic freedom. Co-operation alone can do this, and very few indeed but recognize this fact.

What is the social problem? To me it means adjustment of human relationships. I have heard people talk of the social problem as if it were some intangible, far-off problem of the future, to be settled some day when "Socialism came into power." People sometimes are surprised to learn that we consider the adjusting of ourselves to each other here in Llano is the working out of the social problem.

Jack Wallace has got his warehouse and oil department in organized form. He is always on hand to give the colonist or stranger information or deliver the goods. Like many others, he is cramped for room, and the only frown seen on his face is occasioned when a fresh load of furniture shows up and no place to put it. He hopes, like the rest of us, that the Colony will soon own a big warehouse where plenty of room will always be available.

Speaking of frowns. We had a lot of visitors from another part of the valley. You know the Antelope Valley is a tremendous expanse, and distances are great, and neighbors live

seventy-five miles away and still are in the valley. After looking at the mask ball on St. Patrick's day, they remarked that in all their experience they had never seen faces so free from worry lines. This is no figment of mine. Visitors galore have told me that men and women wear fewer frowns in Llano than can be seen elsewhere. The reason, of course, is freedom from economic worries.

Oftentimes we forget that harness-making is an industry, or the keeping of horses in healthy condition belong to a prominent and useful branch of the ranch. Lacking facilities as we have in the past and are at present, I think the work of Crawford, Head and Roedmeister is fine. Last winter, when the horses were shelterless, the hearts of every one bled for the animals, but none worried over it more than Crawford and the other men intimately associated with the horse end of the ranch. Now that it is warm and a huge barn is well under way, hope and confidence in the future is strong. It was persistence and organization that got these adjuncts to the ranch.

Sometimes we lose patience and want to slacken up in our zeal, because we think that things are not moving fast enough. I know this feeling well and have seen it work harmfully. However, this feeling had little effect on our tanner, Sowitch. He came here full of enthusiasm to help build the Colony up by doing the tanning. There has been great need of a tannery here, such as he wanted. We had the hides and could provide more. Day after day elapsed and, outside of the preliminary work of starting the vats and foundation, little was done toward his tannery. Delay after delay occurred in the arrival of tools and implements used in tanning. Patience seemed almost on the verge of eclipse at times, but now that the tannery is an assured fact, Sowitch wears a broad smile, and the Colony is promised leather that will answer for all purposes. Now some leather is already in process of being made.

The reason I mention this in this fashion is to point a moral. We must learn to know that conditions control. Conditions govern here more than in the established centers of industry. There they have all the tools with which to work, and men to order about as tools. Here we sometimes need tools—money being among the number—and when the tools of industry are not here, and for the moment unprocurable, we must wait and shift about and plan. This, too, is part of the social fabric. Any one can purchase with money. An ordinary mechanic can do fair work with tools, but it takes a genius to perform miracles with inadequate tools. Geniuses and leaders are being brought to the front in Llano. The man who can wait, do the most with the least, is the useful member in any society, not in Llano alone.

Wants and needs are different. I want many things and need but few. Realizing the necessity of recognizing this phase, George Deutsch, who has been in the commissary for ten months studying needs and wants, has evolved a plan that works well in the distribution of commissary supplies. Under his system every household in the Colony is assured that whenever rations are in the commissary each will receive its share. The housewife does not need hurry to the store to get ahead of some one else. Whenever she comes for the kitchen supplies, whatever is to be distributed has already been apportioned and she knows that it has been done justly. The method of distribution obviates the necessity of rushing to the store and standing in line. The store for the families is open till 4 p. m., and from 4 on for those who do not get off duty till then or after. Much praise is due Deutsch for working out this difficult problem. The commissary has been most difficult to handle.

Very little is heard about the dairy department. George Milligan, who has charge of the milk production and breeding for milk producers, never says a word, but goes ahead and is getting results, as is evidenced by the regular and steady supply of milk and butter. It is true that the Colony could consume more milk and butter, and sometimes there have been shortages, but as a rule the supply has been quite sufficient for Colony needs. At the present time Milligan has sixty-odd cows in the barn. Every day a new cow is added from the pasture lands below the colony. While we all would like cream, cheese, etc., from our milk, we realize it is impossible and are willing to wait until it can be produced. This is what we call conditions controlling. The milk department is run efficiently. The men working in and about the barns silently and surely perform these necessary services, and the rest of us accept the product of their labor with little thought. You'll surely admit the dairymen are some co-operators.

In the matter of distribution of the milk supply, Groves has it down so fine that one hears but little complaint. It is up to Groves to count noses and see that every one entitled to milk gets his share. Organization in his department makes this possible. There would be little trouble running any department had we a big supply of everything. One has to consider the number of people arriving, those here, and an emergency always possible, when attempting organization of any department. Each division or department of the ranch has to be

This is NOT one of the model houses of Llano. It is one of the temporary houses that are being built to take care of immediate needs. Many such houses are being built. Better and better homes are being constructed as the community grows older and facilities become more complete.

started or has been started from nothing. No precedents aid one. Each question that arises is a new one. It is for this reason, and also that every stockholder is equally interested, that suggestions, good, bad and indifferent, are offered. Human nature demands attention. The earnest man, whether right or wrong, feels that his advice should be taken. When it is not possible to follow gratuitous advice, it frequently happens that the individual proffering the suggestion feels hurt. Without knowing all the details and conditions it is hard for any one to advise. Conditions and infinite detail control.

Joe Valek is probably as good a baker as there is in the country. He also is one of the fastest workers in dough I have ever seen. He used to turn out 300 and 350 loaves daily. Now he makes more than 500. In addition, when time permits and materials are available, he makes cobblers, cookies, cakes and pies for the hotel. Joe will work at all hours—in fact, any hours. Recently a flour shipment was delayed, and when it did arrive it was past 9 o'clock. Joe, with a smile, turned to and made a batch of bread and the colonists had hot bread for breakfast. This is co-operation sure enough. Had he no method such a thing would not be possible. As long as the finished product comes to us we think little of it. When withheld, we cry inefficiency, lack of organization, probably, or some other incorrect thing.

August, 1916, the print shop was erected. The building adjoins the cannery on the north. It is a small affair, but in it are a modern linotype, a fairly good press, a folder and job press and other print shop equipment. Where the most complicated of all machines—the linotype—now stands, a bunch of sage grew less than a year ago. George Cantrell is responsible for this metamorphosis. He had a persistent idea that Llano could be made a publishing center, and he has actually succeeded—succeeded beyond his wishes, as a matter of fact, for he can't begin to do the work already piled upon him. His quarters are too small, the machines inadequate for the increased demand. But the thing I want to impress upon you is that organization made this possible. When he started he knew what he wanted. He got good men about him, and few people are conscious of the existence of the newspaper plant. Roll on the press; Brande on the case; Cantrell, Butler and Johnson on the linotype, with several helpers, make up a crew of silent and swift workers.

Hand in hand with the print shop is the office of the WESTERN COMRADE and COLONIST, under the management of Ernest Wooster. Through this office sifts the materials that go to make up the magazine and Colonist, as well as the literature that contains descriptions of the ranch and its activities. The office of the COMRADE and COLONIST is in the back of the hotel; nothing dignified about it, but for efficiency and organization there are few newspaper offices in the country that can equal it. In it is a staff of helpers who love the work. Millsap, a mechanical genius and always on the job, has charge of the mailing. He has devised some very clever labor-saving articles which are worth real money. Busy! These people have absolutely no regard for time. Come early or late, these ardent colonists are at their desks. Mrs. Wooster, Ernest's mother, has developed into a real newspaper woman and aids wonderfully in securing efficiency. Jessie and Elizabeth Richardson took to newspaper work naturally and have proved of great assistance in the arduous task of getting results. Mrs. Corinne Smith, Mrs. D. Jewett and Mrs. Jennie O'Loughlin help in the office, and much of the promptness and sureness of the Colony's publications are due to their efforts. When seeking an example of co-operation and organization, investigate the COMRADE office.

The WESTERN COMRADE and COLONIST have steadily gained in circulation and they are receiving more attention than ever. Since Comrade Job Harriman has issued an epoch-making statement, the columns of the two issues will be and are being read more widely than heretofore. An old-time member of the Colony, who has the wanderlust, writes me from a different town nearly every week and tells me he has visited 120 towns inside of eleven months, and in the majority of these, he says, the WESTERN COMRADE can be found. This is good news to us. It is natural that advanced thinkers want to keep abreast of the doings in such a colony as this. Llano is trying to work out something that has heretofore been a theory; she wants to convince the world that co-operation is actually a success. While doing this, the publications are going broadcast and radical minds grasp all progressive news. Publishing is a success in Llano and if a more complete plant were here the publications would return dividends, if we figured in that fashion. Almost daily this department is compelled to turn down real paying business.

We ate over a thousand dollars' worth of pork this winter. That is, we saved in cash to ourselves that much money. As times goes on, and that shortly, too, the hog department will be so organized as to produce all the hog meat we will need. John Will took charge of this department several months ago. It wasn't much to look at at the time. The hogs were few, too. To-day he has 300 porkers in the pens and in the field. He has some twenty of the finest registered Durocs in the valley. These thoroughbreds are worth many hundreds of dollars. Soon a big increase will occur in the hog colony. Through Will's foresight he has prepared places, and now the hogs are comfortably cared for. The increase of stock, improvement of the strain, getting bigger hogs, the building of buildings for their care, has been no accident. John Will thought it out, and those under him helped carry his plans out. Method and organization has worked wonders in the hog department and two years hence Will predicts phenomenal success.

One of the show places of the ranch, the rabbitry, is a paying institution. The Colony has been fairly well supplied with rabbit meat. W. L. Kilmer, now assistant superintendent, is responsible for the rabbits being in such good condition. It was his practical experience that led him to build houses that would properly care for the breeders. As soon as time and lumber permits, the rabbitry will be increased, and this department promises to play a prominent part in the meat supply of the Colony. Lack of lumber only prevents further additions to the pens and rabbit increase.

We are so rushed for labor, time and lumber that we of necessity must forego many useful things. Again conditions control. That we have any rabbit meat at all is due to organization. Kilmer knew what he wanted and, in part, got it. He still wants to see that department grow, as it surely would had we the materials to furnish him. Visitors always exclaim in admiration when they sight the rabbits nestling in their little hutches.

One doesn't notice much friction at the lime kiln. Charley Stevens, with his old reliables, produce lime of excellent character and do it without bluster. Knowledge, organization and method are necessary for this.

We take a look at the building department now. This department has been a storm center since I've been in the Colony, almost a year and ten months now. Many men have tried to give satisfaction in this trying position. The demand for houses has always been ahead of the supply. We had hoped last year to get logs down from the mountains and get all the lumber we needed. For a time it seemed as if we had

succeeded. We cut a good many thousand feet of lumber and then quit because of snows in the mountains. One has to live here and be close to the job to understand fully the wearisome and provoking delays, but good reasons, of course, can be given why we have not had more lumber. When we bought lumber from the outside, transportation then became the big problem, and it is some problem indeed. Any truck owner knows the precariousness of keeping trucks in condition, and in addition we had a rough wash to cross. (By the way, it is now being paved.) It is hard to explain and make people understand, when they have paid for a thing, why service should not be rendered on schedule time. So many things enter into the details of Colony life, and each one seems to be equally pressing, that the building department is constantly "up against it." One of the things that few people take into consideration is the fact that new members are constantly coming. These have to be provided for. Time and labor are given for this purpose, as well as lumber and tenting. The diversion of materials for this purpose alone is not inconsiderable, and must be taken into consideration before anything like an accurate estimate of the housing conditions can be arrived at.

For people to be contented, they must have proper shelter.

TRUCK LOAD OF CANS for the cannery. Photo taken in busy season. Will be repeated many times this year.

We all recognize this. This problem above all others, barring, of course, the food question, receives deepest consideration. There isn't a man on the ranch that hasn't seriously thought on this subject, and many have been and are the answers. The saw mill, with B. J. Smith in charge, is probably the real solution. Recently this institution procured a tremendously strong tractor. This will be put on the road to haul logs. In the meantime a road sufficiently wide must be built to the mountains.

A twenty-five horsepower tractor and scraper are used to rush this work. Movable camp tents and camps established on the road will permit of further efficiency. No time will be lost, if possible, in the rushing of this work, for we all feel the necessity of having plenty of lumber for all purposes before the fall season. Sufficient lumber spells a lot of contentment for us here and those to arrive.

In the meantime comrades who are to join this great constructive work are asked to pay an additional sum, ranging from $100 to $200, with which to buy lumber from the outside markets. We put the orders down in rotation and as little partiality shown as is possible. We seldom, if ever, promise when a house can be finished. We sometimes seem to run over reasonable time limits, but that, again, can't be helped. Conditions are conditions and we are striving to better them; and we are daily, too.

The building problem will work out all right, but in the immediate now looms big. We are taking care of people the best we can, and I think right nobly, too. Pioneer conditions here are not comparable with those of desert claims or homesteads, no matter how favored the spot may be. Every one of these places lacks social environment.

Take the little understood department of the engineers. Colonists themselves seldom hear anything about the engineering department. The reason for this is a working organization. When one needs information relative to the land, water, distances and a working knowledge of the resources of the ranch, consult Engineer Proebstel. He will tell you; if he can't, he'll give you the reason why.

The water resources have been materially increased by developing water from the old tunnel tapping the underflow of the Big Rock. The tunnel was put in twenty-odd years ago. The work was completed in 1896. The length of the tunnel is 3,075 feet. When the work was stopped and the creek bed tapped, reliable reports show that 186 inches of water flowed from the mouth of the tunnel. After the early settlers disappeared for various reasons the tunnel received no care. Cave-ins resulted and in the course of years the waterway became clogged until less than seventy-five inches flowed out. Possibilities of re-establishing the former flow as well as developing more water were seen. For weeks a crew worked and few people even in the Colony knew what was being done. The tunnel is now cleaned out, and Ray Proebstel, our engineer, tells me that $34,000 has been added to the material wealth of the Colony by this work. More than 130 inches flow from the tunnel now. Some young men are now engaged in making a place for a hoisting engine to haul the gravel out of the tunnel when work is resumed under the creek bed. Every water man who makes any pretense of knowing anything about water development is satisfied that a steady flow, materially more than now runs, can be secured by further penetrating the gravel, forty-one feet below the present bed of the stream. Several ideas relative to water development are under consideration. Method and foresight made it possible to incrase the water possibilities of Llano.

Comrade Millarr has charge of the agricultural end of the ranch. It is some job. Every one knows it. Millarr recently went over the ranch with Professor Campbell, the Southern Pacific expert on tillage, and there are few points of difference in their conclusions as to the proper way of handling soils. Millarr and his associates, from the corral up the line, are cooperating in every possible way to get crops in this year and to prepare the land for fall work. The land in Llano in most part has been reclaimed from nature and lacks humus. The soil has to be built up, as every farmer knows, but, according to Campbell, the soil is capable of producing anything when given plenty of cultivation.

I will skip a lot of organized industries for want of space and speak of the organization in and about the hotel and the difficulties of housing. Mrs. Williams, my wife, has had charge of the hotel and truth compels me to say that she has effected an organization that works.

The kitchen: Allan Thorp is a cook of long experience and has owned a business of his own before coming here.

From four to six girls assist in the dining room. I hate to talk out loud about what I think of these girls and their work

(Continued on Page 26)

The Co-operative Commonweath and Education

By Clinton Bancroft

GOVERNMENT is the conservation, the crystallization of the results of human progress. It follows and depends upon, never shapes or precedes, industrial development. Its functions are to conserve, to intensify, to generalize, not to lead; and co-operative workers now declare that industries may be so perfectly organized through private association and combination that they may finally be brought one by one under the operation and control of that mighty organ of society; but such organization must be done by the people consentingly with that final consummation always in view.

But the success of would-be practical attempts at changing present systems or effecting a transition from private to collective ownership of industries must be measured by the accuracy with which such attempts reflect the educative change already wrought among the people. An educated brain and heart, an enlightened conscience and intellect, mind and morals illuminated by the divine light of knowledge—these are the solvents of error and evil everywhere. For if the working of the new industrial system (and there must be a new system if the old evils and causes of slavery, poverty and conflict are to be destroyed) depends upon the voluntary support of the people, it cannot have it in the very nature of things unless the people are educated to an intelligent comprehension and approval of it.

The Modern Educator therefore realizes that industrial organization must keep time and pace with the educative progress of the people, and that his position, like that of the industrial organizer, is **not ahead of them,** not on the heights of ideal socialism expounding its beauties and beckoning to them to follow, to climb up after him, but down among them, **at their head,** with them, a part of them, working for them. He realizes as never before that the theories and principles he teaches may conform to the logic of pure thought, but social systems and policies must conform to the circumstances and conditions of the people.

The great competitive system is practiced by the great majority of the people. It must be gradually transmuted and changed to a co-operative system.

But a co-operative system of any scope can not be successfully operated among a people and by a people unless a very high degree of organizing power has first been developed among them. Of its great rival, the competitive wage system, the reverse is true. The lower a people are in civilization, the less organizing power they have and the less general intelligence there is among them, the better the competitive system works. Great oppressive combinations among the masters can not so successfully be made. The industrial slave has a freer field in which to compete. But the co-operative system requires organizing powers, and the fact is that our organizing powers have now become so great that they not only invite an adoption of the co-operative system but they are forcing it upon us whether we will or not.

The competitive system is doomed (not dead, but doomed to disappear from the industrial field). Organization is destroying it; for organization is monopoly, and monopoly is upon us. There is left to the workers but a single choice—private monopoly under capital-ownership, or private monopoly under co-operative ownership. If they are satisfied to remain industrial slaves, they will choose the former. If they wish to be free and independent, they will choose the latter.

As stated, the transition of ownership must be gradual and it is only in this way that it can be so done; it can not be done at once nor by any law or edict or administration; neither can it be done by simply talking about it and explaining and advocating it. Talking, and explaining, and advocating are very necessary and indispensable in the work of organizing and instructing the workers in methods and systems, but they are neither the best nor only means of educating the people. More than that must be done. The educators themselves must practice what they teach. If they confine their efforts to teaching science, art, literature, language, law and trades, and to professional and vocational training they will never achieve the results they so much desire. Neither will criticism of capitalistic methods, denouncing the perpetrators of wrong and injustice to the workers, nor appeals to the people for sympathy for the martyrs to the cause of labor effect the desired end. But criticism that calls the attention of the people to these things and at the same time directs them to an organized co-operative system better for them in every way and offering opportunity to the workers to gain economic power and industrial freedom is a different matter. Something will be gained by such action. That is the best educative plan; and that will require an organization that will both advocate and practice a co-operative system adaptable to industrial and educational conditions and the needs of the workers; one whose benefits and advantages are easily acecssible by them everywhere, national in extent and responsible alike to producers and consumers.

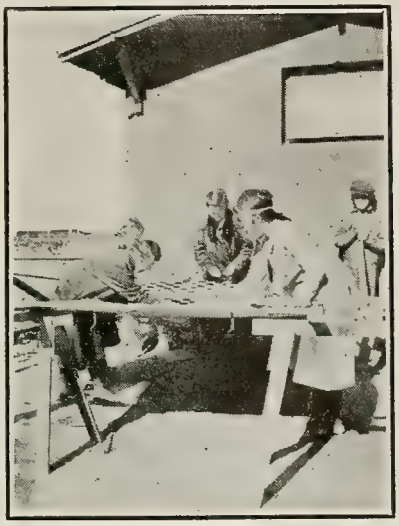
> CO-OPERATIVE workers now declare that industries may be so perfectly organized through private association and combination that they may finally be brought one by one under the operation and control of government.
>
> There is left to the workers but a single choice—private monopoly under capital ownership, or private monopoly under co-operative ownership. If they wish to be free and independent they will choose the latter.

To show what that system is to be and how it will be established is a very important part of the work now confronting the Modern Educator. That is the education the people need, especially the working class, and in the Modern School it will begin with the child.

A very clear and practical illustration of the Modern School may now be seen in the schools as conducted in the Llano del Rio Colony. In them are taught what is usually embraced in the curricula of the public schools from the primary to the university. But here, along with the text-book studies which are adapted to static mind culture alone, are taught those things which change that culture from the static to the dynamic. The idea of the polytechnic schools is maintained throughout the course, and the arts and trades are taught as well as literature and science; indeed, the latter are studied with a general reference to the former. Not alone is the brain educated, but the hand and eye and ear, the main avenues through which the brain is reached. But it is as much in the methods as in the matter taught that the Llano schools are different from the public school system. Books are not aban-

doned by any means, but they are reduced to their proper place as guides and aids to the student engaged in acquiring knowledge as near as may be from original sources, and actively engaged as far as possible in its useful application. But it should not be understood that by the useful is always meant the material. Whatever best contributes to the cultivation of the mind and the well-rounded development of the individual is not omitted. But usually that cultivation and development can best be attained by the application of the physical and mental powers to something that is or tends to be materially useful.

The individual is made up of mind and body and his perfect development requires the proportionate and symmetrical development of these two constituents. "Mens sana in corpore sano," is the object and sum of life; a perfect mind in a perfect body, perfectly developed in all their powers and functions; and in the Llano Colony schools the student is taught how this development may be most nearly approximated. Development requires exercise; for the body, action; for the mind, thought. Thought and action scientifically directed and properly proportioned are the only means by which this development may be attained. The ideal man is not the dreamer, the sedentary scholar, nor the machine philosopher. The ideal man combines in healthful measure both thought and action. Learning and labor, physical labor, should go hand in hand, and that is what industrial education means. The ideal school system then necessary to this complete development will be that which gives the student proper opportunities for the exercise of these two faculties—mind and body. He must have time to think (study), and to act (labor, exercise).



The children learn many things at Llano. These are making quilts for their beds

Briefly stated, the patron saints of the Llano Colony schools are Froebel, Montessori, and Solomon. But the methods of these natural educators are so extended and adapted as to be applied along with "book-learning" to every department of education. The arts, trades, and sciences are all drawn upon in well balanced proportion, and natural methods applied most largely to the teaching of them all. The graduates of Llano Colony schools will go forth from their alma mater with no sickly, false, or sentimental views of life. The whole tendency of its educational system is to give the student wholesome and healthful ideals of learning and labor, of duty and happiness, and to equip him for getting the most and the best out of the years before him. The student is expected to pass imperceptibly from the schools to the trade or occupation in life which his natural aptitude has led him all along to select, and in the Co-operative Commonwealth continue the process of self-development, mental, moral, and physical. That is the real, the true **Continuation School;** for trained men are at the head of each industrial department, and the workers in each constitute under the Llano co-operative regime a school in itself wherein are intelligently and scientifically discussed and investigated all matters of interest pertaining to their future physical life in the Co-operative Commonwealth. And it is the desire and purpose of the founders of the Llano Colony to extend their school system by helping to establish other educational centers of a similar character.

They are also planning a great university as the crowning feature of their industrio-educational system in which will be taught—in addition to law, literature, art, science and trades—co-operative organization of industries, co-operative land purchasing, co-operative banking and exchange, and the power that free money and free land would be to the workers in their efforts to gain economic freedom from their capitalistic masters. This university is to be grander in design, broader in scope and utilitarian purposes, and with a capacity for a larger number of students than any other university hitherto established in the United States. And its terms are to be within the easy reach of all the workers. The founders of Llano Colony realize that knowledge is power, and that knowledge is gained by education, by experience in actual contact with the world, and in the practice of the arts, trades, professions and vocations in which the student has been trained and educated.

They realize that education is a very necessary means in the struggle for industrial freedom, but that without a complete understanding of the fundamental essentials to successful co-operative production and just distribution, which essentials are collective ownership of land by producers and consumers, and exchange of the products of labor at labor cost of handling, and how to effect their legal possession and concurrent operation during the period of educating the workers and re-organizing ownership,—all private and public educational plans and systems and schemes, all schools of every description, colleges, universities and foundations, however grand and noble their purposes and aspirations may be or whatever the merits and advantages their founders may claim for them, are only contributing to the further upbuilding and strengthening of a dominant, powerful, and unyielding property class.

In the struggle to gain industrial freedom, in the process of organizing and building up the Co-operative Commonwealth, in the transition of ownership of great labor-employing productive industries, and in the adjustment of details in all their industrial, political, and legal phases, the educated man with the special training for the work to be done will be preferred to the untrained, under educated and inefficient one, just as he would be in any other great undertaking. In this great movement already begun, all the powers of educated minds and skilled hands available will be in demand and utilized. In that sense and for the purposes of organization and intelligent leadership, education embracing law, political economy and parliamentary practice and tactics is necessary to the working class. But if there are those, be they reformers or revolutionists, who hope to solve the industrial problem by first gaining control of government through a political party in order to establish the principles they teach, leaving meanwhile their graduates and the workers to the chance and circumstance of conditions in competitive society and the wage-system under capital-ownership, their hopes must end in disappointment and their work in a yet stronger capitalism.

Merchandising the Atmosphere

By Alanson Sessions

IN the great Antelope Valley is the "makings" of one of the most wonderful dairy and stock sections of the world. Along with the profitable cow, goes the lean meat hog, whence comes the kind of bacon that rapidly mounts up into cash.

In the Canadian Northwest there are three months in the year—July, August and Winter. In the Antelope Valley also there are three months in the year—December, January and Summer.

One basis of wealth of this rapidly growing district is alfalfa. The soil throughout the valley is easily inoculated with nitrogen-fixing bacteria, which, soon after the germination of the plant, begin to develop nodules and to draw the nitrogen from the air. The hotter the air the faster the bacteria work, extracting the nitrogen from the atmosphere and soaking it into the sap of the alfalfa root, through providing all the nitrogen necessary for rapid growth. With water plentifully and skilfully applied the limit of production is usually guaged by the amounts of available sulphur and phosphorous in the soil. Sodium carbonate or bicarbonate is nearly always present in sufficient quantities to preserve the alkalinity of the soil.

One of the landmarks of progress in agriculture is the discovery that sulphur is one of the primarily important plant foods. For many years the cow colleges have told us that phosphates, potash and nitrates are the only plant foods with which a farmer need ordinarily concern himself. Recently numerous experimentors almost simultaneously announced that their soils respond more readily to applications of pure sulphur than anything else. A chemical analysis of alfalfa hay shows a greater amount of sulphur than phosphorous.

The sulphur is commonly applied to the soil in gypsum (lime-sulphate), superphosphate, or in sulphate of potash. In this valley one of the soil ingredients generally present is sodium sulphate, or Glauber's salts. This salt is sometimes called "white alkali." Alfalfa growers have noticed that the heaviest crops grew on the edges of the "alkali spots." Till recently they had no authority for the belief that white alkali, or sodium sulphate was food for alfalfa. Now we know it is good because of the sulphur it contains.

There has always been much discussion of the possible tonnage of alfalfa that could be grown on an acre. The Fresno County Fair Association once started an alfalfa contest to find out. Under the strictest rules and supervision the winner cut and delivered at the fair grounds, before the first of October, eleven tons, fifteen hundred pounds of clean, fine, well-cured hay, all grown on an acre, in one season. The grower claims to have lost more than five hundred pounds in baling, hauling and shipping. After that, on the same acre, he raised another two ton crop, thus totaling fourteen tons. Fourteen tons of alfalfa, with the usual grain, will feed three ordinary cows a year, if fed without waste.

The sun, the ocean, the winds and the high mountains play strange pranks on the Pacific coast. The soft southwest winds laden with moisture, evaporated by the tropic sun, sweep over the valley and precipitate their burden in the high Sierras. So all through the hay-making season no rains fall in the broad valley. The dry air cures the hay perfectly, so practically every crop is saved without a loss. In the hottest weather the rake follows the mower, putting the new mown hay into small shocks, where is cures perfectly in from two to five days, and retains all its leaves.

Alfalfa is the best roughage for milk cows, young animals and lean stock. Horses and cattle will grow to full size on alfalfa. Heifers developed solely on alfalfa make famous milk producers. There are thousands of cows that annually produce more than a hundred dollars' worth of butter fat on nothing but alfalfa hay. They would do better with grain and a better balanced ration, but the cheapness of alfalfa makes grain feeding a doubtful source of profit.

Hogs frequently grow from weaning time to a weight of 400 pounds on alfalfa pasture, with occasional periodical forays into a barley field, or a raisin vineyard where waste fruit was left. If time enough is taken, the pasture, shelter, shade and water kept in best condition, a pound of grain will make a pound of pork. The more grain the quicker the hog will mature, but the hog business in Llano will doubtless consist in making pork on alfalfa pasture.

In many parts of California rye sown in September on irrigated land will often be ready to head out in January and makes a wonderful pasture. Alfalfa growers often sow grain in the alfalfa fields after cutting the last crop in the fall. It grows all winter and the grain will be cut with the first crop of alfalfa. Sometimes it is threshed, and the straw, mixed with alfalfa hay, makes very fine feed.

Sugar beets, turnips, mangels, carrots and other hardy roots grow thriftily through the winter, if started in November or December. Canadian field peas and crimson clover are other all-winter crops grown successfully after the ground is inoculated, or the indigenous bacteria adapted by continuous planting.

Alfalfa is an air plant. Its nitrogen comes from the air through the bacteria on its roots, the carbon comes from the air and enters the plant through the leaves. The good dairyman markets his butter-fat and returns most of the milk to the soil by

(Continued on Page 26)

On Home Books

By A. Constance Austin

A BOOK—a childhood's treasure, or the choice
Of some forbear who else has left no sign,
By its mere presence, its patina fine
Of use and age, speaks in a subtle voice
To that deep self which first we brought to earth;—
Fresh from the primal truth of the beyond,
Yet conscious of experience, of a bond,—
Feeling the weight of all the lives whose worth,
And weakness, builded up his own. This soul,
Befogged by futile fact, behind whose veil
We crouch, dismayed by glimpses of the goal
Whose vastness daunts;—yet thrills to feel the frail
Reflect and perfume of the past, control
Him with an inward power beyond assail.

Then those torn covers show where childish hands
Broke in to seize the message;—not mere words,
But aspirations. Still the mem'ry girds
Us on to meet the promise; it commands
A vision of the glowing haze that stands
Between youth and life's stress;—that youth condemned
To see the tide of his full pulses stemmed
By the dead reef of custom's set demands.
But those first books seem but a breath, to bid
Him catch at every dream in which the past,
Hope's free, inspiring lessons age-long hid,
To beckon onward to the best and last.
Thus the old books, even unread, forbid
Soul-weary worldliness to bind us fast.

Industrial Mechanics

By L. W. Millsap, Jr.

IT may be a misfortune to be regarded as seeing everything through the eyes of a mechanic, but we can "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," so we will look for the good in being so regarded and see what can be found.

In the first place the real mechanic must have vision. He must be able to see beyond surface conditions. When he looks at a part of a machine, he must see more than a dirty, greasy piece of iron. He must see the relation of parts to each other and be able to trace motion from one part to another through a maze of intricacy. He must look through the paint and finish and even through solid iron walls and bars, and see what is going on behind them.

He learns to know instinctively how much each part can stand and how much strain it takes to snap it. He learns to recognize when parts are related in the best manner and when they are not, what parts are superfluous; when the essential ones are functioning properly and when they are not.

So something good can really come out of Nazareth.

Industry is a pretty broad term. It covers a lot of activity and only by industry is life possible. We must work to live and we must produce material things. Material things are vitally necessary to our existence and the more of these material things we make use of the more highly developed our life becomes.

These material things are all composed of nature's raw material transformed to suit our needs, and from the dawn of history the problem of transforming them has confronted us.

In solving it we have made discoveries. We have discovered relations between things, laws, principles, and processes, and one discovery has led to another. As a principle becomes clear in our minds it suggests an arrangement of material to make it operative.

In arranging material to serve our purpose, we have discovered new principles and so on, and in this way all the laws of mechanics have been established.

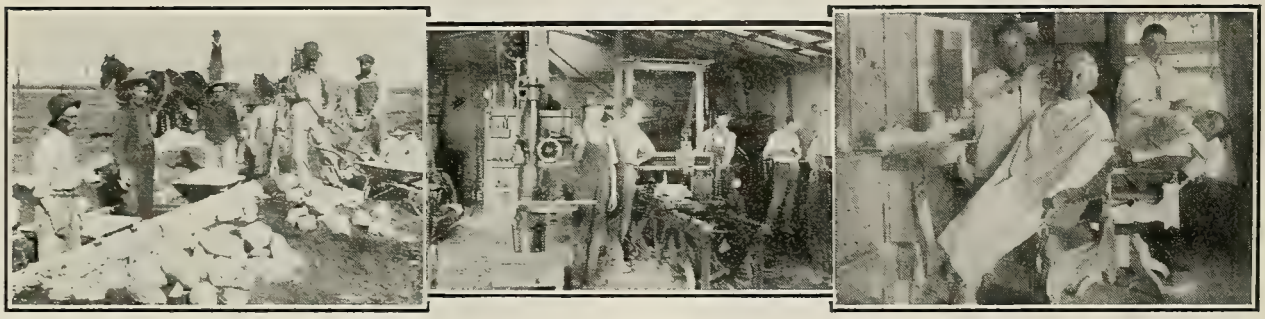
This has grown through the ages until we little realize how much our life depends upon it. From birth to death we are dependent more and more upon mechanical devices, and the use we make of these discoveries determines whether our lives will be full of happiness and comfort or misery and suffering.

Our discoveries along this line more than any other one thing determines the degree of our development.

Our mechanical discoveries have determined what food we eat, and furnish the means of producing it. They determine our habits and our thoughts; the kind of shelter we use; the kind of clothes we wear; the places where we live, and the distances over which we travel.

This being true, it is fitting and it is important that we give some consideration to the mechanics of industry, for no matter where we go, at home or abroad, at peace or at war, it is the person, or group of persons, or state, or nation, which is developed the most highly along mechanical lines that survives the longest. Darwin says the fittest will always survive. This being true, the fittest are the persons or nations who have developed the farthest along mechanical lines, for in the ultimate it is still the forces of nature we must defend ourselves from and make use of to sustain our lives.

In Llano we have dared to step into unknown realms, not unmindful that we are likely to make both discoveries and mistakes. We realize the importance of the mechanical development of our enterprise. To the outsider coming from an environment where mechanical lines are highly organized, our first steps along mechanical lines may seem uncertain. In a desert where nature's material is in an absolutely raw state our efforts seem puny and the outsider doesn't realize that our progress has been made with a minimum expenditure of money. He cries "inefficiency" but that is a relative term. A bicycle is more efficient than walking, even though not as efficient as an auto.



Extreme left shows scene in building rock-lined ditches for irrigation; center shows one corner of the machine shop; right is the Llano barber shop.

The valuable fact is that we are improving our methods. Our people are gaining experience; mechanical genius is encouraged. Our future city is planned in such a way as to make the greatest use of mechanical means of communication, distribution, transportation, the securing of both comfort and convenience, and in the creation of architectural art. Never before has such a thing been attempted and definitely planned throughout a whole city and nowhere could it be accomplished but in a co-operative community, such as is being established at Llano. From time to time we hope to keep our readers informed in regard to the developments in the mechanics of industry throughout the world and also about the development and use of mechanical means which we now use in making life more beautiful to all who choose to work with us at Llano, and to those who make use of our experience in other places, and we hope it will prove interesting, for mechanical devices serve a much more noble purpose when used in the constructive work of making life easy, comfortable and beautiful, than when used for the destructive purposes of war.

Llano's Solution of th

By We

WHEN the lowlands are shrouded in shadows the beautiful Antelope Valley is basking in the warm sunshine. The ocean mists are dispersed and lose their power before the uplands are reached. December finds Llano reveling in the warm sunlight; not a cloud to mar the beauty of our perfect days.

When other cities are taking their vegetables from a hot house, we are able to go to the field and select them. The housewives of Llano will be able to have lettuce, radishes, cabbage and many delicacies of the table the year around, which would be prohibitive to a majority in other communities

In our climate the growing grocery bill has no terrors. We have water and land in abundance and the application of labor to our land has brought forth abundantly of the good things of life.

Our gardens have supplied our wants, and experiments which have been and are carried out is sufficient evidence upon which we can safely make the assertion that within a very short space of time we will be self-sustaining. Through the development of our agricultural resources we see a haven of refuge for many more from the struggle of Capitalism.

By the application of scientific methods in the preparation of our soils, we have achieved some astonishing results.

Those things which were considered impossible by those who farmed here for years have by co-operative management (the result of many minds working toward the same end) been overcome, and today the utterly impossible agriculture feats are positive actualities.

Potato culture by the little individual farmers of the vicinity was impossible. They failed to perceive the fact that we have here a soil totally lacking in humus, and as a consequence the nitrogen, phosphorical and potash elements are also low. The potato contains these elements in compounds. A soil lacking them will not grow potatoes. They relied upon empirical, rather than scientific knowledge. They saw the results of planting on raw soils. It had been tried and had failed.

It was left to us to first feed the soil and then grow potatoes. This could be done in two ways. By the application of barnyard manure, which would in time supply the food elements necessary, or plant some leguminous crop as a green fertilizer.

The first method was clumsy and slow, being adopted to intensive rather than extensive soil rejuvenation. The element nitrogen contained in the organic matter of the manure has to pass through a period of decay in order to release the ammonia and nitric acid, which are converted by nitrifying bacteria into nitrates which may be used for plant food. When immediate results must be attained, we then naturally turn to the only remaining alternative.

Some of our old alfalfa fields acquired from the farmers formerly here were run out, and practically unfit for further use in producing hay. These were plowed under, and in this way we found a practical, quick, extensive, and easy solution of the problem of soil development.

By planting in February we have demonstrated the fact that an early crop of potatoes of very good quality can be grown. A planting in July will produce a good crop in October. By a system of double cropping and crop rotation, which would be necessary under heavy cropping, we can grow an abundant supply of potatoes of very good quality on a small tract of land.

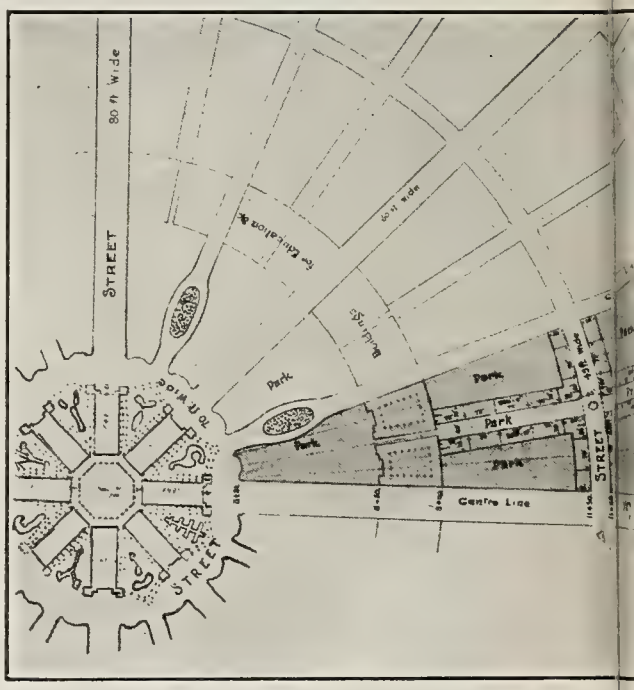
A great number of other small vegetables could not, in the psychology of the small farmer, be grown. Peas were an utter failure until agriculturists, with the aid of the boys, raised several hundred pounds on as many square feet of soil. This year a large field is being planted. The boys are all enthusiastic, and affirm that soon Llano will be supplied through their labors with all their garden vegetables.

Peas, being among the legumes, should grow on a desert soil, as it produces nitrates in the nodules on its roots, which can be used as food by the plant. In theory this is right.

But our experience in planting them on raw soils has not been a success. Through the light of this experience let us theorize still farther. The physical condition of our soils might be such as to hinder root development. This also can be improved by cultivation. We must search for the time and the fundamental cause in the physiology of the plant itself.

The seed of any plant contains proteids to a more or less extent. The proteids are nitrogenous compounds. The drain on the soil nitrogen does not take place to any great extent until the seeds are formed. To this rule we must add a notable exception. In the leguminous plants the stems and leaves contain a great deal of protein. The leguminous plants, however, produce very little nitrates in the nodules on their roots until maturity is reached. An incident which came to my notice carries out this theory.

Alfalfa which had been planted on new soil grew about three inches and stood there. It began to turn yellow and looked sickly, yet it lived but did not grow. I pulled some of the alfalfa and examined the roots. Nothing seemed wrong,



No true idea of the plan of the City of Llano to be built on th city, can be given by any mere design. However, the cut shown he It will be seen that the streets radiate from a center. In this cent dustries, the amusements, schools, etc. Novel features which can n similar design, and the unique construction of houses gives it featur brought to the notice of Llano people. Each home will have a sma and will give perfect privacy, yet with no waste of space. It is greater privacy and beauty of surroundings than by any other pla

Growing Grocery Bill

By W. Cornes

but the root nodules peculiar to legumes were absent. The mystery was solved later. At four to five inches in height the alfalfa began to bloom. After clipping the crop began to grow and several crops were harvested that year. We explained the incident in the fact that no nitrates had been formed in the roots and, as the soil contained none, no growth could take place until the period of maturity, when the nitrates, through the bacterial action, were produced.

In Llano we had the same experience with beans. The plant made no growth until forced to bloom in order that reproduction might take place.

The pea having, therefore, a greater protein content in its leaves than beans have, could not be successfully raised on our soils until the nitrogen content of the soil had been increased by the application of manure, which has been proven beyond a doubt by the experiment carried out in our schools.

Realizing the necessity of soil fertility, every particle of manure is hauled upon the land. In this way the plant foods are left on the soil instead of wasting in large rotten compound heaps around the barns, which is often the case on some farms.

Alfalfa cropping is now considered one of the cheapest methods of enriching our soils. Hundreds of acres are and have been prepared for spring planting. Alfalfa means more stock, which means more meat, milk, and butter in the larder.

A year ago, where we now see hundreds of acres of young alfalfa was a barren waste capable of providing only small crops.

We are looking toward the future. Experiments which we have tried demonstrate to our satisfaction that other crops, such as cereals, may be grown successfully in this district. An experiment station has grown out of the demand for further experiments and tests along agricultural lines. The aim of this station will be to help make Llano self-sustaining by finding methods which will enable us to grow these things not yet grown. The flour problem will be the first attacked. Experiments will be tried using the dry and irrigation methods of growing wheat. We do not hope for a large yield per acre on raw soil. It is believed, however, that if proper methods of farming were used a yield of fifteen bushels per acre could be had. If these experiments materialize, at the present price of flour a yield of only ten bushels per acre would pay us well.

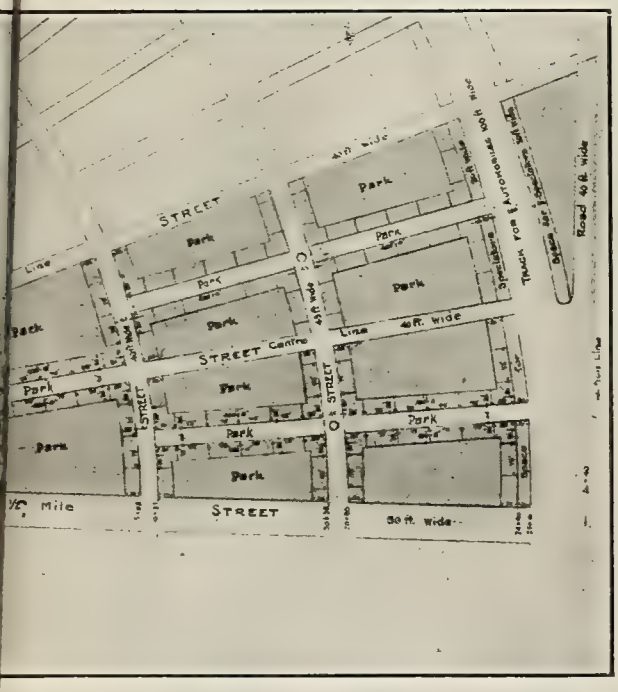
The growing of wheat on fertilized soil has, however, been tried with very satisfactory results. A yield of about thirty bushels to the acre was harvested on a small tract. It is only necessary to plow under alfalfa and incorporate in our soils the needed organic material and the problem is solved.

Llano is a natural fruit country. Sloping gently to the north the beautiful valley lies like a great vista before us. The greatest slope is about three per cent gradually in the valley, to less than one-half of one per cent. A perfect system of drainage is the first requisite in growing fruit trees. The altitude is something over three thousand feet. The beautiful, clear, warm days of spring eliminate all danger of early frost. A deep mineral soil makes horticulture a pleasure and not a problem. Nowhere in the world is there more natural horticultural advantages.

A deep soil means a well developed root system. The tree tries to equalize the development of root and top. As the root branches out and comes in contact with more plant food in the soil, it is able to support more top. The stems become hardier and are able to resist drought better, because the extended root system comes in contact with more soil moisture.

Today, where hundreds of acres of young pear trees stand like young sentinels in long straight rows, almost as far as the eye can reach, a year ago was a wilderness of greasewood and sage brush. These fields have been brushed, leveled and planted. Horticulturist Comrade Dawson realizes the importance and possibilities of fruit culture here and is planning to extend his work to greater fields. The experience in raising different kinds of fruits has been more than satisfactory. Apples grow and produce abundantly, the mineral elements of the soil imparting a color and flavor unbeatable. The quality makes the fruit of this section especially sought in the markets. The luscious fruit of the red raspberry, blackberry, dewberry and strawberry are a few of the experiments in this department which have proven a wonderful success.

Acres of alfalfa, fruits and garden growing upon a desert soil. Each new step must be taken with caution. Each new idea must be carefully tried before using. Ignorant of the productive power of our soils, we must necessarily work for a time in the dark. The results achieved have been remarkable. We stand today upon a firm foundation. Every necessity and even luxury can be had through scientific handling of our soils, and this can be accomplished by a united people working side by side for the same ideal. With the inspiration of Socialism before us, we have shown the world a true co-operative farm in action.



gentle slope of the San Gabriels about one mile from the present will convey some idea. It is a sector drawn out in some detail. will be clustered the administration building and certain silent inbe shown here will make it much different from any other city of vastly superior to those proposed for any other city that has been independent yard, will have a frontage on a city-maintained park, laimed for the Llano plan that more persons can be housed with yet devised.

The Hope Box

By Helen Frances Easley

EMILY PAGE rapped softly. She had almost forgotten her promise to Bob, and as she stood at the door, she wondered just what she would say first. There was no response as she pushed the door open.

"Oh! please excuse me, Miss Best," she exclaimed. "I had no idea that you were busy."

"I'm not busy, but I didn't hear anyone at the door. I'm just playing," Phoebe Best answered, "so please come in. I was just pressing these two little guest towels. I love them, don't you?"

She carefully pressed the last fold in the second piece of linen and held both up for Emily's inspection. The toweling was fine and satiny and the ends of each towel were finished with exquisite tatted edging.

"Did you do all that work yourself?" Emily asked after a careful scrutiny of the towels.

"Oh! yes," Phoebe answered shyly, a little embarassed by the praise her caller's tone implied. "I enjoy it so, but my work isn't nearly so nice as my sister's. I've some things she did for me. Would you like to see them?"

"Indeed I should!" Emily felt that she was a long ways from the subject she had come to discuss, but there would be plenty of time for that, and even if she didn't have time for it herself, she admired pretty neddlework, and very soon she would have to be buying some for herself. The thought brought a happy little smile to her eyes.

Phoebe went over to her trunk and after carefully unlocking it and much tugging and lifting she carried the second tray over close to the light.

Emily gave a gasp of surprise. She had expected to see perhaps a half dozen pieces of fancy work, but here in neat array was a whole trunk tray simply loaded with linen! But Phoebe was too intent on her task to notice her visitor's amazement. She picked up a pile of towels.

"There are some I did myself, the very first, so they are not extra pretty, but they will do to wipe faces on, don't you think?" She glanced up with a bright little smile. "Oh! here are the ones Mary made for me. She does such pretty crochetting. I've never learned, I guess I'm stupid, but we used to trade work. I'd tat for her and she did these for me."

Phoebe patted the towels affectionately, and put them on a chair beside her. Emily felt that she herself was a long, long way from the errand that had prompted her call, but how should she begin when this radiant faced little creature insisted on displaying her entire store of linens. Not that Emily didn't enjoy it. She did, immensely, only she wished she knew how to begin what she wished to say.

"I really haven't such a lot," Phoebe continued. "You see these four table cloths take up a good deal of room, and a trunk tray doesn't hold such a big lot, after all. But sometime I'm going to get more linen sheets. I do like the feel of them, don't you? They are so cool and clean!"

Suddenly Emily leaned forward and reaching her hand across the white heap in her lap, she caught Phoebe's.

"This looks mighty suspicious, Miss Best. You don't mean that you left a perfectly good man at home, and came up here to work in the office!"

Phoebe's pretty face flushed, but her eyes danced merrily.

"Oh, gracious no! There isn't anyone like that, at least not yet. But I'm sure, most girls, deep down in their hearts are looking forward to the time when they will have their own little homes, and while I can't say exactly that I'm getting really ready, I've always thought that if that happy time came to me. I'd like to have some pretty things of my own, and I knew that if I didn't get them along slowly, I'd never have them, for I wouldn't have money enough at once, or even if I saved a year, to get all the things I would want."

Her voice trailed off wistfully. After all, the girl across from her was only an acquaintance of a month and such a confidence might bore her.

To be sure Emily's grasp had relaxed, but reflected in her own eyes was the same wistful expression of Phoebe's.

"Of course I understand," she said gently, and then quickly putting the towels back in place, she rose quickly.

"Really, I must be running back, I only came in for a minute——"

"Oh, I'm sorry if I've kept you from anything," Phoebe broke in, "I was so glad to see you. I wish you would come in oftener. I wish you could stay now, but I hope that I haven't detained you."

"Not at all," Emily assured her, "but I must hurry now, I'll see you in the morning." There was something breathless about her manner. It puzzled Phoebe for a moment, but as she put away her "hope box," it slipped her mind. However, she would have been more perplexed if she could have seen her caller.

Emily ran down the hall, and closed the door as though she were being pursued by furies. Once in her own room she dropped into a chair.

"Why—why—," she gasped, "she's one of the sweetest girls I ever knew, but I didn't suppose she would be like that!" Whatever "that" stood for, Emily didn't say, but she continued to speak incoherently.

"Bob will call me silly, I guess, and we all could have such good times together, but I didn't think she was like that. I just can't take the responsibility. I guess I am silly, but I couldn't ask her!"

For a long time she sat there thinking vague thoughts, long after Phoebe, four rooms down the hall, the innocent cause of it all had gone to sleep. Emily wondered what excuse she would give to Bob, and what he would think of it all.

She thought a good deal about Phoebe, too. They all liked her at the office. She was so sweet and obliging, and in her month's stay, they had found her a most welcome addition. The force of the Parks' Advertising Agency was very congenial. It was not comprised of many people, but all were capable and big hearted, and while there was a great deal of work to be done, there was time for a certain amount of friendliness. They were all proud of the Agency, which was young, and every bit of new business was a boost, if properly taken care of, and each seemed to feel that it was an especially assigned task to look after it. Perhaps this mutual feeling of enthusiastic interest and ambition helped the cordial feeling that existed at the office.

Finally what seemed a gigantic piece of good luck had come. It was by far the biggest piece of business that had ever been offered to them. The exploitation of a new food-stuff had been given exclusively to the Parks' Advertising Agency, and was being put out by a well known company whose funds guaranteed prompt payment for work done for them.

Mr. Parks, the manager, had called the entire force together, and the congratulations that greeted his announcement was

assurance enough that each and every one would work heartily and willingly. But no matter how enthusiastic they might be, it was physically possible for them to do only so much work, and Mr. Parks was well aware of it. He valued his employees too highly to ask them to overdo, and he realized that this new campaign would mean a vast amount of extra work. Already Bob Bruce and Russel Stevens, the two copy men, were almost to their limit. Bob stayed in the office, but Russel looked after the out of town work, often being absent a week, so it was plain that their present work would not allow them much time for anything new.

The campaign, as outlined, would include a number of cooking contests, with prizes given for novel and attractive uses of the new product. Also a good many newspaper stories would be needed, articles that would interest the women readers.

Some one suggested getting a girl, possibly a graduate in domestic science, but Mr. Parks was afraid the salary would not be sufficiently large to attract such a person. However he wrote to the head of the domestic science department of one of the Normal schools, stating the whole case, and asking advice.

The answer came quite promptly. Miss Brandt wrote that at that time of the year she had no student she could send, and as far as she knew all her graduates were teaching. But she could put them in touch with a very capable young woman, one who had nearly finished the course in domestic science the year before, but had been called home on account of the illness of her mother. She had not been able to return to school, but her mother was now quite recovered, and the department had only a few days before received a letter from the ex-student, asking if there were any positions open that she might apply for. Of course none of them had thought of the possibility of such a place as the Agency offered, and it might be that Miss Best would consider the position, for which they heartily recommended her.

So it was that Phoebe had come among them, a happy hearted, sunny haired little person, who kept up the precedent of the Agency for cheerful diligence, and before she had been with them a week Mr. Parks told the rest that she was a jewel.

To Phoebe's way of thinking, she had a great deal to be happy for. Her mother was well again, well enough to go to Mary, and then when she was despairing of finding anything to do this splendid position had found her! How could she be anything but cheerful and eager to do her very best?

And yet as Emily sat thinking of her, she kept reiterating, "I didn't think she was like that!" Indeed it was her last thought before she went to sleep, and the first in the morning. She thought of it all the way down town.

As bookkeeper for the Agency, she was a busy, alert young woman. She was generally the first one at the office, and Bob Bruce, second. The rest of the force often asked if it was the work that caused Bob's promptness. But he and Emily were sensible young people and took all the chafing in good part. They saw no particular reason for keeping their engagement secret, and for that matter, the office had surmised the truth even before it was announced. They were good comrades, and didn't mind having it known, and working together had only heightened the charm.

But this morning Emily was not exceedingly anxious to see Bob. She didn't know how she was going to explain to him, but a very few minutes after she reached the office she heard a well-known step in the hall. The door opened and then——

"Mornin', Emmy girl"—it was generally "Emmy girl" when no one else was present—Bob called out happily. "Party all fixed?"

Emily shook her head mutely.

"Oh, didn't you get to see Miss Best?"

Emily nodded this time.

"Yes, I saw her, Bob." She was silent a moment, then spoke vehemently.

"I don't know how to tell you, Bob, you wouldn't understand, but I just couldn't ask her. She has a regular hope box, and she expects to get married."

"Oh! Engaged!" Bob looked interested.

"No, not engaged. It's hard to explain, but she has all those pretty things, and she expects to meet a man some time, a man whom she'll marry."

Bob's expression was one of absolute incredulity.

"But I don't get you, Emmy. That doesn't seem a very lucid reason, pardon me, dear, for not asking her. I'm not at all surprised that she expects to be married some day. A girl with her charm could hardly expect to escape, and anyway it's perfectly natural for everybody to expect to get married some day. So I don't see why you should have let that stand in your way of asking her."

Emily watched the street resignedly.

"I knew you wouldn't understand. But, Bob, you didn't see her when she showed me those towels and things, and you didn't hear when she spoke of them. And it just seemed to me that it would be wicked, positively wicked, to ask her to go with Russel——"

Bob interrupted her with a shameless, uproarious laugh.

"Oh! Emmy girl, I'm beginning to see light. You're afraid this young and unsuspecting maiden will be too greatly impressed by our gallant Russ——" The thought was too mirth-provoking for Bob to finish his remark.

"Well, I don't care, Russel Stevens IS nice. I've always thought he was about the nicest man I'd ever met, excepting you."

The laughter died immediately.

"Oh! Emmy girl, what makes you say such nice things in this office, where we are likely to be favored by an audience at any minute?" There was an inexpressibly tender tone in the man's voice.

"But, honestly, honey," he went on, "I think you are wrong. Just because a girl may have some things for the home she may some day have, it's no sign that she is going to fall in love with every man that admires her. And I'm sure Russ does admire her. He himself planned this party just before he left, a week ago, you know, only he didn't have time to ask her himself, so he left it to us. Why, the four of us could have the jolliest time together."

"But it doesn't seem quite fair, Bob. There is Edith Stuart, you know. Almost everybody thinks she and Russel Stevens are engaged. He goes around with her more than any one else. I suppose she is lovely; a girl with all her money and advantages ought to be."

Bob's face sobered.

"Well, I hadn't thought of her; but, truly, I think they are just good friends. I'll admit I don't know much about it, but I'm sure we needn't worry about that. So, will you ask her, or shall I?"

Emily laughed. It was a nervous little laugh, to be sure, but it was better than none.

"Perhaps that would be better," she replied; "and anyway it gives me a chance to wash my hands of the whole matter, Heartbreaker!"

So Bob did the asking instead of Emily, and Phoebe con-

sented happily. She hadn't dared admit even to herself how lonely she had been, but now that the spell seemed about to be broken, it came over her suddenly how much she had wanted to go about as the other young people of the office did.

The little party was a grand success. Even Emily had to admit it. They had gone first to an extremely good vaudeville performance, and afterwards to a quiet little cafe for supper. It was an event for Phoebe. Her enjoyment was so infectious that it would have enlivened even the dullest party, and as it was the other three young people, accustomed to the jolliest of good times, always remembered it as one of the pleasantest they had ever experienced. And it proved to be the first of many that followed.

"I like that little Miss Best immensely. A fellow can't help but admire her, Bob," Russel confided to his friend. "I hope we can all go out together often. It would be something mighty nice to look forward to when I'm out on the road."

Bob glanced quickly at his companion. His remark didn't sound as if he were in love with Miss Stuart. However, he said nothing of it to Emily, although he did tell her that Russ said he hoped they could get together often. And while Emily told Bob that Miss Best had assured her that she had had a delightful time, she did not tell him of the ecstatic glow on Phoebe's face as she had said it was one of the very best sort of times she had ever had. For a reason she could not explain even to herself, she felt an unaccountable secrecy as to Phoebe's appreciation of the evening. Nor could she get away from the fear that it might end in a heartache for Phoebe. She could not help but feel that Russel's regard for Miss Stuart was more than friendship, but she said nothing of it to Bob. If she had, he might have told her what Russel had said about something to look forward to, and, in a way, allayed her fears.

But Emily did not allow her qualms to stand in the way of any of their good times; in fact, after they had been out together several times she began to think that she had been altogether wrong in her first idea. It was quite evident that Russel Stevens admired Phoebe Best and enjoyed taking her about, and while her attitude toward him was the frendliest imaginable, even the vigilant Emily could not detect a hint of a deeper regard. Indeed, Emily was a little ashamed that she had even thought that Phoebe might not be able to be "just friends" with a man, on account of that little hope box. Bob had a perfect right to call her "silly,"

But Phoebe, in her own heart, did not realize how much Russel Stevens' friendship for her counted. She accepted it as one of the very good things which had lately come to her, was deeply grateful for it, but had not once analyzed what it meant to her.

With the incredible quickness that such things are learned, Phoebe had heard of Edith Stuart, but the rumor was so vague that Phoebe saw no reason for letting it spoil a very pleasant friendship, for she honestly believed it to be nothing more. Of course, if Mr. Stevens were engaged to the lovely Miss Stuart—she had been pointed out to Phoebe, and Phoebe used the adjective in all sincerity—he wouldn't care to be going about with any other girl. She did not even ask Emily about it, and it was one subject that Emily herself carefully avoided.

One morning Phoebe found a letter on her desk, addressed in an unfamiliar hand. It was from Russel, and he was asking her to please let him call on Thursday evening of the next week. He was very anxious to see her, and was writing her because he was afraid she might make another engagement for the evening!

Phoebe's face flushed hotly; a thousand little triphammers seemed beating in her veins. What could he mean? If he wanted to see her so much that he would write to her, why surely, surely—— Her heart and not her mind answered, and suddenly she hid her face in her hands as if to hide from the walls and the furniture the happiness her eyes were proclaiming.

Next Thursday! That was five days away. Five days to wonder. And yet she didn't want to wonder. Suppose she wondered wrong! She went about her work feverishly, and there was a suppressed excitement about her that Emily noticed and could not fathom, a sort of an exaltation, a vivacity that in a way was new to Phoebe.

With almost childish interest, Phoebe found herself crossing off the days. Wednesday, as she left the office, she thought to herself, "Only one day more." She hurried to the elevator, rode to the first floor, passed through the extrance hall to the door, and there stopped, transfixed by what she saw.

At the edge of the sidewalk, just opposite the door, stood a limousine, and in it Edith Stuart, lovelier than Phoebe had ever seen her, while holding the door open was Russel Stevens, traveling bag in hand. Evidently he had just come in and Miss Stuart had met him at the depot and had brought him up town. He had turned and, catching sight of Phoebe, took off his hat, bowed and resumed the conversation.

Phoebe moved on as one in a dream, her mind a curious, incoherent jumble, but again and again occurred the thought that this was Wednesday and Russel was in town. She had not given the matter any real consideration, but she had supposed that he meant to see her as soon as he came in. But, instead, he had only bowed to her, a distant, coolly polite greeting. Could he have forgotten the way he had written to her?

Emily pushed the door open quickly, and fortunately the light in the room was too dim for her to see the white, set look on Phoebe's face.

"Oh! Phoebe, dear," she said, excitedly, "will you go with me to see 'Madam Butterfly' this evening? It was Bob's time to have the complimentary tickets, but he has to write up the new show at the Radcliff to-night, so he told me to ask you. And parquet seats at that! Phoebe, think of the class!" And Emily caught the little figure up in her arms and danced around gaily from bed to door and back again.

"Let's hurry down and eat dinner, and then dress, for we want to doll up as much as we can," and she released her partner long enough to make a little curtsey.

There was no refusing her, and indeed Phoebe grasped at the chance of a diversion, anything that would make her forget Phoebe Best. Emily decided what she would wear.

"You look so lovely in your new suit and that beautiful lace waist that is low in the neck, and please fix your hair low on your forehead and two big coils at the back. I love it that way."

They were indeed a pretty pair, and, while they were strangers to those seated near them, there were a good many admiring glances in their direction.

Suddenly there were excited whispers behind them, comments they couldn't help hearing.

"Oh! see; there in the lower right-hand box; yes, the third. There is that lovely Edith Stuart and her parents. Well, well! and young Stevens! I suppose that amounts to an announcement!"

Instinctively Emily's and Phoebe's eyes also sought the box designated, and there indeed was Russel Stevens, in company with the Stuart family. Russel handsome in evening clothes, and Edith beautiful in a most exquisite gown. They were just entering, and the voices behind went on with their comments.

"Awfully fine young fellow; no money, but ambitious and very good family. No, I don't know who the other is"—just then another young man, evidently a guest also, seated himself—"a friend of the family, I suppose. Nothing worldly in their plans for Edith, and she could have married money. Of course, her grandfather's will leaves her amply provided for; her fortune almost equals her father's. But you wouldn't call Russel Stevens mercenary; he wouldn't marry her if he wasn't head over heels in love with her—he's not that sort——"

The voices drooned on, but were drowned to an indistinct murmur by the overture, but no music, however loud, could drown the thoughts in the two girls' minds.

Emily was furious. After all she had been right and Bob wrong, and just before the curtain went up and the lights off she had had time to see the strained look in Phoebe's eyes. After all, Phoebe did care! Oh! if only they hadn't come, at least she might have been spared that. Everything was going wrong! But she dared make no sign that she knew, or offer one atom of sympathy.

As for Phoebe herself, she had met Russel's eyes in that one glance, and his had leaped to hers, eager and happy, but after the barest nod she had looked away, and not once again during the evening did she turn her head in his direction. Now she was sure she knew, he meant to tell her of his engagement. He considered her a good enough friend to be among the first to be told. How foolish she had been to let any other thoughts creep in.

But why, **why,** did the opera have to be "Madam Butterflly," with its haunting, heart-rending music? Phoebe tried to be philosophical, and persuade herself that it was providential, to remind her that there were other heartaches than her own, for she could not deny that it was a heartache to her. But such reasoning brought little comfort. She had allowed herself to dream, and it was hard to give up.

Finally the curtain went down at the end of the last act, and the lights flared up to reveal tear-stained faces. Phoebe was mopping frantically at her eyes, as she smiled apologetically at Emily, and Emily's eyes were also red.

"Really, I couldn't help it," both announced at once.

The people left the theatre slowly, the aisles were crowded, but at last they reached the foyer, and Phoebe glanced up to look directly into the eyes of Russel Stevens!

"Good evening," he smiled, "This may not be according to the etiquette book, but if you don't mind, I'm going to take you home!"

Emily gasped, and Phoebe appeared to be stricken dumb, but the young man seemed to think that they had not recovered from the effects of the opera.

He hailed a taxi, and they rode home in comparative silence, but as he helped them out, at the house, he asked Phoebe if he might see her a little while.

"I'll send her up in a moment or two, Emily, but this is important," and without an answer Emily fled into the house.

"The crazy man," she said to herself. "I wonder what he means? I wonder if Phoebe will tell me."

When they were alone Russel turned to the little person beside him.

"Did you get my note, Phoebe?" he asked. It was the first time he had ever called her by her first name.

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"I didn't think I would be lucky enough to get to talk with you to-night, but when I saw you at the theatre I couldn't wait until to-morrow night, so I explained to the folks and they excused me. Honestly, Phoebe, there were just two things I wanted to do this whole evening. One was to punch that American Officer's face, and the other was to be sitting down there by you! I'd have given almost anything to have asked Emily to change places with me! It seemed that that was the place that belonged to me! I want it to always be my very own place, little girl!"

Phoebe turned her face up wonderingly. This didn't sound as if he were engaged to another girl.

"You mean——"

"I mean that I want you to love me, as I love you, to be my wife some day. Why, Phoebe, sweetest, I've been crazy about you from the very first, but an idiotic little promise kept me from telling you."

"Yes?" queried Phoebe softly, with something like a sob in her throat, and evidently Russel thought the little word answered all questions; and indeed it did, for Phoebe offered no resistance as Russel caught her close in his arms, and held her as if he would never let her go.

"You see, it was like this," he went on, after a happy little silence, "Edith Stuart has been engaged to Fred Parker for some time, and he was the other man in the party tonight. He has been away for nearly a year, but before he left, a lot of people who knew them well, suspected, and as they wanted to keep it a secret, we decided that I'd show Edith a lot of attention. I don't know WHY people want to keep engagements secret, do you, little girl? I'm just that happy I want every one to know it," he laughed boyishly. "But I guess everyone doesn't think as we do. And I didn't mind it a bit, that is at first. Edith and I have been good friends since we were little kids in school. But when I met you, I could hardly wait for Edith to announce her engagement. I even told her why, and she wished me 'Good luck.' Fred came back yesterday; the party tonight was in his honor. It has been planned for nearly a month, and that's why I knew I could tell you on Thursday. See? The announcement cards were mailed tonight, and it will be in the papers tomorrow. Lot of silliness, I think, but that's the way they wanted to do it."

Phoebe laughed happily just from pure joy, as she patted the big hand that held one of hers.

"And I wanted to go home with you this afternoon when you left the office," —"Oh! the dearness of him to be explaining everything that seemed wrong," Phoebe thought—"but Edith was in the midst of a long story of her plans, and then I had to make a report at the office, so I was sure I couldn't see you until tomorrow, or is it today, Phoebe? I do believe it's Thursday morning! I must let you go upstairs, and I must go home, for I've got to take the five o'clock train for Clinton, but I'll be back on the evening train and out here right after dinner. Tell me 'Good night,' a really-for-sure 'Good night,' Sweetheart."

It was a radiant Phoebe that softly entered the house. As she came to Emily's door she saw the light through the transom. Emily was still up.

"Oh! I must tell her," Phoebe whispered to herself, "I must tell someone, or my heart will burst."

She opened the door a tiny ways, and putting her lips to the crack called softly.

"Emily."

"Yes."

"You know my hope box and all——"

Phoebe's voice quavered a little over the "all."

"Yes, honey. Why?"

"Well, I'm going to use it, Emily. It's Russel."

A Talk About Babies

By Prudence S. Brown

IT is without apology that I present my topic. We have talked about chickens and cows and pigs and rabbits and tractors and airships and limekilns and alfalfa and we have all been interested and have acknowledged the importance of these things. Now it is my turn to talk, and I choose babies, or rather, a baby.

A nine months old baby with wonderfully intelligent blue eyes; straight, well-poised little back and head, and a definite hand grasp. A beautiful, good natured, perfectly healthy baby, Olga Maria Webster.

The point of my story is to show that the intelligence in the eye is a result of systematic response on the part of the parents to the growing needs of this child and the remarkable graceful carriage of the little head and back gives evidence of the fact that the child's muscular development has also been intelligently assisted.

To refer again to the eyes which make such a striking impression when you meet Olga Maria; it is not alone the color nor the shining clear beauty of the ordinary baby's eye. It is rather a steady, calm gaze directed where she wishes and for as long a period as she wills.

Today, for example, a large green ring worn by a visitor attracted Olga's attention. She reached for it, not with the usual groping motions of a child of her age, but so definitely and easily that she took the lady's hand and examined the ring thoroughly, making no attempt to put the attractive new toy in her mouth. This was done several times, thus removing all doubt as to whether this clean cut grasp was a happy accident or the logical result of her muscular training.

Olga Maria Webster very fortunately fell into the home of parents who believe with Dr. Montessori "that we should not consider babies from the physical viewpoint as little men, but remember that they have characteristics and proportions that are entirely special to their own age and stage of development."

Mrs. Webster has followed very precisely the rules of health and hygiene set forth by Dr. L. Emmet Holt in a small book called "The Care and Feeding of Children."

Aside from careful feeding and bathing and plenty of rest from any attention at all, Olga has been allowed to kick and play on her back in naked freedom for at least twenty minutes before being dressed in the morning and before going to bed at night. During this play time she has been encouraged and stimulated by the many playful tricks that parents use as naturally as children play. Placing a slight pressure against the feet, allowing the child to cling to the adult fingers while the little body is lifted from the bed by that mysterious inner force; rocking the baby gently from one side of the bed to the other and many other natural exercises. These responses were made with extreme gentleness and care that the tender little muscles were not strained or overtaxed.

This sort of parental play is in perfect accord with Froebel's idea that education consists in giving an intelligent response to the child's instinctive movements. He wrote these responses out in little plays. In fact, never has so great a philosophy of Mother and Child been written as Froebel's "Mother Play." In his first play he says; "Watch a mother's answering play as her happy baby kicks; she will brace her hands to please him or in loving sort she'll tease him with her playful tricks." In each succeeding play he taught mothers to make the indefinite baby act definite by offering resistance, slight at first, but gradually increasing with the increasing ability of the child to overcome resistance. He said: "It is the destiny of man to become conscious of the divine essence within him and to reveal this in life in self determination and freedom."

The Webster parents are nurturing this inner demand for expression by a playful response to Olga's natural activities.

Dr. Montessori, like Froebel, cherishes that "sacred flame," that inner life, and says that her method "is a defence and fortification of the inner life." She says: "The tendency of the child to stretch out on his back and kick his legs in the air is an expression of physical needs related to the proportions of his body."

Olga was given this exercise, as we said before, twice each day and at two months she began to lift her back into a bow and leap across the bed. At four months she would hang head down with great delight, her mother holding her by the ankles. Beginning as early as two months the parents had encouraged her to cling to a half inch rod with her hands and at four months she would hang her full weight by her hands on this rod.

Just how much Mr. and Mrs. Webster have studied Froebel and Montessori I do not know, but whether they have ever studied or not, I do know that they have used just the method and employed the means given by both of these great genius educators.

One very tactful toy given Olga Maria is a large, firm rubber ball hung from a bar that stretches from the head to the foot of the bed upon which Olga plays. This has stimulated the little muscles just enough to incite a playful response. This ball was given to her when she was two months old and has been a daily plaything. She now, at nine months, consciously pushes the ball with her feet to her Father or Mother when they swing it toward her.

Froebel's worsted balls of the six primary colors, one inch and a half in diameter, were also hung on this rod. The device used by Mr. Webster was to slide the large ball away and replace it with the small balls. These small balls incite the ambidextrous use of the hands and arms and strengthen the back muscles. At eight months Olga played ball; that is, she would return a ball thrown by her Mother with a definite overhand throw.

The pendulum play given by Dr. Montessori in her chapter on Muscular Education is now one of Olga's favorite games. This consists of a ball suited to the size of the child's hands hung by a cord attached to the bar. The child seated comfortably catches the ball as it swings toward her and she returns it by pulling it and letting go, or by striking it back. This exercise is especially good for the arms and the spinal column and is an exercise in which the eye guages the distance of bodies in motion and is as adaptable to the wee child who cannot yet walk as to the child from two to six years of age.

At five months Olga began to sing; not a tune, but a distinct singing tone—Mrs. Webster had sung to her each day while bathing and dressing her. She now sings about four distinct tones. About the same time Mrs. Webster began throwing the spectrum colors on the bed or anywhere near Olga Maria and she would try to catch them or seemed to wonder why she could not.

At six months the baby would sway her body in perfect time to the Hiawatha two step. At eight months she would run her

(Continued on Page 26)

Montessori---the Woman

By Frank E. Wolfe

TO have achieved the highest ambition one could wish; to have driven forward to a goal so beautiful that it is beyond vision, and yet to have retained the delightful simplicity of manner and expression that one sometimes sees in an unspoiled, natural child, is to have conquered the world and its works. That this victory has been gained by a modern educator is my conclusion after an hour with one of the most remarkable women of the age: Maria Montessori.

That she has reached an ultimate or solved a problem, no one will claim. Montessori simply makes straight the way for an educational system that ultimately will sweep aside the old method. She has made her demonstration by use of the most wonderful, most beautiful, and most plastic thing in the universe: the mind of the young child.

"Dotoressa will be here presently," was the simple announcement of one of the disciples, and the soft intonation of the word showed the devotion back of it. When Dr. Montessori came into the room, she swept a swift glance that covered each stranger, then as quickly returned and classified us. It was all impersonal yet unmistakable. She was keenly conscious of the presence of strangers, but her poise held her through the rather awkward pause that followed our presentation. In a low seat, surrounded by a circle of absorbed listeners, a low broad table before her, she once more took the situation into her capable hands. She spoke slowly and simply at first, then as her subjects possessed her the clear ring of her voice expressed eloquently the intellectual and nervous force which is the great part of her powers.

In appearance the Dotoressa fills one's ideals of a beautiful Italian woman of noble character. Her complexion is wonderful and the heightening color that came to her face in the exuberance of her talk, accentuated her rare beauty. Her eyes set well apart, are luminous and expressive of her quick emotions. Watching her as she sat dressed in something soft and dark, her wealth of shadowy hair framing her face, her hands moving swiftly among the papers, maps, and pictures before her, one lost the sense of the presence of all others and surroundings. She talked rapidly in rather sharply punctuated periods. Every sentence carried thought and purpose.

At the time when her explanation of her "City of the Sun" —for that was her theme—touched upon the lives of the children, her voice took on a softened tone, her expressive hands would clasp, and one could see the great mother heart well up in love for the childhood of the world. Then she would smooth out a delicate little smoke colored handkerchief on her knee and, having removed every little wrinkle from the fabric, her face would light up with ineffable tenderness, as if she had smoothed out the last wrinkle from all the pillows of pain of all the children of the world, and the talk would take a quick turn to the great benefits to come to the happy dwellers in the magic dream city.

Montessori has an intense social passion. Her whole system of education rests upon better conditions for the people. Social betterment, sanitation, hygienics, improved environment, destruction of fear for the future welfare of the child—all this enters into these wonderful plans, but, if one must say it, she fell disappointingly short at the climax. She did not go into the economic side of her plan; she just quit where a dozen words would have bridged us across. That this was, of course, simply a betterment, a small social conquest, and not a finality; that the great victory for humankind would only come with the abolition of exploitation; that the "City of the Sun" would then be for all, and poverty, and with it, sickness and crime, would be no more—there is where this beloved Dotoressa failed us.

SPORTS are not neglected in Llano. Each year a baseball team is formed. Last year the Llano boys showed such prowess that they became valley champions and could find none to play against them. There are also football teams, basketball teams, etc., in the seasons when these sports are so popular.

Of course we are insatiable, and after all we are not, through her, seeking surcease for the sorrows of the oppressed. She is doing her work and doing it well. It was only when she came to the reformer part that she was at all disappointing.

It is in her educational work that she has won her great renown and her model city is but a diversion. But it is not purposeless. Her every action and motive is always worthy. The "City of the Sun" was worked out remarkably well by the Spanish architect who had made the drawings. The explanation was doubly interesting because of the way in which Dr. Montessori handled the most minute and complex details. Such a city would be a remarkable improvement over the hideous hodge-podge of the planless modern city. The plans embrace at once economy, utility, and beauty.

(Continued on Page 26)

The Hope of Llano

By Dr. John Dequer

LIFE has its mysteries, its unsolved problems, and its infinite possibilities. Upon our wise solution of these problems depends our individual and collective happiness. We who make up the warp and woof of civilization find that our problems are, in a sense, twofold: individual and collective.

Our individual problems are chiefly those questions of how we may harmonize our lives with the Social Whole. Our social problems center around the forces of production and distribution. Between these two aspects of life—our individual will and the needs of our social life—lies the great problem of liberty.

Liberty is the most fragrant flower of life. It is the blossom of human existence. It is the flower that we must collectively cultivate, a blossom that we must individually train. Mankind in collection is moved by necessity. Need is the husbandman of progress.

Socialism recognizes the moulding force of the economic urge. Socialism is the culture of human existence. It deals with and explains the forces that mould and make institutions; also the elements that work for decay and death.

We who endeavor to collect mankind for the final battle of construction, we at Llano who seek for builders of the fair city of our dreams. have learned more than books could tell of what capitalism has done to the souls of men and women. We have learned what is the result of isolation and competition upon the minds and hearts of many of our race. We are forced to realize what a brambly wilderness of superstition, suspicion, and ignorance is that jungle of selfishness called Modern Civilization. We realize how hard it is to harmonize the chaos of conflicting opinions and weld them together into a glowing bond of mutual sympathy.

If as Socialists our position is correct, if indeed in our philosophy lies the seed that will make the world beautiful, then it is our duty to sow and to cultivate that seed and show its fruitage to those who dwell in the competitive wilderness. And we must be able to prove that fruit of our vineyard to be more attractive than the fruit of competition.

It is true that we get a worn and depleted soil from the competitive world. We get misnourished and misformed men and women, both in body and mind. Our material with which to start is crude in every sense of the word. It will need labor, and labor, and still more labor. It will need patience, and patience, and still more patience. It will need love and charity. But with these forces we can dissolve the crudeness and hardness and prepare a land where a love-born race may dwell with minds attuned to the social needs of all and with hearts aflame with the fire of sympathy.

Socialism is a philosophy of life. It is not concerned with death. It enlarges the mind; it does not bind the soul. Its bible is the universe, its psalms the stars, its books the mountains and seas, its prophets every man who has found and demonstrated a fact. The wonders of lightning, sunshine, and storm all tell him what he might do if he worked with, instead of against, his fellow man.

The Socialist does not repudiate the old simply because it is old. Neither does he allow age to hallow a lie. A lie is a weed he must exterminate, no matter how deeply the world may be devoted to its name.

The lies, follies, and mistakes sanctified by the stupidity of past ages often come to us out of the competitive jungle. They are the debris that encumbers the soil of our progress; men and women from whom the creed and educational lopsideness has not yet been removed. When they come, for a time they are blinded by the mass and dirt of competition. Soon, however, their vision clears and they catch glimpses of the world that is to be. Some there are who ever hate to have the parasitic growths of the world's mental childhood removed from their brains. They are afflicted with an intellectual photophobia. They would rather leave the field than face the light. These, however, are few. They seem to fear that they might be stripped mentally nude, and their spiritual malformation be exposed to the world.

Llano seeks not only the hand but the heart of man. We remove the mark and set the man free.

We will be fought even by those whom we seek to save. We are being fought by those who sought our help. It is but natural that it should be so. A sleeping world hates the social alarm clock. Ages of slavery have hallowed every fetter and sanctified every chain.

We have been boss bound, job bound, creed bound, bible bound so long that many of us hate to be unbound. Llano wakes the dreamer and frees the captive, if he will it so.

The greatest service we can render is to our fellow man. The greatest devotion we can show is to the weak. The religion of Socialism is the doing of deeds of love.

> WE NEED faith. Faith in ourselves; faith in our fellowman; faith in the land we work. But above all we need faith in the ideal that moves us into collective action. For faith gives rise to courage, and courage is needed in our struggle with Capitalism outside and development within.
>
> Faith, confidence, determination, are the essentials of success.

We must band together to produce the needs of life for all. We must carry the aged and the ill. Age will come to all; sickness may call at any time. We must care for the weak, the young and the unfortunate. Hence the strong must toil, their labor lighted by the sunshine of reason. We must develop in our breast the milk of human kindness. We need (and we are developing it) faith. Faith in ourselves; faith in our fellow man; faith in the land we work, but above all, faith in the ideal that moves us into collective action.

Then there is hope. Were it not for hope the world would perish. Hope is the great sustainer and he who robs his fellow man of hope is a thief indeed.

And last of all, but not least, we need charity. The man from Texas works differently from the man from Dakota. The man from New York does differently from the man from Washington. Capitalism has kept us isolated. We are strangers to each others' ways. Llano brings us all together. Often we cannot see each other's view point for a time. Hence we need charity.

And so in conclusion let me say that we have the physical resources; we have the loyal, idealistic men and women who live and teach the faith, hope and charity essential to the success of the greatest movement ever put into action in the United States for the common people.

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

THE effect of Socialist institutions on industrialism is so fundamental that it is hard to speak of the industrial SIDE of the model city. The Socialist City IS the industrial city. Active and useful employment is a condition of life in such a community. Some of the activities may be merely contributory to the well-being of the workers —art, music, and other educational features would come under this clasification—but Victor Hugo has well said that "the Beautiful is as useful as the Useful, perhaps more so;" so perhaps these things can be classed as utilities, at least. And why not as industries? They certainly require intense and long continued industry before they can be successfully practiced.

A large proportion of the citizens will be agricultural workers; but their share of public service must of necessity be carried on outside of town limits, where, however, their orchard, alfalfa, corn and carrots will make a beautiful mantle of verdure and fertility thrown over the desert approach to our homes.

But the keynote of the city itself will be the "coming into its own" of industry. The outer circle of the two rings of public buildings will be devoted largely to factories. All the industries which do not detract from the public convenience and comfort will be centralized there in connection with a part of the school work. We will have a rug factory; a knitting mill; a pottery; a furniture factory—we will probably make most of our own furniture, in fact we are turning out some very nice cabinet work now—an electrical fittings shop; an airship factory; a boot and shoe factory—we are already starting a factory to tan the hides of our cattle—but that will be outside the city limits; a plant for cement art work—an indefinite amount of this will be needed to beautify our public buildings and parks; a dressmaking and millinery establishment where the women and children will be outfitted as part of the school system, by young girls working under the direction of experts. Think of a town where no one should be dressed shabbily or in bad taste. This one feature would be worth the price of admission. Its possible development is an interesting subject of speculation. There would be a model throne. The customer would take her place and the costume designer would analyze her face, figure, and carriage to the attentive class of girls. This type would call for such lines and colors; that type would demand quite a different treatment. There would be several artists with their respective admirers and patrons, and a skilled dressmaking staff to execute the ideas. The Colony department store would carry a line of materials of all sorts selected for quality, not cheap showiness; and on this the customer could draw in exchange for credit cheques whatever the artist called for. An invalid lady once complained that she did not like to have to wait in her carriage on the main street of her town, because the procession of hats which passed her was so painfully hideous. This feature of the cheap-and-nasty, shoddy side of competitive society can easily be eliminated at Llano. Hats and dresses made of good materials and under trained and intelligent direction could be worn a long time to the entire satisfaction of the wearer. Some of us—I will not say all, because it is rather a rare piece of good luck under the present conditions—have had the joy of possessing a hat or gown which was entirely harmonious and comfortable, and have clung to it until it eliminated itself by the inevitable decay of nature. Such privilege and comfort should be the rule, not the exception, and would be if we allowed our buying and dressmaking to be governed by trained experience and judgment.

It is one of the features of the educational system at Llano to let the children work around with their elders at whatever occupation attracts them until they finally settle down to the vocation for which they are best fitted. Certain things they will be required to do. Every girl should spend some time in the dressmaking establishment even if she hates a needle; just as every boy should have some training in handling tools even if he has no mechanical bent. If they never use their knowledge themselves it gives them a touch of personal experience to bring to bear on their relations with others.

There will be many other industries. The printing establishment bids fair to demand much space for its accommodation It is attracting outside business to an astonishing extent and, being based on co-operative principles, can underbid any firm that is struggling with competitive conditions.

One or more buildings will be devoted to studios and professional offices. It may be desirable to have a well-appointed hydropathic establishment, convenient to run into for an occasional bracing douche or treatment, in addition to the sanatoriums which are planned for various strategic and scenic situations in the neighborhood.

Then, as the community grows, individuals come in with special abilities and occupations for which accommodation will be afforded. No one can foresee what the first successful co-operative community on a large scale will attract to itself. The important thing is that all the provisions in the charter are so elastic, and the management so liberal and far-seeing, that any form of effort or originality that promises to be advantageous to the Colony can find free scope for its exercise. The one point of originality demands an article of its own, so many are the inventions and patents that have already gravitated to Llano.

The buildings in which these industries are housed will correspond in architecture to those of the Civic Center which they face. They will be one or two stories high, built around a court, with every feature of sanitation, sunshine and fresh air emphasized. The general working hours will be shortened as the community acquires economic independence, but one system is already practiced which is epecially admirable. It is possible for women who have homes and families to consider, or men and women who are not strong enough to work for long hours consecutively, to come to the factory for two or three hours' work, and leave when it becomes necessary. This idea of making it possible for mothers or delicate people, or those of advancing years, to keep their independence, and feel that they are "doing their bit" without wrecking what remains of their health and vitality, will in itself lift a great burden of misery from the world.

Noisy or "smelly" industries will be located on the outskirts, where the workers will have easy access to their homes —the homes of course are all alike in general plan, subject to small variations for individual taste—and to the recreations and social advantages of the Civic Center. The buildings will be of the same general style as the Civic Center and the surroundings will be parked as the rest of the city is parked, and the profits of the industry will go first to making the con-

ditions of its producers' lives wholesome and attractive and then to building up assets for the general Colony benefit.

And so the Socialist city is planned and created for the working men and women who created it, and every form of effort gets the full product of its activity. The man who works with his hands exclusively will at least get the material benefits which his handiwork creates, knowing that his son will have the advantages which he lacked, and that every kind of machinery is being sought out to take the burden off his shoulders, shorten the hours and increase the accomplishment. The man who works with his head will see the results of his creative power accomplishing themselves without the delay and obstruction which so frequently brings to naught the constructive efforts of thinkers "on the outside." Every kind of thought or labor which is helpful to the group will have full scope where community benefit and not individual benefit is the test to which each suggestion is subjected. Every premium and advantage will be the reward, not of inheritance from others or unearned profit, but of service and industry —as befits the Industrial City of Socialism.

A Talk About Babies (continued from p. 22)

fingers on the table in perfect imitation of her Mother running the scale, passing the thumb under the fingers. At this same period also, she clapped her hands definitely and would point her index finger, separate from the rest of her hand, to any object that attracted her attention.

At this writing Olga Marie is nine months old, weighs twenty-one pounds but does not look fat, has four teeth, sleeps about fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, plays alone a great deal and is by no means spoiled.

I am under the conviction that Olga is only a normal child and that anyone interested in a child could, without the least injury to the child, give it the remarkable development of body, mind and soul that Olga possesses, and by doing so give a start to the child's life that would be an invaluable asset to its future education and career.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster scorn the usual noisy, superficial toys made to sell and are carefully selecting and ingeniously manufacturing Olga's toys.

They hope to continue a very careful direction of Olga's education along the lines of the Montessori method and I most heartily endorse their spirit and their method of caring for Olga Marie.

Building Llano's Industries (cont. from p. 11)

in the hotel, but really it is a pleasure to be around where they are. They serve the long line of men and women three times a day. The tables are spick and span and everything kept in as fine order as is possible under our inadequate quarters and conveniences. Mrs. Williams is complimented over and over again by guests who notice the service rendered by the hotel force. Anyone can run a hotel with plenty of servants, plenty of money, steam heat, food, etc. To my mind it doesn't take such a marvel. But in Llano it takes a magician and a genius. Reaching this conclusion, Mrs. Williams must be both. Comrades Allen and Thomas are also indispensible to the success of the hotel, as are also Spencer and Glassen.

At a recent assembly meeting Comrade Van Nuland was asked to say a few words on what he considered the outlook for increased crops was this year. He contrasted this year with last and pointed to this field and that, and called attention to their condition last year. Stone, brush, knolls and hollows characterized many fields. The stones have been removed, hollows filled and bumps removed and crops planted. He was enthusiastic and showed absolutely that by organization of the farming forces the future of the Colony was assured.

Robert White, who has been out of the Colony for more than six months, returned recently and was called for a talk. White is an expert carpenter as well as a farmer of long experience with intimate knowledge of California soils. He said that he was dumbfounded when he returned and saw the progress that has been made since he went away. This, he said, could not have been done had there been anything but method and purpose behind every move. His words carried conviction, as he is known as a man of unusual judgment and ability.

Montessori---The Woman (cont. from p. 23)

If the Dotoressa failed any on the economic side she did not fail all her hearers. She simply did not go far enough for my insatiate, revolutionary desires. Clearly and unmistakably she set forth her understanding. She looked straight before her in summarizing. The color in her cheeks had spread out and her whole face was aglow with the earnestness that carries conviction. She did not hint at radical reconstructions except that it would be radical to provide a higher standard in housing, sanitation, food and hygienics. She frankly bespoke for every child all that it might need for sound physical and mental development. There rests her chief devotion to the proposed city. She did not ask that the state do things; simply that they be done. That she is radical is shown by her revolutionary method of education. She abhorred the system of "cram" and "drill" which in the schools is directed by the soulless automata it has itself created. To Montessori property seems to be a tool for the improvement of childhood, the perfecting of the race. She seems to care little who owns this: the people or individuals. She looks for results and goes in her simple and beautifully direct way to get them. She seems to care only for administration. She wants every child to be born with sufficient strength physically and mentally to enable it to take the best training for the good of society and the race. This is but a deduction and not an interpretation. Every line might be disavowed. It is but an impression.

Dr. Montessori seems not to be governed by interest, sentiment, religion, or passion; simply reasoned knowledge of what is best for the children. She seems conscious of what she has wrought, but eager to push it forward with all speed. Her effort will revolutionize the educational systems of the world and it will be taken onward and upward, perhaps by stronger hands, but it is destined to sweep over the entire educational system from the smallest Casa di Bambina to the proudest University.

Merchandising the Atmosphere

(Continued from page fourteen)

feeding to stock. Now butter-fat is just a simple little mixture of tristearin, tripalmitin, triolein, and tributyrin—any Boston child knows that. Llano people know it is a mixture of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—the same things that make soda water, and they all come out of the air.

Alfalfa likes hot air, the cow likes alfalfa, the people like the butter and pay handsomely for it. You can merchandize the atmosphere through this process at as great a profit in Llano as in any territory on earth.

California to the Front

By J. H. Ryckman

THE radicals of California are determined that the Golden State shall not lose the reputation she has attained as the most progressive commonwealth in the Union. Senator Johnson said last fall he wanted to go to Congress to put upon the federal statute book the laws he had had written on the statute book of California.

He left no one behind him to carry on the work he claims to have begun. So the Single Taxers and Socialists are taking up the task and propose to set a pace that will take the Senator's breath when he hears about it in faraway Washington.

At the Single Tax Conference at San Francisco, January 13 and 14, a proposed Single Tax constitutional amendment was formulated and adopted to go on the ballot at the general election in 1918. It is as follows:

"The People of the State of California do enact as follows:

"Article XIII of the Constitution is hereby amended by adding the following as Section 5 thereof:

"Section 5. On an after January 1, 1919, all personal property, except the franchises of public service corporations, shall be exempt from taxation thereafter to be levied.

"On and after January 1, 1920, all improvements on land shall be exempt from taxation thereafter to be levied, but the value of land and the value of such franchises shall not be so exempt.

"Provided, that Sections XI and XIV of Article XIII of the constitution shall not be affected hereby in so far as they concern State revenues.

"All provisions of Article XIII of the constitution in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

"This amendment shall be self-executing."

This conference was participated in by all the Single Tax groups in the State, with the single execption of a few members of the Single Tax League of Los Angeles, known as the Great Adventure group.

The Great Adventure form is as follows:

"The People of the State of California do enact as follows:

"Article XIII of the Constitution is hereby amended by the following section:

"On and after January 1, 1920, all public revenues, state, county, municipal and district, shall be raised by taxation of the value of land irrespective of improvements thereon, and no other tax shall be levied.

"The intent of this amendment is to prevent the holding of land out of use for speculation, and to apply the land values which the community creates to community purposes.

"All laws in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

"Taxation shall be uniform throughout the State, and the legislature shall make adequate provision to carry this amendment into effect according to its intent."

At the close of the Conference the Equity Tax League was organized, into which has been merged or with which has been affiliated all Single Tax and Home Rule organizations in the State.

With the solitary exception of this small faction, the Single Taxers present a united front to the forces of greed and privilege and land monopoly in California. At Fresno, in February, the Socialist Party, in state convention assembled, indorsed the Equity Tax League measure and adopted two measures supplementary to the Single Tax bill to go on the ballot at the same time.

The first is a comprehensive scheme of collective ownership of public utilities by the state and its political subdivisions, to be financed by a tax on land values—the bonds for such purpose to be retired in fifty annual installments by the taxation of land values irrespective of the improvements thereon. All Single Taxers, from Henry George down, recognize that we cannot attain the full fruitage of Single Tax without the public ownership of all public utilities. Only then can the principle of the Single Tax be made to strike at the foundation of land monopoly.

The second proposition to be put forward by the Socialists will make the Social Insurance Commission and its plans now so much discussed at Sacramento by progressive reformers look like thirty cents. It contemplates nothing less than a liberal and elaborate scheme of social insurance, including old age, sickness and disemployment insurance and mothers' endowment, to be financed wholly by the taxation of land values, and not as now proposed in this state, and as now in operation in Germany and other countries, by a tax on the beneficiaries and on the employers and the balance to be made up by the state. This is a clean-cut scheme to endow motherhood and to banish forever the three burdens, the three dark shadows, that oppress the workers of the world—to wit, the fear of destitution when old age comes, when sickness comes and when disemployment comes. With these three fears lifted from the minds of men and women, the race will enter into a new and splendid era and the age of the superman will have come. Let all forward-looking men and women get behind these measures with the Socialists and the Equity Tax League and help California set the pace for progress throughout the world.

What Other State Secretaries Say of the California Constitution

Sisseton, S. D., March 22, 1917.

Dear Comrades: Am uncertain as to full effects of omitting usual pledge; program is strictly correct. We have too long presented theories and must become practical or get off the map.

Some one in Shakespeare's "Tempest" said: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep!" The reply was: "Ay, marry! so can I; but will they come?" We adopted an industrial or farmers' program in South Dakota seven years ago, but it was too good to be true; anyway, they did not "come."

I bitterly assailed the Non-Partisan League, in my ignorance, but now believe Socialist candidates should accept their indorsement. They appeal to class interests, present immediate demands that are very much needed, get a $16 fee for two years, THEN educate their speakers, etc., to demand public ownership of all publicly operated industries, full democracy, justice to ALL useful to society, and, more slowly, elimination of land "values" through modified Single Tax.

THEY DON'T NEED US, but we made them possible through education. Unless we cease to be utopian and "impossible," we will be forgotten.

I shall watch your experiment with interested approval, but doubt anything heading off the onward sweep of the N.-P. movement.

Fraternally, E. F. ATWOOD, State Secretary.

* * *

Omaha, Nebr., March 24th, 1917.

The Llano Publications, Llano, Cal.

Dear Comrade: I have received the matter to which you refer in your recent letter, but I have not had time to give it the consideration which I know it merits. I have great confidence in some of the men to whom you refer, especially Mills and Harriman, but I am obliged to cut out everything that I can on account of a law course which I hope to complete in June. An examination means more to me just now than anything else. I have to take things on faith and let it go at that a little while longer.

Yours fraternally, G. C. PORTER,
State Secretary Socialist Party of Nebraska.

Bath, Maine, March 25th, 1917.

The Llano Publications, Llano, Cal.

Dear Comrades: In a conversation with Comrade Arthur LeSueur of the People's College some two years ago in Chicago, we talked at some length concerning the reorganization of our locals along vocational and occupational lines, the idea at that time being a realm of uncharted thought to me. Since then I have given it considerable study and, while still in doubt as to how it would work out in practice, I am free to admit that the general proposition "listens good to me," to relapse into the vernacular.

Certain it is that our present methods are obsolete, antiquated and altogether inadequate, entirely out of joint with the spirit of our people, and must be superseded by something entirely different unless we are prepared to officiate as chief mourners at the funeral of the organized Socialist movement.

I shall watch with interest the working out of the proposed changes in California, should they be adopted.

Fraternally, FRED E. IRISH,
Interstate Secretary Maine and New Hampshire Socialist Party.

* * *

Atlanta, Ga., March 25, 1917.

The Llano Publications, Llano, Cal.

Dear Comrades: I have received the Llano Colonist for some weeks and have followed the news of the Colony with the greatest interest; I thank you for so kindly sending it to me. The number of the Western Comrade referred to in your recent letter is also at hand and has been read with care.

In my opinion, the California comrades did a great thing at Fresno. Our party as it stands today is dry and lifeless. I believe the proposed changes will revitalize it. I intend to use my influence to get something of the kind started here in Georgia.

Fraternally, MARY RAOUL MILLIS,
State Secretary of Georgia.

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in March Magazines

THE LITERARY DIGEST

The Unprofitable Side of Our Great Munition Contracts.—In Europe, manufacturing methods have developed mechanically along intensive lines, producing goods of superior merit, while here quantity in production rather than quality and accuracy is the rule. We have turned out little work of the class called interchangeable, and few places keep even a set of master guages for standards. Complete specifications are a rarity in American practice, and, as far as I know, not a single plant accepting munition contracts attempted to develop a model to be used as a standard. They thought anything would do to fire out of a cannon, and paid little attention to the specifications which they were supposed to be carrying out. The result is that enormous orders have been turned back on their hands, and the foreign inspectors are making reports very unfavorable to our efficiency.

Food Riots in the United States.—The pressure of rising food prices is a fact not to be ignored. In a year of unprecedented prosperity, with increased wages and unemployment almost an unknown quantity, there is actual suffering among workers because of the cost of foods. Staple vegetables have gone up from 100 to 366 per cent. There are several causes—subnormal production, abnormal amount of exports, speculation, and reserve stocks being held here to ship to Europe later on. The railroads are giving preference to European munition freight. The president of the Chicago Board of Trade telegraphs the Presidents of Eastern railroads, "I request that instructions be issued by you forthwith prohibiting movement of any freight except food stuffs, coal, and other necessities to sustain life." The Governor of New York, recognizing the situation as "the most serious, perhaps, in the history of this state," approves a bill for state control of foodstuffs.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

The Gain of War; A New Gospel.—Ten million men have been withdrawn from the industrial army of Great Britain and are being supported by the country as soldiers, munition workers, etc. The remaining five or seven million have never been so prosperous. But what would the wealth of the country be if the ten million were employed producing commodities? We could have a civilization as high as that of Athens, not based on slave labor but on that of machines. Our distribution of wealth is nothing like as equitable and fair as that of Athens 2300 years ago, and our love of art and science and letters nothing like so intense. The war has proved that it would not entail general impoverishment to level up the lowest classes; there would still remain more for the able and clever than they could have obtained fifty years ago. The ideal is actual; here and now we can realize our dreams. Any modern nation can abolish poverty.—Editorial.

Crimes of Charity.—The Organized Charities browbeat the applicants for work until they are afraid to refuse wages as low as three dollars a week for men, and two for women. They help to break strikes among the sweatshop workmen, and the grateful manufacturers subscribe to the charities and label themselves "member of the organized charities." Working with a charitable organization makes one lose one's faith in mankind, as the investigators are as hard-hearted as the applicants are "submerged." —Konrad Bercovici.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

An International Policy,—We have had thirty months for thought; we have been getting together. The present war is the result of the natural operation of the capitalist system. It came as a normal extension of the policies of the great European powers. America is at present pursuing the same policies and so may expect in due time to have her war. If the 110 Socialist deputies in the German Reichstag had stood in their places and said, "We are against this thing and we shall do nothing to support it," they might have been shot but they would have saved the lives of millions. If you take the opportune moment much can be done, but many thousands of conscientious objectors can do nothing now in England and Germany. We workers must educate our children out of this kind of barbarism.—William E. Bohn.

The Curse of Success.—The philosophy of a successful capitalist is revealed in Charles W. S. Schwab's recent book. "The man who fails to give fair service during the hours for which he is paid is dishonest. The man who is not willing to give more than this is foolish." Work and save. No time for the Great Adventure of Youth, for love, for creative work, for living. Fight to get the best of the other fellow before he gets the best of you. And when the savage fight is over, you are either successful, with the virginal sap of life dried up into a smug satisfaction with things as they are—or you are one of the failures on whose tragedy is built the success of the very few.—Louis C. Fraina.

The Menace to Mexico.—The U. S. Government has protested against clauses in the new Mexican Constitution, which apparently mean nationalization of the Mexican oil-fields, and the power to confiscate property holdings of foreign capital. These are precisely the ends Mexico has in view, the development of National Capitalism, a bourgeois revolution against the Imperialism that now has Mexico in its grip. Carranza's effort to free his country of this control is being bitterly fought by international imperialism.—Louis C. Fraina.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

A Woman Who Teaches Men How to Fly.— There was supposed to be one thing that a woman could not do. She was too temperamental, too erratic for aviation. But the "Stinson School of Flying" is a girl of twenty and she has trained one hundred of the aviators who are flying for England. She performs all the aviation feats constantly and has a sense of humor, for when asked to what she attributed her success she said: "Why, I never fell down on my job."—J. P. M'Evoy.

Preventing Men from Becoming Misfits.—At the School of Engineering of the University of Cincinnati one half of the students walk out of their classrooms every fortnight, put on overalls and go to work in the local shops and the other half comes back to class work. This not only gives them practical training, but it eliminates the unfit applicants, and makes it possible for the students to support themselves, and, in at least one case, a mother, two brothers, and a sister.—Merle Crowell.

THE MASSES

The Courage of the Cripple.—Men who begin life handicapped often end in over-compensating to a point where to all appearances they are stronger and more aggressive than they would have been if they had started even. The Kaiser, Roosevelt, and Nietzsche are cases in point. The German race has struggled through centuries of disaster, and has the fear complex incident to such a history. The Kaiser and Militarism are effects, not causes; they are a superficial expression of something that is going on in the German soul. She cannot be whipped into either impotence or consciousness of her own aggression. The aggression itself must be attacked through a policy that is understanding of its deeper causes. And the first step in this policy is to switch the controversy from the physical into the realm of reason.—Amos Pinchot.

McCLURE'S

Repair Shops for Men and Women.—The old story, wholesome food, fresh air and exercise; we believe in it at home; at the sanitarium we have to practice it. It is the will power that is lacking in neurasthenics—will power and an object in life. Justify your existence on this earth or the earth does not want you. Live and eat simply. A high protein diet tends to clog the system with poisons. If you say, "There is nothing the matter with me but constipation," you might as well say "There is nothing the matter with me but small-pox."—Cleveland Moffett.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Conscience and the "Conscientious Objector."—Like the Quaker, John Woolman, who had a stop on his "mind" on finding himself getting rich by commercial methods, and returned to day labor, so we all of us awaken at times to the consciousness that we are being weighed in the balance by some inner authority,—and found wanting. Horses and dogs also manifest moral judgments. The standard of right is not merely the reflection of the conventions of the community; the law of all the past ages has left its impress on our minds. But there are periods when new moral judgments break through the chinks in the crusted minds of a whole generation. We are today in the early stages of such a rebirth. How soon shall we all feel a "stop in the mind," not only about war, but also about living unproductively on rent and interest, absorbing more than can be allotted to others, instead of "choosing equality?" When dealing with the real conscientious objector, what is the community, which feels itself betrayed, to do? We may fairly ask him not to claim the privilege of a "soft option." If really moral he will certainly "choose equality" with

his fellow citizens even more when it is a question of equality of sacrifice than when it is one of reward. It is now a long time since the emergence of that moral genius who taught a religion of love; and in spite of all the ingenious perversions of the teaching, some of it has got imbedded in the Caucasian mind. Some men decline to kill men, and it is necessary to provide for all sorts of consciences by offering the objectors all sorts of alternatives.—Sidney Webb.

A Woman and the War.—There is need for a kind of courage even greater than that of the men who face annihilation in the trenches. There is a call for "heroes of thought to do battle with all the evils that make it possible for men who have no quarrel to assemble in their millions for mutual destruction." Paganism was a more terrible force than militarism, and was overthrown by the labors of one man and his tiny following. Woman must follow the path of pain and suffering a little longer, she must learn for herself through bitter experience how great a curse war is, but ultimately her power and influence may prove decisive.—The Countess of Warwick.

THE CENTURY

War Debts and Future Peace.—Formerly men financed their enterprises on the immediate capital which they could gather together. Now they use the expedient of long term bonds, which disguises the facts, places the burden to a large degree on the future, relieves immediate pressure and MAKES POSSIBLE STILL GREATER EXPENDITURES. If the experience of the past is taken as a criterion, a thousand years in the future the English people will be paying taxes to meet the interest on the debts now being incurred. The total war debt at the end of another year would amount to half the total assessed property in the United States. Unless repudiation comes the interest on this will have to be met every year. Humanitarian impulses to prevent such another world disaster will have their weight, but these influences fade with time. The economic factors will continue and will be a compelling force in the promotion of permanent peace.—Joseph E. Davies.

METROPOLITAN

Have You a Little Theatre in Your Town?—They are budding out in a hundred little towns and, what is stranger, are competing successfully with the big commercialized shows in the large towns. When organized for the love of art and not for social climbing, they are a tremendously illuminating factor in the local intellecual life.—Louis Sherwin.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Pneumatic-Tired Road Skates.—This skate has two nine-inch wheels on each foot, so adjusted that they do not interfere with any movement of the leg or foot. They are very readily steered, noiseless regardless of the nature of the surface skated over, and, since the skater glides on a cushion of air, there is no jar. They will probably be useful for business purposes and even for moving armies rapidly. You can skate at about three times the speed with which a man usually walks.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

Why Does the Heart Stop Beating at Death?—It does not—in the case of many animals. Heart muscles possess the inherent quality of contraction and will continue to contract as long as a certain temperature is kept up. It is possible to grow the heart muscles of a warm blooded animal in an incubator, and single cells may attach themselves to each other and beat rythmically as long as the environment is favorable.

AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The Live Stock Problem.—Argentina, for every thousand inhabitants, has 4487 cattle, while we have but 739, and Germany but 327. If we want to compete we must systematize all the branches of this industry. The packers now are preying upon the producers and the consumers. The only proper method is to make the packing houses public utilities and place them under thorough control and regulation. The "law of the jungle" should cease, and economy, efficiency, co-operation, and just dealing should take its place.—Dwight B. Heard.

State Purchase as a Solution of England's Liquor Problem.—The London Spectator advocates a policy of state purchase of the entire liquor interests of Great Britain. Since the country is facing the risk of food shortage the consumption of foodstuffs in national breweries should cease. Also the men employed should be released for other duties, both civil and military. Under the stress of great national peril the government should take over the whole affair in such a way that no individual should be ruined.

Women in British Industry.—In the munition factories the women have shown themselves not only competent mechanics, but are employed as "foremen" and inspectors. Definite provisions have been made for fixed bases of pay so that their labor could not be exploited. Engineering works are being established where all the employees are to be women with mechanical inclinations, preferably the widows and daughters of officers.

Education and Crime Among Negroes.—Judge Gilbert T. Stevenson finds that the negro, constituting only one-tenth of the total population, is penalized for one-third of the crime. However, the negro furnishes only about one-fifth of the convictions. The difference is made up in longer terms of imprisonment for negroes. Moreover these criminals belong almost exclusively to the uneducated classes, and in investigating the records of the industrial schools it is found that their graduates almost invariably "make good." The high rate of negro criminality is as much a condemnation of the community in which it exists as of the offending negroes themselves.

Book Reviews

"SONGS OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE." By Luke North

He stands for men—this Luke North; he knows that poor men can be very cruel and rich men kind. He knows that the line of cleavage is in the heart—those who care and those who don't. This heart, dormant usually, or pumping only in a mechanical way, he rouses, interests, he excites it to consciousness and dominance, and he finds beneath every hypocrite, liar and coward (which we all are) a Man or a Woman true and dependable at the center. He teaches that no one has a right to anything while a child lacks food, and that the only man who lives up to his ideals is the man who has none. For ideals are of thought, which is fluidic, and wherever thought is active, ideals keep a measurable pace in advance of conduct. When conduct catches up with ideals, thought has ceased to flow, "mental stability" ensues, self-complacency and self-righteousness obtain. Altogether the lesson he teaches is vital and timely and he drives it home with force and conviction.

Published by the author at Los Angeles, California.

"GOD VERSUS MAMMON." By Horace Mann

A series of reprints of articles showing up the injustice of the present economic system, accompanied by striking quotations bringing out the fact that the "saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs," were all socialists. Mr. Mann's chief thesis is that dividends viewed as personal income independent of service rendered are graft and cannot be tolerated by Christian civilization. Profit may be defined as the amount an employee pays for the privilege of having a master. The way to abolish this form of exploitation therefore is for every man to become his own employer. In other words, we must abolish the ownership of one man's job by another man, just as we have abolished the ownership of one man by another. In this way we shall not only overcome aversion to work; we shall develop universal love of work, and the desire to do the best work possible.

Published by the author at Leliter, California.

"SHALL J. P. MORGAN OWN THE EARTH?" By Jack Pansy

This little treatise is a compilation of the report of the Pujo committee and the report of the Industrial Relations committee in the Congressional Record. It gives the statistics concerning the control of American finances controlled by the Morgans, whose assets are valued at twenty-five billion dollars, one-sixth of the total wealth of the nation, and shows how inevitably the same ring controls the Associated Press.

Published by the author at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF THE WESTERN COMRADE, APRIL 1st, 1917.

Published monthly at Llano, California.

Managing Editor, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

Publisher, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

Editor, Frank E. Wolfe, Llano, California.

Business Manager, Ernest S. Wooster, Llano, California.

Owner, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None. (Signed) ERNEST S. WOOSTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this third day of April, 1917.

F. H. CHAMBERLAIN

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

(My Commission expires May 19, 1920)

Are You With Us?

An Aditorial by the Circulation Manager

THE most wonderful opportunity ever given any radical publication is now open to the Llano Publications, the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST.

Published by the foremost **complete** co-operative in the world, they should lead in the constructive co-operative movement. This movement must, soon after the war, become international.

The Llano Publications must take a foremost part in fusing the world's co-operatives into an impregnable whole.

But we must, in the meantime, carry the message to many thousands in the United States and in every other English-speaking country.

It is a titanic task, but there are no insuperable obstacles—that is, not if all will help.

The time for mere talk is past. The world today does not doubt the soundness of Socialist theory; there have been many proofs of it and of the inevitability of Socialism.

But the world demands ACHIEVEMENT.

We voted, but the people would not vote with us because we lacked **Proof.**

There is one convincing argument that never fails to get and hold an audience. That is the argument that is backed by the dollar sign; in other words, Economic Determinism.

The LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY has that argument. It is ACHIEVING right now. That is why our papers hold the attention of readers.

Every day we get letters breathing confidence and enthusiasm. They are a constant inspiration to us.

One man writes: "I can hardly wait till the COMRADE comes with its story of what the comrades at Llano are doing." We have many letters of this kind. Another says: "I hope to join you in the fall and put my shoulder to the wheel." These letters assure us we are on the right track.

Even non-Socialists like to read the Llano Publications because they are purely constructive, ever optimistic, do not create prejudices, and do not indulge in personal attacks nor call names. They stand for principles.

We want every Socialist, every radical, every liberal-minded person in the country to know that the Llano Co-operative Colony is alive, thriving, growing, developing.

But this depends on the circulation of our publications.

And this depends on WHAT OUR READERS DO.

The Llano Publications carry practically no paid advertising. They have no subsidy, no bank account. They live on subscriptions entirely. They must depend on the loyalty of their readers.

We ask every reader to work for the cause. Installment members should secure every subscription possible. The security of Llano can be increased, its growth hastened, its success double-clinched by a great circulation of its papers.

ARE YOU WITH US?

If you are, will you prove it by your effort? Will you get ONE subscription right NOW?

If the printing department at Llano were not a part of the Co-operative Colony it would be impossible to put out the WESTERN COMRADE entirely on subscriptions. But this co-operation must be extended until it takes in every reader.

We have cut production cost, but we cannot go out and get readers; our subscribers and well-wishers must do that

Will you do your part?

May 1st is the Colony's third birthday, the third milestone of achievement.

No Corporation in the World Ever Made Such a Marvelous Growth With No Initial Capital. No co-operative colony ever even approached it.

Within the next year many surprises are in store. One will probably be told in the May issue; it is not quite ready yet. And it will make our well-wishers sit up and applaud.

Within the next year certain improvements will be made in the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST that will put them FOREMOST among radical publications. We will not tell now what these are, but they are definitely planned and will be worked out as rapidly as possible.

ARE YOU WITH US?

We don't ask you to send in a hundred subscribers or even ten — just ONE. We are putting our problem up to YOU. It is not a favor to us; it is working for the thing you believe in. The Llano Publications are spreading the story of "Co-operation in Action." Our readers believe in it. Will they help?

Begin NOW.

Remember, the rates are to be raised on May 1st.

Now the COMRADE and the COLONIST are 50c a year each, or both to one name and address for 75c.

AFTER MAY 1st the COLONIST will be 50c a year as it is now. The COMRADE will be 75c a year for single subscriptions, or in clubs of four or more at 50c each.

Combinations with the COLONIST will be $1.00 a year, or in clubs of four or more at 75c each.

Canadian rates will be $1.00 a year for either the COMRADE or COLONIST. No combination rates apply outside the United States.

I Need $10,000

TO ENLARGE MY RAPIDLY GROWING BUSINESS

My business is a standard, conservatively managed business. It has been established about five years. It is growing so rapidly that in order to keep up with the increased demand I must have larger equipment throughout. This requires an immediate outlay of capital.

There is every prospect that WITHIN FIVE YEARS IT WILL BE THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE UNITED STATES.

The product in one line has been multiplied by three in the last ten months; a newly established line has grown amazingly.

I have had to turn away a great deal of profitable business because my equipment has been inadequate to handle this new business.

I am a Socialist. I want to borrow this capital from Socialists.

I CAN GIVE FIRST CLASS SECURITY.

I estimate that $10,000 will equip a new plant completely. The money will be used for this purpose.

I want to borrow it either in a lump sum or in smaller sums.

Have you a small sum you wish to invest where it will be used by a comrade, and where it will be well protected?

Write me for full details, and let me know what sum you will loan if the security is satisfactory to you.

Please address: John D. McGregor, care of Western Comrade, Llano, California. —Advertisement

Law Book Free

STUDY LAW, and become the man of power in your community. The farmers of North Dakota captured the State Government, and found that they needed law-trained men in office to fight the big interests which have their lawyers in the Legislature to make their laws, and in the Courts to defend and interpret them. There are opportunities awaiting YOU. Get ready for them—study Law at home in your spare time. We prepare you for the Bar examination. Guarantee bond for refund of money if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Hundreds of successful students enrolled. Fourteen-volume Law Library upon enrollment. Low cost—easy terms. Be independent. Be a Leader. Write today for free law book—"Law and the People."

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, Dept. D,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of

Household Goods

from all Eastern points

to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageous to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York; 640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537 Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

Beginning Next Month

—?—

Was Schmidt Guilty?

Being the Address Made Before the Jury

By Job Harriman

READ IT

In the May Western Comrade

Are You Getting Fat?

My system is sensible and produces results. Natural, and beneficial to health. No drugs, no medicines. Those who have used it are well pleased. Begin reducing NOW. Send $3.00 for my $5.00 complete course of treatments.

MRS. CECIL M. WILLIAMS, LLANO, CAL.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 25c a line for one insertion; 15c a line thereafter. Twelve words to the line. Advertising payable in advance.

WANTED—GAS ENGINES, 6 TO 12 H. P. STATE MODEL, DESIGN, name, age, condition, and give full description. WESTERN COMRADE.

WANTED—SECOND-HAND MULTIGRAPH. GIVE YEAR AND MODEL. Must be in first class condition; will accept as payment on membership fee. Membership Dept., Llano, Cal.

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

What Would You Do With $1,000.00?

Would you invest it in a hou and lot? You might be out of work and lose it. Anyway, there is interest to pay, and insurance, and taxes, and street work, and depreciation — all outgo.

Would you put it into a business? Every day little business men fail. If you haven't experience you are almost sure to fail.

Buy a farm? Ask some of the farmers first — then perhaps you won't.

Where can you put that money to have it safe and at the same time derive a benefit from it? Loan it, perhaps. But the income on $1000 isn't so great when you have but a single thousand.

LLANO OWNS

Printery
Shoe Shop
Laundry
Commissary
Bakery
Cannery
Tannery
Creamery
Magazine
Newspaper
Saw Mill
Lime Kiln
Dairy
Hogs
Alfalfa
Orchards
Gardens
Rabbitry
Stock Ranges
Machine Shop

LLANO MAKES

Bread
Overalls
Shirts
Canvas Gloves
Butter
Leather
Soap
Rugs

LLANO HAS—

Library
Montessori School
Orchestras
Two Hotels

GIVES FREE—

Medical Attendance
Doctor's Services
Entertainments
Rent
Baths
Dances

Tell Your Friends of Llano——

LLANO offers you the ONLY investment for $1000 that gives you genuine opportunity. If you come to LLANO, do your part, put your shoulder to the wheel, co-operate with your comrades and help to build the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony into the far-reaching, powerful working-class institution that it is destined to become, Llano will do this for you:

It will provide you a better home than you have ever lived in; it will give you steady and permanent employment; it will give you social insurance, life insurance, and old age pension, and all of this without the least hint of charity; it will take care of your family should you pass away; it will offer you wider choice of vocation and offer your children better opportunities than you were probably ever offered.

Are you a "sticker?" Then Llano wants you for a citizen, offers you an opportunity to pioneer in the grandest movement that was ever initiated. Llano is succeeding; its record is one that a capitalistic corporation could point to with pride as a satisfactory achievement for three years.

We want you NOW. We want you to help BUILD this co-operative. Will you? Won't you write us at once?

SEND FOR THE "GATEWAY TO FREEDOM"

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

LLANO, CALIFORNIA